THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN MORLEY

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1889

All rights reserved
CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION ..................................................... Page xlix

A LIST OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER,
AS FAR AS CAN BE DETERMINED FROM ACCESSIBLE DATA.1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Com-</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Published.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1785</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>Written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, anno statitis 14 . 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1786</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem composed in anticipation of leaving School . 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dear native regions, I foretell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1786</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Written in very Early Youth . 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(probably)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1787-89</td>
<td>1793</td>
<td>An Evening Walk. Addressed to a Young Lady . 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1789</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening . 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>How richly glows the waters' breast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1789</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames near Richmond . 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Glide gently, thus for ever glide.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1793</td>
<td>1793</td>
<td>Descriptive Sketches taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps . 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Were there, below, a spot of holy ground.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1793-94</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain . 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[One-third of this poem was published under the title of &quot;The Female Vagrant&quot; in 1798.]</td>
<td></td>
<td>A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1795</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect . 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1795-96</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>The Borderers. A Tragedy . 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The troop will be impatient: let us hie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1797</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>The Reverie of Poor Susan . 72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

1 In every instance of a Poem published during Wordsworth's lifetime the title is that which he adopted in his final edition. The first line of the Poem follows in smaller print. When no title was given—as in the case of many of the Sonnets, etc.—the first line alone is printed.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1795</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>The Birth of Love, translated from some French Stanzas by Francis Wrangham</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>When Love was born of heavenly line.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>A Night-Piece</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>We are Seven</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>A simple Child</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Anecdote for Fathers</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>I have a boy of five years old.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>The Thorn</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>There is a Thorn—it looks so old.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A true Story</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Her eyes are Wild</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Her eyes are wild, her head is bare.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Simon Lee, the old Huntsman; with an incident in which he was concerned</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>In the sweet shire of Cardigan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Lines written in Early Spring</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I heard a thousand blended notes.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>To my Sister</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>It is the first mild day of March.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>A whirl-blast from behind the hill</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Expostulation and Reply</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot; Why, William, on that old grey stone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>The Tables Turned. An evening Scene, on the same Subject</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Before I see another day.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>The Last of the Flock</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>In distant countries have I been.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>The Idiot Boy</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Five years have past; five summers, with the length.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>The Old Cumberland Beggar</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I saw an aged Beggar in my walk.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>Animal Tranquillity and Decay</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The little hedgerow birds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Peter Bell. A Tale</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>There's something in a flying horse.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

1799

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed.</th>
<th>First Published.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1845</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1809</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1845</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1799

The Simple Pass ................................................. 112
---Brook and road.

Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth and strengthening
the imagination in Boyhood and early Youth (published in
"The Friend") ........................................ 112
Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!

There was a Boy ............................................... 113
There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs.

Nutting ....................................................... 113
---It seems a day.

Strange fits of passion have I known ......................... 114
She dwelt among the untrodden ways ......................... 114
I travelled among unknown men .............................. 115
Three years she grew in sun and shower .................... 115
A slumber did my spirit seal ................................ 115
A Poet's Epitaph ........................................... 115
Art thou a Statist in the van.

Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ....... 116
I come, ye little noisy Crew.

Matthew ....................................................... 117
If Nature, for a favourite child.

The two April Mornings ..................................... 118
We walked along, while bright and red.

The Fountain. A Conversation ................................ 118
We talked with open heart, and tongue.

To a Sexton .................................................. 119
Let thy wheel-barrow alone.

The Danish Boy. A Fragment ................................ 120
Between two sister moorland rills.

Lucy Gray; or, Solitude .................................... 120
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray.

Ruth ......................................................... 121
When Ruth was left half desolate.

Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days of the Century
A plague on your languages, German and Norse. .......... 124

1800

The Brothers ................................................. 125
These Tourists, heaven preserve us! needs must live.

Michael. A Pastoral Poem .................................... 131
If from the public way you turn your steps.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1800</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>The Idle Shepherd-boys; or, Dungeon-Ghyll Force. A Pastoral</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The valley rings with mirth and joy.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1800</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>The Pet-lamb, A Pastoral</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1800</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>Poems on the Naming of Places—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>It was an April morning, fresh and clear</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>To Joanna</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Amid the smoke of cities did you pass.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>There is an Eminence,—of these our hills</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>To M. H.</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Our walk was far among the ancient trees.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Waterfall and the Egliantine</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Oak and the Broom. A Pastoral</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>His simple truths did Andrew glean.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Hart-leap Well</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tis said that some have died for love</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Childless Father</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Song for the Wandering Jew</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Though the torrents from their fountains.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Rural Architecture</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ellen Irwin; or, The Braes of Kirtle</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Andrew Jones</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Two Thieves; or, The Last Stage of Avarice</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh now that the genius of Bewick were mine.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A Character</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I marvel how Nature could ever find space.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwentwater</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>If thou in the dear love of some one Friend.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Grasmere</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydal</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

1801

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>1801</th>
<th>1807</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1801</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>156</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1801</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>156</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 5</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>160</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 8</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>165</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Sparrow's Nest
Behold, within the leafy shade.

Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side

The Prioress' Tale (from Chaucer)
"O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously," (quo th she).

The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer)
The God of Love—ah, benedicite.

Troilus and Cressida (from Chaucer)
Next morning Troilus began to clear.

1802

[Miss Wordsworth's MS. Journal enables us to fix the dates of the composition of the Poems of 1802 more accurately than those of any other year, and also to correct several of the dates given by the Poet himself to Miss Fenwick in 1845.]

1802

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1802</th>
<th>1807</th>
<th>167</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>168</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>169</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>170</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>170</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March 26</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>171</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 12</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>171</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 16</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>171</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Sailor's Mother
One morning (raw it was and wet.

Alice Fell; or, Poverty
The post-boy drove with fierce career.

Beggars
She had a tall man's height or more.

To a Butterfly (first poem)
Stay near me—do not take thy flight!

The Emigrant Mother
Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned.

My heart leaps up when I behold

Among all lovely things my Love had been

Written in March, while resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brothers Water
The Cock is crowing.

The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly
Art thou the bird whom Man loves best.

To a Butterfly (second poem)
I've watched you now a full half-hour.

Foresight
That is work of waste and ruin.

To the Small Celandine (first poem)
Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies.

To the same Flower (second poem)
Pleasures newly found are sweet.

Resolution and Independence
There was a roaring in the wind all night.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground.</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>The Sun has long been set.</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802, Earth has not anything to show more fair.</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August 1802, Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west.</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Calais, August 1802, Is it a reed that’s shaken by the wind.</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802, Jones! as from Calais southward you and I.</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Calais, August 15, 1802, Festivals have I seen that were not names.</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>If a beauteous evening, calm and free</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee.</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>The King of Sweden, The Voice of song from distant lands shall call.</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>To Toussaint L’Ouverture, Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Composed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing, Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>September 1, 1802, We had a female Passenger who came.</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Near Dover, September 1802, Inland within a hollow vale, I stood.</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Written in London, September 1802, O Friend! I know not which way I must look.</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>London, 1802, Milton! thou should’st be living at this hour.</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Great men have been among us; hands that penned</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>It is not to be thought of that the Flood,</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>When I have borne in memory what has tamed</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct.</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire, Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell.</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's &quot;Castle of Indolence&quot;</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Within our happy Castle there dwelt One.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composition</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To H. C.</td>
<td>Six years old</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Thou!</td>
<td>whose fancies from afar are brought.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Daisy (first poem)</td>
<td>184</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In youth from rock to rock I went.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the same Flower (second poem)</td>
<td>185</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With little here to do or see.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Daisy (third poem)</td>
<td>186</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1803

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composition</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Green Linnet</td>
<td>186</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yew-trees</td>
<td>186</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who fancied what a pretty sight</td>
<td>187</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown</td>
<td>187</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803—

1803

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composition</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Departure from the vale of Grasmere, August 1803</td>
<td>188</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1845</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. At the Grave of Burns, 1803. Seven years after his death</td>
<td>188</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1845</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet’s Residence</td>
<td>189</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Too frail to keep the lofty vow.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father</td>
<td>190</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’Mid crowded obelisks and urns.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. To a Highland Girl</td>
<td>191</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Glen Almain; or, The Narrow Glen</td>
<td>191</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In this still place, remote from men.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Stepping Westward</td>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“What, you are stepping westward!”—Yea.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. The Solitary Reaper</td>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold her, single in the field.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe</td>
<td>193</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Rob Roy’s Grave</td>
<td>193</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A famous man is Robin Hood.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Sonnet. Composed at ——— Castle</td>
<td>195</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 18 Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Yarrow Unvisited</td>
<td>195</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Stirling Castle we had seen.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed</td>
<td>Published</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—continued.]</td>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>13. The Matron of Jedburgh and her Husband</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1815</td>
<td>14. Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>15. The Blind Highland Boy</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Now we are tired of boisterous joy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>October 1803</td>
<td>One might believe that natural miseries.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>October 1803</td>
<td>There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>October 1803</td>
<td>These times strike monied worldlings with dismay.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>October 1803</td>
<td>England! the time is come when thou should'st wean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>October 1803</td>
<td>When, looking on the present face of things.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>To the Men of Kent. October 1803</td>
<td>Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>In the Pass of Killicranky, an invasion being expected, October 1803</td>
<td>Six thousand veterans, practised in War's game.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1807</td>
<td>Anticipation. October 1803</td>
<td>Shout, for a mighty Victory is won.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1845</td>
<td>Lines on the expected Invasion</td>
<td>Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803 1815</td>
<td>The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale</td>
<td>'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1807</td>
<td>To the Cuckoo</td>
<td>O blithe New-comer! I have beard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1807</td>
<td>She was a Phantom of delight</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1807</td>
<td>I wandered lonely as a cloud</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1807</td>
<td>The Affliction of Margaret</td>
<td>Where art thou, my beloved Son.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1845</td>
<td>The Forsaken</td>
<td>The peace which others seek they find.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1820</td>
<td>Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad</td>
<td>The fields which with covetous spirit we sold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1807</td>
<td>The Seven Sisters; or, The Solitude of Binnorie</td>
<td>Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1804 1815</td>
<td>Address to my Infant Daughter, Dora, on being reminded that she was a Month old that Day, September 16</td>
<td>—Hast thou then survived.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Com-</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1804</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1805</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1804 1807 The Kitten and Falling Leaves
That way look, my Infant, lo!
209

1804 1807 To the Spade of a Friend (an Agriculturist). Composed while we were labouring together in his Pleasure-ground
Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands.
211

1804 1807 The Small Celandine (third poem)
There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine.
212

1804 1845 At Applethwaite, near Keswick, 1804
Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear.
212

1804 1807 From the Italian of Michael Angelo. To the Supreme Being
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed.
212

1805

1805 1807 Ode to Duty
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
213

1805 1807 To a Skylark
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
213

1805 1807 Fidelity
A barking sound the Shepherd hears.
214

1805 1807 Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog
On his morning rounds the Master.
215

1805 1807 Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog
Lie here, without a record of thy worth.
215

1805 1815 To the Daisy (fourth poem)
Sweet Flower! belike one day to have.
216

1805 1807 Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
217

1805 1845 Elegiac Verses in memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth, Commander of the E.I. Company’s ship the Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished by Calamitous Shipwreck, February 6, 1805. Composed near the mountain track that leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Patterdale
The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
218

1805 1815 When, to the attractions of the busy world
219

1805 1807 Louisa. After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion
I met Louisa in the shade.
220

1805 1807 To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country
Dear Child of Nature, let them rail!
220

1805 1820 Vaudracour and Julia
O happy time of youthful lovers (thus.
221

1805 1815 The Cottager to her Infant, by my Sister
The days are cold, the nights are long.
225
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1805</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>The Waggoner</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>'Tis spent—this burning day of June.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1805</td>
<td>1810</td>
<td>French Revolution, as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement [first published in &quot;The Friend,&quot; 1810]</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799-1805</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>The Prelude</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td></td>
<td>The Recluse</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Once to the verge of ye steep barrier came.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### 1806

<p>| 1806    | 1807           | Character of the Happy Warrior | 345  |
|         |                | Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | The Horn of Egremont Castle | 346  |
|         |                | Ere the Brothers through the Gateway. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | A Complaint | 347  |
|         |                | There is a change—and I am poor. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | Stray Pleasures | 348  |
|         |                | By their floating mill. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | Power of Music | 348  |
|         |                | An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow bold. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | Star-gazers | 349  |
|         |                | What crowd is this! what have we here! we must not pass it by. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | Yes, it was the mountain Echo | 350  |
| 1806    | 1807           | Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room | 350  |
| 1806    | 1807           | Personal Talk | 351  |
|         |                | I am not One who much or oft delight. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | Admonition | 352  |
|         |                | Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye! |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | &quot;Beloved Vale!&quot; I said, &quot;when I shall con | 352  |
| 1806    | 1807           | How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks | 352  |
| 1806    | 1807           | Those words were uttered as in pensive mood | 353  |
| 1806    | 1820           | Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake | 353  |
|         |                | Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbest the sky | 353  |
| 1806    | 1807           | The world is too much with us; late and soon | 353  |
| 1806    | 1807           | With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh | 354  |
| 1806    | 1807           | Where lies the Land to which you Ship must go? | 354  |
| 1806    | 1807           | To Sleep | 354  |
|         |                | O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee. |      |
| 1806    | 1807           | To Sleep | 354  |
|         |                | A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by. |      |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>To Sleep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>From the Italian of Michael Angelo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>From the Same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>No mortal object did these eyes behold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>To the Memory of Raisley Calvert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Calvert! it must not be unheard by them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Lines composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Address to a Child, during a boisterous winter Evening, by my Sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1806</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>What way does the wind come? What way does he go?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803-6</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td></td>
<td>There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1807**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>A Prophecy. February 1807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Two Voices are there; one is of the sea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>The Mother's Return, by my Sister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>A month, sweet Little-ones, is past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Gipsies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Yet are they here the same unbroken knot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>O Nightingale! thou surely art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>To Lady Beaumont</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1807</td>
<td>High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed</td>
<td>Published</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>The White Doe of Rystone; or, The Fate of the Nortons From Bolton’s old monastic tower.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1807</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>The Force of Prayer; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory. A tradition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>“What is good for a bootless bene?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Not ’mid the world’s vain objects that enslave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1839</td>
<td>I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1839</td>
<td>George and Sarah Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Hoffer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Of mortal parents is the Hero born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Feelings of the Tyrolese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Land we from our fathers had in trust.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Alas! what boots the long laborious quest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>And is it among rude untutored Dales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>O’er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>It was a moral end for which they fought.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Say, what is Honour?—Tis the finest sense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>The martial courage of a day is vain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Call not the royal Swede unfortunate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Is there a power that can sustain and cheer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>In due observance of an ancient rite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>On a celebrated Event in Ancient History</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Com.</td>
<td>First</td>
<td>Published.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Upon the same Event</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn.</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Oak of Guernica</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power.</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>We can endure that He should waste our lands.</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O'erweening Statesmen have full long relled</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1810</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The French and the Spanish Guerillas</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast.</td>
<td>393</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera—

| 1810 | 1837   | Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air | 393 |
| 1810 | 1810   | Perhaps some needful service of the State [Published in "The Friend," Feb. 22] | 394 |
| 1810 | 1810   | O Thou who movest onward with a mind       | 394 |
| 1810 | 1815   | There never breathed a man who, when his life | 394 |
| 1810 | 1837   | True is it that Ambrosio Salineo            | 395 |
| 1810 | 1815   | Destined to war from very infancy           | 395 |
| 1810 | 1837   | O flower of all that springs from gentle blood | 395 |
| 1810 | 1815   | Not without heavy grief of heart did He.    | 395 |
| 1810 | 1815   | Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates  | 396 |
| 1810 | 1842   | Maternal Grief                             | 396 |
|      | Departed Child! I could forget thee once.   | 396 |

1811

<p>| 1811 | 1815   | Characteristics of a Child three Years old | 397 |
|      | Loving she is, and tractable, though wild.  | 397 |
| 1811 | 1815   | Spanish Guerillas                          | 397 |
|      | They seek, are sought; to daily battle led. | 397 |
| 1811 | 1815   | The power of Armies is a visible thing      | 398 |
| 1811 | 1815   | Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise | 398 |
| 1811 | 1842   | Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the South-West Coast of Cumberland | 398 |
|      | Far from our home by Grassmere's quiet Lake. | 398 |
| 1811 | 1842   | Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle thirty years after its Composition | 403 |
|      | Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest.    | 403 |
| 1811 | 1815   | Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart. | 404 |
|      | Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay. | 404 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed.</th>
<th>First Published.</th>
<th>Contents</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Leicestershire</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1811</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>In a Garden of the Same</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oft is the medal faithful to its trust.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his Name, for an Urn, placed by him at the Termination of a newly-planted Avenue in the same Grounds</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1811</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Song for the Spinning-Wheel. Founded upon a Belief prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of Westmoreland</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Swifthy turn the murmuring wheel!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Composed on the eve of the Marriage of a Friend in the Vale of Grasmere</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Water-Fowl</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>View from the top of Black Comb</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>This Height a ministering Angel might select.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>Written with a Slate Pencil on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>1815, Nov. 1813</td>
<td>November 1813</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1795</td>
<td>1814, 1814</td>
<td>The Excursion. &quot;'tis summer, and the sun had mounted high.</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td></td>
<td>Twas Summer, and the sun had mounted high.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Laodamia</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;With sacrifice before the rising morn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Dion (see Plutarch)</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Serene, and fitted to embrace.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Memoriahs of a Tour in Scotland, 1814—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the Islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual, from whom this habitation acquired the name of The Brownie's Cell</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed.</td>
<td>First Published.</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>536</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>536</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>538</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>539</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1816</td>
<td>540</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>540</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1816</td>
<td>543</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—continued.]

2. Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace's Tower.
   Lord of the vale! astounding Flood.

3. Effusion in the Pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran,
   near Dunkeld.
   What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng.

4. Yarrow Visited, September 1814.
   And is this—Yarrow? This the Stream.

From the dark chambers of dejection freed.

Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem,
"The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal.
   To public notice, with reluctance strong.

1815

1815 1816 To B. R. Haydon
       High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art.

1815 1820 Artegal and Elidure
       Where be the temples which, in Britain’s Isle.

1815 1816 September 1815
       While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields.

1815 1816 November 1
       How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright.

[The following Sonnets were originally published in the edition of 1815.
It is impossible to determine the precise year of composition, but they fall within the years 1810-15.]

1815 The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade

1815 "Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind

1815 Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!

1815 The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said

1815 Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress

1815 Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose

1815 To the Poet, John Dyer
       Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made.

✓ 1815 Brook! whose society the Poet seeks

✓ 1815 Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind

1816

1815 1816 Ode.—The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiv-
       ing, January 18, 1816
       Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!

1815 1816 Ode
       Imagination—ne'er before content.
CONTENTS

1816 1816 Invocation to the Earth, February 1816 ..... 551
1816 1816 "Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!
1816 1816 Ode composed in January 1816 ..... 552
1816 1816 When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch.
1816 1816 Ode ..... 554
1816 1816 Who rises on the banks of Seine.
1816 1816 The French Army in Russia, 1812-13 ..... 555
1816 1816 Humanity, delighting to behold.
1816 1816 On the same occasion ..... 555
1816 1816 Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!
1816 1832 By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze ..... 555
1816 1827 The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim ..... 556
1816 1816 Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout.
1816 1816 Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski ..... 556
1816 1816 Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame.
1816 1816 Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo, February 1816 ..... 556
1816 1816 Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you.
1816 1816 Occasioned by the same battle ..... 556
1816 1816 The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day.
1816 1827 Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung ..... 557
1816 1816 Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien ..... 557
1816 1816 Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould.
1816 1832 Translation of part of the First Book of the Aeneid ..... 557
1816 1820 A Fact, and an Imagination; or, Canute and Alfred, on the Seashore ..... 559
1816 1820 The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair.
1816 1820 To Dora ..... 560
1816 1820 "A little onward lead thy guiding hand.
1816 1820 To ———, on her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn ..... 561
1816 1820 Inmate of a mountain dwelling.

1817

1817 1820 Vernal Ode ..... 562
1817 1820 Beneath the concave of an April sky.
1817 1820 Ode to Lycoris. May 1817 ..... 563
1817 1820 An age hath been when Earth was proud.
1817 1820 To the Same ..... 564
1817 1820 Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads.
1817 1820 The Longest Day. Addressed to my Daughter ..... 565
1817 1820 Let us quit the leafy arbour.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Hint from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders</td>
<td>566</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Who but hailed the sight with pleasure.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>The Pass of Kirkstone</td>
<td>567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Within the mind strong fancies work.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Smile of the Moon!—for so I name.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Sequel to the &quot;Beggars,&quot; 1802. Composed many years after</td>
<td>569</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Where are they now, those wanton Boys?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1818</td>
<td>The Pilgrim’s Dream; or, The Star and the Glow-worm</td>
<td>569</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>A Pilgrim, when the summer day.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1818</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit’s Cell</td>
<td>570</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1. Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Inscribed upon a Rock</td>
<td>571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2. Pause, Traveller! whoso’er thou be.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3. Hast thou seen, with flash incessant.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Near the Spring of the Hermitage</td>
<td>571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4. Troubled long with warring notions.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5. Not seldom, clad in radiant vest.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1818</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Beauty</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Had this effulgence disappeared.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Composed during a Storm</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>One who was suffering tumult in his soul.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall’s</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pure element of waters! whoso’er.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Malham Cove</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Was the aim frustrated by force or guile.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Gordale</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>At early dawn, or rather when the air.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>The Wild Duck’s Nest</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The Imperial Consort of the Fairy-king.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Written upon a Blank Leaf in &quot;The Complete Angler&quot;</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>Captivity—Mary Queen of Scots</td>
<td>575</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;As the cold aspect of a sunless way.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed</td>
<td>Published</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>575</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Snowdrop</td>
<td>Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>575</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On seeing a tuft of Snowdrops in a Storm</td>
<td>When haughty expectations prostrate lie</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>575</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday</td>
<td>With each recurrence of this glorious morn.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>575</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>576</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>576</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>576</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Haunted Tree. To ———</td>
<td>Those silver clouds collected round the sun.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>577</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>September 1819</td>
<td>The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1819</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>577</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon the same Occasion</td>
<td>Departing summer hath assumed.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1820</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

Composed. First Published.
1820 1822 [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—continued.]

24. The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd—Part I.
   Now that the farewell tear is dried.
   Part II.
   With nodding plumes, and lightly drest.

25. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory
   of the Convent of Maria della Grazia—Milan
   Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw.

26. The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820
   High on her speculative tower.

27. The Three Cottage Girls
   How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free.

28. The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal
   Edifice in Milan, now lying by the wayside in the Simplon
   Pass.
   Ambition—following down this far-famed slope.

29. Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass
   Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood.

30. Echo, upon the Gemmi
   What beast of chase hath broken from the cover?

31. Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale
   of Chamouny
   To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield.

32. Elegiac Stanzas
   Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells.

33. Sky-Prospect—From the Plain of France
   Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape.

34. On being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne
   Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore.

35. After landing—the Valley of Dover, November 1820
   Where be the noisy followers of the game.

36. At Dover
   From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase.

37. Desultory Stanzas, upon receiving the preceding Sheets from
   the Press
   Is then the final page before me spread.

1820 1820
The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets

To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth (with the Sonnets to the River
Duddon, and other poems in this collection, 1820)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune.

1. Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw

2. Child of the clouds! remote from every taint

3. How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone

4. Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take

5. Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contents</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[Duddon Sonnets—continued.]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Flowers</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Er ye our course was graced with social trees.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. &quot;Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!&quot;</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled</td>
<td>601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. The Stepping-stones</td>
<td>601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The struggling Rill insensibly is grown.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. The same Subject</td>
<td>601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not so that pair whose youthful spirits dance.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. The Faery Chasm</td>
<td>601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No fiction was it of the antique age.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Hints for the Fancy</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Open Prospect</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. American Tradition</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Such fruitless questions may not long beguile.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Return</td>
<td>603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Seathwaite Chapel</td>
<td>603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sacred Religion! &quot;mother of form and fear.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Tributary Stream</td>
<td>603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My frame hath often trembled with delight.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. The Plain of Donnerdale</td>
<td>603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The old inventive Poets, had they seen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Whence that low voice!—A whisper from the heart</td>
<td>604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Tradition</td>
<td>604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Sheep-washing</td>
<td>604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. The Resting-place</td>
<td>604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat</td>
<td>604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Return, Content! for fondly I pursued</td>
<td>605</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap</td>
<td>605</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Journey renewed</td>
<td>605</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I rise while yet the cattle, heat-oppress.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. No record tells of lance opposed to lance</td>
<td>605</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820-1820</td>
<td>[Duddon Sonnets—continued.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33. Conclusion</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But here no cannon thunders to the gale.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34. After-thought</td>
<td>607</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820-1822</td>
<td>A Parsonage in Oxfordshire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1820-1822</td>
<td>To Enterprise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep for the Young the impassioned smile.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1821**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1821-1822</td>
<td>Ecclesiastical Sonnets. In Series—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part I.—From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Introduction</td>
<td>609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I, who accompanied with faithful pace.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Conjectures</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If there be prophets on whose spirits rest.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Trepidation of the Druids</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Screams round the Arch-druid’s brow the sea-mew—white.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Druidical Excommunication</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Uncertainty</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Persecution</td>
<td>611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lament! for Diocletian’s fiery sword.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Recovery</td>
<td>611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Temptations from Roman Refinements</td>
<td>611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Dissensions</td>
<td>611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rise!—they have risen; of brave Aneurin ask.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Saxon Conquest</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Monastery of Old Bangor</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Casual Incitement</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A bright-haired company of youthful slaves.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Glad Tidings</td>
<td>613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For ever hallowed be this morning fair.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Paulinus</td>
<td>613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But, to remote Northumbria’s royal Hall.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

[1821 1822]

[Continued.

16. Persuasion

"Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!

17. Conversion

Prompt transformation works the novel Lore.

18. Apology

Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend.

19. Primitive Saxon Clergy

How beautiful your presence, how benign.

20. Other Influences

Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung.

21. Seclusion

Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side.

22. Continued

Methinks that to some vacant hermitage.

23. Reproof

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead.

24. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion

By such examples moved to unburnt pains.

25. Missions and Travels

Not sedentary all: there are who roam.

26. Alfred

Behold a pupil of the monkish gown.

27. His Descendants

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains.

28. Influence Abused

Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill.

29. Danish Conquests

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey.

30. Canute

A pleasant music floats along the Mere.

31. The Norman Conquest

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares.

32. Coldly we speake. The Saxons, overpowerd

33. The Council of Clermont

"And all," the Poutiff asks, "profaneness flow.

34. Crusades

The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms.

35. Richard I.

Redoubted King, of courage leonine.

36. An Interdict

Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace.

37. Papal Abuses

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue.
[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—continued.]

38. Scene in Venice
   Black Demons hovering o’er his mitred head.
   618

39. Papal Dominion
   Unless to Peter’s Chair the viewless wind.
   618

Part II.—To the close of the Troubles in the Reign of Charles I.

1845 1. How soon— alas! did Man, created pure—
     619
1845 2. From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed
     619
1845 3. Cistercian Monastery
   "Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall.
   619
1835 4. Deplorable his lot who tills the ground
     619
1835 5. Monks and Schoolmen
   Record we too, with just and faithful pen.
   620
1835 6. Other Benefits
   And, not in vain embodied to the sight.
   620
1835 7. Continued
   And what melodious sounds at times prevail.
   620
2. Crusaders
   Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars.
   620
1845 9. As faith thus sanctified the warrior’s crest
     620
1845 10. Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
     621
11. Transubstantiation
   Enough! for see, with dim association.
     621
1835 12. The Vaudois
   But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord.
     621
1835 13. Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
     621
14. Waldenses
   Those had given earliest notice, as the lark.
     622
15. Archbishop Chichely to Henry V.
   "What beast in wilderness or cultured field.
     622
16. Wars of York and Lancaster
   Thus is the storm abated by the craft.
     622
17. Wycliffe
   Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear.
     622
18. Corruptions of the higher Clergy
   "Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease.
     622
19. Abuse of Monastic Power
   And what is Penance with her knotted thong.
     623
20. Monastic Voluptuousness
   Yet more.—round many a Convent’s blazing fire.
     623
21. Dissolution of the Monasteries
   Threats come which no submission may assuage.
     623
22. The same Subject
   The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek.
     623
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Contents</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>624</td>
<td>[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—continued.]</td>
<td>1821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Continued</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>624</td>
<td>24. Saints</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>624</td>
<td>25. The Virgin</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrust.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>624</td>
<td>26. Apology</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Not utterly unworthy to endure.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>27. Imaginative Regrets</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Deep is the lamentation! Not alone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>28. Reflections</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>29. Translation of the Bible</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>30. The Point at Issue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>For what contend the wise?—for nothing less.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>31. Edward VI.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Sweet is the holiness of Youth&quot;—so felt.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>32. Edward signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The tears of man in various measure gush.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>626</td>
<td>33. Revival of Popery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>626</td>
<td>34. Latimer and Ridley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>626</td>
<td>35. Cranmer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Outstretching flameward his upbraided hand.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>36. General View of the Troubles of the Reformation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>37. English Reformers in Exile</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>38. Elizabeth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>39. Eminent Reformers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>628</td>
<td>40. The Same</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>628</td>
<td>41. Distractions</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>628</td>
<td>42. Gunpowder Plot</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>628</td>
<td>43. Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1821</td>
<td>[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—continued.]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>44. Troubles of Charles the First</td>
<td>628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Even such the contrast that, where'er we move.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>45. Laud</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Prajudged by foes determined not to spare.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>46. Afflictions of England</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Harp! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PART III. —From the Restoration to the Present Times—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. Patriotic Sympathies</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3. Charles the Second</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4. Latitudinarianism</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5. Walton's Book of Lives</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>There are no colours in the fairest sky.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6. Clerical Integrity</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>7. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters</td>
<td>631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8. Acquittal of the Bishops</td>
<td>631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>9. William the Third</td>
<td>631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Calm as an under-current, strong to draw.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10. Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty</td>
<td>631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>11. Sacheverel</td>
<td>632</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A sudden conflict rises from the swell.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>12. Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design</td>
<td>632</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Aspects of Christianity in America—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1842</td>
<td>13. I. The Pilgrim Fathers</td>
<td>632</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Well worthy to be magnified are they.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1842</td>
<td>14. II. Continued</td>
<td>632</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1842</td>
<td>15. III. Concluded.—American Episcopacy</td>
<td>633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Patriots informed with Apostolic light.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>16. Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep</td>
<td>633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>17. Places of Worship</td>
<td>633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>As star that shines dependent upon star.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>18. Pastoral Character</td>
<td>633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A genial hearth, a hospitable board.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—continued.]</strong></td>
<td><strong>PAGE</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1821 1822</strong></td>
<td><strong>1827 1845 1845 1845 1845 1845</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear.</td>
<td>By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied.</td>
<td>The Vested Priest before the Altar stands.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Baptism</td>
<td>21. Sponsors</td>
<td>Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.</td>
<td>Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.</td>
<td>Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Catechising</td>
<td>23. Confirmation</td>
<td>From Little down to Least, in due degree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father!—to God himself we cannot give.</td>
<td>Confirmation continued</td>
<td>From Little down to Least, in due degree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Confirmation continued</td>
<td></td>
<td>From Little down to Least, in due degree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>From Little down to Least, in due degree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave.</td>
<td>From low to high doth dissolution climb.</td>
<td>Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>From low to high doth dissolution climb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod.</td>
<td>Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued.</td>
<td>Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed</td>
<td>Published</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1821</td>
<td>1822</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—continued.]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41. New Churchyard</td>
<td></td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42. Cathedrals, etc.</td>
<td></td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge</td>
<td></td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44. The Same</td>
<td></td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What awful perspective! while from our sight.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45. Continued</td>
<td></td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They dreamt not of a perishable home.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46. Ejaculation</td>
<td></td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to God! and to the Power who came.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47. Conclusion</td>
<td></td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823 1827. Memory</td>
<td>A pen—to register; a key.</td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland</td>
<td></td>
<td>641</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest is this Isle—our native Land.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823 1827 On the same Occasion</td>
<td>When in the antique age of bow and spear.</td>
<td>642</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823 1827 A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found</td>
<td></td>
<td>643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1823 1827 Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell</td>
<td></td>
<td>643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 To —— Let other bards of angels sing.</td>
<td></td>
<td>643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 To —— O dearer far than light and life are dear.</td>
<td></td>
<td>643</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 How rich that forehead's calm expanse!</td>
<td></td>
<td>644</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 To —— Look at the fate of summer flowers.</td>
<td></td>
<td>644</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 A Flower Garden at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire Tell me ye Zephyrs! that unfold.</td>
<td></td>
<td>644</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P. Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824 A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee.</td>
<td></td>
<td>645</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824 How art thou named! In search of what strange land.</td>
<td></td>
<td>646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls.</td>
<td></td>
<td>646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contents</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1827 Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law, 1824</td>
<td>646</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1842 Cenotaph</td>
<td>647</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1824 1843 Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland</td>
<td>647</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1825 1827 The Contrast. The Parrot and the Wren</td>
<td>648</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1825 1827 To a Skylark</td>
<td>648</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826 1827 Ere with cold beads of midnight dew</td>
<td>649</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826 1835 Ode, composed on May Morning</td>
<td>649</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826-34 1835 To May</td>
<td>650</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826 1827 Once I could hail (how'er serene the sky)</td>
<td>651</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826 1835 The massy Ways, carried across these heights</td>
<td>651</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826 1827 The Pillar of Trajan</td>
<td>652</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp.</td>
<td>653</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 The work of E. M. S.</td>
<td>653</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Dedication. To ——</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown.</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 &quot;Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 To S. H.</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Excuse is needless when with love sincere.</td>
<td>654</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Decay of Piety</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek.</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827 1827 Retirement</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If the whole weight of what we think and feel.</td>
<td>655</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composed</td>
<td>First Published</td>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>There is a pleasure in poetic pains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The imperial Stature, the colossal stride.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>While Anna's peers and early playmates tread</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>To the Cuckoo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>The Infant M—— M——</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Unquiet Childhood here by special grace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>To Rotha Q——</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>To ———, in her seventieth year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>In the Woods of Rydal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wild Redbreast I hadst thou at Jemima's lip.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1827</td>
<td>1827</td>
<td>Conclusion, To ———</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>If these brief Records, by the Muses' Art.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 1828     | 1832           | A Morning Exercise                                                      | 658  |
|          |                | Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad.                              |      |
| 1828     | 1829           | The Triad [in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems]       | 659  |
|          |                | Show me the noblest Youth of present time.                             |      |
|          |                | Hope rules a land for ever green.                                       |      |
| 1828     | 1842           | The Wishing-gate destroyed                                              | 663  |
|          |                | 'Tis gone—with old belief and dream.                                    |      |
| 1828     | 1835           | A Jewish Family (in a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine) | 663  |
|          |                | Genius of Raphael! if thy wings.                                       |      |
|          |                | That happy gleam of vernal eyes.                                        |      |
| 1828     | 1835           | On the Power of Sound                                                  | 665  |
| Dec.     |                | Thy functions are ethereal.                                            |      |
| 1828     | 1835           | Incident at Bruges                                                    | 668  |
|          |                | In Bruges town is many a street.                                       |      |
CONTENTS

1829

Com.-
posed.  First Published.

1829  1835 Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase   668

The soaring lark is blest as proud.

1829  1835 Liberty (sequel to the above)   669

Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard.

1829  1835 Humanity   671

What though the Accused, upon his own appeal.

1829  1835 This Lawn, a carpet all alive   673

1829  1835 Thought on the Seasons   673

Flattered with promise of escape.

1829  1829 A Gravestone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral [in "The Keepsake," 1829, and in 1832 in the Poems]   674

"Miserinum!" and neither name nor date.


"Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill.

1830

1830  1835 The Armenian Lady's Love   674

You have heard "a Spanish Lady.

1830  1835 The Russian Fugitive   677

Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes.

1830  1835 The Egyptian Maid; or, The Romance of the Water Lily   681

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands.

1830  1835 The Poet and the Caged Turtledove   687

As often as I murmur here.

1830  1835 Presentiments   687

Presentiments! they judge not right.

1830  1835 In these fair vales hath many a Tree   688

1830  1835 Elegiac Musings in the grounds of Coleorton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.   688

Nov.

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme.

1830  1835 Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride   689

Nov.

1830  1835 To the Author's Portrait   690

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt.

1831

1831  1835 The Primrose of the Rock   690

A Rock there is whose homely front.

1831  1835 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831. [The "two excepted" are, probably, Nos. 16 and 26]   691
1831 1835 [Yarrow Revisited—continued.]

1. Yarrow Revisited
   The gallant Youth, who may have gained.

2. On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples
   A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.

3. A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland
   Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep.

4. On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland
   Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills.

5. Composed in Roslin Chapel during a Storm
   The wind is now thy organist;—a clank.

6. The Trosachs
   There's not a nook within this solemn Pass.

7. The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute

8. Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive
   "This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls.

9. Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban
   Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law.

10. In the Sound of Mull
    Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw.

11. Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm
    Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook.

12. The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion and Family
    Burial-place, near Killin
    Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains.

13. "Rest and be Thankful!" At the Head of Glencoe
    Doubling and doubling with laborious walk.

14. Highland Hut
    See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot.

15. The Brownie
    "How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad.

16. To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond
    Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth.

17. Bothwell Castle. (Passed unseen on account of stormy weather)
    Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave.

18. Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace
    Amid a fertile region green with wood.

19. The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan
    Avon—a precious, an immortal name!

20. Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest
    The forest huge of ancient Caledon.

21. Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith
    Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1831</td>
<td>699</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1832</td>
<td>702</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1833</td>
<td>705</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

22. **Fancy and Tradition**
   The Lovers took within this ancient grove.
   699

23. **Countess’s Pillar**
   While the poor gather round, till the end of time.
   699

24. **Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penrith)**
   How profitless the relics that we cull.
   700

25. **Apology for the foregoing Poems**
   No more: the end is sudden and abrupt.
   700

26. **The Highland Broach**
   If to Tradition faith be due.
   700

### 1832

28. **Devotional Incitements**
   Where will they stop, those breathing powers.
   702

28. **Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose**
   702

28. **Rural Illusions**
   Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright.
   703

28. **Loving and Liking. Irregular Verses addressed to a Child.**
   (By my Sister)
   There's more in words than I can teach.
   703

28. **Upon the late General Fast. March 1832**
   Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed.
   704

28. **Filial Piety. (On the wayside between Preston and Liverpool)**
   Untouched through all severity of cold.
   704

28. **To B. R. Haydon on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena**
   Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill.
   705

28. **If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven**
   705

### 1833

28. **A Wren's Nest**
   Among the dwellings framed by birds.
   705

28. **To ———, on the birth of her First-born Child, March 1833**
   Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost.
   706

28. **The Warning. A Sequel to the foregoing**
   List, the winds of March are blowing.
   707

28. **If this great world of joy and pain**
   709

28. **On a high part of the coast of Cumberland, Easter Sunday, April 7**
   The Author’s sixty-third Birthday
   The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire.
   710

28. **By the Seaside**
   The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest.
   710
| Com-  | First  | Poems Composed or Suggested during a Tour in the Summer of  | PAGE |
| posed. | Published. | 1833 | 1835 | 711 |
| 1833 | 1835 | 1. Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown | 711 |
| 2. Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle | 711 |
| 3. They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time | 711 |
| 4. To the River Greta, near Keswick | Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones. | 712 |
| 1819 | 5. To the River Derwent | Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream. | 712 |
| 6. In sight of the Town of Cockermouth. (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid) | A point of life between my Parent's dust. | 712 |
| 7. Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle | "Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think. | 712 |
| 8. Nun's Well, Brigham | The cattle crowding round this beverage clear. | 712 |
| 9. To a Friend. (On the Banks of the Derwent) | Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise. | 713 |
| 10. Mary Queen of Scots. (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington) | Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed. | 713 |
| 11. Stanzas suggested in a Steamboat off St. Bees' Head, on the coast of Cumberland | If Life were slumber on a bed of down. | 713 |
| 12. In the Channel, between the coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man | Ranging the heights of Scarfell or Black-comb. | 716 |
| 13. At Sea off the Isle of Man | Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong. | 716 |
| 14. Desire we past illusions to recall? | 716 |
| 15. On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man | The feudal Keep, the bastions of Coborn. | 717 |
| 16. By the Seashore, Isle of Man | Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine. | 717 |
| 17. Isle of Man | A Youth too certain of his power to wade. | 717 |
| 18. Isle of Man | Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen. | 718 |
| 19. By a Retired Mariner, H. H. | From early youth I ploughed the restless Main. | 718 |
| 20. At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man | Broken in fortune, but in mind entire. | 718 |
| 21. Tynwald Hill | Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound. | 718 |
22. Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim

23. In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. During an Eclipse of
the Sun, July 17
Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy.

24. On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steamboat)
Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe.

25. On revisiting Dunolly Castle
The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor.

26. The Dunolly Eagle
Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew.

27. Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian
Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze.

28. Cave of Staffa
We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd.

29. Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had departed
Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school.

30. Cave of Staffa
Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims.

31. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave
Hope smiled when your nativity was cast.

32. Iona
On to Iona!—What can she afford.

33. Iona. (Upon Landing).
How sad a welcome! To each voyager.

34. The Black Stones of Iona
Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black.

35. Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell

36. Greenock
We have not passed into a doleful City.

37. "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride

38. The River Eden, Cumberland
Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed.

39. Monument of Mrs. Howard (by Nollekens) in Wetheral
Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden
Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead.

40. Suggested by the foregoing
Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou.

41. Nunnery
The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary.

42. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways
Motions and Means, on land and sea at war.
CONTENTS

1833 1835 [Poems—continued.]
43. The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the River Eden. A weight of awe, not easy to be borne. 725
44. Lowther Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen. 726
45. To the Earl of Lonsdale. Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest. 726
46. The Somnambulist List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower. 726
47. To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ullswater Not in the mines beyond the western main. 728
48. Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret. 728

1833 1845 Composed by the Seashore

1834

1834 1835 Not in the humid intervals of life 729
1834 1835 By the Side of Rydal Mere The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close. 730
1834 1835 Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere 730
1834 1835 The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill 731
1834 1835 The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn Up to the throne of God is borne. 731
1834 1835 The Redbreast. (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage) Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air. 732
1834 1835 Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone Beguiled into forgetfulness of care. 733
1834 1835 The foregoing Subject resumed Among a grave fraternity of Monks. 735
1834 1835 To a Child. Written in her Album Small service is true service while it lasts. 735
1834 1835 Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale. November 5, 1834 Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard. 736

1835

1835 1836 To the Moon. (Composed by the Seaside,—on the Coast of Cumberland) Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near. 737
1835 1836 To the Moon. (Rydal) Queen of the Stars!—so gentle, so benign. 738
1835 1836 Written after the Death of Charles Lamb To a good Man of most dear memory. 739
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1836</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1836</td>
<td>741</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 23</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>742</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>743</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>743</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>744</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td>1835</td>
<td>745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1836</td>
<td>1837</td>
<td>746</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1836</td>
<td>1836</td>
<td>746</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1837</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td>747</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Contents**

- Extempore Effusion upon the death of James Hogg
  - When first, descending from the moorlands.
- Upon seeing a coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album
  - Who rashly strove thy image to portray?
- Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day
  - "People! your chains are severing link by link.
- By a blest Husband guided, Mary came

[The following Sonnets appear in the volume "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems" (1835), and must therefore belong to that or to a previous year.]

- Desponding Father! mark this altered bough
- Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire
  - While poring Antiquarins search the ground.
- St. Catherine of Ledbury
  - When human touch (as monkish books attest).
- Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
- Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein
- To ———
  - "Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw.
- Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud

**1836**

- November 1836
  - Even so for me a Vision sanctified.
- Six months to six years added he remained

**1837**

- Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837. To Henry Crabb Robinson
  - Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered.
- Musings near Aquapendente. April 1837
  - Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales.
- The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome
  - I saw far off the dark top of a Pine.
- At Rome
  - Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
- At Rome—Regrets—In allusion to Niebuhr and other modern Historians
  - Those old credulities, to nature dear.
- Continued
  - Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same.
- Plea for the Historian
  - Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1837</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 7. At Rome
They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn. 754

### 8. Near Rome, in sight of St. Peter's
Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn. 755

### 9. At Albano
Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear. 755

### 10. Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove
755

### 11. From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs. 755

### 12. Near the Lake of Thrasymene
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came. 756

### 13. Near the same Lake
For action born, existing to be tried. 756

### 14. The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837
List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight. 756

### 15. At the Convent of Camaldoli
Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft. 758

### 16. Continued
The world forsaken, all its busy cares. 758

### 17. At the Eremita or Upper Convent of Camaldoli
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size. 758

### 18. At Vallombrosa
"Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood. 759

### 19. At Florence
Under the shadow of a stately Pile. 760

### 20. Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry. 760

### 21. At Florence—From Michael Angelo
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face. 761

### 22. At Florence—From M. Angelo
Eternal Lord! I eased of a cumbersome load. 761

### 23. Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines
Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine. 761

### 24. In Lombardy
See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins. 762

### 25. After leaving Italy
Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few. 762

### 26. Continued
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue. 762

At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1837</th>
<th>1842</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit</td>
<td>762</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean</td>
<td>763</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow</td>
<td>763</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>First Published</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1837</td>
<td>1837</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1837</td>
<td>1842</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>What if our numbers barely could defy</td>
<td>763</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A Night Thought</td>
<td>763</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lo! where the Moon along the sky.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1838

1838 1838 To the Planet Venus. Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January 1838 | 764 |
|      | What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides. |
| 1838 1838 | Composed at Rydal on May Morning, 1838 | 764 |
|          | If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share. |
| 1838 1838 | Composed on a May Morning, 1838 | 764 |
|          | Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun. |
| 1838 1838 | Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest | 765 |
| 1838 1838 | 'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain | 765 |
| 1838 1838 | Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech! | 765 |
| 1838 1838 | A Plea for Authors, May 1838 | 765 |
|          | May | 765 |
|          | Falling impartial measure to dispense. |
| 1838 1838 | A Poet to his Grandchild. (Sequel to the foregoing) | 766 |
| May 23   | "Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand. |
| 1838 1838 | Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will | 766 |
| 1838 1838 | Valedictory Sonnet. Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838 | 766 |
|          | Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here. |
| 1838 1838 | Sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot" | 766 |
|          | Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit. |

1839 1841 Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In series. [First published in the Quarterly Review.]

1. Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South) | 767 |
| This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair. |
| 2. Tenderly do we feel by Nature's Law | 767 |
| 3. The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die | 767 |
| 4. Is Death, when evil against good has fought | 767 |
| 5. Not to the object specially designed | 767 |
| 6. Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent | 768 |
| 7. Before the world had passed her time of youth | 768 |
| 8. Fit retribution, by the moral code | 768 |
| 9. Though to give timely warning and deter | 768 |
CONTENTS

1839 1841 [Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death—continued.]

10. Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine . . . . . . . 768
11. Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide . . . . . . . 769
12. See the Condemned alone within his cell . . . . . . . 769
13. Conclusion . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 769

Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound.

14. Apology . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 769
The formal World relaxes her cold chain.

1840

1840 1850 Sonnet on a Portrait of I. F., painted by Margaret Gillies
Jan. 1 We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die.

1840 1850 Sonnet to I. F. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 770
Feb. 1 The star which comes at close of day to shine.

1840 1842 Poor Robin . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 770
March Now when the primrose makes a splendid show.

1840 1842 On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of
Aug. 31 Waterloo, by Haydon . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 771
By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand.

1841

1841 1842 To a Painter . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 771
All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed.

1841 1842 On the same Subject . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 771
Though I beheld at first with blank surprise.

1842

1842 1842 When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown . . . . . . . 772
Jan. 23

1842 1842 Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake . . . . . . 772
March 8

1842 1842 Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled Poems chiefly of Early
March 26 and Late Years . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 772
In desultory walk through orchard grounds.

1842 1842 Floating Island . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 773

Harmonious Powers with Nature work.

1842 1842 The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love . . . . . . . . . . . . 774

1842 1842 To a Redbreast—(in Sickness) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 774
Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay.
CONTENTS

1842 1842 Miscellaneous Sonnets——

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
In allusion to various recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution
Portentous change when History can appear.
Continued
Who ponders National events shall find.
Concluded
Long-favoured England! be not thou misled.
Men of the Western World! in Fate’s dark book
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance

1842 1842 The Norman Boy
High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down.

1842 1842 The Poet’s Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy
Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power.

1842 1842 The Widow on Windermere Side
How beautiful when up a lofty height.

1842 1842 Farewell Lines
“High bliss is only for a higher state.”

1842 1842 Airey-Force Valley
—Not a breath of air.

1842 1842 Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live

1842 1842 To the Clouds
Army of Clouds! ye wingèd Hosts in troops.

1842 1845 Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot

1842 1842 The Eagle and the Dove[ published in “La Petite Chouannerie”]
Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love.

1843

1843 1845 Grace Darling
Among the dwellers in the silent fields.

1843 1845 While beams of orient light shoot wide and high

1845 To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School. After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus, recently published
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand.

1845 Inscription for a Monument in Crossthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick
Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Poem</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1844</td>
<td>On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Is then no nook of English ground secure.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1844</td>
<td>Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1844</td>
<td>At Furness Abbey</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>The Westmoreland Girl. To my Grandchildren—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>1. Seek who will delight in fable</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>2. Now, to a maturer Audience</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>At Furness Abbey</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Well have you Railway Labourers to this ground.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>To a Lady, in answer to a request that I would write her a Poem upon some Drawings that she had made of flowers in the Island of Madeira</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Glad sight wherever new with old</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Love lies Bleeding</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>You call it, &quot;Love lies bleeding,&quot;—so you may.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Companion to the foregoing</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Never enlivened with the liveliest ray.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>The Cuckoo-Clock</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Wouldst thou be taught when sleep has taken flight.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>To the Pennsylvanians</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Days undefiled by luxury or sloth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Young England—what is then become of Old</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Though the bold wings of Poesy affect</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td>Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>I know an aged Man constrained to dwell</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Composed</th>
<th>Published</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Evening Voluntaries—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>To Lucca Giordano</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill.</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Illustrated Books and Newspapers</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute.</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The unremitting voice of nightly streams</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian)</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Affections lose their object; Time brings forth.</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1846</td>
<td>1849</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On the Banks of a Rocky Stream</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Behold an emblem of our human mind.</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1847</td>
<td>1847</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ode on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July 1847</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>For thirst of power that Heaven disowns.</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Notes

- 797

## Appendix, Prefaces, etc.

- 849

## Bibliography of Wordsworth, with List of Biographies and Best Critical Articles on His Writings

- 897

## Index to the Poems

- 913

## Index to the First Lines

- 920
INTRODUCTION

The poet whose works are contained in the present volume was born in the little town of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770. He died at Rydal Mount in the neighbouring county of Westmoreland, on April 23, 1850. In this long span of mortal years, events of vast and enduring moment shook the world. A handful of scattered and dependent colonies in the northern continent of America made themselves into one of the most powerful and beneficent of states. The ancient monarchy of France, and all the old ordering of which the monarchy had been the keystone, was overthrown, and it was not until after many a violent shock of arms, after terrible slaughter of men, after strange diplomatic combinations, after many social convulsions, after many portentous mutations of Empire, that Europe once more settled down for a season into established order and system. In England almost alone, after the loss of her great possessions across the Atlantic Ocean, the fabric of the State stood fast and firm. Yet here, too, in these eighty years, an old order slowly gave place to new. The restoration of peace, after a war conducted with extraordinary tenacity and fortitude, led to a still more wonderful display of ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, in the more fruitful field of commerce and of manufactures. Wealth, in spite of occasional vicissitudes, increased with amazing rapidity. The population of England and Wales grew from being seven and a half millions in 1770, to nearly eighteen millions in 1850. Political power was partially transferred from a territorial aristocracy to the middle and trading classes. Laws were made at once more equal and more humane. During all the tumult of the great war which for so many years bathed Europe in fire, through all the throes and agitations in which peace brought forth the new time, Wordsworth for half a century (1799-1850) dwelt sequestered in unbroken composure and steadfastness in his chosen home amid the mountains and lakes of his native region, working out his own ideal of the poet’s high office.

The interpretation of life in books and the development of imagination underwent changes of its own. Most of the great lights of the eighteenth century were still burning, though burning low, when Wordsworth came into the world. Pope, indeed, had been dead for six and twenty years, and all the rest of the Queen Anne men had gone. But Gray only died in 1771, and Goldsmith in 1774. Ten years later Johnson’s pious and manly heart ceased to beat. Voltaire and Rousseau, those two diverse oracles of their age, both died in 1778. Hume had passed away two years before. Cowper was forty years older than Wordsworth, but Cowper’s most delightful work was not produced until 1783. Crabbe, who anticipated Wordsworth’s choice of themes from rural life, while treating them with a stern realism, was virtually his contemporary, having been born in 1754, and dying in 1832. The two great names of his own date were Scott and Coleridge, the first born in 1771,
and the second a year afterwards. Then a generation later came another new and illustrious group. Byron was born in 1788, Shelley in 1792, and Keats in 1795. Wordsworth was destined to see one more orb of the first purity and brilliance rise to its place in the poetic firmament. Tennyson's earliest volume of poems was published in 1830, and In Memoriam, one of his two masterpieces in 1850. Any one who realises for how much these famous names will always stand in the history of human genius, may measure the great transition that Wordsworth's eighty years witnessed in some of men's deepest feelings about art and life and "the speaking face of earth and heaven."

Here, too, Wordsworth stood isolated and apart. "Scott and Southey were valued friends, but he thought little of Scott's poetry, and less of Southey's. Byron and Shelley he seems scarcely to have read; and he failed altogether to appreciate Keats." (Myers.) Of Blake's Songs of Innocence and Experience he said: "There is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Coleridge was the only man of the shining company with whom he ever had any real intimacy of mind, for whom he ever nourished real deference and admiration, as one "unrelentingly possessed by the thirst of greatness, love, and beauty," and in whose intellectual power, as the noble lines in the Sixth Book of the Prelude so gorgeously attest, he took the passionate interest of a man at once master, disciple, and friend. It is true to say, as Emerson says, that Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature of his period; but he had no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude.

Wordsworth was the son of a solicitor, and all his early circumstances were homely, unpretentious, and rather straitened. His mother died when he was eight years old, and when his father followed her five years later, two of his uncles provided means for continuing at Cambridge the education which had been begun in the rural grammar school of Hawkshead. It was in 1787 that he went up to St. John's College. He took his Bachelor's degree at the beginning of 1791, and there his connection with the university ended.

For some years after leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth let himself drift. He did not feel good enough for the Church; he shrank from the law; fancies that he had talents for command, he thought of being a soldier. Meanwhile, he passed a short time desultorily in London. Towards the end of 1791, through Paris, he passed on to Orleans and Blois, where he made some friends and spent most of a year. He returned to Paris in October 1792. France was no longer standing on the top of golden hours. The September massacres filled the sky with a lurid flame. Wordsworth still retained his ardent faith in the Revolution, and was even ready, though no better than "a landsman on the deck of a ship struggling with a hideous storm," to make common cause with the Girondists. But the prudence of friends at home forced him back to England before the beginning of the terrible year of '93. With his return closed that first survey of its inheritance, which most serious souls are wont to make in the fervid prime of early manhood.

It would be idle to attempt any commentary on the bare facts that we have just recapitulated; for Wordsworth himself has clothed them with their full force and meaning in the Prelude. This record of the growth of a poet's mind, told by the poet himself with all the sincerity of which he was capable, is never likely to be popular. Of that, as of so much more of his poetry, we must say that, as a whole, it has not the musical, harmonious, sympathetic quality which seizes us in even the prose of such a book as Rousseau's Confessions. Macaulay thought the Prelude a
poorer and more tiresome Excursion, with the old flimsy philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind, the old crazy mystical metaphysics, and the endless wilder-
nesses of twaddle; still he admits that there are some fine descriptions and
energetic declamations. All Macaulay's tastes and habits of mind made him a
poor judge of such a poet as Wordsworth. He valued spirit, energy, pomp, stateli-
ness of form and diction, and actually thought Dryden's fine lines about to-morrow
being false than the former day, as fine as any eight lines in Lucretius. But his words
truly express the effect of the Prelude on more vulgar minds than his own.
George Eliot, on the other hand, who had the inward eye that was not among
Macaulay's gifts, found the Prelude full of material for a daily liturgy, and it is
easy to imagine how she lingered as she did, over such a thought as this—

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead."

There is, too, as may be found imbedded even in Wordsworth's dullest work, many
a line of the truest poetical quality, such as that on Newton's statue in the silent
Chapel of Trinity College—

"The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought alone."

Apart, however, from beautiful lines like this, and from many noble passages of
high reflection set to sonorous verse, this remarkable poem is in its whole effect
unique in impressive power, as a picture of the advance of an elect and serious
spirit from childhood and school-time, through the ordeal of adolescence, through
close contact with stirring and enormous events, to the stage when it has found the
sources of its strength, and is fully and finally prepared to put its temper to the
proof.

The three Books that describe the poet's residence in France have a special
and a striking value of their own. Their presentation of the phases of good men's
minds as the successive scenes of the Revolution unfolded themselves, has real
historic interest. More than this, it is an abiding lesson to brave men how to bear
themselves in hours of public stress. It portrays exactly that mixture of persevering
faith and hope with firm and reasoned judgment, with which I like to think that
Turgot, if he had lived, would have confronted the workings of the Revolutionary
power. Great masters in many kinds have been inspired by the French Revolution.
Human genius might seem to have exhausted itself in the burning political passion
of Burke, in the glowing melodrama of fire and tears of Carlyle, Michelet, Hugo;
but the ninth, tenth, and eleventh Books of the Prelude, by their strenuous simplicity,
their deep truthfulness, their slowfooted and inexorable transition from ardent hope
to dark imaginations, sense of woes to come, sorrow for human kind, and pain
of heart, breathe the very spirit of the great catastrophe. There is none of the
ephemeral glow of the political exhortation, none of the tiresome falsity of the
dithyramb in history. Wordsworth might well wish that some dramatic tale,
ended with livelier shapes and flinging out less guarded words, might set forth
the lessons of his experience. The material was fitting. The story of these three
Books has something of the severity, the self-control, the inexorable necessity of
classic tragedy, and like classic tragedy it has a noble end. The dregs and sour
sediment that reaction from exaggerated hope is so apt to stir in poor natures,
had no place here. The French Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's
mental history, the one heavy assault on his continence of soul, and when he emerged from it all his greatness remained to him. After a long spell of depression, bewilderment, mortification, and sore disappointment, the old faith in new shapes was given back.

"Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
Hath still upheld me and upholds me now."

It was six years after his return from France before Wordsworth finally settled down in the scenes with which his name and the power of his genius were to be for ever associated. During this interval it was that two great sources of personal influence were opened to him. He entered upon that close and beloved companionship with his sister, which remained unbroken to the end of their days; and he first made the acquaintance of Coleridge. The character of Dorothy Wordsworth has long taken its place in the gallery of admirable and devoted women who have inspired the work and the thoughts of great men. "She is a woman, indeed," said Coleridge, "in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty." To the solidity, sense, and strong intelligence of the Wordsworth stock, she added a grace, a warmth, and liveliness peculiarly her own. Her nature shines transparent in her letters, her truly admirable journal, and in every report that we have of her. Wordsworth's own feelings for her, and his sense of the debt that he owed to her faithful affection and eager mind, he has placed on lasting record.

The intimacy with Coleridge was, as has been said, Wordsworth's one strong friendship, and must be counted among the highest examples of that generous relation between great writers. Unlike in the quality of their genius, and unlike in force of character and the fortunes of life, they remained bound to one another by sympathies that neither time nor harsh trial ever extinguished. Coleridge had left Cambridge in 1794, had married, had started various unsuccessful projects for combining the improvement of mankind with the earning of an income, and was now settled in a small cottage at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, with an acre and a half of land, from which he hoped to raise corn and vegetables enough to support himself and his wife, as well as to feed a couple of pigs on the refuse. Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. In 1797 they moved to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, their principal inducement to the change being Coleridge's society. The friendship bore fruit in the production of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, mainly the work of Wordsworth, but containing no less notable a contribution from Coleridge than the *Ancient Mariner*. The two poets only received thirty guineas for their work, and the publisher lost his money. The taste of the country was not yet ripe for Wordsworth's poetic experiment.

Immediately after the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, the two Wordsworths and Coleridge started from Yarmouth for Hamburg. Coleridge's account in Satyrane's Letters, published in the *Biographia Literaria*, of the voyage and of the conversations between the two English poets and Klopstock, is worth turning
The pastor told them that Klopstock was the German Milton. "A very German Milton indeed," they thought. The Wordsworths remained for four wintry months at Goslar in Saxony, while Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg, Göttingen, and other places, mastering German, and "delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic depths." Wordsworth made little way with the language, but worked diligently at his own verse.

When they came back to England, Wordsworth and his sister found their hearts turning with irresistible attraction to their own familiar countryside. They at last made their way to Grasmere. The opening book of the Recluse, which is published for the first time in the present volume, describes in fine verse the emotions and the scene. The face of this delicious vale is not quite what it was when

"Cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
Like separated stars with clouds between."

But it is foolish to let ourselves be fretted by the villa, the hotel, and the tourist. We may well be above all this in a scene that is haunted by a great poetic shade. The substantial features and elements of beauty still remain, the crags and woody steeps, the lake, "its one green island and its winding shores; the multitude of little rocky hills." Wordsworth was not the first poet to feel its fascination. Gray visited the Lakes in the autumn of 1769, and coming into the vale of Grasmere from the north-west, declared it to be one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate, an unsuspected paradise of peace and rusticity. We cannot indeed compare the little crystal mere, set like a gem in the verdant circle of the hills, with the grandeur and glory of Lucerne, or the radiant gladness and expanse of Como: yet it has an inspiration of its own, to delight, to soothe, to fortify, and to refresh.

"What want we? have we not perpetual streams,
Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields,
And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds,
And thickets full of songsters, and the voice
Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
Heard now and then from morn to latest eve,
Admonishing the man who walks below
Of solitude and silence in the sky.
These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth
Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
The one sensation that is here; . . .
'tis the sense

Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
A blended holiness of earth and sky,
Something that makes this individual spot,
This small abiding-place of many men,
A termination, and a last retreat,
A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will.
A whole without dependence or defect,
Made for itself, and happy in itself,
Perfect contentment, Unity entire."
In the Grasmere vale Wordsworth lived for half a century, first in a little cottage at the northern corner of the lake, and then (1813) in a more commodious house at Rydal Mount at the southern end, on the road to Ambleside. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, and this completed the circle of his felicity. Mary, he once said, was to his ear the most musical and most truly English in sound of all the names we have. The name was of harmonious omen. The two beautiful sonnets that he wrote on his wife's portrait long years after, when "morning into noon had passed, noon into eve," show how much her large heart and humble mind had done for the blessedness of his home.

Their life was almost more simple than that of the dalesmen their neighbours. "It is my opinion," ran one of his oracular sayings to Sir George Beaumont, "that a man of letters, and indeed all public men of every pursuit, should be severely frugal." Means were found for supporting the modest home out of two or three small windfalls bequeathed by friends or relatives, and by the time that children had begun to come, Wordsworth was raised to affluence by obtaining the post of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland and part of Cumberland. His life was happily devoid of striking external incident. Its essential part lay in meditation and composition.

He was surrounded by friends. Southey had made a home for himself and his beloved library a few miles over the hills at Keswick. De Quincey, with his clever brains and shallow character, took up his abode in the cottage which Wordsworth had first lived in at Grasmere. Coleridge, born the most golden genius of them all, came to and fro in those fruitless unhappy wanderings which consumed a life that once promised to be so rich in blessing and in glory. In later years Dr. Arnold built a house at Fox How, attracted by the Wordsworths and the scenery; and other lesser lights came into the neighbourhood. "Our intercourse with the Wordsworths," Arnold wrote on the occasion of his first visit in 1832, "was one of the brightest spots of all; nothing could exceed their friendliness, and my almost daily walks with him were things not to be forgotten. Once and once only we had a good fight about the Reform Bill during a walk up Greenhead Ghyll to see the unfinished sheepfold, recorded in Michael. But I am sure that our political disagreement did not at all interfere with our enjoyment of each other's society; for I think that in the great principles of things we agreed very entirely." It ought to be possible, for that matter, for magnanimous men, even if they do not agree in the great principles of things, to keep pleasant terms with one another for more than one afternoon's walk. Many pilgrims came, and the poet seems to have received them with cheerful equanimity. Emerson called upon him in 1833, and found him plain, elderly, white-haired, not prepossessing. "He led me out into his garden, and showed me the gravel walk in which thousands of his lines were composed. He had just returned from Staffa, and within three days had made three sonnets on Fingal's Cave, and was composing a fourth when he was called in to see me. He said, 'If you are interested in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.' I gladly assented, and he recollected himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one after another, the three entire sonnets with great animation. This recitation was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk like a schoolboy declaiming—that I was at first near to laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right, and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself up to him. He never was in haste to publish; partly because he corrected a
INTRODUCTION

good deal. . . . He preferred such of his poems as touched the affections to any others; for whatever is didactic—what theories of society and so on—might perish quickly, but whatever combined a truth with an affection was good to-day and good for ever.” (English Traits, ch. i.)

Wordsworth was far too wise to encourage the pilgrims to turn into abiding sojourners in his chosen land. Clough has described how, when he was a lad of eighteen (1837), with a mild surprise he heard the venerable poet correct the tendency to exaggerate the importance of flowers and fields, lakes, waterfalls, and scenery. “People come to the Lakes,” said Wordsworth, “and are charmed with a particular spot, and build a house, and find themselves discontented, forgetting that these things are only the sauce and garnish of life.”

In spite of a certain hardness and stiffness, Wordsworth must have been an admirable companion for anybody capable of true elevation of mind. The unfortunate Haydon says, with his usual accent of enthusiasm, after a saunter at Hampstead, “Never did any man so beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and enchant one.” (Autobiog. i. 298, 384.) The diary of Crabb Robinson, the correspondence of Charles Lamb, the delightful autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, and much less delightfully the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, all help us to realise by many a trait Wordsworth’s daily walk and conversation. Of all the glimpses that we get, from these and many other sources, none are more pleasing than those of the intercourse between Wordsworth and Scott. They were the two manliest and most wholesome men of genius of their time. They held different theories of poetic art, but their affection and esteem for one another never varied, from the early days when Scott and his young wife visited Wordsworth in his cottage at Grasmere, down to that sorrowful autumn evening (1831) when Wordsworth and his daughter went to Abbotsford to bid farewell to the wondrous potentate, then just about to start on his vain search for new life, followed by “the might of the whole earth’s good wishes.”

Of Wordsworth’s demeanour and physical presence, De Quincey’s account, silly, coxcombical, and vulgar, is the worst; Carlyle’s, as might be expected from his magical gift of portraiture, is the best. Carlyle cared little for Wordsworth’s poetry, had a real respect for the antique greatness of his devotion to Poverty and Peasanthood, recognised his strong intellectual powers and strong character, but thought him rather dull, bad-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome, and found his divine reflections and unfathomabilities stinted, scanty, uncertain, palish. From these and many other disparagements, one gladly passes to the picture of the poet as he was in the flesh at a breakfast party given by Henry Taylor, at a tavern in St. James’s Street, in 1840. The subject of the talk was Literature, its laws, practices, and observances:—“He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct, and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous: a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man
multa tacere loquive paratus, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well shaped; rather too much of cheek (‘horse-face,’ I have heard satirists say), face of squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (its ‘length’ going horizontal): he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit, tall, and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-gray figure, with a fine rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a veracious strength looking through him which might have suited one of those old steel-gray Markgrafs (Graf = Grau, ‘Steel-gray’) whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches, and do battle with the intrusive heathen, in a stalwart and judicious manner.”

Whoever might be his friends within an easy walk, or dwelling afar, the poet knew how to live his own life. The three fine sonnets headed Personal Talk, so well known, so warmly accepted in our better hours, so easily forgotten in hours not so good between pleasant levities and grinding preoccupations, show us how little his neighbours had to do with the poet’s genial seasons of “smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought.”

For those days Wordsworth was a considerable traveller. Between 1820 and 1837 he made long tours abroad, to Switzerland, to Holland, to Belgium, to Italy. In other years he visited Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. He was no mechanical tourist, admiring to order and marvelling by regulation; and he confessed to Mrs. Fletcher that he fell asleep before the Venus de Medici at Florence. But the product of these wanderings is to be seen in some of his best sonnets, such as the first on Calais Beach, the famous one on Westminster Bridge, the second of the two on Bruges, where “the Spirit of Antiquity mounts to the seat of grace within the mind—a deeper peace than that in deserts found”—and in some other fine pieces.

In weightier matters than mere travel, Wordsworth showed himself no mere recluse. He watched the great affairs then being transacted in Europe with the ardent interest of his youth, and his sonnets to Liberty, commemorating the attack by France upon the Swiss, the fate of Venice, the struggle of Hofer, the resistance of Spain, give no unworthy expression to the best of the varied motives that animated England in her long struggle with Bonaparte. The sonnet to Toussaint l’Ouverture concludes with some of the noblest lines in the English language. The strong verses on the expected death of Mr. Fox are alive with a magnanimous public spirit that goes deeper than political opinion. In his young days he had sent Fox a copy of the Lyrical Ballads, with a long letter indicating his sense of Fox’s great and generous qualities. Pitt, he admits that he could never regard with complacency. “I believe him, however,” he said, “to have been as disinterested a man, and as true a lover of his country, as it was possible for so ambitious a man to be. His first wish (though probably unknown to himself) was that his country should prosper under his administration; his next that it should prosper. Could the order of these wishes have been reversed, Mr. Pitt would have avoided many of the grievous mistakes into which, I think, he fell.” “You always went away from Burke,” he once told Haydon, “with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason.”

Of the poems composed under the influence of that best kind of patriotism which ennobles local attachments by associating them with the lasting elements of moral grandeur and heroism, it is needless to speak. They have long taken their place
as something higher even than literary classics. As years began to dull the old penetration of a mind which had once approached, like other youths, the shield of human nature from the golden side, and had been eager to "clear a passage for just government," Wordsworth lost his interest in progress. Waterloo may be taken for the date at which his social grasp began to fail, and with it his poetical glow. He opposed Catholic emancipation as stubbornly as Eldon, and the Reform Bill as bitterly as Croker. For the practical reforms of his day, even in education, for which he had always spoken up, Wordsworth was not a force. His heart clung to England as he found it. "This concrete attachment to the scenes about him," says Mr. Myers, "had always formed an important element in his character. Ideal politics, whether in Church or State, had never occupied his mind, which sought rather to find its informing principles embodied in the England of his own day." This flowed, we may suppose, from Burke. In a passage in the seventh Book of the Prelude, he describes, in lines a little prosaic but quite true, how he sat, saw, and heard, not unthankful nor uninspired, the great orator.

"While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems, built on abstract rights."

The Church, as conceived by the spirit of Laud, and described by Hooker's voice, was the great symbol of the union of high and stable institution with thought, faith, right living, and "sacred religion, mother of form and fear." As might be expected from such a point of view, the church pieces, to which Wordsworth gave so much thought, are, with few exceptions, such as the sonnet on Seathwaite Chapel, formal, hard, and but thinly enriched with spiritual grace orunction. They are ecclesiastical, not religious. In religious poetry, the Church of England finds her most affecting voice, not in Wordsworth, but in the Lyra Innocentium and the Christian Year. Wordsworth abounds in the true devotional cast of mind, but less than anywhere else in his properly ecclesiastical verse.

It was perhaps natural that when events no longer inspired him, Wordsworth should have turned with new feelings towards the classic, and discovered a virtue in classic form to which his own method had hitherto made him a little blind. Towards the date of Waterloo, he read over again some of the Latin writers, in attempting to prepare his son for college. He even at a later date set about a translation of the Aenid of Virgil, but the one permanent result of the classic movement in his mind is Laodamia. Earlier in life he had translated some books of Ariosto at the rate of a hundred lines a day, and he even attempted fifteen of the sonnets of Michael Angelo, but so much meaning is compressed into so little room in those pieces that he found the difficulty insurmountable. He had a high opinion of the resources of the Italian language. The poetry of Dante and of Michael Angelo, he said, proves that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, the fault is in the authors and not in the tongue.

Our last glimpse of Wordsworth in the full and peculiar power of his genius is the Ode Composed on an evening of extraordinary splendour and beauty. It is the one exception to the critical dictum that all his good work was done in the decade between 1798 and 1808. He lived for more than thirty years after this fine composition. But he added nothing more of value to the work that he had already done. The public appreciation of it was very slow. The most influential among the critics were for long hostile and contemptuous. Never at any time did Wordsworth come near to such popularity as that of Scott or of Byron. Nor was that all. For many years most readers of poetry thought more even of Lalla Rookh than
of the *Excursion.* While Scott, Byron, and Moore were receiving thousands of pounds, Wordsworth received nothing. Between 1830 and 1840 the current turned in Wordsworth’s direction, and when he received the honour of a doctor’s degree at the Oxford Commemoration in 1839, the Sheldonian theatre made him the hero of the day. In the spring of 1843 Southey died, and Sir Robert Peel pressed Wordsworth to succeed him in the office of Poet Laureate. “It is a tribute of respect,” said the Minister, “justly due to the first of living poets.” But almost immediately the light of his common popularity was eclipsed by Tennyson, as it had earlier been eclipsed by Scott, by Byron, and in some degree by Shelley. Yet his fame among those who know, among competent critics with a right to judge, to-day stands higher than it ever stood. Only two writers have contributed so many lines of daily popularity and application. In the handbooks of familiar quotations Wordsworth fills more space than anybody save Shakespeare and Pope. He exerted commanding influence over great minds that have powerfully affected our generation. “I never before,” said George Eliot in the days when her character was forming itself (1839), “met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should like them,” and her reverence for Wordsworth remained to the end. J. S. Mill has described how important an event in his life was his first reading of Wordsworth. “What made his poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. I needed to be made to feel that there was real permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of human beings.” (Autobiog., 148.) This effect of Wordsworth on Mill is the very illustration of the phrase of a later poet of our own day, one of the most eminent and by his friends best beloved of all those whom Wordsworth had known, and on whom he poured out a generous portion of his own best spirit:—

``Time may restore us in his course
Goethe’s sage mind and Byron’s force:
But where will Europe’s latter hour
Again find Wordsworth’s healing power?``

It is the power for which Matthew Arnold found this happy designation, that compensates us for that absence of excitement of which the heedless complain in Wordsworth’s verse—excitement so often meaning mental fever, hysterics, distorted passion, or other fitful agitation of the soul.

 Pretensions are sometimes advanced as to Wordsworth’s historic position, which involve a mistaken view of literary history. Thus, we are gravely told by the too zealous Wordsworthian that the so-called poets of the eighteenth century were simply men of letters; they had various accomplishments and great general ability, but their thoughts were expressed in prose, or in mere metrical diction, which passed current as poetry without being so. Yet Burns belonged wholly to the eighteenth century (1759-96), and no verse-writer is so little literary as Burns, so little prosaic; no writer more truly poetic in melody, diction, thought, feeling, and spontaneous song. It was Burns who showed Wordsworth’s own youth “How verse may build a princely throne on humble truth.” Nor can we understand how Cowper is to be set down as simply a man of letters. We may, too, if we please, deny the name of poetry to Collins’s tender and pensive *Ode to Evening*; but we can only do this on critical principles, which would end in classing the author of *Lycidas*
and Comus, of the Allegro and Penseroso, as a writer of various accomplishments and great general ability, but at bottom simply a man of letters and by no means a poet. It is to Gray, however, that we must turn for the distinctive character of the best poetry of the eighteenth century. With reluctance we will surrender the Pindaric Odes, though not without risking the observation that some of Wordsworth's own criticism on Gray is as narrow and as much beside the mark as Jeffrey's on the Excursion. But the Ode on Eton College is not to have grudged to it the noble name and true quality of poetry, merely because, as one of Johnson's most unfortunate criticisms expresses it, the ode suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. To find beautiful and pathetic language, set to harmonious numbers, for the common impressions of meditative minds, is no small part of the poet's task. That part has never been achieved by any poet in any tongue, with more complete perfection and success than in the immortal Elegy, of which we may truly say that it has for nearly a century and a half given to greater multitudes of men more of the exquisite pleasure of poetry than any other single piece in all the glorious treasury of English verse. It abounds, as Johnson says, "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." These moving commonplaces of the human lot, Gray approached through books and studious contemplation; not, as Wordsworth approached them, by daily contact with the lives and habit of men and the forces and magical apparitions of external nature. But it is a narrow view to suppose that the men of the eighteenth century did not look through the literary conventions of the day to the truths of life and nature behind them. The conventions have gone, or are changed, and we are all glad of it. Wordsworth effected a wholesome deliverance when he attacked the artificial diction, the personifications, the allegories, the antitheses, the barren rhymes and monotonous metres, which the reigning taste had approved. But while welcoming the new freshness, sincerity, and direct and fertile return on nature, that is a very bad reason why we should disparage poetry so genial, so simple, so humane, and so perpetually pleasing as the best verse of the rationalistic century.

What Wordsworth did was to deal with themes that had been partially handled by precursors and contemporaries, in a larger and more devoted spirit, with wider amplitude of illustration, and with the steadfastness and persistency of a religious teacher. "Every great poet is a teacher," he said; "I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing." It may be doubted whether his general proposition is at all true, and whether it is any more the essential business of a poet to be a teacher than it was the business of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. They attune the soul to high states of feeling; the direct lesson is often as nought. But of himself no view could be more sound. He is a teacher, or he is nothing. "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous"—that was his vocation; "to show that the mutual adaptation of the external world and the inner mind is able to shape a paradise from the "simple produce of the common day"—that was his high argument.

Simplification was, as I have said elsewhere, the keynote of the revolutionary time. Wordsworth was its purest exponent, but he had one remarkable peculiarity, which made him, in England at least, not only its purest but its greatest. While leading men to pierce below the artificial and conventional to the natural man and natural life, as Rousseau did, Wordsworth still cherished the symbols, the traditions,
INTRODUCTION

and the great institutes of social order. Simplification of life and thought and feeling was to be accomplished without summoning up the dangerous spirit of destruction and revolt. Wordsworth lived with nature, yet waged no angry railing war against society. The chief opposing force to Wordsworth in literature was Byron. Whatever he was in his heart, Byron in his work was drawn by all the forces of his character, genius, and circumstances to the side of violent social change, and hence the extraordinary popularity of Byron in the continental camp of emancipation. Communion with nature is in Wordsworth's doctrine the school of duty. With Byron nature is the mighty consoled and the vindicator of the rebel.

A curious thing, which we may note in passing, is that Wordsworth, who clung fervently to the historic foundations of society as it stands, was wholly indifferent to history; while Byron, on the contrary, as the fourth canto of Childe Harold is enough to show, had at least the sentiment of history in as great a degree as any poet that ever lived, and has given to it by far the most magnificent expression. No doubt, it was history on its romantic, and not its philosophic or its political side.

On Wordsworth's exact position in the hierarchy of sovereign poets, a deep difference of estimate still divides even the most excellent judges. Nobody now dreams of placing him so low as the Edinburgh Reviewers did, nor so high as Southey placed him when he wrote to the author of Philip van Artevelde in 1829, that a greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be. An extravagance of this kind was only the outburst of generous friendship. Coleridge deliberately placed Wordsworth "nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton, yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own." Arnold, himself a poet of rare and memorable quality, declares his firm belief that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats—"Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all." Mr. Myers, also a poet, and the author of a volume on Wordsworth as much distinguished by insight as by admirable literary grace and power, talks of "a Plato, a Dante, a Wordsworth," all three in a breath, as stars of equal magnitude in the great spiritual firmament. To Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, all these panegyric estimates savour of monstrous and intolerable exaggeration. Amid these contentions of celestial minds it will be safest to content ourselves with one or two plain observations in the humble, positive degree, without hurrying into high and final comparatives and superlatives.

One admission is generally made at the outset. Whatever definition of poetry we fix upon, whether that it is the language of passion or imagination formed into regular numbers; or, with Milton, that it should be "simple, sensuous, passionate;" in any case there are great tracts in Wordsworth which, by no definition and on no terms, can be called poetry. If we say with Shelley, that poetry is what redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man, and is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds, then are we bound to agree that Wordsworth records too many moments that are not specially good or happy, that he redeems from decay frequent visitations that are not from any particular divinity in man, and treats them all as very much on a level. Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly right in his view that, to be receivable as a classic, Wordsworth must be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage that now encumbers him.
The faults and hindrances in Wordsworth’s poetry are obvious to every reader. For one thing, the intention to instruct, to improve the occasion, is too deliberate and too hardly pressed. “We hate poetry,” said Keats, “that has a palpable design upon us. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive.” Charles Lamb’s friendly remonstrance on one of Wordsworth’s poems is applicable to more of them. “The instructions conveyed in it are too direct; they don’t slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter.”

Then, except the sonnets and half a score of the pieces where he reaches his topmost height, there are few of his poems that are not too long, and it often happens even that no degree of reverence for the teacher prevents one from finding passages of almost unbearable proximity. A defence was once made by a great artist for what, to the unregenerate mind, seemed the merciless tardiness of movement in one of Goethe’s romances, that it was meant to impress on his readers the slow march and the tedium of events in human life. The lenient reader may give Wordsworth the advantage of the same ingenious explanation. We may venture on a counsel which is more to the point, in warning the student that not seldom in these blocks of afflicting prose, suddenly we come upon some of the profoundest and most beautiful passages that the poet ever wrote. In deserts of preaching we find, almost within sight of one another, delightful oases of purest poetry. Besides being prolix, Wordsworth is often cumbrous; has often no flight; is not liquid, is not musical. He is heavy and self-conscious with the burden of his message. How much at his best he is, when, as in the admirable and truly Wordsworthian poem of Michael, he spares us a sermon and leaves us the story. Then, he is apt to wear a somewhat stiff-cut garment of solemnity, when not solemnity, but either sternness or sadness, which are so different things, would seem the fitter mood. In truth Wordsworth hardly knows how to be stern, as Dante or Milton was stern; nor has he the note of plangent sadness which strikes the ear in men as morally inferior to him as Rousseau, Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge; nor has he the Olympian air with which Goethe delivered sage oracles. This mere solemnity is specially oppressive in some parts of the Excursion—the performance where we best see the whole poet, and where the poet most absolutely identifies himself with his subject. Yet, even in the midst of these solemn discoursings, he suddenly introduces an episode in which his peculiar power is at its height. There is no better instance of this than the passage in the Second Book of the Excursion, where he describes with a fidelity, at once realistic and poetic, the worn-out almsman, his patient life and sorry death, and then the unimaginable vision in the skies, as they brought the ancient man down through dull mists from the mountain ridge to die. These hundred and seventy lines are like the landscape in which they were composed; you can no more appreciate the beauty of the one by a single or a second perusal, than you can the other in a scamper through the vale on the box of the coach. But any lover of poetry who will submit himself with leisure and meditation to the impressions of the story, the pity of it, the naturalness of it, the glory and the mystic splendours of the indifferent heavens, will feel that here indeed is the true strength which out of the trivial raises expression for the pathetic and the sublime.

Apart, however, from excess of proximity and of solemnity, can it be really contended that in purely poetic quality—in aerial freedom and space, in radiant purity of light or depth and variety of colour, in penetrating and subtle sweetness of music, in supple mastery of the instrument, in vivid spontaneity of imagination, in clean-cut sureness of touch—Wordsworth is not surpassed by men who were
below him in weight and greatness? Even in his own field of the simple and the pastoral has he touched so sweet and spontaneous a note as Burns’s Daisy, or the Mouse! When men seek immersion or absorption in the atmosphere of pure poesy, without lesson or moral, or anything but delight of fancy and stir of imagination, they will find him less congenial to their mood than poets not worthy to loose the latchet of his shoe in the greater elements of his art. In all these comparisons, it is not merely Wordsworth’s theme and motive and dominant note that are different; the skill of hand is different, and the musical ear and the imaginative eye.

To maintain or to admit so much as this, however, is not to say the last word. The question is whether Wordsworth, however unequal to Shelley in lyric quality, to Coleridge or to Keats in imaginative quality, to Burns in tenderness, warmth, and that humour which is so nearly akin to pathos, to Byron in vividness and energy, yet possesses excellences of his own which place him in other respects above these master-spirits of his time. If the question is to be answered affirmatively, it is clear that only in one direction must we look. The trait that really places Wordsworth on an eminence above his poetic contemporaries, and ranks him, as the ages are likely to rank him, on a line just short of the greatest of all time, is his direct appeal to will and conduct. “There is volition and self-government in every line of his poetry, and his best thoughts come from his steady resistance to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all despondent and indolent humours, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate and wasteful joy.” (R. H. Hutton.) That would seem to be his true distinction and superiority over men to whom more had been given of fire, passion, and ravishing music. Those who deem the end of poetry to be intoxication, fever, or rainbow dreams, can care little for Wordsworth. If its end be not intoxication, but on the contrary a search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling, for elements of composure deep and pure, and of self-government in a far loftier sense than the merely prudential, then Wordsworth has a gift of his own in which he was approached by no poet of his time. Scott’s sane and humane genius, with much the same aims, yet worked with different methods. He once remonstrated with Lockhart for being too apt to measure things by some reference to literature. “I have read books enough,” said Scott, “and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds; but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.” This admirable deliverance of Scott’s is, so far as it goes, eminently Wordsworthian; but Wordsworth went higher and further, striving not only to move the sympathies of the heart, but to enlarge the understanding, and exalt and widen the spiritual vision, all with the aim of leading us towards firmer and austerer self-control.

Certain favourers of Wordsworth answer our question with a triumphant affirmative, on the strength of some ethical, or metaphysical, or theological system which they believe themselves to find in him. But is it credible that poets can permanently live by systems? Or is not system, whether ethical, theological, or philosophical, the heavy lead of poetry? Lucretius is indisputably one of the mighty poets of the world, but Epicureanism is not the soul of that majestic muse. So with Words-
worth. Thought is, on the whole, predominant over feeling in his verse, but a prevailing atmosphere of deep and solemn reflection does not make a system. His theology and his ethics, and his so-called Platonical metaphysics, have as little to do with the power of his poetry over us, as the imputed Arianism or any other aspect of the theology of Paradise Lost has to do with the strength and the sublimity of Milton, and his claim to a high perpetual place in the hearts of men. It is best to be entirely sceptical as to the existence of system and ordered philosophy in Wordsworth. When he tells us that “one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can,” such a proposition cannot be seriously taken as more than a half-playful sally for the benefit of some too bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good. When he says that it is his faith, “that every flower enjoys the air it breathes,” and that when the budding twigs spread out their fan to catch the air, he is compelled to think “that there was pleasure there,” he expresses a charming poetic fancy and no more, and it is idle to pretend to see in it the fountain of a system of philosophy. In the famous Ode on Intimations of Immortality, the poet doubtless does point to a set of philosophic ideas, more or less complete; but the thought from which he sets out, that our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting, and that we are less and less able to perceive the visionary gleam, less and less alive to the glory and the dream of external nature, as infancy recedes farther from us, is, with all respect for the declaration of Mr. Ruskin to the contrary, contrary to notorious fact, experience, and truth. It is a beggarly conception, no doubt, to judge as if poetry should always be capable of a prose rendering; but it is at least fatal to the philosophic pretension of a line or a stanza if, when it is fairly reduced to prose, the prose discloses that it is nonsense, and there is at least one stanza of the great Ode that this doom would assuredly await. Wordsworth’s claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the extraordinary strenuousness, sincerity, and insight with which he first idealises and glorifies the vast universe around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their parts, but an animate presence, intermingling with our works, pouring its companionable spirit about us, and “breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life.” This twofold and conjoint performance, consciously and expressively—perhaps only too consciously—undertaken by a man of strong inborn sensibility to natural impressions, and systematically carried out in a lifetime of brooding meditation and active composition, is Wordsworth’s distinguishing title to fame and gratitude. In “words that speak of nothing more than what we are,” he revealed new faces of nature; he dwelt on men as they are men themselves, he strove to do that which has been declared to be the true secret of force in art, to make the trivial serve the expression of the sublime. “Wordsworth’s distinctive work,” Mr. Ruskin has justly said (Modern Painters, iii. 293), “was a war with pomp and pretence, and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts, together with high reflective truths in his analysis of the courses of policies and ways of men; without these his love of nature would have been comparatively worthless.”

Yet let us not forget that he possessed the gift which to an artist is the very root of the matter. He saw nature truly, he saw her as she is, and with his own eyes. The critic whom I have just quoted boldly pronounces him “the keenest eyed of all modern poets for what is deep and essential in nature.” When he describes the daisy, casting the beauty of its star-shaped shadow on the smooth stone, or the boundless depth of the abysses of the sky, or the clouds made vivid as fire by the rays
of light, every touch is true, not the copying of a literary phrase, but the result of direct observation.

It is true that Nature has sides to which Wordsworth was not energetically alive—Nature “red in tooth and claw.” He was not energetically alive to the blind and remorseless cruelties of life and the world. When in early spring he heard the blended notes of the birds, and saw the budding twigs and primrose tufts, it grieved him amid such fair works of nature, to think “what man has made of man.” As if nature itself, excluding the conscious doings of that portion of nature which is the human race, and excluding also nature’s own share in the making of poor Man, did not abound in raking cruelties and horrors of her own. “Edel sei der Mensch,” sang Goethe in a noble psalm, “Hülfreich und gut, denn das allein unterscheidet ihn, Von allen Wesen die wir kennen.” “Let man be noble, helpful, and good, for that alone distinguishes him from all beings that we know. No feeling has nature: to good and bad gives the sun his light, and for the evildoer as for the best shine moon and stars.” That the laws which nature has fixed for our lives are mighty and eternal, Wordsworth comprehended as fully as Goethe, but not that they are laws pitiless as iron. Wordsworth had not rooted in him the sense of Fate—of the inexorable sequences of things, of the terrible chain that so often binds an awful end to some slight and trivial beginning.

This optimism or complacency in Wordsworth will be understood if we compare his spirit and treatment with that of the illustrious French painter whose subjects and whose life were in some ways akin to his own. Millet, like Wordsworth, went to the realities of humble life for his inspiration. The peasant of the great French plains and the forest was to him what the Cumbrian dalesman was to Wordsworth. But he saw the peasant differently. “You watch figures in the fields,” said Millet, “digging and delving with spade or pick. You see one of them from time to time straightening his loins, and wiping his face with the back of his hand. Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow. Is that the gay lively labour in which some people would have you believe? Yet it is there that for me you must seek true humanity and great poetry. They say that I deny the charm of the country; I find in it far more than charms, I find infinite splendours. I see in it, just as they do, the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see clearly enough the sun as he spreads his splendour amid the clouds. None the less do I see on the plain, all smoking, the horses at the plough. I see in some stony corner a man all worn out, whose han han have been heard ever since daybreak—trying to straighten himself a moment to get breath.” The hardness, the weariness, the sadness, the ugliness, out of which Millet’s consummate skill made pictures that affect us like strange music, were to Wordsworth not the real part of the thing. They were all absorbed in the thought of nature as a whole, wonderful, mighty, harmonious, and benign.

We are not called upon to place great men of his stamp as if they were collegians in a class-list. It is best to take with thankfulness and admiration from each man what he has to give. What Wordsworth does is to assuage, to reconcile, to fortify. He has not Shakespeare’s richness and vast compass, nor Milton’s sublime and unflagging strength, nor Dante’s severe, vivid, ardent force of vision. Probably he is too deficient in clear beauty of form and in concentrated power to be classed by the ages among these great giants. We cannot be sure. We may leave it to the ages to decide. But Wordsworth, at any rate, by his secret of bringing the infinite into common life, as he evokes it out of common life, has the skill to lead us, so long as we yield ourselves to his
influence, into inner moods of settled peace, to touch "the depth and not the tumult of the soul," to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure. All art or poetry that has the effect of breathing into men's hearts, even if it be only for a space, these moods of settled peace, and strongly confirming their judgment and their will for good,—whatever limitations may be found besides, however prosaic may be some or much of the detail,—is great art and noble poetry, and the creator of it will always hold, as Wordsworth holds, a sovereign title to the reverence and gratitude of mankind.

October 1888.

J. M.
WORDSWSORTH'S POETICAL WORKS

LINES
WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT 
HAWKSHED, ANNO AETATIS 14

"AND has the Sun his flaming chariot
driven
Two hundred times around the ring of
heaven,
Since Science first, with all her sacred
train,
Beneath von roof began her heavenly reign?
While thus I mused, methought, before
mine eyes,
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise;
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the
boy
Dead to the sense of every finer joy;
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender
age
Spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's
rage;
But she who trains the generous British
youth
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth:
Emerging slow from Academus' grove
In heavenly majesty she seemed to move,
Stern was her forehead, but a smile serene
'Softered the terrors of her awful mien.'
Close at her side were all the powers, de-
signed
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind:
With panting breast, now pale as winter
snows,
Now flushed as Hebe, Emulation rose;
Shame followed after with reverted eye,
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye;
Last Industry appeared with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,

Threw back my eyes, returned, and gazed
again.
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents
ran.

"'When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night;
When pure Religion reared the peaceful
breast
And lulled the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that
roll
In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
Enlivening Hope displayed her cheerful ray,
And beamed on Britain's sons a brighter
day;
So when on Ocean's face the storm sub-
sides,
Hushed are the winds and silent are the
tides;
The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and
dissipates the night;
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling
blaze
Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,
Clapped her strong wings, and sought the
cheerful isle,
The shades of night no more the soul in-
volve,
She sheds her beam, and, lo! the shades
dissolve;
No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,
With many rules perplex the weary mind;
No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,
Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.
Britain, who long her warriors had adored,  
And deemed all merit centred in the sword;  
Britain, who thought to stain the field was fame,  
Now honoured Edward’s less than Bacon’s name.

Her sons no more in listed fields advance  
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance;  
No longer steel their indurated hearts  
To the mild influence of the finer arts;  
Quick to the secret grotto they retire  
To court majestic truth, or wake the golden lyre;

By generous Emulation taught to rise,  
The seats of learning brave the distant skies.

Then noble Sandys, inspired with great design,  
Reared Hawkshead’s happy roof, and called it mine.

There have I loved to show the tender age  
The golden precepts of the classic page;  
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains  
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science reigns;

Fair to the view is sacred Truth displayed,  
In all the majesty of light arrayed,  
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul  
To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole to pole,

From thence to search the mystic cause of things  
And follow Nature to her secret springs;  
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth  
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,  
To regulate the mind’s disordered frame,  
And quench the passions kindling into flame;

The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,  
And purge from Vice’s dross my tender charge.

Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,  
And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do;  
Go to the world, peruse the book of man,  
And learn from thence thy own defects to scan;

Severely honest, break no plighted trust,  
But coldly rest not here—be more than just;

Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome  
The gentler manners of the private dome;  
When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,  
Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow;

If Pleasure’s soothing song thy soul entice,  
Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,  
Arise superior to the Siren’s power,  
The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour;

Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,  
As fades the chequered bow that paints the sky,  
So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast inspires,  
And wakes anew life’s glimmering trembling fires,

Hear Britain’s sons rehearse thy praise with joy,  
Look up to heaven, and bless his darling boy.

If c’er these precepts quelled the passions’ strife,  
If c’er they smoothed the rugged walks of life,  
If c’er they pointed forth the blissful way That guides the spirit to eternal day,  
Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,  
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest.

Awake, awake! and snatch the slumbering lyre,  
Let this bright morn and Sandys the song inspire.

"I looked obedience: the celestial Fair Smiled like the morn, and vanished into air."

1785.

EXTRACT
FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL

Written at Hawkshead. The beautiful image with which this poem concludes, suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient, and at that time the more picturesque, Hall of Coniston, the seat of the Le Flemings from very early times. The poem of which it was the conclusion was of many hundred lines, and contained thoughts and images most of which have been dispersed through my other writings.

DEAR native regions, I foretell,  
From what I feel at this farewell,
AN EVENING WALK

That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend, crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon
And wheresoe'er my course shall end, second thought, I will mention another image:
If in that hour a single tie "And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Survive of local sympathy, its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
My soul will cast the backward view. lines."
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
Though to the vale no parting beam
Be given, not one memorial gleam,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose.

1786.

WRITTEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to
Steal
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless
Sky.
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to
Heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food; for only then, when memory
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! re-
strain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop
again. 1786?

AN EVENING WALK

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY

The young Lady to whom this was addressed
was my Sister. It was composed at school, and
during my two first College vacations. There is
not an image in it which I have not observed;
and now, in my seventy-third year, I recollect the
time and place where most of them were noticed.
I will confine myself to one instance:

"Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted
flocks."

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's regret
of his youth which was passed amongst them—
Short description of Noon—Cascade—Noontide
Retreat—Precipices and sloping Lights—Face of
Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain-farm, and
the Cock—Slate-quarry—Sunset—Superstition
of the Country connected with that moment—Swans
—Female Beggar—Twilight-sounds—Western
Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—
Night-sounds—Conclusion.
Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
Through bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander sleeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;
Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, more.
Fair scenes, meanwhile, I taught, a happy child,
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild:
The spirit sought not then, in cherished sadness,
A cloudy substitute for failing gladness.
In youth's keen eye the livelong day was bright,
The sun at morning, and the stars at night,
Alike, when first the bittern's hollow bill
Was heard, or woodcocks roam'd the moonlight hill.
In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain;
For then, the inexperienced heart would beat
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,
Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road.
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
Hope with reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;

Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.
But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
To show what pleasures yet to me remain.
Say, will my Friend, with unreluctant ear,
The history of a poet's evening hear?
When, in the south, the wan noon brooding still,
Breathed a pale steam around the glaring hill,
And shades of deep-embattled clouds were seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between;
When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales;
When school-boys stretched their length upon the green;
And round the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear;
When horses in the sunburnt intake stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,
Or tracked the passenger, in mute distress,
With forward neck the closing gate to press—
Then, while I wandered where theuddling rill
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll
As by enchantment, an obscure retreat
Opened at once, and stayed my devious feet.
While thick above the rill the branches close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between;

These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.
In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

The word intake is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.
Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.
And its own twilight softens the whole scene,
Save where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
On withered briars that o'er the crags recline;
Save where, with sparkling foam, a small cascade
Illumines, from within, the leafy shade;
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
The eye reposes on a secret bridge
Half grey, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain
Lingers behind his disappearing wain,
—Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!
Never shall ruthless minister of death
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve—
A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
Much done, and much designed, and more desired.—
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
Entire affection for all human kind.
Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon again
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wildwood strain;
But now the sun has gained his western road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.
While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;

1 The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognise, in this description, the features which characterise the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
Travel along the precipice's base;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens grey, and scanty moss, o'ergrown;
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard;
And restless stone-chat, all day long, is heard.
How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Soften their glare before the mellow light;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.
Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink;
There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep:
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
There, waves that, hardly walttering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows,
Save where, along the shady western marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the charcoal
barge.
Their panniered train a group of potters
goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep road;
The peasant, from yon cliff of fearful edge
Shot, down the headlong path darts with
his sledge;
Bright beams the lonely mountain-horse
illumine
Feeding ’mid purple heath, "green rings," and
broom;
While the sharp slope the slackened team
confounds,
Downward the ponderous timber-wain re-
sounds;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dashed o’er the rough rock, lightly leaps
along;
From lonesome chapel at the mountain’s feet,
Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat;
Sounds from the water-side the hammered
boat;
And blasted quarry thunders, heard remote!
Even here, amid the sweep of endless
woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling
floods,
Not un delightful are the simplest charms,
Found by the grassy door of mountain-
farms.
Sweetly ferocious, 2 round his native walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the monarch stalks;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm his
tread;
A crest of purple tops the warrior’s head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-ball
hurls
Afar, his tall he closes and unfurls;
On tiptoe reared, he strains his clarion
throat,
Threatened by faintly-answering farms
remote:
Again with his shrill voice the mountain
rings,
While, flapped with conscious pride, re-
sound his wings.

Where, mixed with graceful birch, the
sombreous pine
And yew-tree o’er the silver rocks recline;
I love to mark the quarry’s moving trains,
Dwarf panniered steeds, and men, and
numerous wains;
How busy all the enormous hive within,
While Echo dallies with its various din!
Some (hear you not their chisels’ clinking
sound?)
Toil, small as pigmies in the gulf profound;
Some, dim between the lofty cliffs descried,
O’erwalk the slender plank from side to
side;
These, by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless
ring,
In airy baskets hanging, work and sing.
Just where a cloud above the mountain
rears
An edge all flame, the broadening sun
appears;
A long blue bar its ægis orb divides,
And breaks the spreading of its golden tides;
And now that orb has touched the purple
steep
Whose softened image penetrates the deep.
‘Cross the calm lake’s blue shades the cliffs
aspire,
With towers and woods, a “prospect all on
fire;”
While coves and secret hollows, through a
ray
Of fainter gold, a purple gleam betray.
Each slip of lawn the broken rocks between
Shines in the light with more than earthly
green:
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illumine,
Far in the level forest’s central gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the
vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, ‘mid the glittering
rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks.
Where oaks o’erhang the road the radiance
shoots
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;
The druid-stones a brightened ring unfold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,

1 "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD’s
POEM ON SHOOTING.
2 "Dolcemente ferace."—Tasso. In this
description of the cock, I remembered a spirited
one of the same animal in L’Agriculture, ou Les
Géorgiques François, of M. Rossuet.
AN EVENING WALK

Gives one bright glance, and drops behind the hill.\(^1\)
In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may claim;
When up the hills, as now, retired the light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shepherd’s sight.
The form appears of one that spurs his steed
Midway along the hill with desperate speed;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam;
The rear through iron brown betrays a sullen gleam.
While silent stands the admiring crowd below,
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way.\(^2\)
Till the last banner of the long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon’s spiry head
Tipt with eve’s latest gleam of burning red.
Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines;
’Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic, ease.
While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads,

Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
She, in a mother’s care, her beauty’s pride
Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by her mantling wings’ embraces prest.
Long may they float upon this flood serene;
Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
And breathes in peace the lily of the vale!
Yon isle, which feels not even the milkmaid’s feet,
Yet hears her song, “by distance made more sweet;”
Yon isle conceals their home, their hut-like bower;
Green water-rushes overspread the floor;
Long grass and willows form the woven wall,
And swings above the roof the poplar tall.
Thence issuing often with unwieldy stalk,
They crush with broad black feet their flowery walk;
Or, from the neighbouring water, hear at morn
The hound, the horse’s tread, and mellow horn;
Involve their serpent-necks in changeful rings,
Rolled wantonly between their slippery wings,
Or, starting up with noise and rude delight,
Force half upon the wave their cumbrous flight.
Fair Swan! by all a mother’s joys carressed,
Haply some wretch has eyed, and called thee blessed;
When with her infants, from some shady seat
By the lake’s edge, she rose—to face the noon tide heat;
Or taught their limbs along the dusty road
A few short steps to totter with their load.
I see her now, denied to lay her head,
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed,
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
By pointing to the gliding moon on high.
When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,
And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
Where the brook brawls along the public road
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stretching broad,
Oft has she taught them on her lap to lay
The shining glow-worm; or, in heedless play,
Toss it from hand to hand, disquieted;
While others, not unseen, are free to shed
Green unmolested light upon their mossy bed.
Oh! when the sleety showers her path assail,
And like a torrent roars the headstrong gale;
No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield,
And faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
Press the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears;
No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
Thy breast their death-bed, coffined in thine arms!
Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.
Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
Blends with the solemn colouring of night;
'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
And round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;
Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall;
Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale
Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
With restless interchange at once the bright
Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacle in faery days;
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face:
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains:
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcome the vales:
On the dark earth the wearied vision fails;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.
—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay I pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.
The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread
Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound;
AN EVENING WALK

Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.
Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
Even now she shews, half-veiled, her lovely face:
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,
To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.
Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn,
Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary hills, impervious, blackening near;
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.
Even now she decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way);
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.
But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And, rimi without speck, extend the plains:
The deepest cleft the mountain's front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;
Time softly treads; throughout the landscape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen wood,
Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.
The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING

This title is scarcely correct. It was during a solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I was first struck with this appearance, and applied it to my own feelings in the manner here expressed, changing the scene to the Thames, near Windsor. This, and the three stanzas of the following poem, "Remembrance of Collins," formed one piece; but, upon the recommendation of Coleridge, the three last stanzas were separated from the other.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

1789.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet’s heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the Poet bless,
Who murmuring here a later 1 ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For him suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet’s sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue’s holiest Powers attended.

1789.

1 Collins’s Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
AMONG THE ALPS

Much the greatest part of this poem was composed during my walks upon the banks of the Loire in the years 1791, 1792. I will only notice that the description of the valley filled with mist, beginning—“In solemn shapes,” was taken from that beautiful region of which the principal features are Lungarn and Sarnez. Nothing that I ever saw in nature left a more delightful impression on my mind than that which I have attempted, alas! how feebly, to convey to others in these lines. Those two lakes have always interested me especially, from bearing, in their size and other features, a resemblance to those of the North of England. It is much to be deplored that a district so beautiful should be so unhealthy as it is.

TO

THE REV. ROBERT JONES,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wound- ing your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessities upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter?

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the least dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my design, or spiritless in my colouring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give
such splendour to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steeps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours,
W. WORDSWORTH.

London, 1793.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature—Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller—Author crosses France to the Alps—Present state of the Grande Chartreuse—Lake of Como—Time, Sunset—Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music—River Tama—Via Mala and Grison Gipay—Schellen-thal—Lake of Uri—Stormy sunset—Chapel of William Tell—Force of local emotion—Chamois-chaser—View of the higher Alps—Manner of life of a Swiss mountainer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps—Golden age of the Alps—Life and views continued—Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air—Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims—Valley of Chamoiny—Mont Blanc—Slavery of Savoy—Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness—France—Wish for the Extirpation of slavery—Conclusion.

Were there, below, a spot of holy ground Where from distress a refuge might be found, And solitude prepare the soul for heaven; Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given Where falls the purple morning far and wide In flares of light upon the mountain side; Where with loud voice the power of water shakes The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes. Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam, Who at the call of summer quits his home, And plods through some wide realm o'er vale and height, Though seeking only holiday delight; At least, not owning to himself an aim To which the sage would give a prouder name.

No gains too cheaply earned his fancy cloy, Though every passing zephyr whispers joy;

Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease, Feeds the clear current of his sympathies. For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn; And peeps the far-off spire, his evening bourn! Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head, And dear the velvet green-sward to his tread: Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming eye? Upward he looks—"and calls it luxury:" Kind Nature's charities his steps attend; In every babbling brook he finds a friend; While chastening thoughts of sweetest use bestowed

By wisdom, moralise his pensive road. Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide bower, To his spare meal he calls the passing poor; He views the sun uplift his golden fire, Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's lyre;¹

Blesses the moon that comes with kindly ray, To light him shaken by his rugged way. Back from his sight no bashful children steal; He sits a brother at the cottage-meal; His humble looks no shy restraint impart; Around him plays at will the virgin heart. While unsuspended wheels the village dance, The maidens eye him with enquiring glance, Much wondering by what fit of crazing care, Or desperate love, bewildered, he came there.

A hope, that prudence could not then approve, That clung to Nature with a truant's love, O'er Gallia's wastes of corn my footsteps led; Her files of road-elms, high above my head In long-drawn vista, rustling in the breeze; Or where her pathways straggle as they please By lonely farms and secret villages. But lo! the Alps ascending white in air, Toy with the sun and glitter from afar. And now, emerging from the forest's gloom, I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom.

¹ The lyre of Memnon is reported to have emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it was touched by the sun's evening or morning rays.
Or, from the bending rocks, obstructive cling,
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows flinging—
The pathway leads, as round the steeps it twines;
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The loitering traveller hence, at evening, sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between the trees;
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad and blue,
And track the yellow lights from steep to steep,
As up the opposing hills they slowly creep.
Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.
How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales
Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;
Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
Each with its household boat beside the door;
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky;
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high;
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or grey,
'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray

Whither is fled that Power whose frown severe
Awed sober Reason till she crouched in fear?
That Silence, once in deathlike fetters bound,
Chains that were loosened only by the sound
Of holy rites chanted in measured round?
—The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms,
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.
The thundering tube the aged angler hears,
Bent o'er the groaning flood that sweeps away his tears.
Cloud-piercing pine-trees nod their troubled heads,
Spires, rocks, and lawns a browner night o'erspreads;
Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,
And start the astonished shades at female eyes.
From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
A viewless flight of laughing Demons mock
The Cross, by angels planted on the aérial rock.
The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and Death.
Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
Portentous through her old woods' trackless bounds,
Vallombre, 'mid her falling fanes, deplores,
For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.
More pleased, my foot the hidden margin roves
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps
Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.
—To towns, whose shades of no rude noise complain,
From ringing team apart and grating wain—
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,

1 Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every appearance of being inaccessible.
2 Names of rivers at the Chartreuse.
3 Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.
From the bright wave, in solemn gloom, retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still, aspire
To where afar rich orange lustres glow
Round undistinguished clouds, and rocks, and snow:
Or, led where Via Mala’s chasms confine
The indignant waters of the infant Rhine,
Hang o’er the abyss, whose else impervious
gloom
His burning eyes with fearful light illumine.
The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
O’er life’s long deserts with its charge of woe,
With sad congratulation joins the train
Where beasts and men together o’er the plain
Move on—a mighty caravan of pain:
Hope, strength, and courage, social suffer-
ing brings,
Freshening the wilderness with shades and springs.
—There be whose lot far otherwise is cast:
Sole human tenant of the piny waste,
By choice or doom a gipsy wanders here,
A nursling babe her only comforter;
Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy rock,
A cowering shape half hid in curling smoke!
When lightning among clouds and mountain-snows
Predominaates, and darkness comes and goes,
And the fierce torrent, at the flashes broad
Starts, like a horse, beside the glaring road—
She seeks a covert from the battering shower
In the roofed bridge; 2 the bridge, in that dread hour,
Itself all trembling at the torrent’s power.
Nor is she more at ease on some still night,
When not a star supplies the comfort of its light;
Only the waning moon hangs dull and red
Above a melancholy mountain’s head,

1 The river along whose banks you descend in crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

2 Most of the bridges among the Alps are of wood, and covered: these bridges have a heavy appearance, and rather injure the effect of the scenery in some places.
Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant sighs,
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary eyes;
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's gulf
Howls near and nearer yet the famished wolf.
From the green vale of Urseren smooth and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
Cling trembingly to rocks as loose as they;
By cells¹ upon whose image, while he prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;
By many a votive death-cross² planted near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye
Unmoved with each rude form of peril nigh;
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring waves.
But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens—a little world of calm delight;
Where mists, suspended on the expiring gale,
Spread rooklike o'er the deep secluded vale,
And beams of evening slipping in between,
Gently illuminate a sober scene:—
Here, on the brown wood-cottages³ they sleep,
There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.
On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
The still vale lengthens underneath its shade
Of low-hung vapour: on the freshened mead
The green light sparkles;—the dim bowers recede.

While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,
And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,
And antique castles seen through gleamy showers.
From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread:
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech;
Aerial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on
the steep,
—Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro),
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes;
The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat.
Yet thither the world's business finds its way
At times, and tales unsought beguile the day,
And there are those fond thoughts which
Solitude,
However stern, is powerless to exclude.
There doth the maiden watch her lover's sail
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale;
At midnight listens till his parting oar,
And its last echo, can be heard no more.
And what if ospreys, cormorants, herons, cry
Amid tempestuous vapours driving by,
Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
That common growth of earth, the foodful ear;

¹ The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.
² Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.
³ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.
Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindliest ray;
Contentment shares the desolate domain
With Independence, child of high Disdain.
Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
And grasps by fits her sword, and often eyes;
And sometimes, as from rock to rock she bounds
The Patriot nymph starts at imagined sounds,
And, wildly pausing, oft she hangs aghast,
Whether some old Swiss air hath checked her haste.
Or thrill of Spartan fire is caught between the blast.

Swoln with incessant rains from hour to hour,
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour:
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:
Dark is the region as with coming night;
But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Giances the wheeling eagle's glorious form!
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine.
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline;
Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams unfold,
At once to pillars turned that flame with gold,
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to shun
The west, that burns like one dilated sun,
A crucible of mighty compass, felt
By mountains, glowing till they seem to melt.

But, lo! the boatman, overawed, before
The pictured fane of Tell suspends his oar;
Confused the Marathonian tale appears,
While his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
And who, that walks where men of ancient days
Have wrought with godlike arm the deeds of praise.
Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Or rouse and agitate his labouring soul?
Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aosta hulled by Alpine rills,

On Zutphen's plain; or on that highland dell,
Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can tell
What high resolves exalt the tenderest thought
Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happiest sigh,
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye;
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
And glad Dundee in "faint huzzas" expired?
But now with other mind I stand alone
Upon the summit of this naked cone,
And watch the fearless chamois-hunter chase
His prey, through tracts abrupt of desolate space,

Through vacant worlds where Nature never gave
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantom sacred keep;
Thro' worlds where Life, and Voice, and Motion sleep;
Where silent Hours their deathlike sway extend,
Save when the avalanche breaks loose, to rend
Its way with uproar, till the ruin, drowned
In some dense wood or gulf of snow profound,
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf abortive sound.

—'Tis his, while wandering on from height to height,
To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing night;
While the pale moon moves near him, on the bound
Of ether, shining with diminished round,
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
To him the day-star glitters small and bright,
Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
And he can look beyond the sun, and view
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
Flying till vision can no more pursue!
At once bewildering mists around him close,
And cold and hunger are his least of woes;

1 For most of the images in the next sixteen verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's interesting observations annexed to his translation of Coxe's Tour in Switzerland.
The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Soon with despair's whole weight his spirits
sink;
Bread has he none, the snow must be his
drink;
And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.
Now couch thyself where, heard with fear
afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the head-
long Aar;
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Underwalden's\(^1\) pastoral
heights.
—Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has
seen
The native Genii walk the mountain green?
Or heard, while other worlds their charms
reveal,
Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal?
While o'er the desert, answering every close,
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and
goes.
—And sure there is a secret Power that
reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot
profanes,
Nought but the chalets,\(^2\) flat and bare, on
high
Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;
Or distant herds that pasturing upward
creep,
And, not untended, climb the dangerous
steep,
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
And with that voice accords the soothing
sound
Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods' steady
sigh;\(^3\)

\(^1\) The people of this Canton are supposed to be
of a more melancholy disposition than the other
inhabitants of the Alps; this, if true, may proceed
from their living more secluded.

\(^2\) This picture is from the middle region of the
Alps. Chalets are summer huts for the Swiss
herdsmen.

\(^3\) Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound
of the wind through the trees.

The solitary heifer's deepened low;
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
All motions, sounds, and voices, far and
nigh,
Blend in a music of tranquillity;
Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage
joy.

When, from the sunny breast of open
seas,
And bays with myrtle fringed, the southern
breeze
Comes on to gladden April with the sight
Of green isles widening on each snow-clad
height;
When shouts and lowing herds the valley
fill,
And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill.
The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs to scale,
Leaving to silence the deserted vale;
And like the Patriarchs in their simple age
Move, as the verdure leads, from stage to
stage:
High and more high in summer's heat they
go,
And hear the rattling thunder far below;
Or steal beneath the mountains, half-de-
terred,
Where huge rocks tremble to the bellowing
herd.

One I behold who, 'cross the foaming
flood,
Leaps with a bound of graceful hardihood;
Another, high on that green ledge;—he
gained
The tempting spot with every sinew strained;
And downward thence a knot of grass he
throws,
Food for his beasts in time of winter snows.
—Far different life from what Tradition
hoar
Transmits of happier lot in times of yore!
Then Summer lingered long; and honey
flowed
From out the rocks, the wild bees' safe
abode:
Continual waters welling cheered the waste,
And plants were wholesome, now of deadly
taste:
Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled,
Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled:
Nor Hunger driven the herds from pastures
bare,
To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty fare.
Then the milk-thistle flourished through the land,  
And forced the full-swolln udder to demand,  
Thrice every day, the pail and welcome hand.  
Thus does the father to his children tell  
Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too weal.  
Alas! that human guilt provoked the rod  
Of angry Nature to avenge her God.  
Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts  
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts.

"Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows  
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose.

Far-stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,  
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,  
A solemn sea! whose billows wide around  
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound:  
Pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,  
That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.

A single chasm, a golf of gloomy blue,  
Gapes in the centre of the sea—and, through  
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound  
Innumerable streams with roar profound.  
Mount through the nearer vapours notes of birds,  
And merry flageolet; the low of herds,  
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,  
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell:

Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed  
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unraised:

Nor is his spirit less enrapt, nor less  
Alive to independent happiness,  
Then, when he lies, out-stretched, at even-tide  
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side:  
For as the pleasures of his simple day  
Beyond his native valley seldom stray,  
Nought round its darling precincts can he find  
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind;

While Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's urn,  
Birds her wild wreaths, and whispers her return.  
Once, Man entirely free, alone and wild,  
Was blest as free—for he was Nature's child.

He, all superior but his God disdained,  
Walked none restraining, and by none restrained  
Confessed no law but what his reason taught,  
Did all he wished, and wished but what he ought.  
As man in his primeval dower arrayed  
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,  
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here  
The traces of primeval Man appear;  
The simple dignity no forms debase;  
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace:  
The slave of none, of beasts alone the lord,  
His book he prizes, nor neglects his sword;  
Well taught by that to feel his rights, prepared  
With this "the blessings he enjoys to guard."

And, as his native hills encircle ground  
For many a marvellous victory renowned,  
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,  
With few in arms, innumerable foes,  
When to those famous fields his steps are led,  
An unknown power connects him with the dead;  
For images of other worlds are there;  
Awful the light, and holy is the air.  
Fittfully, and in flashes, through his soul,  
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled transports roll;  
His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers amain,  
Beyond the senses and their little reign.  
And oft, when that dread vision hath past by,  
He holds with God himself communion high,  
There where the peal of swelling torrents fills  
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;

1 Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and in particular, to one fought at Neufels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed anew.
Or when, upon the mountain's silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.
And when a gathering weight of shadows brown
Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down;
And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and storms, 1
Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red—
Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own delights.

When downward to his winter hut he goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows;
That hut which on the hills so oft employs
His thoughts, the central point of all his joys.
And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
So to the homestead, where the grandsire tends
A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched pair;
Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter calling all his terrors round,
And, blest within himself, he shrinks not from the sound.

Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide,
Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride;
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favourite heifer's neck;
Well pleased upon some simple annual feast,
Remembered half the year and hoped the rest.
If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard,
Of thrice ten summers dignify the board.
—Alas! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry way;

1 As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc. etc.

And here the unwilling mind may more than trace
The general sorrows of the human race;
The churlish gales of penury, that blow
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow.
To them the gentle groups of bliss deny
That on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.
Yet more;—compelled by Powers which only deign
That solitary man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting strife
With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
To manhood, seems their title to disown;
And from his nest amid the storms of heaven
Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he was driven;
With stern composure watches to the plain—
And never, eagle-like, beholds again!
When long-familiar joys are all resigned.
Why does their sad remembrance haunt the mind?
Lo! where through flat Batavia's willowy groves,
Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measures swell,
And search the affections to their inmost cell;
Sweet poison spreads along the listener's veins,
Turning past pleasures into mortal pains;
Poison, which not a frame of steel can brave,
Bows his young head with sorrow to the grave. 2
Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!
Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the hills illume!
Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn,
And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!
Alas! the little joy to man allowed
Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud;
Or like the beauty in a flower installed,
Whose season was, and cannot be recalled.

2 The well-known effect of the famous air, called in French Ranz des Vaches, upon the Swiss troops.
Yet, when oppress by sickness, grief, or care,
And taught that pain is pleasure’s natural heir,
We still confide in more than we can know;
Death would be else the favourite friend of woe.

’Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
Between interminable tracts of pine,
Within a temple stands an awful shrine,
By an uncertain light revealed, that falls
On the mute Image and the troubled walls.
Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain
That views, undimmed, Einsiedlen’s ¹ wretched fane.

While ghastly faces through the gloom appear;
Abortive joy, and hope that works in fear;
While prayer contends with silenced agony,
Surely in other thoughts contempt may die.
If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope—oh, pass and leave it there!

The tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
Flings o’er the wilderness a stream of fire:
Now meet we other pilgrims ere the day
Close on the remnant of their weary way;
While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no more.

How gaily murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains ² reared for them amid the waste!
Their thirst they slake:—they wash their toil-worn feet
And some with tears of joy each other greet.

Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will for you a sigh
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!

¹ This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, labouring under mental or bodily afflictions.
² Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain.

Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend;—
A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the Seasons reveal hand in hand:
’Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain’s matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.

From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.

What marvel then if many a Wanderer sigh,
While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale!
Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;
That thou, the slaves of slaves, art doomed to pine
And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to stray,
With shrill winds whistling round my lonely way,
On the bleak sides of Cumbria’s heath-clad moors,
Or where dank sea-weed lashed Scotland’s shores;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont’s breathing rose,
And orange gale that o’er Lugano blows;
Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
That virtue languishes and pleasure fails.
While the remotest hamlets blessings share
In thy loved presence known, and only there;
Heart-blessings—outward treasures too which the eye
Of the sun peeping through the clouds can spy,
And every passing breeze will testify.
There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound
Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is wound;
The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
And grey-haired men look up with livelier brow,—
To greet the traveller needing food and rest;
Housed for the night, or but a half-hour’s guest.
And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze;
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,
And nightingales desert the village grove,
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,
And the short thunder, and the flash of arms;
That cease not till night falls, when far and nigh,
Sole sound, the Sourd ¹ prolongs his mournful cry!
—Yet, hast thou found that Freedom spreads her power
Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cottage-door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath her eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies.
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's waters glide
Through rustling aspens heard from side to side,
When from October clouds a milder light
Fell where the blue flood rippled into white;
Methought from every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard;
Each clacking mill, that broke the murmuring streams,
Rocked the charmed thought in more delightful dreams;
Chasing those pleasant dreams, the falling leaf
Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
The measured echo of the distant flail
Wound in more welcome cadence down the vale;

With more majestic course the water rolled,
And ripening foliage shone with richer gold.
—But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!—
Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire:
Lo, from the flames a great and glorious birth;
As if a new-made heaven were hailing a new earth!
—All cannot be: the promise is too fair
For creatures doomed to breathe terrestrial air:
Yet not for this will sober reason frown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;
She knows that only from high aims ensure
Rich guerdons, and to them alone are due.
Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
In an impartial balance, give thine aid
To the just cause; and, oh! do thou preside
Over the mighty stream now spreading wide:
So shall its waters, from the heavens supplied
In copious showers, from earth by wholesome springs,
Brood o'er the long-parched lands with Nile-like wings!
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries presumptuous, "Here the flood shall stay,"
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands, to rise no more!
To-night, my Friend, within this humble cot
Be scorn and fear and hope alike forgot
In timely sleep; and when, at break of day,
On the tall peaks the glistening sunbeams play,
With a light heart our course we may renew.
The first whose footsteps print the mountain dew.

¹ An insect so called, which emits a short, melancholy cry, heard at the close of the summer evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

* The duties upon many parts of the French rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer people, deprived of the benefit of water carriage, were obliged to transport their goods by land.
GUILT AND SORROW

OR

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN

Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and '94; but in fact much of the "Female Vagrant's" story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way. Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragic as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it. This fault was corrected nearly fifty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole. It may be worth while to remark, that, though the incidents of this attempt do only in a small degree produce each other, and it deviates accordingly from the general rule by which narrative pieces ought to be governed, it is not therefore wanting in continuous hold upon the mind, or in unity, which is effected by the identity of moral interest that places the two personages upon the same footing in the reader's sympathies. My rambles over many parts of Salisbury Plain put me, as mentioned in the preface, upon writing this poem, and left on my mind imaginative impressions the force of which I have felt to this day. From that district I proceeded to Bath, Bristol, and so on to the banks of the Wye, where I took again to travelling on foot. In remembrance of that part of my journey, which was in '93, I began the verses—"Five years have passed."

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM,
PUBLISHED IN 1842

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as matter of literary biography than for any other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for men and air
Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
Both of the time to come, and time long fled:
Down fell in straggling locks his thin grey hair;
A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch
and shred.
II

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such house for him was none.
No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to old and poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"
The pendent grapes glittered above the door;—
On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend.

III

The gathering clouds grow red with stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting high;
That inn he long had passed; the distant spire,
Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save cornfields stretched and stretching without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

IV

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
Some labourer, thought he, may perchance be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
No voice made answer, he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling thro' thin grass along the un-furrowed plain.

V

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
And rest; but now along heaven's darkening cope
The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne,
Thus warned he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn
Or hovel from the storm to shield his head,
But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

VI

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared;
A Sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told; for, landing after labour hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armèd fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey.
'Gainst all that in his heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

VII

For years the work of carnage did not cease,
And death's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
Death's minister; then came his glad release,
And hope returned, and pleasure fondly made
Her dwelling in his dreams. By Fancy's aid
The happy husband flies, his arms to throw
Round his wife's neck; the prize of victory laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble she could know.
VIII
Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had
earned.
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart; but he, re-
turned,
Bears not to those he loves their needful
food.
His home approaching, but in such a mood
That from his sight his children might have
run.
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
blood;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's
fate to shun.

IX
From that day forth no place to him could
be
So lonely, but that thence might come a
pang
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swung,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven
fly. 1

X
It was a spectacle which none might view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering
pain;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a
train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly
pursued his way.

XI
As one whose brain habitual phrensy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had
crossed

1 See Note.

His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or notly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual
theme.

XII
Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might
wreak;
Save that the bustard, of those regions
bleak
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful
shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange
affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick un-
wieldy flight.

XIII
All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;
The weary eye—which, wheresoe'er it strays,
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting
round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former
days
Left by gigantic arms—at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading
wide;
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime; in shelter there to bide
He turned, while rain poured down smoking
on every side.

XIV
Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to hint yet
keep
Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to stand and
hear
The Plain resounding to the whirlwind's
sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature's endless year;
Even if thou saw'st the giant wicker rear
For sacrifice its thongs of living men,
Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
Who in his heart had groaned with deadlier
pain
Than he who, tempest-driven, thy shelter
now would gain.
XV
Within that fabric of mysterious form,
Winds met in conflict, each by turns supreme;
And, from the perilous ground dislodged,
through storm
And rain he wildered on, no moon to stream
From gulf of parting clouds one friendly beam,
Nor any friendly sound his footsteps led;
Once did the lightning’s faint disastrous gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post’s double head,
Sight which tho’ lost at once a gleam of pleasure shed,

XVI
No swinging sign-board creaked from cottage elm
To stay his steps with faintness overcome;
’Twas dark and void as ocean’s watery realm
Roaring with storms beneath night’s starless gloom;
No gipsy cowered o’er fire of furze or broom;
No labourer watched his red kiln glaring bright,
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick man’s room;
Along the waste no line of mournful light
From lamp of lonely toll-gate streamed athwart the night.

XVII
At length, though hid in clouds, the moon arose;
The downs were visible—and now revealed
A structure stands, which two bare slopes enclose.
It was a spot, where, ancient vows fulfilled,
Kind pious hands did to the Virgin build
A lonely Spital, the belated swain
From the night terrors of that waste to shield:
But there no human being could remain,
And now the walls are named the “Dead House” of the plain.

XVIII
Though he had little cause to love the abode
Of man, or covet sight of mortal face,
Yet when faint beams of light that ruin showed,
How glad he was at length to find some trace
Of human shelter in that dreary place.
Till to his flock the early shepherd goes,
Here shall much-needed sleep his frame embrace.
In a dry nook where fern the floor bestrows
He lays his stiffened limbs,—his eyes begin to close;

XIX
When hearing a deep sigh, that seemed to come
From one who mourned in sleep, he raised his head,
And saw a woman in the naked room
Outstretched, and turning on a restless bed:
The moon a wan dead light around her shed.
He waked her—spake in tone that would not fail,
He hoped, to calm her mind; but ill he sped,
For of that ruin she had heard a tale
Which now with freezing thoughts did all her powers assail;

XX
Had heard of one who, forced from storms to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed Retreat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with furious heat;
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled horse:
The man half raised the stone with pain and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose its force
Disclosing the grim head of a late murdered corse.

XXI
Such tale of this lone mansion she had learned
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first discerned,  
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.  
Her be addressed in words of cheering sound;  
Recovering heart, like answer did she make;  
And well it was that, of the corse there found,  
In converse that ensued she nothing spake;  
She knew not what dire pangs in him such tale could wake.

XXII

But soon his voice and words of kind intent  
Banished that dismal thought; and now the wind  
In fainter howlings told its rage was spent:  
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various kind,  
Which by degrees a confidence of mind  
And mutual interest failed not to create.  
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,  
In that forsaken building where they sate  
The Woman thus retraced her own untorward fate.

XXIII

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt—a man  
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;  
And I believe that, soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:  
And afterwards, by my good father taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I read;  
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,  
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,  
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn  
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.

Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!  
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;  
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;  
The swans that with white chests upreared in pride  
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side.

XXV

"The staff I well remember which upbore  
The bending body of my active sire;  
His seat beneath the honied sycamore  
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;  
When market-morning came, the neat attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;  
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire  
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked;  
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

XXVI

"The suns of twenty summers danced along,—  
Too little marked how fast they rolled away:  
But, through severe mischance and cruel wrong,  
My father's substance fell into decay:  
We toiled and struggled, hoping for a day  
When Fortune might put on a kinder look;  
But vain were wishes, efforts vain as they;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part; the summons came;—our final leave we took.

XXVII

"It was indeed a miserable hour  
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
That on his marriage day sweet music made!
Till then, he hoped his bones might there be laid
Close by my mother in their native bowers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed:—
I could not pray:—through tears that fell in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas! no longer ours!

XXVIII
"'There was a Youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say:
'Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song
We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May;
When we began to tire of childish play,
We seemed still more and more to prize each other;
We talked of marriage and our marriage day;
And I in truth did love him like a brother,
For never could I hope to meet with such another.

XXIX
"'Two years were passed since to a distant town
He had repaired to ply a gainful trade:
What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown!
What tender vows, our last sad kiss delayed!
To him we turned:—we had no other aid:
Like one revived, upon his neck I wept:
And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,
He well could love in grief; his faith he kept;
And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

XXX
"We lived in peace and comfort; and were blest
With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.
Three lovely babes had lain upon my breast;
And often, viewing their sweet smiles, I sighed,
And knew not why. My happy father died,
When threatened war reduced the children's meal:
Thrice happy! that for him the grave could hide
The empty loom, cold hearth, and silent wheel,
And tears that flowed for ills which patience might not heal.

XXXI
"'Twas a hard change; an evil time was come;
We had no hope, and no relief could gain:
But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum
Beat round to clear the streets of want and pain.
My husband's arms now only served to strain
Me and his children hungering in his view;
In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea-coast, with numbers more, we drew.

XXXII
"There were we long neglected, and we bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor weighed:
Green fields before us, and our native shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard. We prayed
For our departure; wished and wished—nor knew,
'Mid that long sickness and those hopes delayed,
That happier days we never more must view.
The parting signal streamed—at last the land withdrew.

XXXIII
"But the calm summer season now was past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains high before the howling blast,
And many perished in the whirlwind's sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should rue:
We reached the western world, a poor devoted crew.

XXXIV

"The pains and plagues that on our heads came down,
Disease and famine, anguish and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
All perished—all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every tear
Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance restored."

XXXV

Here paused she of all present thought forlorn,
Nor voice nor sound, that moment's pain expressed,
Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'erborne,
From her full eyes their watery load released.
He too was mute; and, ere her weeping ceased,
He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery east
With rays of promise, north and southward sent;
And soon with crimson fire kindled the firmament.

XXXVI

"O come," he cried, "come, after weary night
Of such rough storm, this happy change to view."
So forth she came, and eastward looked; the sight
Over her brow like dawn of gladness threw;
Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
Seemed to return, dried the last lingering tear,
And from her grateful heart a fresh one drew:
The whilst her comrade to her pensive cheer
Tempered fit words of hope; and the lark warbled near.

XXXVII

They looked and saw a lengthening road,
And wain
That rang down a bare slope not far remote:
The barrows glistered bright with drops of rain,
Whistled the waggoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion throat;
But town, or farm, or hamlet, none they viewed,
Only were told there stood a lonely cot
A long mile thence. While thither they pursued
Their way, the Woman thus her mournful tale renewed.

XXXVIII

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light imprest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glittering main;
The very ocean hath its hour of rest.
I too forgot the heavings of my breast.
How quiet 'round me ship and ocean were!
As quiet all within me. I was blest,
And looked, and fed upon the silent air
Until it seemed to bring a joy to my despair.

XXXIX

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sleeps,
And groans that rage of racking famine spoke;
The unburied dead that lay in festering heaps,
The breathing pestilence that rose like smoke,
The shriek that from the distant battle broke,
The mine’s dire earthquake, and the pallid host
Driven by the bomb’s incessant thunder-stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart-sick anguish tossed,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony was lost!

XL

"Some mighty gulf of separation past,
I seemed transported to another world;
A thought resigned with pain, when from the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfurled,
And, whistling, called the wind that hardly curled
The silent sea. From the sweet thoughts of home
And from all hope I was for ever hurled.
For me—farthest from earthly port to roam
Was best, could I but shun the spot where man might come.

XLI

"And oft I thought {my fancy was so strong)
That I, at last, a resting-place had found;
‘Here will I dwell,’ said I, ‘my whole life long,
Roaming the illimitable waters round;
Here will I live, of all but heaven disowned,
And end my days upon the peaceful flood.’—
To break my dream the vessel reached its bound;
And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

XLII

"No help I sought; in sorrow turned adrift,
Was hopeless, as if cast on some bare rock;
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,
Nor raised my hand at any door to knock.
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock
From the cross-timber of an out-house hung:
Dismally toiled, that night, the city clock!

At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,
Nor to the beggar’s language could I fit my tongue.

XLIII

"So passed a second day; and, when the third
Was come, I tried in vain the crowd’s resort.
—In deep despair, by frightful wishes stirred,
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;
There, pains which nature could no more support,
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall;
And, after many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl:
Unsought for was the help that did my life recall.

XLIV

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbours in their beds complain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee,
Of looks where common kindness had no part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man start.

XLV

"These things just served to stir the slumbering sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and, thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light, amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun retired,
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed.
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,
And gave me food—and rest, more welcome, more desired.
XLVI

"Rough potters seemed they, trading soberly
With panniered asses driven from door to door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—
The bag-pipe dinning on the midnight moor
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

XLVII

"But ill they suited me—those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

XLVIII

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

XLIX

"The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused.
Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

L

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude:
Three years a wanderer now my course I bend—
Oh! tell me whither—for no earthly friend
Have I."—She ceased, and weeping turned away;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept; because she had no more to say
Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.

LI

True sympathy the Sailor's looks expressed,
His looks—for pondering he was mute the while,
Of social Order's care for wretchedness,
Of Time's sure help to calm and reconcile,
Joy's second spring and Hope's long-treasured smile,
'Twas not for him to speak—a man so tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly style
Proverbial words of comfort he applied,
And not in vain, while they went pacing side by side.

LII

Ere long, from heaps of turf, before their sight,
Together smoking in the sun's slant beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one unite
Which high and higher mounts with silver gleam:
Fair spectacle,—but instantly a scream
Thence bursting shrill did all remark prevent;
They paused, and heard a hoarser voice blaspheme,
And female cries. Their course they thither bent,
And met a man who foamed with anger vehement.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIII</th>
<th>LVI</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A woman stood with quivering lips and pale,</td>
<td>Within himself he said—What hearts have we!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And, pointing to a little child that lay</td>
<td>The blessing this a father gives his child!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stretched on the ground, began a piteous</td>
<td>Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared with me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tale;</td>
<td>Suffering not doing ill—fate far more mild.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How in a simple freak of thoughtless play</td>
<td>The stranger’s looks and tears of wrath beguiled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He had provoked his father, who straight-</td>
<td>The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>way,</td>
<td>He kissed his son—so all was reconciled.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As if each blow were deadlier than the last,</td>
<td>Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with</td>
<td>Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dismay</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Soldier’s Widow heard and stood aghast;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And stern looks on the man her grey-haired</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comrade cast.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIV</th>
<th>LVII</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>His voice with indignation rising high</td>
<td>&quot;Bad is the world, and hard is the world’s law</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Such further deed in manhood’s name for-</td>
<td>Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bade;</td>
<td>Much need have ye that time more closely draw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The peasant, wild in passion, made reply</td>
<td>The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With bitter insult and revilings sad;</td>
<td>And that among so few there still be peace;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asked him in scorn what business there he</td>
<td>Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>had;</td>
<td>Your pains shall ever with your years in-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What kind of plunder he was hunting now;</td>
<td>crease?&quot;—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gallows would one day of him be glad;</td>
<td>While from his heart the appropriate lesson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though inward anguish damped the Sailor’s</td>
<td>flows,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brow,</td>
<td>A correspondent calm stole gently o’er his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poignant</td>
<td>woes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>would allow.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LV</th>
<th>LVIII</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Softly he stroked the child, who lay out-</td>
<td>Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stretched</td>
<td>Into a narrow valley’s pleasant scene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With face to earth; and, as the boy turned</td>
<td>Where wreaths of vapour tracked a winding brook,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>round</td>
<td>That babbled on through groves and meadows green;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His battered head, a groan the Sailor</td>
<td>A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fetched</td>
<td>The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As if he saw—there and upon that ground—</td>
<td>And melancholy lowings intervene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strange repetition of the deadly wound</td>
<td>Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He had himself inflicted. Through his</td>
<td>Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun’s rays.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brain</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At once the gridding iron passage found;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amain,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nor could his sunken eyes the starting tear</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>restrain.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LIX

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road,
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
Comfort, by prouder mansions unbestowed,
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.
Ere long they reached that cottage in the dale:
It was a rustic inn;—the board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lastly, the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth,
must part;
Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease,
She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,
With his oak-staff the cottage children played;
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel stray'd.

LXI

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
Chequering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behov'd;
Bed under her lean body there was none,
Though even to die near one she most had loved.
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way; and following near
In pure compassion she her steps retraced
Far as the cottage. "A sad sight is here,"
She cried aloud; and forth ran out in haste
The friends whom she had left but a few minutes past.

LXIII

While to the door with eager speed they ran,
From her bare straw the Woman half upraised
Her bony visage—gaunt and deadly wan;
No pity asking, on the group she gazed
With a dim eye, distracted and amazed;
Then sank upon her straw with feeble moan.
Fervently cried the housewife—"God be praised,
I have a house that I can call my own;
Nor shall she perish there, untended and alone!
"

LXIV

So in they bear her to the chimney seat,
And busily, though yet with fear, untie
Her garments, and, to warm her icy feet
And chase her temples, careful hands apply.
Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn sigh
She strove, and not in vain, her head to rear;
Then said—"I thank you all; if I must die,
The God in heaven my prayers for you will hear;
Till now I did not think my end had been so near.

LXV

"Barred every comfort labour could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
I was compelled to seek my father's door,
Though loth to be a burthen on his age.
But sickness stopped me in an early stage
Of my sad journey; and within the wain
They placed me—there to end life’s
pilgrimage,
Unless beneath your roof I may remain;
For I shall never see my father’s door again.

LXVI

"My life, Heaven knows, hath long been
burthensome;
But, if I have not meekly suffered, meek
May my end be! Soon will this voice be
dumb:
Should child of mine e’er wander hither,
speak
Of me, say that the worm is on my cheek.—
Torn from our hut, that stood beside the sea
Near Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
creek,
My husband served in sad captivity
On shipboard, bound till peace or death
should set him free.

LXVII

"A sailor’s wife I knew a widow’s cares,
Yet two sweet little ones partook my bed;
Hope cheered my dreams, and to my daily
prayers
Our heavenly Father granted each day’s
bread;
Till one was found by stroke of violence
dead,
Whose body near our cottage chanced to lie;
A dire suspicion drove us from our shed;
In vain to find a friendly face we try,
Nor could we live together those poor boys
and I;

LXVIII

"For evil tongues made oath how on that
day
My husband lurked about the neighbour-
hood;
Now he had fled, and whither none could
say,
And he had done the deed in the dark
wood—
Near his own home!—but he was mild and
good;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
He’d not have robbed the raven of its food.

LXIX

Alas! the thing she told with labouring
breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wickedness
His hand had wrought; and when, in the
hour of death,
He saw his Wife’s lips move his name to
bless
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
strive;
And, weeping loud in this extreme distress,
He cried—"Do pity me! That thou
shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish,—forgive me, but
forgive I!"

LXX

To tell the change that Voice within her
wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to say,
"Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven
was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of
content."

LXXI

She slept in peace,—his pulses throbbed
and stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face,—then
took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.
His ears were never silent; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as
lead;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;
And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I
were dead!"
LXXII

The Soldier’s Widow lingered in the cot,  
And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care.  
Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,  
Died in his arms; and with those thanks a prayer  
He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.  
The corse interred, not one hour he remained  
Beneath their roof, but to the open air  
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,  
He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

LXXIII

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared  
For act and suffering, to the city straight  
He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared:  
"And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,  
Nor let it linger long, the murderer’s fate."  
Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:  
"O welcome sentence which will end though late,"  
He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came  
Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!"

LXXIV

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case  
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)  
They hung not:—no one on his form or face  
Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;  
No kindred sufferer, to his death-place brought  
By lawless curiosity or chance,  
When into storm the evening sky is wrought,  
Upon his swinging corse an eye can glance,  
And drop, as he once dropped, in miserable trance.  

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, commanding a beautiful prospect.

Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake, and lay open to it, has long been enclosed; so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favourite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time. The individual whose habits and character are here given, was a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a man of talent and learning, who had been educated at one of our Universities, and returned to pass his time in seclusion on his own estate. He died a bachelor in middle age. Induced by the beauty of the prospect, he built a small summer-house on the rocks above the peninsula on which the ferry-house stands. This property afterwards passed into the hands of the late Mr. Curwen. The site was long ago pointed out by Mr. West in his Guide, as the pride of the lakes, and now goes by the name of "The Station." So much I used to be delighted with the view from it, while a little boy, that some years before the first pleasure-house was built, I led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to an itinerant conjuror. My motive was to witness the pleasure I expected the boy would receive from the prospect of the islands below and the intermingling water. I was not disappointed; and I hope the fact, insignificant as it may appear to some, may be thought worthy of note by others who may cast their eye over these notes.

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling: what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?  
What if the bee love not these barren boughs?  
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind  
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.  
—Who he was  
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod  
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling aged bower,  
I well remember.—He was one who owned  
1793-94.
No common soul. In youth by science nursed,
And led by nature into a wild scene
Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
A favoured Being, knowing no desire
Which genius did not hallow; 'gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life:
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor, that time,
When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,
Warm from the labours of benevolence,
The world, and human life, appeared a scene
Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
He died,—this seat his only monument.
If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty
Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy: The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself.
In lowliness of heart.

1795.

THE BORDERERS

A Tragedy

Of this dramatic work I have little to say in addition to the short note which will be found at the end of the volume. It was composed at Racedown in Dorsetshire during the latter part of the year 1795, and in the course of the following year. Had it been the work of a later period of life, it would have been different in some respects from what it is now. The plot would have been something more complex, and a greater variety of characters introduced to relieve the mind from the pressure of incidents so mournful. The manners also would have been more attended to. My care was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the Drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I had then so thought of the Stage) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavour, I cannot think, upon a very late review, that I have failed. As to the scene and period of action, little more was required for my purpose than the absence of established law and government; so that the agents might be at liberty to act on their own impulses. Nevertheless I do remember that, having a wish to colour the manners in some degree from local history more than my knowledge enabled me to do, I read Redpath's History of the Borders, but found there nothing to my purpose. I once made an observation to Sir Walter Scott, in which he concurred, that it was difficult to conceive how so dull a book could be

1 See Note.
written on such a subject. Much about the same
time, but a little after, Coleridge was employed
in writing his tragedy of "Remorse," and it
happened that soon after, through one of the
Mr. Poole or Mr. Knight the actor heard that we
had been engaged in writing Plays, and upon his
suggestion mine was censured, and I believe
Coleridge's also was offered to Mr. Harris, man-
ger of Covent Garden. For myself, I had no
hope nor even a wish (though a successful play
would, in the then state of my finances, have
been a most welcome piece of good fortune) that
he should accept my performance; so that I in-
curred no disappointment, and the piece was
judiciously returned as not calculated for the
Stage. In this judgment I entirely concurred,
and had it been otherwise, it was so natural for
me to shrink from public notice, that any hope I
might have had of success would not have re-
sociated me altogether to such an exhibition.
Mr. C.'s Play was, as is well known, brought
forward several years after through the kindness
of Mr. Sheridan. In conclusion I may observe
that while I was composing this Play I wrote a
short essay illustrative of that constitution and
those tendencies of human nature which make
the apparently motiveless actions of bad men
tangible to careful observers. This was partly
done with reference to the character of Oswald,
and his persevering endeavours to lead the man he
disliked into so heinous a crime; but still more
to preserve in my distinct remembrance what I
had observed of transition in character, and the
reactions I had been led to make during the
time I was a witness of the changes through
which the French Revolution passed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKÉ.

OSWALD.

WALLACE.

LACY.

LENOX.

HERBERT.

WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKÉ.

Host.

FORESTER.

ELDRED, a Peasant.

Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.

IDOWNA.

Female Beggar.

ELEANOR, Wife to Eldred.

Of the Band of Borderers.

SCENE—Borders of England and Scotland.

TIME—The Reign of Henry III.

Readers already acquainted with my Poems
will recognise, in the following composition, some
eight or ten lines which I have not scrupled to
retain in the places where they originally stood.
It is proper, however, to add, that they would not
have been used elsewhere, if I had foreseen the
time when I might be induced to publish this
Tragedy.

February 28, 1840.

ACT I.

SCENE—Road in a Wood.

WALLACE and LACY.

LACY. The troop will be impatient; let
us haste
Back to our post, and strip the Scottish
Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross the
Border.
—Pity that our young Chief will have no
part
In this good service.

WAL. Rather let us grieve
That, in the undertaking which has caused
His absence, he hath sought, what' er his
aim,
Companionship with One of crooked ways,
From whose perverted soul can come no
good
To our confiding, open-hearted, Leader.

LACY. True; and, remembering how the
Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favour in our
sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained such
power
Over our much-loved Captain.

WAL. I have heard
Of some dark deed to which in early life
His passion drove him—then a Voyager
Upon the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing
In Palestine?

LACY. Where he despised alike
Mahommedan and Christian. But enough;
Let us begone—the Band may else be
foiled.

[Exeunt.

ENTER MARMADUKÉ and WILFRED.

WIL. Be cautious, my dear Master!
MAR. I perceive
That fear is like a cloak which old men
huddle
About their love, as if to keep it warm.
Wil. Nay, but I grieve that we should part. This Stranger, 
For such he is—
Mar. Your busy fancies, Wilfred, 
Might tempt me to a smile; but what of him?
Wil. You know that you have saved his life.
Mar. I know it.
Wil. And that he hates you!—Pardon me, perhaps
That word was hasty.
Mar. Fy! no more of it.
Wil. Dear Master! gratitude’s a heavy burden
To a proud Soul.—Nobody loves this Oswald—
Yourself, you do not love him.
Mar. I do more, 
I honour him. Strong feelings to his heart
Are natural; and from no one can be learnt
More of man’s thoughts and ways than his experience
Has given him power to teach: and then
for courage
And enterprise—what perils hath he shunned?
What obstacles hath he failed to overcome?
Answer these questions, from our common knowledge,
And be at rest.
Wil. Oh, Sir!
Mar. Peace, my good Wilfred;
Repair to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them, two days, at farthest.
Wil. May He whose eye is over all protect you!
[Exit.

Enter OSWALD (a bunch of plants in his hand).

Osw. This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.
Mar. (looking at them). The wild rose, and the poppy, and the nightshade:
Which is your favourite, Oswald?
Osw. That which, while it is
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—
[Looking forward.
Not yet in sight!—We’ll saunter here awhile;
They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.
Mar. (a letter in his hand). It is no common thing when one like you

Perform these delicate services, and therefore
I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald;
’Tis a strange letter this!—You saw her write it?
Osw. And saw the tears with which she blotted it.
Mar. And nothing less would satisfy him?
Osw. No less;
For that another in his Child’s affection
Should hold a place, as if ’twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.
Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
Is rooted in his mind; this Band of ours,
Which you’ve collected for the noblest ends,
Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent—he calls us “Out-laws”;
And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.
Mar. Ne’er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.
Osw. Thou know’st me for a Man not easily moved,
Yet was I grievously provoked to think
Of what I witnessed.
Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.
Osw. But if the blind Man’s tale
Should yet be true?
Mar. Would it were possible! Did not the soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck, beheld
The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus?
Osw. Yes, even so,
And I had heard the like before: in sooth
The tale of this his quondam Barony
Is cunningly devised; and, on the back
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbours of the Esk and Tweed:
’tis much
The Arch-Impostor—
Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face, methinks,
There cannot come a day when I shall cease
To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years’ growth, beneath
the Elm
That casts its shade over our village school,
’Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father’s terrible adventures,
Till all the band of playmates wept together;
And that was the beginning of my love.
And, through all converse of our later years,
An image of this old Man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.

Osw. See, they come,

Two Travellers!

Mar. (points). The woman is Idonea.

Osw. And leading Herbert.

Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us.

[They step aside.

Enter IDONEA, leading HERBERT blind.

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply;
ever since
We left the willow shade by the brook-side,
Your natural breathing has been troubled.

Her. Nay, you are too fearful; yet must I confess,
Our march of yesterday had better suited
A firmer step than mine.

Idon. That dismal Moor—
In spite of all the larks that cheered our
path,
I never can forgive it; but how steadily
You paced along, when the bewildering
moonlight
Mocked me with many a strange fantastic
shape!—
I thought the Convent never would appear;
It seemed to move away from us: and yet,
That you are thus the fault is mine; for the
air
Was soft and warm, no dew lay on the grass,
And midway on the waste ere night had fallen
I spied a Covert walled and roofed with
sods—
A miniature; belike some Shepherd-boy,
Who might have found a nothing-doing hour
Heavier than work, raised it: within that
hut
We might have made a kindly bed of heath,
And thankfully there rested side by side
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with recruited
strength,
Idon. Is he not strong?
Is he not valiant?

Her. Am I then so soon
Forgotten? have my warnings passed so quickly
Out of thy mind? My dear, my only, Child;
Thou wouldst be leaning on a broken reed—
This Marmaduke—

Idon. O could you hear his voice:
Alas! you do not know him. He is one
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged him with you)
All gentleness and love. His face bespeaks
A deep and simple meekness: and that Soul,
Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flushes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.

Her. Unhappy Woman!

Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I forget—
Dear Father! how could I forget and live—
You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost towers,
You rushed into the murderous flames, returned
Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have told me,
Clasping your infant Daughter to your heart.

Her. Thy Mother too!—scarce had I gained the door,
I caught her voice; she threw herself upon me,
I felt thy infant brother in her arms;
She saw my blasted face—a tide of soldiers
That instant rushed between us, and I heard
Her last death-shriek, distinct among a thousand.

Idon. Nay, Father, stop not; let me hear it all.

Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of that time—
For my old age, it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast been told,
That when, on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been usurped,
I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence
At length conducted us to Rossland,—there,

Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home—and for myself,
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuthbert's
Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,
And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot
Where now we dwell.—For many years I bore
Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
Exacted thy return, and our reunion.
I did not think that, during that long absence,
My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice!
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want a Guide,
Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel
Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white hawthorn gained,
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;
The house is hidden by the shade. Old Man,
Would you seem worn out with travel—shall I support you?

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,
'Twere wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both. [Exit Peasant.

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed—
'Tis but for a few days—a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence
Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[Exit HERBERT supported by IDONEA.
THE BORDERERS

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant will we stop him——
Osw. Be not hasty, for, sometimes, in despite of my conviction, he tempted me to think the Story true; 'tis plain he loves the Maid, and what he said that savoured of aversion to thy name appeared the genuine colour of his soul——
Anxiety lest mischief should befal her.
After his death.

Mar. I have been much deceived.
Osw. But sure he loves the Maiden, and never love
Could find delight to nurse itself so strangely,
Thus to torment her with inventions——

Death.

There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his story! He must have felt it then, known what it was,
And in such wise to rack her gentle heart
Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange pleasures
Do we poor mortals cater for ourselves!
To see him thus provoke her tenderness
With tales of weakness and infirmity!
I'd wager on his life for twenty years.

Mar. We will not waste an hour in such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shake her off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his instruments——
A Man
Who has so practised on the world's cold sense,
May well deceive his Child——what! leave her thus,
A prey to a deceiver?——no——no——no——
'Tis but a word and then——

Osw. Something is here
More than we see, or whence this strong aversion?

Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy tales
Have reached his ear——you have had enemies.

Mar. Enemies!——of his own coinage.

Osw. That may be,
But wherefore slight protection such as you have
Power to yield? perhaps he looks elsewhere——

I am perplexed.

Mar. What hast thou heard or seen?
Osw. No——no——the thing stands clear of mystery;
(As you have said) he coins himself the slander
With which he taints her ear;——for a plain reason;
He dreads the presence of a virtuous man
Like you; he knows your eye would search his heart,
Your justice stamp upon his evil deeds
The punishment they merit. All is plain:
It cannot be——

Mar. What cannot be?
Osw. Yet that a Father
Should in his love admit no rivalship,
And torture thus the heart of his own child——

Mar. Nay, you abuse my friendship!
Osw. Heaven forbid!——
There was a circumstance, trifling indeed——
It struck me at the time——yet I believe
I never should have thought of it again
But for the scene which we by chance have witnessed.

Mar. What is your meaning?
Osw. Two days gone I saw, though at a distance and he was disguised,
Hovering round Herbert's door, a man whose figure
Resembled much that cold voluptuary,
The villain, Clifford. He hates you, and he knows
Where he can stab you deepest.

Mar. Clifford never
Would stoop to skulk about a Cottage door——
It could not be.

Osw. And yet I now remember,
That, when your praise was warm upon my tongue,
And the blind man was told how you had rescued
A maiden from the ruffian violence
Of this same Clifford, he became impatient
And would not hear me.

Mar. No——it cannot be——
I dare not trust myself with such a thought——
Yet whence this strange aversion? You are a man
Not used to rash conjectures——
Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, siff the matter artfully.
[Exeunt MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

SCENE—The door of the Hostel.
HERBERT, IDONEA, and Host.

Her. (seated). As I am dear to you, re-
member, Child!
This last request.
I'don. You know me, Sire; farewell!
Her. And are you going then? Come,
come, Idonea,
We must not part,—I have measured many
a league
When these old limbs had need of rest,—and
now
I will not play the sluggard.
I'don. Nay, sit down.
[Turning to Host.
Good Host, such tendance as you would
expect
From your own Children, if yourself were
sick,
Let this old Man find at your hands; poor
Leader,
[Looking at the dog.
We soon shall meet again. If thou neglect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!—
Look,
The little fool is loth to stay behind.
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
courtesy,
Take care of him, and feed the truant well.
Host. Fear not, I will obey you;—but
One so young,
And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended,
Lady!—
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad
Shall square you, (would it not be better,
Sir?)
And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.
I'don. You know, Sir, I have been too
long your guard
Not to have learnt to laugh at little fears.
Why, if a wolf should leap from out a
thicket,
A look of mine would send him scouring
back,
Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side.

Her. Idonea, wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.
I'don. No more, I pray, of this. Three
days at farthest
Will bring me back—protect him, Saints—
farewell!
[Exit IDONEA.
Host. 'Tis never drought with us—St.
Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,
Thanks to them, are to us a stream of
comfort:
Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;
She could not, Sir, have failed of com-
pany.
Her. Now she is gone, I fear would call
her back.
Host (calling). Holla!
Her. No, no, the business
must be done.—
What means this riotous noise?
Host. The villagers
Are flocking in—a wedding festival—
That's all—God save you, Sir.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. Ha! as I live,
The Baron Herbert.
Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!
Osw. So far into your journey! on my
life,
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare
you?
Her. Well as the wreck I am permits.
And you, Sir?
Osw. I do not see Idonea.
Her. Dutiful Girl,
She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither?
Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.
Her. Did Marmaduke
Receive that letter?
Osw. Be at peace.—The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of him.
Her. This is true comfort, thanks a
thousand times!—
That noise!—would I had gone with her
as far
As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I have heard
That, in his milder moods, he has expressed
Compassion for me. His influence is great
With Henry, our good King;—the Baron
might
Have heard my suit, and urged my plea at
Court.
No matter—be's a dangerous Man.—That noise!—
'Tis too disorderly for sleep or rest.
Idonea would have fears for me,—the Convent
Will give me quiet lodging. You have a boy, good Host,
And he must lead me back.

Osw. You are most lucky;
I have been waiting in the wood hard by
For a companion—here he comes; our journey

Enter MARMADUKE.

Lies on your way; accept us as your Guides.

Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.

Osw. Never fear;
We'll not complain of that.

Her. My limbs are stiff
And need repose. Could you but wait an hour?

Osw. Most willingly!—Come, let me lead you in,
And, while you take your rest, think not of us;
We'll stroll into the wood; lean on my arm.

[Conducts HERBERT into the house. Exit MARMADUKE.

Enter Villagers.

Osw. [to himself coming out of the Hostel].
I have prepared a most apt Instrument—
The Vagrant must, no doubt, be loitering somewhere
About this ground; she hath a tongue well skilled,
By mingling natural matter of her own
With all the daring fictions I have taught her,
To win belief, such as my plot requires.

[Exit Oswald.

Enter more Villagers, a Musician among them.

Host [to them]. Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself
Aloft upon the elm-tree. Pretty Maids, Garlands and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,
Are here, to send the sun into the west
More speedily than you belike would wish.

Scene changes to the Wood adjoining the Hostel—MARMADUKE and OSWALD entering.

Mar. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves:
When first I saw him sitting there, alone,
It struck upon my heart I know not how.

Osw. To-day will clear up all.—You marked a Cottage,
That ragged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
By the brook-side: it is the abode of One,
A Maiden innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
Who soon grew weary of her; but, alas!
What she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
Cast off by her Betrayer, she dwells alone,
Nor moves her hands to any needful work:
She eats her food which every day the peasants
Bring to her hut; and so the Wretch has lived
Ten years; and no one ever heard her voice;
But every night at the first stroke of twelve
She quits her house, and, in the neighbour-
ing Churchyard
Upon the selfsame spot, in rain or storm,
She paces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one—
She paces round and round an Infant's grave,
And in the churchyard sod her feet have worn
A hollow ring; they say it is knee-deep—
Ah! what is here?

[A female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep—a Child in her arms.

Beg. Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you;
I've had the saddest dream that ever troubled
The heart of living creature.—My poor Babe
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
When I had none to give him; whereupon,
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:
When, into one of those same spotted bells
A bee came darting, which the Child with joy
Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.
Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;
Here's what will comfort you.

\[\text{Gives her money.}\]

Beg. The Saints reward you
For this good deed!—Well, Sirs, this passed away;
And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting alone along the beaten road,
Came to my child as by my side he slept
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden
Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:
But here he is, [kissing the Child] it must have been a dream.

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master
The weary-worn.—You gentlefolk have got
Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be
A stone than what I am.—But two nights gone,
The darkness overtook me—wind and rain
Beat hard upon my head—and yet I saw
A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,
Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky:
At which I half accused the God in Heaven.—
You must forgive me.

Osw. Ay, and if you think
The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide
Your favourite saint—no matter—this good day
Has made amends.

Beg. Thanks to you both; but, O sir!
How would you like to travel on whole hours
As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
A piece of money glittering through the dust.
Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!
Do you tell fortunes?

Beg. Oh, Sir, you are like the rest.
This Little-one—it cuts me to the heart—
Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,
But there are Mothers who can see the Babe
Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:
This they can do, and look upon my face—
But you, Sir, should be kinder.

And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!

Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.

Why now—but yesterday I overtook
A blind old Greybeard and accosted him,
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass
He should have used me better!—Charity!
If you can melt a rock, he is your man;
But I'll be even with him—here again
Have I been waiting for him.

Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you?

Beg. Mark you me;
I'll point him out;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog.
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.

Mar. As I live,
'Tis Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'Tis a feast to see him,
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shoulders bent,
And long beard white with age—yet evermore,
As if he were the only Saint on earth,
He turns his face to heaven.

Osw. But why so violent
Against this venerable Man?

Beg. I'll tell you:
He has the very hardest heart on earth;
I had as lief turn to the Friar's school
And knock for entrance, in mid holiday.

Mar. But to your story,

Beg. I was saying, Sir—
Well!—he has often spurned me like a toad,
But yesterday was worse than all;—at last
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and I,
And begged a little aid for charity:
But he was snappish as a cottage cur.
Well then, says I—I'll out with it; at which
I cast a look upon the Girl, and felt
As if my heart would burst; and so I left him.
I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

Beg. Idonea, as he calls her; but the Girl

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Herbert’s

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife—not I; my

Mar. Was of Kirkoswald—many a snowy winter

Wife; not I; my husband, Sir,

We’ve weathered out together. My poor

Mar. Gilfred!

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Beg. We’ve solved the riddle—Misc-creant!

Mar. Do you,

Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and wait

For my return; be sure you shall have

Mar. justice.

Beg. A lucky woman I go, you have
doing done good service. [Aside.

Mar. (to himself). Eternal praises on

the power that saved her!—

Osw. (gives her money). Here’s for your

lives little boy—and when you christen him

I’ll be his Godfather.

Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.

In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely

owns

A dog that does not know me—These
good Folks,

For love of God, I must not pass their
doors;

But I’ll be back with my best speed: for

you—

God bless and thank you both, my gentle

Masters. [Exit Beggar.

Mar. (to himself). The cruel Viper!—

Poor devoted Maid,

Now I do love thee.

Osw. I am thunderstruck.

Mar. Where is she—holla!

[Calling to the Beggar, who returns;

he looks at her stiffly.

You are Idonea’s mother?—

Nay, be not terrified—it does me good

To look upon you.

Osw. (interrupting). In a peasant’s dress

You saw, who was it?

Beg. Nay, I dare not speak;

He is a man, if it should come to his ears

I never shall be heard of more.

Osw. Lord Clifford?
THE BORDERERS

Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle Sirs,
I love her, though I dare not call her daughter.
Osw. Lord Clifford—did you see him talk with Herbert?
Beg. Yes, to my sorrow—under the great oak
At Herbert’s door—and when he stood beside
The blind Man—at the silent Girl he looked
With such a look—it makes me tremble, Sir, To think of it.
Osw. Enough! you may depart.
Mar. (to himself). Father!—to God himself we cannot give
A holier name; and, under such a mask, To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed, To that abhorred den of brutish vice!—
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life Is going from under me; these strange discoveries—
Looked at from every point of fear or hope, Duty, or love—involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT II.

SCENE—A Chamber in the Hostel—
Oswald alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing.

Osw. They chose him for their Chief!—what covert part
He, in the preference, modest Youth, might take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are flown;
That either e’er existed is my shame:
’Twas a dull spark—a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed upon it.
—These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter
That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,
They think it is to feed them. I have left him
To solitary meditation;—now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine for ever—here he comes.

Enter Marmaduke.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day
And never speaks!
Osw. Who is it?
Mar. I have seen her.
Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness.
Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.
Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,
At midnight, I betook me to the Churchyard:
The moon shone clear, the air was still, so still
The trees were silent as the graves beneath them.
Long did I watch, and saw her pacing round
Upon the self-same spot, still round and round,
Her lips for ever moving.

Mar. At her door Rooted I stood; for, looking at the woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Idonea.
Osw. But the pretended Father——
Mar. Earthly law Measures not crimes like his.
Osw. We rank not, happily,
With those who take the spirit of their rule
From that soft class of devotees who feel
Reverence for life so deeply, that they spare
The vermine brood, and cherish what they spare
While feeding on their bodies. Would that Idonea
Were present, to the end that we might hear
What she can urge in his defence; she loves him.

Mar. Yes, loves him; ’tis a truth that multiplies
His guilt a thousand-fold.
Osw. ’Tis most perplexing:
What must be done?
Mar. We will conduct her hither;
These walls shall witness it—from first to last
He shall reveal himself.
Osw. Happy are we, Who live in these disputed tracts, that own No law but what each man makes for himself;
Here justice has indeed a field of triumph.
Mar. Let us be gone and bring her hither;—here
The truth shall be laid open, his guilt proved
Before her face. The rest be left to me.
Osw. You will be firm: but though we
well may trust
The issue to the justice of the cause,
Caution must not be flung aside; remember,
Yours is no common life. Self-stationed
here
Upon these savage confines, we have seen you
Stand like an isle of trust two stormy seas
That oft have checked their fury at your
bidding.
'Mid the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste,
Your single virtue has transformed a Band
Of fierce barbarians into Ministers
Of peace and order. Aged men with tears
Have blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
For shelter to their banners. But it is,
As you must needs have deeply felt, it is
In darkness and in tempest that we seek
The majesty of Him who rules the world.
Benevolence, that has not heart to use
The wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
Becomes at last weak and contemptible.
Your generous qualities have won due praise,
But vigorous Spirits look for something more
Than Youth's spontaneous products; and
to-day
You will not disappoint them; and here-
after—
Mar. You are wasting words; hear me
then, once for all:
You are a Man—and therefore, if compa-
ッション,
Which to our kind is natural as life,
Be known unto you, you will love this
Woman,
Even as I do; but I should loathe the light,
If I could think one weak or partial
feeling—
Osw. You will forgive me—
Mar. If I ever knew
My heart, could penetrate its inmost core,
'Tis at this moment.—Oswald, I have loved
To be the friend and father of the oppressed,
A comforter of sorrow;—there is something
Which looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not. —Let us lead him hither.
Osw. Stoop for a moment; 'tis an act
of justice;
And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office?
The deed is done—if you will have it so—
Here where we stand—that tribe of vulgar
wretches
(You saw them gathering for the festival)
Rush in—the villains seize us——
Mar. Seize!
Osw. Yes, they—
Men who are little given to sift and weigh—
Would wreak on us the passion of the
moment.
Mar. The cloud will soon disperse—fare-
well—but stay,
Thou wilt relate the story.
Osw. Am I neither
To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness?
Mar. I had many hopes
That were most dear to me, and some will bear
To be transferred to thee.
Osw. When I'm dishonoured!
Mar. I would preserve thee. How may
this be done?
Osw. By showing that you look beyond
the instant,
A few leagues hence we shall have open
ground,
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling
rock
The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies—with the gloom,
And very superstition of the place,
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
Would there perhaps have gathered the first
fruits
Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host conducting Herbert.

Host. The Baron Herbert

Attends your pleasure.

Osw. (to Host). We are ready—
(to Herbert) Sir!

I hope you are refreshed.—I have just written
A notice for your Daughter, that she may know
What is become of you.—You'll sit down and sign it;
'Twill glad her heart to see her father's signature.

[ *Gives the letter he had written.* 

*Her.* Thanks for your care.

[Sits down and writes. Exit Host. 

*Osw.* (aside to *MARMADUKE*). Perhaps it would be useful

That you too should subscribe your name.

[MARMADUKE overlooks *HERBERT*—then writes—examines the letter eagerly. 

*Mar.* I cannot leave this paper.

[ *He puts it up, agitated.* 

*Osw.* (aside). Dastard! Come.

[MARMADUKE goes towards *HERBERT* and supports him—MARMADUKE tremblingly beckons OSWALD to take his place.

*Mar.* (as he quits *HERBERT*). There is a palsy in his limbs—he shakes.

[ *Exeunt Oswald and Herbert—MARMADUKE following.*

---

**Scene changes to a Wood—a Group of Pilgrims and IDONEA with them.**

**First Pil.** A grove of darker and more lofty shade I never saw.

**Sec. Pil.** The music of the birds

Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.

**Old Pil.** This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.

**Idon.** I scarcely can believe it.

**Old Pil.** Myself, I heard
The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
Which purported it was the royal pleasure

The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed, Had taken refuge in this neighbourhood, Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,
Filled my dim eyes with tears.—When I returned
From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
Though rich in heavenly, poor in earthly, comfort,
I met your Father, then a wandering Outcast:

He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy; but grieved
He was that One so young should pass his youth
In such sad service; and he parted with him.
We joined our tales of wretchedness together,
And begged our daily bread from door to door.
I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lady!
For once you loved me.

**Idon.** You shall back with me
And see your Friend again. The good old Man
Will be rejoiced to greet you.

**Old Pil.** It seems but yesterday
That a fierce storm o'ertook us, worn with travel,
In a deep wood remote from any town.
A cave that opened to the road presented A friendly shelter, and we entered in.

**Idon.** And I was with you?

**Old Pil.** If indeed 'twas you—
But you were then a tottering Little-one—
We sate us down. The sky grew dark and darker:
I struck my flint, and built up a small fire
With rotten boughs and leaves, such as the winds
Of manyautumns in the cave had piled.
Meanwhile the storm fell heavy on the woods;
Our little fire sent forth a cheering warmth
And we were comforted, and talked of comfort;
But 'twas an angry night, and o'er our heads
The thunder rolled in peals that would have made
A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.

O Lady, you have need to love your Father. His voice—methinks I hear it now, his voice
When, after a broad flash that filled the cave, He said to me, that he had seen his Child,
A face (no cherub's face more beautiful) Revealed by lustre brought with it from Heaven;
And it was you, dear Lady!

**Idon.** God be praised,
That I have been his comforter till now!
THE BORDERERS

And will be so through every change of fortune
And every sacrifice his peace requires.—
Let us be gone with speed, that he may hear
These joyful tidings from no lips but mine.

[Esmein Idena and Pilgrims.

SCENE,—The Area of a half-ruined Castle
—on one side the entrance to a dungeon
—Oswald and Marmaduke pacing backwards and forwards.

Mar. 'Tis a wild night.
Osw. I'd give my cloak and bonnet
For sight of a warm fire.

Mar. The wind blows keen;
My hands are numb.
Osw. Ha! ha! 'tis nipping cold.
[Blowing his fingers.
I long for news of our brave Comrades;
Lacy
Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed.

Mar. I think I see a second range of Towers;
This castle has another Area—come,
Let us examine it.
Osw. 'Tis a bitter night;
I hope Idena is well housed. That horseman,
Who at full speed swept by us where the wood
Roared in the tempest, was within an ace
Of sending to his grave our precious Charge:
That would have been a vile mischance.

Mar. It would.
Osw. Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

Mar. Most cruelly.
Osw. As up the steep we clomb,
I saw a distant fire in the north-east;
I took it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon:
With proper speed our quarters may be gained
To-morrow evening.

[Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.

Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice blessed me:

You could not hear, for the foam beat the rocks
With deafening noise,—the benediction fell
Back on himself; but changed into a curse.

Osw. As well indeed it might.

Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place?

Osw. (aside), He is growing pitiful.

Mar. (listening). What an odd moaning that is!—

Osw. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we stand
Cooling our heels in this way!—I'll begin
And count the stars.

Mar. (still listening). That dog of his, you are sure,
Could not come after us—he must have perished;
The torrent would have dashed an oak to splinters.
You said you did not like his looks—that he
Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me more
Than twenty armies.

Osw. How?

Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance, was troubled
Even to the shedding of some natural tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.

Osw. He has a tender heart!

[Oswald offers to go down into the dungeon.

Mar. How now, what mean you?

Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there not
A farm or dwelling-house within five leagues,
We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,
Three good round years, for playing the fool here
In such a night as this.

Mar. Stop, stop.

Osw. Perhaps,
You'd better like we should descend together,
And lie down by his side—what say you to it?

Three of us—we should keep each other warm:
I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
THE BORDERERS

Shall not disturb us; further I'll not engage;  
Come, come, for manhood's sake!

Mar.  These drowsy shiverings,  
This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,  
What do they mean? were this my single body  
Opposed to armies, not a nerve would tremble:  
Why do I tremble now?—Is not the depth  
Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of thought?  
And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judgment,  
Something I strike upon which turns my mind  
Back on herself, I think, again—my breast  
Concentres all the terrors of the Universe:  
I look at him and tremble like a child.

Osw.  Is it possible?

Mar.  One thing you noticed not:  
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder  
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing force.  
This is a time, said he, when guilt may shudder;  
But there's a Providence for them who walk  
In helplessness, when innocence is with them.

At this audacious blasphemy, I thought  
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air.

Osw.  Why are you not the man you were that moment?

[He draws MARMADUKE to the dungeon.

Mar.  You say he was asleep,—look at this arm,  
And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.

Oswald, Oswald!

[Leans upon OSWALD.

Osw.  This is some sudden seizure!

Mar.  A most strange faintness,—will you hunt me out  
A draught of water?

Osw.  Nay, to see you thus  
Moves me beyond my bearing.—I will try  
To gain the torrent's brink.

[Exit OSWALD.

Mar. (after a pause).  It seems an age  
Since that Man left me.—No, I am not lost.

Her. (at the mouth of the dungeon).  Give me your hand; where are you,  
Friends? and tell me  
How goes the night.

Mar.  'Tis hard to measure time.  
In such a weary night, and such a place.

Her.  I do not hear the voice of my friend  
Oswald.

Mar.  A minute past, he went to fetch a draught  
Of water from the torrent.  'Tis, you'll say,  
A cheerless beverage.

Her.  How good it was in you  
To stay behind!—Hearing at first no answer,  
I was alarmed.

Mar.  No wonder; this is a place  
That well may put some fears into your heart.

Her.  Why so? a roofless rock had been  
a comfort,  
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we were;  
And in a night like this, to lend your cloaks  
To make a bed for me!—My Girl will weep  
When she is told of it.

Mar.  This Daughter of yours  
Is very dear to you.

Her.  Oh! but you are young;  
Over your head twice twenty years must roll,  
With all their natural weight of sorrow and pain,  
Ere can be known to you how much a Father  
May love his Child.

Mar.  Thank you, old Man,  
for this!

[Aside.

Her.  Fallen am I, and worn out, a use-  
less Man;  
Kindly have you protected me to-night,  
And no return have I to make but prayers;  
May you in age be blest with such a daughter!—  
When from the Holy Land I had returned  
Sightless, and from my heritage was driven,  
A wretched Outcast—but this strain of thought  
Would lead me to talk fondly.

Mar.  Do not fear;  
Your words are precious to my ears; go on.

Her.  You will forgive me, but my heart  
runs over.

When my old Leader slipped into the flood  
And perished, what a piercing outcry you  
Sent after him.  I have loved you ever since.  
You start—where are we?

Mar.  Oh, there is no danger;  
The cold blast struck me.

Her.  'Twas a foolish question,
THE BORDERERS

Mar.  But when you were an Outcast?—
Heaven is just;
Your piety would not miss its due reward;
The little Orphan then would be your succour,
And do good service, though she knew it not.

Her.  I turned me from the dwellings of my Fathers,
Where none but those who trampled on my rights
Seemed to remember me. To the wide world
I bore her, in my arms; her looks won pity;
She was my Raven in the wilderness,
And brought me food. Have I not cause
to love her?

Mar.  Yes.

Her.  More than ever Parent loved a Child?

Mar.  Yes, yes.

Her.  I will not murmur, merciful God! I will not murmur; blasted as I have been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my Daughter’s voice,
And arms to fold her to my heart. Submissively
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw.  Herbert! — confusion! (aside).
Here it is, my Friend,

[Presents the Horn.
A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.

Her.  Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes gone,
To have heard your voice.

Osw.  Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless; and yet that place,
When the tempestuous wind first drove us hither,
Felt warm as a wren’s nest. You’d better turn
And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.

(To MARMADUKE aside). He has restored you.
No doubt you have been nobly entertained? But soft! — how came he forth? The Night-mare Conscience
Has driven him out of harbour?

Mar.  I believe
You have guessed right.

Her.  The trees renew their murmur:
Come, let us house together.

[OSWALD conducts him to the dungeon.
Osw.  (returns).  Had I not
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
To its most fit conclusion, do you think
I would so long have struggled with my Nature,
And smothered all that’s man in me? —
away! —

[Looking towards the dungeon.
This man’s the property of him who best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a privilege;
It now becomes my duty to resume it.

Mar.  Touch not a finger—

Osw.  What then must be done?

Mar.  Which way so’er I turn, I am perplexed.

Osw.  Now, on my life, I grieve for you.
The misery
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right;
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.

Mar.  Weak! I am weak—there does my torment lie,
Feeding itself.

Osw.  Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea’s. Mar.  And never heard a sound so terrible.

Osw.  Perchance you think so now?

Mar.  I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered throat,
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.

Osw.  Justice— is there not thunder in
the word?
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse; and shall this
Parricide—
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonour
Be worse than death) to that confiding Creature

E
Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained—shall he fulfil his
purpose?
But you are fallen.

Mar. Fallen should I be indeed—
Murder—perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the
blow—
Away! away!—

[Flings away his sword.

Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall
live,
And she shall love him. With unquestioned
title
He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good
deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake our
masters,
And most despise the men who best can
speak to us:
Henceforth it shall be said that bad men
only
Are brave: Clifford is brave; and that old
Man
Is brave.

[Taking MARMADUKE'S sword and
giving it to him.

To Clifford's arms he would have led
His Victim—haply to this desolate house.

Mar. (advancing to the dungeon). It
must be ended!—

Osw. Softly; do not rouse him;
He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to the
left.

[MARMADUKE descends to the dungeon.

(Aside.) The Villains rose in mutiny to
destroy me;
I could have quelled the Cowards, but this
Stripling
Must needs step in, and save my life. The
look
With which he gave the boon—I see it
now!
The same that tempted me to loathe the
gift.—
For this old venerable Greybeard—faith
'Tis his own fault if he hath got a face
Which doth play tricks with them that
look on it;
'Twas this that put it in my thoughts—that
countenance—

His staff—his figure—Murder!—what, of
whom?
We kill a worn-out horse, and who but
women
Sigh at the deed? Hew down a withered
tree,
And none look grave but dotards. He
may live
To thank me for this service. Rainbow
arches,
Highways of dreaming passion, have too
long,
Young as he is, diverted wish and hope
From the unpretending ground we mortals
tread;—
Then shatter the delusion, break it up
And set him free. What follows? I have
learned
That things will work to ends the slaves o'
the world
Do never dream of. I have been what he—
This Boy—when he comes forth with
bloody hands—
Might envy, and am now,—but he shall
know
What I am now—

[Enters female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.

(Turning abruptly.) Ha! speak—what
Thing art thou?

(Recognises her.) Heavens! my good
Friend! [To her.

Beg. Forgive me, gracious Sir!—
Osw. (to her companions). Begone, ye
Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind
And send ye dancing to the clouds, like
leaves. [They retire affrighted.

Beg. Indeed we meant no harm; we
lodge sometimes
In this deserted Castle—I repent me.

[Oswald goes to the dungeon—listens
—returns to the Beggar.

Osw. Woman, thou hast a helpless In-
fant—keep
Thy secret for its sake, or verily
That wretched life of thine shall be the
forfeit.

Beg. I do repent me, Sir; I fear the
curse
Of that blind Man. 'Twas not your money, sir——
Osw. Begone!
Beg. (going). There is some wicked deed in hand: [Aside.
Would I could find the old Man and his Daughter. [Exit Beggar.

MARMADUKE re-enters from the dungeon.
Osw. It is all over then;—your foolish fears
Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and deed,
Made quiet as he is.
Mar. Why came you down?
And when I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no answer?
Feared you to waken him? he must have been
In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.
There are the strangest echoes in that place!
Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.
Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,
When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,
As if the blind Man’s dog were pulling at it.
Osw. But after that?
Mar. The features of Idonea
Lurked in his face——
Osw. Psha! Never to these eyes
Will retribution show itself again
With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
To share your triumph?
Mar. Yes, her very look,
Smiling in sleep——
Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!
Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me
To my prayers.
Osw. Is he alive?
Mar. What mean you? who alive?
Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;
He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
Hath become Clifford’s harlot—is he living?
Mar. The old Man in that dungeon is alive.
Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,

Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all
Shall hear it.
You a protector of humanity!
Avenger you of outraged innocence!
Mar. 'Twas dark—dark as the grave;
yet did I see,
Saw him—his face turned toward me; and
I tell thee
Idonea’s filial countenance was there
To baffle me—it put me to my prayers.
Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,
Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.
[Silks exhausted.
Osw. (to himself). Now may I perish if this turn do more
Than make me change my course.
(To MARMADUKE.) Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recall them:
I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.
Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.
Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There is guilt in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever known
These trepidations? Plain it is that Heaven
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one
whose crimes
Must never come before a mortal judgment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.
Mar. A thought’s worth a thousand worlds!
[Throws towards the dungeon.
Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so much pain.
Mar. Think not of that! 'tis over—we are safe.
Osw. (as if to himself, yet speaking aloud).
The truth is hideous, but how stifle it?
[Turning to MARMADUKE.
Give me your sword—nay, here are stones and fragments,
The least of which would beat out a man’s brains;
Or you might drive your head against that wall.
No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.

Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your breast
I care not: fear I have none, and cannot fear—

[The sound of a horn is heard.
That horn again—'Tis some one of our Troop;
What do they here? Listen!

Osw. What! dogged like thieves!

Enter WALLACE and LACY, etc.

Lacy. You are found at last, thanks to the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.

Osw. (looking at WALLACE). That subtle Greybeard—
I'd rather see my father's ghost.

Lacy (to MARMADUKE). My Captain, We come by order of the Band. Belike You have not heard that Henry has at last Dissolved the Barons' League, and sent abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands and Baronies
As, in these long commotions, have been seized.
His Power is this way tending. It befits us To stand upon our guard, and with our swords Defend the innocent.

Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hear Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, young and old Driven out in troops to want and nakedness; Then grasp our swords and rush upon a cure That flatters us, because it asks not thought: The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.

Lacy. What mean you?

Wal. (whose eye has been fixed suspiciously upon OSWALD). Ay, what is it you mean?

Mar. Hark'e, my Friends;—

[Appearing gay.

Were there a Man who, being weak and helpless And most forlorn, should bribe a Mother, pressed

By penury, to yield him up her Daughter,
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe,
Prattling upon his knee, to call him Father—

Lacy. Why, if his heart be tender, that offence I could forgive him.

Mar. (going on). And should he make the Child An instrument of falsehood, should he teach her
To stretch her arms, and dim the gladsome light
Of infant playfulness with piteous looks Of misery that was not—

Lacy. Troth, 'tis hard—
But in a world like ours—

Mar. (changing his tone). This self-same Man—
Even while he printed kisses on the cheek Of this poor Babe, and taught its innocent tongue To lip the name of Father—could he look To the unnatural harvest of that time When he should give her up, a Woman grown,
To him who bid the highest in the market Of foul pollution—

Lacy. The whole visible world Contains not such a Monster!

Mar. For this purpose Should he resolve to taint her Soul by means Which bathe the limbs in sweat to think of them; Should he, by tales which would draw tears from iron,
Work on her nature, and so turn compassion And gratitude to ministers of vice, And make the spotless spirit of filial love Prime mover in a plot to damn his Victim Both soul and body—

Wal. 'Tis too horrible;
Oswald, what say you to it?

Lacy. Hew him down, And fling him to the ravens.

Mar. But his aspect It is so meek, his countenance so venerable.

Wal. (with an appearance of mistrust). But how, what say you, Oswald?

Lacy (at the same moment). Stab him, were it

Before the Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind—

Lacy. Blind, say you?

Osw. (coming forward). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine cour-
age
Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment.
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down
The giant's strength; and, at the voice of
Justice,
Spare not the worm. The giant and the
worm—
She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman,
And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender
cries
And helpless innocence—do they protect
The infant lamb? and shall the infir-
mities,
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a San-
cuary
To cover him from punishment? Shame!
—Justice,
Admitting no resistance, bends alike
The feeble and the strong. She needs not
here
Her bonds and chains, which make the
mighty feeble.
—We recognise in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.

Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!

Osw. Yes, my Friends,
His countenance is meek and venerable;
And, by the Mass, to see him at his
prayers!—
I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish
When my heart does not ache to think of
it!—
Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven
But what was made an engine to ensnare
thee;
But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.

Lacy. Idonea!

Wal. How! what? your Idonea?

To MARMADUKE. Mine;

Mar. But now no longer mine. You know Lord
Clifford;

He is the Man to whom the Maiden—
pure
As beautiful, and gentle and benign,
And in her ample heart loving even me—
Was to be yielded up.

Lacy. Now, by the head
Of my own child, this Man must die; my
hand,
A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his grey hairs!—

Mar. (to LACY). I love the Father in
thee.
You know me, Friends; I have a heart to
feel,
And I have felt, more than perhaps be-
comes me
Or duty sanctions.

Lacy. We will have ample justice.
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on
ground
Where Souls are self-defended, free to
grow
Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy
wind.
Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed
This monstrous crime to be laid open—
here,
Where Reason has an eye that she can
use,
And Men alone are Umpires. To the
Camp
He shall be led, and there, the Country
round
All gathered to the spot, in open day
Shall Nature be avenged.

Osw. 'Tis nobly thought;
His death will be a monument for ages.

Mar. (to LACY). I thank you for that
hint. He shall be brought
Before the Camp, and would that best and
wisest
Of every country might be present. There,
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the
rest
It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and
see
That all is well prepared.

Wal. We will obey you.

(Aside.) But softly! we must look a little
nearer.

Mar. Tell where you found us. At some
future time
I will explain the cause. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE—The door of the Hostel, a group of Pilgrims as before; IDONEA and the Host among them.

Host. Lady, you'll find your Father at the Convent
As I have told you: He left us yesterday
With two Companions; one of them, as seemed,
His most familiar Friend. (Going.) There was a letter
Of which I heard them speak, but that I fancy
Has been forgotten.
Idon. (to Host). Farewell!
Host. Gentle pilgrims, St. Cuthbert speed you on your holy errand.
[Exit IDONEA and Pilgrims.

SCENE—A desolate Moor.

OSWALD (alone).

Osw. Carry him to the Camp! Yes, to the Camp.
Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! and then,
That half a word should blow it to the winds!
This last device must end my work.—Methinks
It were a pleasant pastime to construct
A scale and table of belief—as thus—
Two columns, one for passion, one for proof;
Each rises as the other falls: and first,
Passion a unit and against us—proof—
Nay, we must travel in another path,
Or we're stuck fast for ever;—passion, then,
Shall be a unit for us; proof—no, passion! We'll not insult thy majesty by time,
Person, and place—the where, the when, the how,
And all particulars that dull brains require
To constitute the spiritless shape of Fact,
They bow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
A whipping to the Moralists who preach
That misery is a sacred thing: for me,
I know no cheaper engine to degrade a man,
Nor any half so sure. This Stripling's mind

Is shaken till the dregs float on the surface;
And, in the storm and anguish of the heart,
He talks of a transition in his Soul,
And dreams that he is happy. We dissect
The senseless body, and why not the mind?

These are strange sights—the mind of man,
upturned,
Is in all natures a strange spectacle;
In some a hideous one—hem! shall I stop?
No.—Thoughts and feelings will sink deep,
but then
They have no substance. Pass but a few minutes,
And something shall be done which Memory
May touch, whene'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

Mar. (turning to meet him). But listen,
for my peace—

Osw. But hear the proofs—

Mar. Ay, prove that when two peas
Lie snugly in a pod, the pod must then
Be larger than the peas—prove this—'twere a matter
Worthy the hearing. Fool was I to dream
It ever could be otherwise!

Osw. Last night
When I returned with water from the brook,
I overheard the Villains—every word
Like red-hot iron burnt into my heart.
Said one, “It is agreed on. The blind
Man
Shall feign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
Who on her journey must proceed alone,
Under pretence of violence, be seized.
She is,” continued the detested Slave,
“She is right willing—strange if she were not!—
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,
There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid
That could withstand it. True,” continued he,
“When we arranged the affair, she wept a little
(Not the less welcome to my Lord for that)
And said, 'My Father he will have it so.'”

Mar. I am your hearer.
Ors.

This I caught, and more
That may not be retold to any ear,
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the
Castle.
By a dim lantern’s light I saw that wreaths
Of flowers were in their hands, as if
designed
For festive decoration; and they said,
With brutal laughter and most foul allusion,
That they should share the banquet with
their Lord
And his new Favourite.

Mar. Misery!—

Ors. I knew
How you would be disturbed by this dire
news,
And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
Here to impart the tale, of which, last
night,
I strove to ease my mind, when our two
Comrades,
Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon
us.

Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the
avenging steel,
I did believe all things were shadows—yea,
Living or dead all things were bodiless,
Or but the mutual mockeries of body,
Till that same star summoned me back
again.
Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh
Fool!
To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
Dissolve before a twinkling atom!—Oswald,
I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
Than you have entered, were it worth the
pains.
Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,
And you should see how deeply I could
reason
Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends;
Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects;
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.

Ors. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground
With carcases, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his
own,
But that they cannot stand up of them-
selves;
Another sits i’ th’ sun, and by the hour

Floats kine-cups in the brook—a Hero one
We call, and scorn the other as Time’s
spendthrift;
But have they not a world of common
ground
To occupy—both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way?

Ors. Troth, I begin to think so.

Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my
philosophy:
I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath
the chin,
And send it with a fillip to its grave.

Ors. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One,
So pious in demeanour! in his look
So saintly and so pure!—Hark’e, my
Friend,
I’ll plant myself before Lord Clifford’s
Castle,
A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a
medley
Most tunable.

Ors. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for
that
Might in such neighbourhood find seemly
use.—
But first, how wash our hands of this old
Man?

Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that viper in
the path;
Plague on my memory, him I had forgot-
ten.

Ors. You know we left him sitting—see
him yonder.

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Ors. As ’twill be but a moment’s work,
I will stroll on; you follow when ’tis done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another part of the Moor
at ashort distance—HERBERT is dis-
covered seated on a stone.

Her. A sound of laughter, too!—’tis
well—I feared,
The Stranger had some pitiable sorrow
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush!—’tis the feeble and earth-loving
wind
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather.
Alas! 'tis cold—I shiver in the sunshine—
What can this mean? There is a psalm that speaks
Of God's parental mercies—with Idonea
I used to sing it.—Listen!—what foot is there?

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. (aside—looking at HERBERT).
And I have loved this Man! and she hath loved him!
And I loved her, and she loves the Lord Clifford!
And there it ends;—if this be not enough
To make mankind merry for evermore,
Then plain it is as day, that eyes were made
For a wise purpose—verily to weep with!

[Looking round.
A pretty prospect this, a masterpiece
Of Nature, finished with most curious skill!
(To HERBERT.) Good Baron, have you ever practised tillage?
Pray tell me what this land is worth by the acre?

Her. How glad I am to hear your voice! I know not
Wherein I have offended you;—last night
I found in you the kindest of Protectors;
This morning, when I spoke of weariness,
You from my shoulder took my scrip and threw it
About your own; but for these two hours past
Once only have you spoken, when the lark
Whirred from among the fern beneath our feet,
And I, no coward in my better days,
Was almost terrified.

Mar. That's excellent!—
So, you bethought you of the many ways
In which a man may come to his end, whose crimes
Have roused all Nature up against him—

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in sight?
No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, ragged, and bent, and bare,
That turns its goat's-beard flakes of peagreen moss

From the stern breathing of the rough sea-wind;
This have we, but no other company:
Commend me to the place. If a man should die
And leave his body here, it were all one
As he were twenty fathoms underground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?
Mar. A ghost, methinks—
The Spirit of a murdered man, for instance—
Might have fine room to ramble about here,
A grand domain to squeak and gibber in.

Her. Lost Man! if thou have any close
pent guilt
Pressing upon thy heart, and this the hour
Of visitation—

Mar. A bold word from you!

Her. Restore him, Heaven!

Mar. The desperate Wretch!—A Flower,
Fairest of all flowers, was she once, but now
They have snapped her from the stem—

Poh! let her lie
Besoiled with mire, and let the houseless snail
Feed on her leaves. You knew her well—
ay, there,
Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you knew
The worm was in her—

Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?
Mar. You have a Daughter!

Her. Oh that she were here!—
She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace between us.

Mar. (aside). I do believe he weeps—I could weep too—
There is a vein of her voice that runs
Through his:
Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the Maid;
And for his sake I loved her more: these tears—
I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been—yes, I thank thee, Heaven!
One happy thought has passed across my mind.

—It may not be—I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man—no more shall I
Have human feelings!—(To HERBERT)—
Now, for a little more
About your Daughter!
**THE BORDERERS**

**Her.** Troops of armed men, 
Met in the roads, would bless us; little children, 
Rushing along in the full tide of play, 
Stood silent as we passed them! I have heard 
The hoisterous carman, in the miry road, 
Check his loud whip and hale us with mild voice, 
And speak with milder voice to his poor beasts.

**Mar.** And whither were you going? 
**Her.** Learn, young Man, 
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery, 
Whether too much for patience, or, like mine, 
Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy. 
**Mar.** Now, this is as it should be! 
**Her.** I am weak!—
My Daughter does not know how weak I am; 
And, as thou seest, under the arch of heaven 
Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness, 
By the good God, our common Father, doomed!—
But I had once a spirit and an arm—
**Mar.** Now, for a word about your Barony: 
I fancy when you left the Holy Land, 
And came to—what’s your title—eh? your claims 
Were undisputed!

**Her.** Like a mendicant, 
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone;—
I murmured—but, remembering Him who feeds 
The pelican and ostrich of the desert, 
From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven 
And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope. 
So, from the court I passed, and down the brook, 
Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak I came; and when I felt its cooling shade, 
I set me down, and cannot but believe—While in my lap I held my little Babe 
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached 
More with delight than grief—I heard a voice 
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called; 
It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy, 

A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone, 
Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven, 
And said, with tears, that he would be our guide:

I had a better guide—that innocent Babe— 
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm, 
From cold, from hunger, penury, and death; 
To whom I owe the best of all the good 
I have, or wish for, upon earth—and more 
And higher far than lies within earth’s bounds: 
Therefore I bless her: when I think of Man, 
I bless her with sad spirit,—when of God, 
I bless her in the fulness of my joy! 
**Mar.** The name of daughter in his mouth, he prays! 

With nerves so steady, that the very flies 
Sit unmolested on his staff.—Innocent!— 
If he were innocent—then he would tremble 
And be disturbed, as I am. (Turning aside.) I have read 
In Story, what men now alive have witnessed, 
How, when the People’s mind was racked with doubt, 
Appeal was made to the great Judge: the Accused 
With naked feet walked over burning ploughshares. 
Here is a Man by Nature’s hand prepared 
For a like trial, but more merciful. 
Why else have I been led to this bleak Waste? 
Bare is it, without house or track, and destitute 
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea. 
Here will I leave him—here—All-seeing God! 
Such as he is, and sore perplexed as I am, I will commit him to this final Ordeal!— 
He heard a voice—a shepherd-lad came to him 
And was his guide; if once, why not again, 
And in this desert? If never—then the whole 
Of what he says, and looks, and does, and is, 
Makes up one damning falsehood. Leave him here 
To cold and hunger!—Pain is of the heart, 
And what are a few throes of bodily suffering
If they can waken one pang of remorse?

[Go up to Herbert.]

Old Man! my wrath is as a flame burnt out,
It cannot be rekindled. Thou art here
Led by my hand to save thee from perdition;
Thou wilt have time to breathe and think—

Her. Oh, Mercy!

Mar. I know the need that all men have of mercy,
And therefore leave thee to a righteous judgment.

Her. My Child, my blessed Child!

Mar. No more of that;
Thou wilt have many guides if thou art innocent;
Yea, from the utmost corners of the earth,
That Woman will come o’er this Waste to save thee.

[He pauses and looks at Herbert’s staff.]

Ha! what is here? and carved by her own hand!

[Reads up the staff.]

"I am eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
He that puts his trust in me shall not fail!"
Yes, be it so;—repent and be forgiven—
God and that staff are now thy only guides.

[He leaves Herbert on the Moor.

Scene—An eminence, a Beacon on the summit.

Lacy, Wallace, Lennox, etc. etc.

Severals of the Band (confusedly). But patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Traitor, Oswald!—

Our Captain made a prey to foul device!—

Len. (to Wal.) His tool, the wandering Beggar, made last night
A plain confession, such as leaves no doubt,
Knowing what otherwise we know too well,
That she revealed the truth. Stand by me now;

For rather would I have a nest of vipers
Between my breast-plate and my skin, than make
Oswald my special enemy, if you
Deny me your support.

Lacy. We have been fooled—

But for the motive?

Wal. Natures such as his
Spin motives out of their own bowels,

Lacy!

I learned this when I was a Confessor.
I know him well; there needs no other motive
Than that most strange incontinence in crime
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life to him
And breath and being; where he cannot govern,
He will destroy.

Lacy. To have been trapped like moles!—

Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for motives:
There is no crime from which this man would shrink;
He recks not human law; and I have noticed
That often when the name of God is uttered,

A sudden blankness overspreads his face.

Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride has built

Some uncouth superstition of its own.

Wal. I have seen traces of it.

Len. Once he headed

A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;
And when the King of Denmark summoned him

To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he said,

"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in heaven."

Lacy. He is no madman.

Wal. A most subtle doctor

Were that man, who could draw the line
That parts

Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from

Madness,

That should be scourged, not pitied. Restless Minds,

Such Minds as find amid their fellows
No heart that loves them, none that they can love,

Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.

One of the Band. What if he mean to offer up our Captain

An expiation and a sacrifice

To those infernal fiends!

Wal. Now, if the event

Should be as Lennox has foretold, then swear,
My Friends, his heart shall have as many wounds
As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!

One of the Band. Let us away!

Another. Away!

A third. Hark! how the horns
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.

Lacy. Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,
Light up this beacon.

One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.

[They go out together.

SCENE—The Wood on the edge of the Moor.

Marmaduke (alone).

Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,
Yet calm.—I could believe, that there was here
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.

Enter Oswald.

Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.

Mar. A later meeting, Oswald, Would have been better timed.

Osw. Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes,
which now
I feel that you will justify.

Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself—but 'tis my wish
To be alone, and therefore we must part.

Osw. Nay, then—I am mistaken.
There's a weakness
About you still; you talk of solitude—
I am your friend.

Mar. What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?

Osw. Because You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me
What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach;—and therefore gratitude
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.

Mar. Wherefore press this on me?

Osw. Because I feel

That you have shown, and by a signal instance,
How they who would be just must seek the rule
By diving for it into their own bosoms.
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiescence
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny
Of the world's masters, with the musty rules
By which they uphold their craft from age to age:
You have obeyed the only law that sense
Submits to recognise; the immediate law,
From the clear light of circumstances, flashed
Upon an independent Intellect.
Henceforth new prospects open on your path:
Your faculties should grow with the demand;
I will still be your friend, will cleave to you
Through good and evil, obloquy and scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your steps.

Mar. I would be left alone.

Osw. (exultingly). I know your motives!
I am not of the world's presumptuous judges,
Who damn where they can neither see nor feel,
With a hard-hearted ignorance; your struggles
I witnessed, and now hail your victory.

Mar. Spare me awhile that greeting.

Osw. It may be,
That some there are, squeamish half-thinking cowards,
Who will turn pale upon you, call you murderer,
And you will walk in solitude among them.
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind!—
Join twenty tapers of unequal height
And light them joined, and you will see the less
How 'twill burn down the taller; and they all
Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude!—
The Eagle lives in Solitude.

Mar. Even so,
The Sparrow so on the housetop, and I,
The weakest of God's creatures, stand resolved
To abide the issue of my act, alone.

Osw. Now would you? and for ever?—

My young Friend,
As time advances either we become
The prey or masters of our own past deeds.
Fellowship we must have, willing or no;

The Borderers
And if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
Substitutes, turn our faces where we may,
Are still forthcoming; some which, though they bear
Ill names, can render no ill services,
In recompense for what themselves required.
So meet extremes in this mysterious world,
And opposites thus melt into each other.

_Mar_. Time, since Man first drew breath,
has never moved
With such a weight upon his wings as now;
But they will soon be lightened.

_Osw._ Ay, look up—
Cast round you your mind’s eye, and you will learn
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.

_Mar._ Very true.

_Osw._ Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—’Tis done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

_Mar_. Truth—and I feel it.

_Osw._ What! if you had bid
Eternal farewell to unmingled joy
And the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;
It is the toy of fools, and little fit
For such a world as this. The wise abjure
All thoughts whose idle composition lives
In the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you.

_Mar._ By no means.

_Osw._ Compassion!—pity!—pride can do without them;
And what if you should never know them more!—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e’er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end—to teach
And not to purchase paling sympathy.
—Nay, you are pale.

_Mar._ It may be so.

_Osw._ Remorse—
It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
And it will die. What! in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest.

The faintest breath that breathes can move
A world;
What I feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.

_Mar_. Now, whither are you wandering?
That a man
So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself—It is most strange.

_Osw._ Murder!—what’s in the word—! I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp!—
A shallow project;—you of late have seen
More deeply, taught us that the institutes
Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes
That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good governors
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extermination?

This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.

_Mar_. My Office is fulfilled—the Man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.

_Osw._ Dead!

_Mar_. I have borne my burden to its destined end.

_Osw._ This instant we’ll return to our companions—
Oh how I long to see their faces again!

_Enter Iدون, with Pilgrims who continue their journey._

_Iدون. (after some time). What, Мармадуке! I now thou art mine for ever.
And Oswald, too! (To MARMADUKE) On will we to my Father
With the glad tidings which this day hath brought;
We’ll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
To God above will make him feel for ours.

_Osw._ I interrupt you?

_Iدون._ Think not so.
Mar.  
Idonea,  
That I should ever live to see this moment!  
Idon.  Forgive me. —Oswald knows it all  
—he knows,  
Each word of that unhappy letter fell  
As a blood drop from my heart.  
Osw.  'Twas even so.  
Mar.  I have much to say, but for whose ear?—not thine.  
Idon.  Ill can I bear that look—Plead for me, Oswald!  
You are my Father's Friend.  
(To MARMADUKE).  Alas, you know not,  
And never can you know, how much he loved me.  
Twice had he been to me a father, twice  
Had given me breath, and was I not to be  
His daughter, once his daughter? could I  
withstand  
His pleading face, and feel his clasping  
arms,  
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him  
In his old age——  
[Hides her face.  
Mar.  Patience—Heaven grant me patience!—  
She weeps, she weeps—my brain shall burn  
for hours  
Ere I can shed a tear.  
Idon.  I was a woman;  
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest  
To womankind with duty to my Father,  
I yielded up those precious hopes, which  
ought  
On earth could else have wrested from me;  
—if erring,  
Oh let me be forgiven!  
Mar.  I do forgive thee.  
Idon. But take me to your arms—this breast, alas!  
It throbs, and you have a heart that does not feel it.  
Mar. (exultingly).  She is innocent.  
[He embraces her.  
Osw. (aside).  Were I a Moralist,  
I should make wondrous revolution here;  
It were a quaint experiment to show  
The beauty of truth——  
[Addressing them.  
I see I interrupt you;  
I shall have business with you, Marmaduke;  
Follow me to the Hostel.  [Exit OSWALD.  
Idon.  Marmaduke,  
This is a happy day. My Father soon  
Shall sun himself before his native doors;  
The lame, the hungry, will be welcome there.  
No more shall he complain of wasted strength,  
Of thoughts that fail, and a decaying heart;  
His good works will be balm and life to him.  
Mar. This is most strange! —I know not what it was,  
But there was something which most plainly said,  
That thou wert innocent.  
Idon.  How innocent!—  
Oh heavens! you've been deceived.  
Mar.  Thou art a Woman,  
To bring perdition on the universe.  
Idon. Already I've been punished to the height  
Of my offence.  [Smiling affectionately.  
I see you love me still.  
The labours of my hand are still your joy;  
Bethink you of the hour when on your shoulder  
I hung this belt.  
[Pointing to the belt on which was suspended HERBERT'S scrip.  
Idon. What ails you! [Distractedly.  
Mar. The scrip that held his food, and I forgot  
To give it back again!  
Idon. What mean your words?  
Mar. I know not what I said—all may be well.  
Idon. That smile hath life in it!  
Mar. This road is perilous;  
I will attend you to a Hut that stands  
Near the wood's edge—rest there to-night,  
I pray you:  
For me, I have business, as you heard,  
with Oswald,  
But will return to you by break of day.  
[Exit.  

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A desolate prospect—a ridge of rocks—a Chapel on the summit of one—  
Moon behind the rocks—night stormy—irregular sound of a Bell—HERBERT enters exhausted.  

Her. That Chapel-bell in mercy seemed to guide me,  
But now it mocks my steps; its fitful stroke
Can scarcely be the work of human hands.  
Hear me, ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such  
There be who pray nightly before the Altar.  
Oh that I had but strength to reach the  
place!  
My Child—my child—dark—dark—I faint  
—this wind—  
These stifling blasts—God help me!  

Enter ELDRED.  

Eld.  
Better this bare rock,  
Though it were tottering over a man’s  
head,  
Than a tight case of dungeon walls for  
safety.  
From such rough dealing:  
[A moaning voice is heard.  
Ha! what sound is that?  
Trees creaking in the wind (but none are  
here)  
Send forth such noises—and that weary  
bell!  
Surely some evil Spirit abroad to-night  
Is ringing it—’twould stop a Saint in  
prayer,  
And that—what is it? never was sound so  
like.  
A human groan. Ha! what is here?  
Poor Man—  
Murdered! alas! speak—speak, I am your  
friend.  
No answer—hush—lost wretch, he lifts his  
hand  
And lays it to his heart—(Kneels to him).  
I pray you speak!  
What has befallen you?  

Her. (feebly). A stranger has done this,  
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.  

Eld. Nay, think not so: come, let me  
raise you up:  
[Raises him.  
This is a dismal place—well—that is well—  
I was too fearful—take me for your guide  
And your support—my hut is not far off.  
[Draws him gently off the stage.  

SCENE.—A room in the Hostel—MARMA-  
Duke and OSWALD.  

Mar. But for Idonea!—I have cause to  
think  
That she is innocent.  

Osw. Leave that thought awhile,  
As one of those beliefs, which in their hearts  
Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no  
better  

Than feathers clinging to their points of  
passion.  
This day’s event has laid me the duty  
Of opening out my story; you must hear it,  
And without further preface.—In my youth,  
Except for that abatement which is paid  
By envy as a tribute to desert,  
I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling  
Of every tongue—as you are now. You’ve  
heard  
That I embarked for Syria. On our voyage  
Was hatched among the crew a foul Con-  
spiracy  
Against my honour, in the which our Captain  
Was, I believed, prime Agent. The wind  
fell;  
We lay becalmed week after week, until  
The water of the vessel was exhausted;  
I felt a double fever in my veins,  
Yet rage suppressed itself;—to a deep still-  
ness.  

Did my pride tame my pride;—for many  
days,  
On a dead sea under a burning sky,  
I brooded o’er my injuries, deserted  
By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown,  
It might have found its way into my heart,  
And I had been—no matter—do you mark  
me?  

Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold  
crime  
Doth haunt your memory.  

Osw. Patience, hear me further!—  
One day in silence did we drift at noon  
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and  
bare;  
No food was there, no drink, no grass, no  
shade,  
No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form  
Inanimate large as the body of man,  
Nor any living thing whose lot of life  
Might stretch beyond the measure of one  
moon.  
To dig for water on the spot, the Captain  
Landed with a small troop, myself being  
one:  
There I reproached him with his treachery.  
Imperious at all times, his temper rose;  
He struck me; and that instant had I killed  
him,  
And put an end to his insolence, but my  
Comrades  
Rushed in between us: then did I insist  
(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
That we should leave him there, alive!—
we did so.

Mar. And he was famished?

Osw. Naked was the spot;
Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
And in that miserable place we left him,
 Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
Not one of which could help him while alive,
Or morn him dead.

Mar. A man by men cast off,
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying,
But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
With which he called for mercy; and—even so—
He was forsaken?

Osw. There is a power in sounds:
The cries he uttered might have stopped the boat
That bore us through the water—

Mar. You returned
Upon that dismal hearing—did you not?

Osw. Some scoffed at him with hellish mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that the smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us.

Mar. We all are of one blood, our veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain!

Osw. 'Twas an island
Only by sufferance of the winds and waves,
Which with their foam could cover it at will.
I know not how he perished; but the calm,
The same dead calm, continued many days.

Mar. But his own crime had brought on him this doom,
His wickedness prepared it; these expedients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.

Osw. The man was famished, and was innocent!

Mar. Impossible!

Osw. The man had never wronged me.

Mar. Banish the thought, crush it, and be at peace.

His guilt was marked—these things could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and for good ends,
Where ours are baffled.

Osw. I had been deceived.

Mar. And from that hour the miserable man
No more was heard of?

Osw. I had been betrayed.

Mar. And he found no deliverance!

Osw. The Crew
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had laid
The plot to rid themselves, at any cost,
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loathed.
So we pursued our voyage: when we landed,
The tale was spread abroad; my power at once
Shrank from me; plans and schemes, and lofty hopes—
All vanished. I gave way—do you attend?

Mar. The Crew deceived you?

Osw. Nay, command yourself.

Mar. It is a dismal night—how the wind howls!

Osw. I hid my head within a Convent, there
Lay passive as a dormouse in mid-winter.
That was no life for me—I was o’erthrown,
But not destroyed.

Mar. The proofs—you ought to have seen
The guilt—have touched it—felt it at your heart—
As I have done.

Osw. A fresh tide of Crusaders
Drove by the place of my retreat: three nights
Did constant meditation dry my blood;
Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way;
And, wheresoe’er I turned, I beheld
A slavery compared to which the dungeon
And clanking chains are perfect liberty.
You understand me—I was comforted;
I saw that every possible shape of action
Might lead to good—I saw it and burst forth
Thirsting for some of those exploits that fill
The earth for sure redemption of lost peace.

[Marking MARMADUKE’S countenance.

Nay, you have had the worst. Ferocity
Subsided in a moment, like a wind
That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.
And yet I had within me evermore
A salient spring of energy; I mounted
From action up to action with a mind
That never rested—without meat or drink
Have I lived many days—my sleep was bound
To purposes of reason—not a dream
But had a continuity and substance
That waking life had never power to give.
  *Mar.* O wretched Human-kind!—Until the mystery
Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight
Would crush the lion’s paw with mortal anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.
Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?
  *Osw.* Give not to them a thought. From Palestine
We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,
When all that multitude of hearts was still,
And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams;
Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea:
In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their forms
To elevate our intellectual being;
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
‘Tis that worst principle of ill which dooms
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
—So much for my remorse!
  *Mar.* Unhappy Man!
  *Osw.* When from these forms I turned to contemplate
The World’s opinions and her usages,
I seemed a Being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,
Whose natural element was freedom—
  *Mar.* Stop—
I may not, cannot, follow thee.
  *Osw.* You must.
I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
I felt that merit has no surer test
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by show,
We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.
  *Mar.* I pity, can forgive, you; but those wretches—
That monstrous perfidy!
  *Osw.* Keep down your wrath.
False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,
Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way
Cleared for a monarch’s progress. Priest’s might spin
Their veil, but not for me—’twas in fit place
Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been.
And in that dream had left my native land
One of Love’s simple bondsmen—the soft chain
Was off for ever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join me in thanks for their blind services.
  *Mar.* ’Tis a strange aching that, when we would curse
And cannot.—You have betrayed me—I have done—
I am content—I know that he is guiltless—
That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,
Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man!
And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst
Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood!—
  Together [Turning to Oswald.
We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.
  *Osw.* Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant;
Let us be fellow-labourers, then, to enlarge
Man’s intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come;
We need an inward sting to goad us on.
  *Mar.* Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.
  *Osw.* The mask,
Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off.—Know then that I was
urged,
(For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self;
I would have made us equal once again,
But that was a vain hope. You have
struck home,
With a few drops of blood cut short the
business;
Therein for ever you must yield to me.
But what is done will save you from the
blank
Of living without knowledge that you live;
Now you are suffering—for the future day,
'Tis his who will command it.—Think of
my story—
Herbert is innocent.
Mar. (in a faint voice, and doubtingly).
You do but echo
My own wild words?
Osw. Young Man, the seed must lie
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harvest;
'Tis Nature’s law. What I have done in
darkness
I will avow before the face of day.
Herbert is innocent.
Mar. What fiend could prompt
This action? Innocent!—oh, breaking
heart!—
Alive or dead, I’ll find him. [Exit.

SCENE—The inside of a poor Cottage.
ELEANOR and IDONEA seated.
Idon. The storm beats hard—Mercy for
poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a night!
A Voice without. Holla! to bed, good
Folks, within!
Elea. O save us!
Idon. What can this mean?
Elea. Alas, for my poor husband!—
We’ll have a counting of our flocks to-
morrow;
The wolf keeps festival these stormy nights:
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassailers
[The voices die away in the distance.
Returning from their Feast—my heart beats
so—
A noise at midnight does so frighten me.
Elea. They are gone. On such a night
my husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast into a
dungeon,
Where, hid from me, he counted many
years,
A criminal in no one’s eyes but theirs—
Not even in theirs—whose brutal violence
So dealt with him.
Idon. I have a noble Friend
First among youths of knightly breeding,
One
Who lives but to protect the weak or
injured.
There again! [Listening.
Elea. ’Tis my husband’s foot. Good
Eldred
Has a kind heart; but his imprisonment
Has made him fearful, and he’ll never be
The man he was.
Idon. I will retire;—good night!
[She goes within.

Enter ELDRED (hides a bundle).
Eld. Not yet in bed, Eleanor!—there
are stains in that frock which must be
washed out.
Elea. What has befallen you?
Eld. I am belated, and you must know
the cause—(speaking low) that is the blood
of an unhappy Man.
Elea. Oh! we are undone for ever.
Eld. Heaven forbid that I should lift my
hand against any man. Eleanor, I have
shed tears to-night, and it comforts me to
think of it.
Elea. Where, where is he?
Eld. I have done him no harm, but—
It will be forgiven me; it would not have
been so once.
Elea. You have not buried anything?
You are no richer than when you left me?
Eld. Be at peace; I am innocent.
Elea. Then God be thanked—
[A short pause; she falls
upon his neck.

Eld. To-night I met with an old Man
lying stretched upon the ground—a sad
spectacle; I raised him up with a hope
that we might shelter and restore him.
Elea. (as if ready to run). Where is he?
You were not able to bring him all the
way with you; let us return, I can help you.
[ELDRED shakes his head.
Eld. He did not seem to wish for life: as I was struggling on, by the light of the moon I saw the stains of blood upon my clothes—he waved his hand, as if it were all useless; and I let him sink again to the ground.

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side!

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold—how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood—

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour? I come hame, and this is my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(starting as if he heard a noise). What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release?

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend; I am spited by the world—his wound terrified me—if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms!—I am sure I heard something breathing—and this chair!

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes—no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld. Alive!—the damps of death were upon him—he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (in a savage tone). Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it.—You will never rest till I am brought to a felon’s end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him!

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste; let us take heart; this Man may be rich; and could be be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. ’Tis all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children—let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (rushing out). It is, it is, my Father—

Eld. We are betrayed (looking at IDONEA).

Elea. His Daughter!—God have mercy! (turning to IDONEA).

Idon. (sinking down). Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (moved). I’ll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (springing up). Alive!—you heard him breathe? quick, quick—

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE—A wood on the edge of the Waste.

Enter OSWALD and a Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!
MARMADUKE appearing.

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters; That is no substance which ye settle on!

For. His senses play him false; and see, his arms Outspread, as if to save himself from falling—

Some terrible phantom I believe is now Passing before him, such as God will not Permit to visit any but a man Who has been guilty of some horrid crime.

[MARMADUKE disappears.

Orn. The game is up!—

For. If it be needful, Sir, I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Orn. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'Tis a poor wretch of an unsettled mind, Who has a trick of straying from his keepers;

We must be gentle. Leave him to my care. [Exit Forester.

If his own eyes play false with him, these freaks Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mine; The goal is reached. My Master shall become

A shadow of myself—made by myself.

SCENE—The edge of the Moor.

MARMADUKE and ELDRED enter from opposite sides.

Mar. [raising his eyes and perceiving ELDRED]. In any corner of this savage Waste, Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind old Man?

Eld. I heard—

Mar. You heard him, where? when heard him?

Eld. As you know, The first hours of last night were rough with storm:

I had been out in search of a stray heifer; Returning late, I heard a moaning sound; Then, thinking that my fancy had deceived me,

I hurried on, when straight a second moan, A human voice distinct, struck on my ear, So guided, distant a few steps, I found An aged Man, and such as you describe,

Mar. You heard!—he called you to him? Of all men The best and kindest!—but where is he? guide me,

That I may see him.

Eld. On a ridge of rocks A lonesome Chapel stands, deserted now: The bell is left, which no one dares remove; And, when the stormy wind blows o'er the peak, It rings, as if a human hand were there To pull the cord. I guess he must have heard it;

And it had led him towards the precipice, To climb up to the spot whence the sound came;

But he had failed through weakness. From his hand His staff had dropped, and close upon the brink Of a small pool of water he was laid, As if he had stooped to drink, and so remained

Without the strength to rise.

Mar. Well, well, he lives, And all is safe: what said he?

Eld. But few words:

He only spake to me of a dear Daughter, Who, so he feared, would never see him more;

And of a Stranger to him, One by whom He had been sore misused; but he forgave The wrong and the wrong-doer. You are troubled—

Perhaps you are his son?

Mar. The All-seeing knows, I did not think he had a living Child.—

But whither did you carry him?

Eld. He was torn, His head was bruised, and there was blood about him—

Mar. That was no work of mine.

Eld. Nor was it mine.

Mar. But had he strength to walk? I could have borne him

A thousand miles.

Eld. I am in poverty,

And know how busy are the tongues of men; My heart was willing, Sir, but I am one Whose good deeds will not stand by their own light;

And, though it smote me more than words can tell, I left him.
Mar. I believe that there are phantoms, That in the shape of man do cross our path On evil instigation, to make sport Of our distress—and thou art one of them! But things substantial have so pressed on me——

Eld. My wife and children came into my mind.

Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are three of us, And we shall howl together.

[After a pause and in a feeble voice.
I am deserted
At my worst need, my crimes have in a net (Pointing to Eldred) Entangled this poor man.—Where was it? where?

[Dragging him along.

Eld. 'Tis needless; spare your violence. His Daughter——

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scorpions lodge

This old man had a Daughter.

Eld. To the spot
I hurried back with her.—O save me, Sir, From such a journey!—there was a black tree, A single tree; she thought it was her Father.—

Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again For twenty lives. The daylight dawned, and now—

Nay; hear my tale, 'tis fit that you should hear it——

As we approached, a solitary crow Rose from the spot;—the Daughter clapped her hands, And then I heard a shriek so terrible

[Marmaduke shrinks back.

The startled bird quivered upon the wing.

Mar. Dead, dead!——

Eld. (after a pause). A dismal matter, Sir, for me, And seems the like for you; if 'tis your wish, I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 'twere best

That she should be prepared; I'll go before.

Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[ Eldred goes off.

Elea. (enters). Master!

Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you?

Mar. (taking her arm). Woman, I've lent my body to the service

Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God forbid

That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion
With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.

Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things like these?

[Exit.

Scene changes to the door of Eldred's cottage—Idonea seated—enter Eldred.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand
Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,
And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen me I have cause
To fear the very worst.

Idon. My Father is dead;

Why dost thou come to me with words like these?

Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his crimes.

Idon. Thou seest what I am.

Eld. It was most heinous.

And doth call out for vengeance.

Idon. Do not add,

I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.

Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.

Hard by, a Man I met, who, from plain proofs
Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were You should prepare to meet him.

Idon. I have nothing To do with others; help me to my Father—

[She turns and sees Marmaduke leaning on Eleanor—throws herself upon his neck, and after some time,

In joy I met thee, but a few hours past; And thus we meet again; one human stay Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.

Mar. In such a wilderness—to see no thing,

No, not the pitying moon!

Idon. And perish so.

Mar. Without a dog to moan for him.

Idon. Think not of it.

But enter there and see how he sleeps, Tranquil as he had died in his own bed.

Mar. Tranquil—why not?

Idon. Oh, peace!
Mar. He is at peace; His body is at rest: there was a plot, A hideous plot, against the soul of man: It took effect—and yet I baffled it, In some degree.

Idon. Between us stood, I thought, A cup of consolation, filled from Heaven For both our needs; must I, and in thy presence, Alone partake of it?—Beloved Marmaduke!

Mar. Give me a reason why the wisest thing That the earth owns shall never choose to die, But some one must be near to count his groans. The wounded deer retires to solitude, And dies in solitude: all things but man, All die in solitude.

[Moving towards the cottage door. Mysterious God,
If she had never lived I had not done it!—
Idon. Alas, the thought of such a cruel death Has overwhelmed him.—I must follow.

Eld. Lady! You will do well; (she goes) unjust suspicion may Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon his entering, The dead Man heave a groan, or from his side Uplift his hand—that would be evidence. Elea. Shame! Eldred, shame!

Mar. (both returning). The dead have but one face (to himself). And such a Man—so meek and unoffending— Helpless and harmless as a babe: a Man, By obvious signal to the world's protection, Solemnly dedicated—to decoy him!—

Idon. Oh, had you seen him living!—

Mar. I (so filled With horror is this world) am unto thee The thing most precious, that it now contains:
Therefore through me alone must be revealed By whom thy Parent was destroyed, Idonea! I have the proofs!—

Idon. O miserable Father! Thou didst command me to bless all mankind;
Nor to this moment, have I ever wished Evil to any living thing; but hear me, Hear me, ye Heavens!—(kneeling)—may vengeance haunt the fiend
For this most cruel murder: let him live And move in terror of the elements; The thunder send him on his knees to prayer In the open streets, and let him think he sees, If e'er he entereth the house of God, The roof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his head;
And let him, when he would lie down at night, Point to his wife the blood-drops on his pillow!

Mar. My voice was silent, but my heart hath joined thee.

Idon. (leaning on MARMADUKE). Left to the mercy of that savage Man!
How could he call upon his Child!—O Friend! [Turns to MARMADUKE. My faithful true and only Comforter.

Mar. Ay, come to me and weep. (He kisses her.) (To ELDRED.) Yes, Varlet, look,

The devils at such sights do clap their hands.

[ELDRED retires alarmed.

Idon. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is deadly pale;
Hast thou pursued the monster?

Mar. I have found him.—
Oh! would that thou hadst perished in the flames!

Idon. Here art thou, then can I be desolate?—

Mar. There was a time, when this protecting hand Availed against the mighty; never more Shall blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for me, an orphan
Committed to thy guardianship by Heaven; And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me hope, In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine For closer care;—here, is no malady. [Taking his arm.

Mar. There, is a malady—
(Striking his heart and forehead). And here, and here,
A mortal malady.—I am accurst: All nature curses me, and in my heart 
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be laid bare.
It must be told, and borne. I am the man, (Abused, betrayed, but how it matters not)
Presumptuous above all that ever breathed,  
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person  
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did become  
An instrument of Fiends. Through me,  
through me  
Thy Father perished.  
Idon. Perished—by what mischance?  
Mar. Beloved!—if I dared, so would I  
call thee—  
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen  
heart,  
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute  
peace. [He gives her a letter.  
Idon. (reads). "Be not surprised if you  
hear that some signal judgment has befallen  
the man who calls himself your father; he  
is now with me, as his signature will shew:  
abstain from conjecture till you see me.  
"HERBERT,  
"MARMADUKE."  
The writing Oswald's; the signature my  
Father's:  
(Looks steadily at the paper). And here is  
yours,—or do my eyes deceive me?  
You have then seen my Father?  
Mar. He has leaned  
Upon this arm.  
Idon. You led him towards the Convent?  
Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur  
Castle. Thither  
We were his guides. I on that night re-  
solved  
That he should wait thy coming till the day  
Of resurrection.  
Idon. Miserable Woman,  
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,  
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,  
With the disastrous issue of last night,  
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.  
Be calm, I pray thee!  
Mar. Oswald—  
Idon. Name him not.  

Enter female Beggar.  
Beg. And he is dead!—that Moor—how  
shall I cross it?  
By night, by day, never shall I be able  
To travel half a mile alone.—Good Lady!  
Forgive me!—Saints forgive me. Had I  
thought  
It would have come to this!—  
Idon. What brings you hither? speak!  

Beg. (pointing to MARMADUKE). This in- 
nocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens!  
I told him  
Such tales of your dead Father!—God is  
my judge,  
I thought there was no harm: but that bad  
Man,  
He bribed me with his gold, and looked so  
fierce.  
Mercy! I said I know not what—oh pity  
me—  
I said, sweet Lady, you were not his  
Daughter—  
Pity me, I am haunted;—thrice this day  
My conscience made me wish to be struck  
blind;  
And then I would have prayed, and had no  
voice.  
Idon. (to MARMADUKE). Was it my  
Father?—no, no, no, for he  
Was meek and patient, feeble, old and  
blind,  
Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.  
—but hear me. For one question, I have  
a heart  
That will sustain me. Did you murder him?  
Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But  
learn the process:  
Proof after proof was pressed upon me.  
guilt  
Made evident, as seemed, by blacker guilt,  
Whose impious folds enwrapped even thee;  
and truth  
And innocence, embodied in his looks,  
His words and tones and gestures, did but  
serve  
With me to aggravate his crimes, and  
heaped  
Ruin upon the cause for which they pleaded.  
Then pity crossed the path of my resolve:  
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, and  
cast,  
Idonea! thy blind Father, on the Ordeal  
Of the bleak Waste—left him—and so he  
died!—  

[Idonea sinks senseless; Beggar,  
ELEANOR, etc., crowd round, and bear  
er her off.  
Why may we speak these things, and do no  
more;  
Why should a thrust of the arm have such  
a power,  
And words that tell these things be heard  
in vain?
THE BORDERERS

She is not dead. Why!—if I loved this
Woman,
I would take care she never woke again;
but she will wake, and she will weep for
me;
And say, no blame was mine—and so, poor
fool,
Will waste her curses on another name.

[He walks about distractedly.

Enter Oswald.

Osw. (to himself). Strong to o’erturn,
strong also to build up.

[To Marmaduke.

The starts and sallies of our last encounter
Were natural enough; but that, I trust,
Is all gone by. You have cast off the chains
That fettered your nobility of mind—
Delivered heart and head!

Let us to Palestine;

This is a paltry field for enterprise.

Mar. Ay, what shall we encounter next?
The issue—
Twas nothing more than darkness deepen-
ing darkness,
And weakness crowned with the impotence
of death—
Your pupil is, you see, an apt proficient.

(ironically.)

Start not!—Here is another face hard by;
Come, let us take a peep at both together.
And, with a voice at which the dead will
quake,
Resound the praise of your morality—
Of this too much.

[Drawing Oswald towards the Cottage—
stops short at the door.

Men are there, millions, Oswald,
Who with bare hands would have plucked
out thy heart
And flung it to the dogs: but I am raised
Above, or sunk below, all further sense
Of provocation. Leave me, with the weight
Of that old Man’s forgiveness on thy heart,
Pressing as heavily as it doth on mine.
Coward I have been; know, there lies not
now
Within the compass of a mortal thought,
A deed that I would shrink from;—but to
endure,
That is my destiny. May it be thine:
Thy office, thy ambition, be henceforth
to feel remorse, to welcome every sting
Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.

When seas and continents shall lie between
us—
The wider space the better—we may find
In such a course fit links of sympathy,
An incommunicable rivalry
Maintained, for peaceful ends beyond our
view.

[Confused voices—several of the band enter
—rush upon Oswald, and seize him.
One of them. I would have dogged him
to the jaws of hell—

Osw. Ha! is it so!—That vagrant Hag!
—this comes
Of having left a thing like her alive!

[Aside.

Several voices. Despatch him!

Osw. If I pass beneath a rock
And shout, and, with the echo of my voice,
Bring down a heap of rubbish, and it crush
me,
I die without dishonour. Famished, starved,
A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!
[Smiles scornfully and exultingly at

Marmaduke.

Wal. ’Tis done! (Stabs him).

Another of the band. Theruthless Traitor!

Mar. A rash deed!—

With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.

Wil. (approaching Marmaduke). O
my poor Master!

Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful
Wilfred,
Why art thou here?

[Turning to Wallace.

Wallace, upon these Borders,
Many there be whose eyes will not want
cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
arms!
Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
That may record my story: nor let words—
Few must they be, and delicate in their
touch
As light itself—be there withheld from Her
Who, through most wicked arts, was made
an orphan
By One who would have died a thousand
times,
To shield her from a moment’s harm. To
you,
Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray—sustain her——
Several of the band (eagerly). Captain!
Mar. No more of that; in silence hear my doom:
A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders: other penitents,
Less patient in their wretchedness, have fallen,
Like the old Roman, on their own sword's point.
They had their choice: a wanderer must I go,
The Spectre of that innocent Man, my guide.
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;
No human dwelling ever give me food,
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste and wild,
In search of nothing, that this earth can give,
But expiation, will I wander on——
A Man by pain and thought compelled to live,
Yet loathing life—till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to die.

1795-96.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE

Translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham, and printed in "Poems by Francis Wrangham, M.A."

When Love was born of heavenly line,
What dire intrigues disturbed Cythera's joy!
Till Venus cried, "A mother's heart is mine;
None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But, infant as he was, the child
In that divine embrace enchanted lay;
And, by the beauty of the vase beguiled,
Forgot the beverage—and pined away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight?"
(Alive to all a mother's pain,
The Queen of Beauty thus her court addressed)
"No: Let the most discreet of all my train
Receive him to her breast:
Think all, he is the God of young delight."

Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR joined,
And GAIETY the charming office sought;
Nor even DELICACY stayed behind:
But none of those fair Graces brought

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

1797.
A NIGHT-PIECE

Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pined.
Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seemed inclined;
But she had surely spoiled the boy:
And sad experience forbade a thought
On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS JOY.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice
Pronounced the name of HOPE:—The conscious child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averred
The charge belonged to her alone)
Jealous that HOPE had been preferred
Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,
The blushing mien and downcast look;
And came her services to proffer:
And HOPE (what has not Hope believed!)
By that seducing air deceived,
Accepted of the offer.

It happened that, to sleep inclined,
Deluded HOPE for one short hour
To that false INNOCENCE's power
Her little charge consigned.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats filled
And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store:
A wild delirium first the infant thrilled;
But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more. 1795.

A NIGHT-PIECE

Composed on the road between Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect the very moment when I was struck, as described,—"He looks up—the clouds are split," etc.

—THE sky is overcast
With a continuous cloud of texture close,
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree, or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
Asunder,—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,
Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent;—still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,
Not disturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798.

— WE ARE SEVEN

Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798, under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The little girl who is the heroine I met within the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793. Having left the Isle of Wight and crossed Salisbury Plain, as mentioned in the preface to "Guilt and Sorrow," I proceeded by Bristol up the Wye, and so on to North Wales, to the Vale of Clwydd, where I spent my summer under the roof of the father of my friend, Robert Jones. In reference to this Poem I will here mention one of the most remarkable facts in my own poetic history and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the spring of the year 1798, he, my Sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden, pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Lenton and the valley of Stones near it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the New Monthly Magazine set up by Phillips the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the "Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was
Mr. Coleridge’s invention; but certain parts I myself suggested,—for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock’s Voyages a day or two before that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet. “Suppose,” said I, “you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary Spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime.” The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The Gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time; at least, not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:—

“And listened like a three years’ child;  
The Mariner had his will.”

These trifling contributions, all but one (which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded) alighted out of his mind as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll-enough, recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The “Ancient Mariner” grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to talk of a Volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote “The Idiot Boy,” “Her eyes are wild,” etc., “We are seven,” “The Thorn,” and some others. To return to “We are seven,” the piece that called forth this note, I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my Sister, and said, “A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished.” I mentioned in substance what I wished to be expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:—

“A little child, dear brother Jen—”

I objected to the rhyme, “dear brother Jen—” as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching-in our friend, James T——’s name, who was familiarly called Jen. He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which it may be worth while here to notice. The said Jen got a sight of the Lyrical Ballads as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, “Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.” I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, “It is called ‘We are seven.’” Nay! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and he left me in despair. I have only to add that in the spring of 1841 I revisited Goodrich Castle, not having seen that part of the Wye since I met the little Girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighbouring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much; but that was impossible, as unfortunately I did not even know her name. The ruin, from its position and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new Castle set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances, and associations.

——A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
——Her beauty made me glad.
WE ARE SEVEN

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen."
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798.

ANECDOOTE FOR FATHERS

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."
—EUSEBIUS.

This was suggested in front of Alfoxden. The Boy was a son of my friend, Basil Montagu, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye. When Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and I, had been visiting the famous John Thelwall, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason, with a view to bring up his family by the profits of agriculture, which proved as unfortunate a speculation as that he had fled from, Coleridge and he had both been public lecturers; Coleridge mingling, with his politics, Theology, from which the other elocutionist abstained, unless it were for the sake of a sneer. This quondam community of public employment induced Thelwall to visit Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he fell in my way. He really was a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father. Though brought up in the City, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects. I remember once, when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, Coleridge exclaimed, "This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world."—"Nay," said Thelwall, "to make one forget them altogether." The visit of this man to Coleridge was, as I believe Coleridge has related, the occasion of a spy being sent by Government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have thought ludicrously harmless.
I HAVE a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermittend talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so:
My little Edward, tell me why."—
"I cannot tell, I do not know,"—
"Why, this is strange," said I;

"For, here are woods, hills smooth and
warm:
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made reply:
And three times to the child I said,
"'Why, Edward, tell me why?""

His head he raised—there was in sight,
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:
"'At Kilve there was no weather-cock;
And that's the reason why.'"

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn. 1798.

THE THORN

Written at Alfoxden. Arose out of my observing, on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a stormy day, a thorn which I had often past, in calm and bright weather, without noticing it. I said to myself, "Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn permanently an impressive object as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment?" I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity. Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it which Wilkie thought his best. He gave it me; though when he saw it several times at Rydal Mount afterwards, he said, "I could make a better, and would like to paint the same subject over again." The sky in this picture is nobly done, but it reminds one too much of Wilson. The only fault, however, of any consequence is the female figure, which is too old and decrepit for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call.

I

"There is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two years' child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no prickly points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens is it overgrown.
II
"'Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop:
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor Thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they are bent
With plain and manifest intent
To drag it to the ground;
And all have joined in one endeavour
To bury this poor Thorn for ever."

III
"'High on a mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale;
Not five yards from the mountain path,
This Thorn you on your left esp'y;
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water—never dry
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air."

IV
"'And, close beside this aged Thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height,
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;
And mossy netwo'k too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye,

V
"'Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white!
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never any where,
An infant's grave was half so fair.
X

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy Woman go?
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow?"

"Full twenty years are past and gone
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good-will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI

"And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went—
Poor Martha! on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII

"They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
What could she seek?—or wish to hide?
Her state to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often was she sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty Father—would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

XIII

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wroth
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

XIV

"More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you;
For what became of this poor child
No mortal ever knew;
Nay—if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XV

"And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark.
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head:
Some plainly living voices were;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI

"But that she goes to this old Thorn,
The Thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height—
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

XVII

"'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain:
No screen, no fence could I discover;
And then the wind I in sooth, it was
A wind full ten times over.
I looked around, I thought I saw
A jutting crag,—and off I ran,
Head foremost, through the driving rain,
The shelter of the crag to gain;
And, as I am a man,
Instead of jutting crag, I found
A Woman seated on the ground.
XVIII
``I did not speak—I saw her face;
Her face!—it was enough for me;
I turned about and heard her cry,
‘Oh misery! oh misery!’
And there she sits, until the moon
Through half the clear blue sky will go;
And, when the little breezes make
The waters of the pond to shake,
As all the country know,
She shudders, and you hear her cry,
‘Oh misery! oh misery!’”

XXX
``But what’s the Thorn? and what the pond?
And what the hill of moss to her?
And what the creeping breeze that comes
The little pond to stir?’
``I cannot tell; but some will say
She hanged her baby on the tree;
Some say she drowned it in the pond,
Which is a little step beyond:
But all and each agree,
The little Babe was buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XX
``I’ve heard, the moss is spotted red
With drops of that poor infant’s blood;
But kill a new-born infant thus,
I do not think she could:
Some say, if to the pond you go,
And fix on it a steady view,
The shadow of a babe you trace,
A baby and a baby’s face,
And that it looks at you;
Where’er you look on it, ’tis plain
The baby looks at you again.

XXI
``And some had sworn an oath that she
Should be to public justice brought;
And for the little infant’s bones
With spades they would have sought.
But instantly the hill of moss
Before their eyes began to stir!
And, for full fifty yards around,
The grass—it shook upon the ground!
Yet all do still aver
The little Babe lies buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII
``I cannot tell how this may be,
But plain it is the Thorn is bound
With heavy tufts of moss that strive
To drag it to the ground;
And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,
By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry,
‘Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!’”

1798.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL

A TRUE STORY

Written at Alfoxden. The incident from Dr. Darwin’s Zoönomia.

Oh! what’s the matter? what’s the matter?
What’s’t that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
‘Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
‘Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours’ work at night,
Alas! ’twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village-green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-bleats the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor Woman ! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the canty Dame
Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter.
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected—
That he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.

—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"—
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"'God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!""
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter;
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
HER EYES ARE WILD

A-bed or up, by night or day;
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

Written at Altoxden. The subject was reported to me by a lady of Bristol, who had seen the poor creature.

I
Her eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone:
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone.
She talked and sung the woods among,
And it was in the English tongue.

II
"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby! thou shalt be:
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

III
"A fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

IV
"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

V
"Oh! I love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI
"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

VII
"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'Tis all thine own!—and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII
"Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

IX
"'I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

X
"'Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am:
My love for thee has well been tried:
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food:
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

1798.

— SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED

This old man had been huntsman to the squires
of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it,
belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood
upon the common, a little way from the entrance
to Alfoxden Park. But it had disappeared.
Many other changes had taken place in the ad-
joining village, which I could not but notice with
a regret more natural than well-considered.
Improvements but rarely appear such to those who,
after long intervals of time, revisit places they have
had much pleasure in. It is unnecessary to add,
the fact was as mentioned in the poem; and I
have, after an interval of forty-five years, the

image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if
I had seen him yesterday. The expression when
the hounds were out, "I dearly love their voice,"
was word for word from his own lips.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo banded, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To bolt the tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred,
see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.

And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little—all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.

What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old Man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotten wood.

The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
Give me your tool," to him I said;
And at the word right gladly he
Received my proffered aid.

I struck, and with a single blow
The tangled root I severed,
At which the poor old Man so long
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.

—I've heard of hearts unkind, kno
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook fell down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that country, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly, boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might poetically speaking be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.
TO MY SISTER

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature’s holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

1798.

TO MY SISTER

Compose in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May 1841, more than forty years after. I was disappointed that it had not improved in appearance as to size, nor had it acquired anything of the majesty of age, which, even though less perhaps than any other tree, the larch sometimes does. A few scoured yards from this tree, grew, when we inhabited Alfoxden, one of the most remarkable beech-trees ever seen. The ground sloped both towards and from it. It was of immense size, and threw out arms that struck into the soil, like those of the banyan-tree, and rose again from it. Two of the branches thus inserted themselves twice, which gave to each the appearance of a serpent moving along by gathering itself up in folds. One of the large boughs of this tree had been torn off by the wind before we left Alfoxden, but five remained. In 1841 we could barely find the spot where the tree had stood. So remarkable a production of nature could not have been wilfully destroyed.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! (tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;—and pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We’ll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We’ll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We’ll give to idleness.

1798.

Observed in the holly-grove at Alfoxden, where these verses were written in the spring of 1799. I had the pleasure of again seeing, with dear friends, this grove in unimpaired beauty forty-one years after.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rushed o’er the wood with startling sound:
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered round.
Where leafless oaks towered high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green:
A fairer bowe was never seen.
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is covered o’er,
And all the year the bowe is green.
But see! where’er the hailstones drop
The withered leaves all skip and hop;
There’s not a breeze—no breath of air—
Yet here, and there, and everywhere
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Good-fellow were there,
And all those leaves, in festive glee,
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.
1798.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

This poem is a favourite among the Quakers,
as I have learnt on many occasions. It was com-
piled in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the
spring of 1798.

"WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

"Where are your books?—that light be-
queathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

1798.

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME
SUBJECT

UP! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
1798.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

Written at Alfoxden, where I read Hearn's
Journey with deep interest. It was composed
for the volume of Lyrical Ballads.
THE COMPLAINT

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.

I

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars, they were among my dreams;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!

II

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain:
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
But they to me no joy can give.
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie!
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair;
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger;
And oh, how grievously I rue,
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you!
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

IV

My Child! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my Babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look!
Through his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see;
—As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me:
And then he stretched his arms, how wild!
Oh mercy! like a helpless child.

V

My little joy! my little pride!
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me;
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
The way my friends their course did bend,
I should not feel the pain of dying,
Could I with thee a message send;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away;
For I had many things to say.

VI

I'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow;
In spite of all my weary pain
I'll look upon your tents again.
—My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood:
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
For ever left alone am I;
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

VII

Young as I am, my course is run,
I shall not see another sun;
I cannot lift my limbs to know
If they have any life or no.
My poor forsaken Child, if I
For once could have thee close to me,
With happy heart I then would die,
And my last thought would happy be;
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
Nor shall I see another day.

1798.
THE LAST OF THE FLOCK

Produced at the same time and for the same purpose. The incident occurred in the village of Holford, close by Alfoxden.

I

In distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet:
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a Lamb he had.

II

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide:
And with his coat did then essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, "My friend,
What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"
—"Shame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

III

"When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

IV

"Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the Quantock hills they fed;
They threw, and we at home did thrive:
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

V

"Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
'Do this: how can we give to you, '
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

VI

"I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food
For me—it never did me good.
A woeful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away—
For me it was a woeful day.

VII

"Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood—drops from my heart they dropped.
'Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone—
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII

"To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me:
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And, crazily and wearily
I went my work about;
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

IX

"Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

x

"They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
And then at last from three to two;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one:
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none;—
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock."

~ THE IDIOT BOY ~

The last stanza—"The Cocks did crow to-who, to-who, And the sun did shine so cold"—
was the foundation of the whole... The words were reported to me by my dear friend, Thomas Poole; but I have since heard the same repeated of other Idiots. Let me add that this long poem was composed in the groves of Alfoxden, almost extempore; not a word, I believe, being corrected, though one stanza was omitted. I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments, for, in truth, I never wrote anything with so much glee.

'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night,
The moon is up,—the sky is blue,
The owlet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed;
Good Betty, put him down again;
His lips with joy they burr at you;
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty's bent on her intent;
For her good neighbour, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan
As if her very life would fail.

There's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There's none to help poor Susan Gale;
What must be done? what will betide?

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing faggots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim,—
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has on the well-girt saddle set
(The like was never heard of yet)
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And he must post without delay
Across the bridge and through the dale
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
Or she will die, old Susan Gale.

There is no need of boot or spur,
There is no need of whip or wand;
For Johnny has his holly-bough,
And with a hurly-burly now
He shakes the green bough in his hand.

And Betty o'er and o'er has told
The Boy, who is her best delight,
Both what to follow, what to shun,
What do, and what to leave undone,
How turn to left, and how to right.

And Betty's most especial charge,
Was, "Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,—
Come home again, whate'er befal,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand,
THE IDIOT BOY

And proudly shook the bridle too;  
And then! his words were not a few,  
Which Betty well could understand.

And now that Johnny is just going,  
Though Betty's in a mighty flurry;  
She gently pats the Pony's side,  
On which her Idiot Boy must ride,  
And seems no longer in a hurry.

But when the Pony moved his legs,  
Oh! then for the poor Idiot Boy!  
For joy he cannot hold the bridle,  
For joy his head and heels are idle,  
He's idle all for very joy.

And while the Pony moves his legs,  
In Johnny's left hand you may see  
The green bough motionless and dead:  
The Moon that shines above his head  
Is not more still and mute than he.

His heart it was so full of glee,  
That till full fifty yards were gone,  
He quite forgot his holly whip,  
And all his skill in horsemanship:  
Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,  
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,  
Proud of herself, and proud of him,  
She sees him in his travelling trim,  
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,  
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!  
He's at the gate-post—he turns right;  
She watches till he's out of sight,  
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, Burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,  
As loud as any mill, or near it;  
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,  
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,  
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:  
Her Messenger's in merry tune;  
The owlets hoot, the owlets curst,  
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,  
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree;  
For of this Pony there's a rumour,  
That should he lose his eyes and ears,  
And should he live a thousand years,  
He never will be out of humour.

But then he is a horse that thinks!  
And when he thinks, his pace is slack;  
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,  
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell  
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,  
And far into the moonlight dale,  
And by the church, and o'er the down,  
To bring a Doctor from the town,  
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,  
Is in the middle of her story,  
What speedy help her Boy will bring,  
With many a most diverting thing,  
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,  
By this time is not quite so furried:  
Demure with porringer and plate  
She sits, as if in Susan's fate  
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,  
You plainly in her face may read it,  
Could lend out of that moment's store  
Five years of happiness or more  
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then  
With Betty all was not so well;  
And to the road she turns her ears,  
And thence full many a sound she hears,  
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
"As sure as there's a moon in heaven,"  
Cries Betty, "'he'll be back again;  
They'll both be here—'tis almost ten—  
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;  
The clock gives warning for eleven;  
"'Tis on the stroke—'He must be near,"  
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,  
As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
And Johnny is not yet in sight:  
—The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
But Betty is not quite at ease;  
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
On Johnny vile reflections cast.
"A little idle sauntering Thing!
With other names, an endless string;
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late?
The Doctor, he has made him wait;
Susan! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,
And Betty's in a sad quandary;
And then there's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
—She's in a sad quandary.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appears along the moonlight road;
There's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned;
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, "God forbid it should be true!"
At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away:
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb"—
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,
"What can I do to ease your pain?
Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;
I fear you're in a dreadful way,
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
There's nothing that can ease my pain.'
Then off she hies; but with a prayer
That God poor Susan's life would spare,
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green;
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

And while she crossed the bridge, there came
A thought with which her heart is sore—
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his Horse
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There's neither Doctor nor his Guide.

"O saints! what is become of him?
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,
Where he will stay till he is dead;
Or, sadly he has been misled,
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk.

"Or him that wicked Pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
Or in the castle he's pursuing
Among the ghosts his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfall."

At poor old Susan then she railed,
While to the town she posted away;
"If Susan had not been so ill,
Alas! I should have had him still,
My Johnny, till my dying day."

Poor Betty, in this sad distemper,
The Doctor's self could hardly spare:
Unworthy things she talked, and wild;
Even he, of cattle the most mild,
The Pony had his share.

But now she's fairly in the town,
And to the Doctor's door she hies;
'Tis silence all on every side;
The town so long, the town so wide,
Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,
She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
The Doctor at the casement shows
His glimmering eyes that peep and dore!
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"O Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"
"I'm here, what isn't you want with me?"
THE IDIOT BOY

"O Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
And I have lost my poor dear Boy,
You know him—him you often see;

"He's not so wise as some folks be:"
"The devil take his wisdom!" said
The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,
"What, Woman! should I know of him?"
And, grumbling, he went back to bed!

"O woe is me! O woe is me!
Here will I die; here will I die;
I thought to find my lost one here,
But he is neither far nor near,
Oh! what a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again;
—The clock strikes three—a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This pitiful news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I'm almost threecore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shooing to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before:
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head:
The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well;
Perhaps he's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing
What they've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about;
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be!

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
O gentle Muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befell;
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind?
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me
Ye Muses! whom I love so well?

Who's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the
woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extin-
guished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing
thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I
was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than
one
Who sought the thing he loved. For
nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone
by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to
me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is
past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would
believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing of-
times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore
am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half
create,1
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the
more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend.
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I
catch
The language of my former heart, and
read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I
make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to
lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

1 This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unweary’d in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper
zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to
me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake!

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep
rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged
Man
Had placed his staff across the broad
smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village
dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by
one;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious
look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsy’d hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little
showers
Fell on the ground; and the small moun-
tain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined
meal,
Approached within the length of half his
staff.
Him from my childhood have I known;
and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with
a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the
ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the
coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and if, thus warned,
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,
And passes gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.
He travels on, a solitary Man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.
But deem not this Man useless.—Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Or forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught—that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to—sink, bow'rred depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from door to door,
This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold obblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.
Some there are,  
by their good works exalted, lofty minds 
and meditative, authors of delight  
and happiness, which to the end of time 
will live, and spread, and kindle: even 
such minds  
whose, from this solitary Being, 
or like wanderer, haply have received 
thing more precious far than all that 
books  
the solicitations of love can do!  
that first mild touch of sympathy and 
thought, 
which they found their kindred with a 
world  
there want and sorrow were. The easy 
man  
who sits at his own door,—and, like the 
pear  
that overhangs his head from the green 
walls, 
ears the sunshine; the robust and 
young, 
the prosperous and unthinking, they who 
live  
beleaguered, and flourish in a little grove 
if their own kindred;—all behold in him 
silent monitor, which on their minds 
first impress a transitory thought 
If self-congratulation, to the heart  
If each recalling his peculiar boons, 
its charters and exemptions; and, per-
chance,  
though he to no one give the fortitude 
And circumstance needful to preserve 
His present blessings, and to husband up 
The respite of the season, he, at least, 
And its no vulgar service, makes them 
feel.  
Yet further.—Many, I believe, there 
are  
who live a life of virtuous decency, 
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel 
No self-reproach; who of the moral law 
Established in the land where they abide 
Are strict observers; and not negligent 
In acts of love to those with whom they 
dwell, 
Their kindred, and the children of their 
blood. 
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers 
peace!  
—but of the poor man ask, the abject 
poor;  
Go, and demand of him, if there be here 
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds, 
And these inevitable charities, 
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?  
No—man is dear to man; the poorest 
poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life 
When they can know and feel that they 
have been, 
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers- 
out  
Of some small blessings; have been kind 

to such  
As needed kindness, for this single cause, 
That we have all of us one human heart. 
—Such pleasure is to one kind Being 
known, 
My neighbour, when with punctual care, 
each week 
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed 
herself 
By her own wants, she from her store of 
meal 
Takes one unsparing handful for the 
scrip  
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door 
Returning with exhilarated heart, 
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in 
heaven.  
Then let him pass, a blessing on his 
head!  
And while in that vast solitude to which 
The tide of things has borne him, he 
appears  
To breathe and live but for himself alone, 
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about 
The good which the benignant law of 
Heaven 
Has hung around him: and, while life is 
his, 
Still let him prompt the unlettered villag-
ers  
To tender offices and pensive thoughts. 
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his 
head!  
And, long as he can wander, let him 
breath 
The freshness of the valleys; let his 
blood 
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows; 
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the 
heath 
Beat his grey locks against his withered 
face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never House, misnamed of Industry,
Make him a captive!—for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, _where_ and _when_ he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

1798.

**ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY**

The little hedgerow birds,
That peck along the roads, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression: every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

1798.

---

**PETER BELL**

**A TALE**

What's in a _Name_?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar!

Written at Alfoxden. Founded upon an anecdote, which I read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture. Upon examination a dead body was found in the water and proved to be the body of its master. The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter, were taken from a wild rover with whom I walked from Bulith, on the river Wye, downwards nearly as far as the town of Hay. He told me strange stories. It has always been a pleasure to me through life to catch at every opportunity that has occurred in my rambles of becoming acquainted with this class of people. The number of Peter's wives was taken from the trespasses in this way of a lawless creature who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half a dozen, as disorderly as himself. Benoni, or the child of sorrow, I knew when I was a school-boy. His mother had been deserted by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, she herself being a gentlewoman by birth. The circumstances of her story were told me by my dear old Dame, Anne Tyson, who was her confidante. The Lady died broken-hearted. In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of ass; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused. The crescent-moon, which makes such a figure in the prologue, assumed this character one evening while I was watching its beauty in front of Alfoxden House. I intended this poem for the volume before spoken of, but it was not published for more than twenty years afterwards. The worship of the Methodists or Ranter is often heard during the stillness of the summer evening in the country with affecting accompaniments of rural beauty. In both the psalmody and the voice of the preacher there is, not unfrequently, much solemnity likely to impress the feelings of the rudest characters under favourable circumstances.

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L., ETC. ETC

My dear Friend,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public
The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger’s in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I’d laugh at you!

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne’er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her:
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull—
We pry among them all; have shot
High o’er the red-haired race of Mars,
Covered from top to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres thron’ them;—
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth:—
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be;
I’ve left my heart at home.
See! there she is, the matchless Earth!  
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!  
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear  
Through the grey clouds; the Alps are here,  
Like waters in commotion!

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands;  
That silver thread the river Dnieper!  
And look, where clothed in brightest green  
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen;  
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her!

And see the town where I was born!  
Around those happy fields we span  
In boyish gambols;—I was lost  
Where I have been, but on this coast  
I feel I am a man.

Never did fifty things at once  
Appear so lovely, never, never;—  
How tunefully the forests ring!  
To hear the earth's soft murmuring  
Thus could I hang for ever!

"Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,  
"Was ever such a homesick Loon,  
Within a living Boat to sit,  
And make no better use of it;  
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

"Ne'er in the breast of full-grown Poet  
Fluttered so faint a heart before;—  
Was it the music of the spheres  
That overpowered your mortal ears?  
—Such din shall trouble them no more.

"These nether precincts do not lack  
Charms of their own;—then come with me;  
I want a comrade, and for you  
There's nothing that I would not do;  
Nought is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows  
We'll sport amid the boreal morning;  
Will mingle with her lustres gliding  
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,  
And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land  
Where human foot did never stray;  
Fairest that land as evening skies,  
And cool, though in the depth it lies  
Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realm of Faery,  
Among the lovely shades of things;  
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,  
The shades of palaces and kings!

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal  
Less quiet regions to explore,  
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal  
How earth and heaven are taught to feel  
The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant Form of light,  
My gay and beautiful Canoe,  
Well have you played your friendly part;  
As kindly take what from my heart  
Experience forces—then adieu!"

"Temptation lurks among your words;  
But, while these pleasures you're pursuing  
Without impediment or let,  
No wonder if you quite forget  
What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all mankind  
Did listen with a faith sincere  
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;  
Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed  
The wonders of a wild career.

"Go—(but the world's a sleepy world,  
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)  
Take with you some ambitious Youth!  
For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,  
Am unfruit to be your mate.

"Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers;  
The common growth of mother-earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humbled mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire  
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create?
"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;  
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!  
Repentance is a tender Sprite;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.

"But grant my wishes,—let us now  
Descend from this ethereal height;  
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,  
More daring far than Hippogriff,  
And be thy own delight!

'To the stone-table in my garden,  
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,  
The Squire is come: his daughter Bess  
Beside him in the cool recess  
Sits blooming like a flower.

"With these are many more convened;  
They know not I have been so far;—  
I see them there, in number nine,  
Beneath the spreading Weymouth-pine!  
I see them—there they are!

"There sits the Vicar and his Dame;  
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter;  
And, ere the light of evening fail,  
To them I must relate the Tale  
Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew the Boat—away she flees,  
Spurning her freight with indignation!  
And I, as well as I was able,  
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table  
Limped on with sore vexation.

"O, here he is!" cried little Bess—  
She saw me at the garden-door;  
"We've waited anxiously and long,"  
They cried, and all around me throng,  
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not—your fears be still—  
Be thankful we again have met;—  
Resume, my Friends! within the shade  
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid  
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one  
Not wholly rescued from the pale  
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;  
But, straight, to cover my confusion,  
Began the promised Tale.

**PART FIRST**

ALL by the moonlight river side  
Groaned the poor Beast—alas! in vain;  
The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck—and struck again.

"Hold!" cried the Squire, "against the rules  
Of common sense you're surely sinning;  
This leap is for us all too bold;  
Who Peter was, let that be told,  
And start from the beginning."

—"A Potter, Sir, he was by trade,"  
Said I, becoming quite collected;  
"And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

"He, two-and-thirty years or more,  
Had been a wild and woodland rover;  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;  
And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous knell—  
A far-renowned alarum!

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,  
And merry Carlisle had he been;  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr  
And far as Aberdeen.

"And he had been at Inverness;  
And Peter, by the mountain-rills,  
Had danced his round with Highland lasses;  
And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills:

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,  
Among the rocks and winding scars;  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars:

1 In the dialect of the North, a hawkers of earthenware is thus designated.
"And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland, or in hollow bay;—
Sure never man like him did roam!

"As well might Peter, in the Fleet,
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor;—
He travelled here, he travelled there;—
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made on Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carol as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

"Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

"Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him.
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him, was to fear him.

"Though Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

"A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

"To all the unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

"His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;—
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

"He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

"His forehead wrinkled was and furred
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his 'whens' and 'hows';
And half, by kitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!"
ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Bess !
We’ve reached at last the promised Tale :) 
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river’s winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone ;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and brake,
He trudged along o’er hill and dale ;
Nor for the moon cared he a little,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leaves.

But quickly Peter’s mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that burn
In downright fury and in wrath ;—
There’s little sign the treacherous path
Will to the road return !

The path grows dim, and dimmer still ;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends,
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.

He paused—for shadows of strange shape,
Massy and black, before him lay ;
But through the dark, and through the cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry ;—and behold
A scene of soft and lovely hue !
Where blue and grey, and tender green,
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground ;
But field or meadow name it not ;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,
But he flowed quiet and unseen ;—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and green !

And is there no one dwelling here,
No hermit with his beads and glass ?
And does no little cottage look
Upon this soft and fertile nook ?
Does no one live near this green grass ?

Across the deep and quiet spot
Is Peter driving through the grass—
And now has reached the skirting trees ;
When, turning round his head, he sees
A solitary Ass.

"A Prize !" cries Peter—but he first
Must spy about him far and near :
There’s not a single house in sight,
No woodman’s hut, no cottage light—
Peter, you need not fear !

There’s nothing to be seen but woods,
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And this one Beast, that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream.

His head is with a halter bound ;
The halter seizing, Peter leapt
Upon the Creature’s back, and plied
With ready heels his shaggy side ;
But still the Ass his station kept.

Then Peter gave a sudden jerk,
A jerk that from a dungeon-floor
Would have pulled up an iron ring ;
But still the heavy-headed Thing
Stood just as he had stood before !

Quoth Peter, leaping from his seat,
"There is some plot against me laid ,"
Once more the little meadow-ground
And all the hoary cliffs around
He cautiously surveyed.
All, all is silent—rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near!
Only the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this?
Some ugly witchcraft must be here!
—Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees:

As gently on his side he fell;
And by the river’s brink did lie;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye.

’Twas but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eye-ball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the sapling rings;
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is,—how lean
And sharp his staring bones!

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay:
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter’s tongue;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death;
And Peter’s lips with fury quiver;
Quoth he, ‘‘You little mulish dog,
I’ll fling your carcase like a log
Head-foremost down the river!’’

An impious oath confirmed the threat—
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray!

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags;
Among the mountains far away;
Once more the ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible Bray.

What is there now in Peter’s heart!
Or whence the might of this strange sound
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around—

From Peter’s hand the sapling dropped!
Threat has he none to execute;
‘‘If any one should come and see
That I am here, they’ll think,’’ quoth he,
‘‘I’m helping this poor dying brute.’’

He scans the Ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns—his hate revives;
He stoops the Ass’s neck to seize
With malice—that again takes flight;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees.
Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin,—or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies?
Such as pursue their feared vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethren?

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look;
Like some one reading in a book—
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
His hat is up—and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon!

He looks, he ponders, looks again;
He sees a motion—hears a groan;
His eyes will burst—his heart will break—
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And back he falls, as if his life were flown!

PART SECOND

We left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;
The Ass is by the river-side,
And, where the feeble breezes glide,
Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver.

A happy respite! but at length
He feels the glimmering of the moon;
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly sighing—
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head, he sees his staff;
He touches—'tis to him a treasure!
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell—
A thought received with languid pleasure!

His head upon his elbow propped,
Becoming less and less perplexed,
Sky-ward he looks—to rock and wood—
And then—upon the glassy flood
His wandering eye is fixed.

Thought he, that is the face of one
In his last sleep securely bound!
So toward the stream his head he bent,
And downward thrust his staff, intent
The river's depth to sound.

Now—like a tempest-shattered bark,
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge—
Full suddenly the Ass doth rise!

His staring bones all shake with joy,
And close by Peter's side he stands:
While Peter o'er the river bends,
The little Ass his neck extends,
And fondly licks his hands.

Such life is in the Ass's eyes,
Such life is in his limbs and ears;
That Peter Bell, if he had been
The veriest coward ever seen,
Must now have thrown aside his fears.

The Ass looks on—and to his work
Is Peter quietly resigned;
He touches here—he touches there—
And now among the dead man's hair
His sapling Peter has entwined.

He pulls—and looks—and pulls again;
And he whom the poor Ass had lost,
The man who had been four days dead,
Head-foremost from the river's bed
Uprises like a ghost!

And Peter draws him to dry land;
And through the brain of Peter pass
Some poignant twitches, fast and faster;
"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
Of this poor miserable Ass!"

The meagre Shadow that looks on—
What would he now? what is he doing?
His sudden fit of joy is flown,—
He on his knees hath laid him down,
As if he were his grief renewing;
But no—that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows well as he can:
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
I'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past;
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast:

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart;
The mead is crossed—the quarry's mouth
Is reached; but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound!
And Peter honestly might say,
The like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
A rover—night and day!

'Tis not a plover of the moors,
'Tis not a bittern of the fen;
Nor can it be a barking fox,
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen!

The Ass is startled—and stops short
Right in the middle of the thicket;
And Peter, wont to whistle loud
Whether alone or in a crowd,
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess?
Well may you tremble and look grave!
This cry—that rings along the wood,
This cry—that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave:

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away!

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
Whom seeks he—whom?—the silent dead

His father!—Him doth he require—
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distrest
Like a poor bird—her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan!

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible.

But Peter—when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase—
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak—and weaker still;
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road—
As if it from a fountain flowed—
Winding away between the fern.
The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
And castles all with ivy green!

And, while the Ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change countenance
And look at Peter Bell!

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation,—
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night will meet his fate—
And so he sits in expectation!

The strenuous Animal hath clomb
With the green path; and now he wends
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly-rustling sound
By which the journeying pair are chased?
—A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress;
"Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me—
So huge hath been my wickedness!"

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to crop
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane;
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

A stain—as of a drop of blood
By moonlight made more faint and wan;
Ha! why these sinkings of despair?
He knows not how the blood comes there—
And Peter is a wicked man.

At length he spies a bleeding wound,
Where he had struck the Ass's head;
He sees the blood, knows what it is,—
A glimpse of sudden joy was his,
But then it quickly fled;

Of him whom sudden death had seized
He thought,—of thee, O faithful Ass!
And once again those ghastly pains,
Shoot to and fro through heart and reins,
And through his brain like lightning pass.

PART THIRD

I've heard of one, a gentle Soul,
Though given to sadness and to gloom,
And for the fact will vouch,—one night
It chanced that by a taper's light
This man was reading in his room;

Bending, as you or I might bend
At night o'er any pious book,
When sudden blackness overspread
The snow-white page on which he read,
And made the good man round him look.

The chamber walls were dark all round,—
And to his book he turned again;
—The light had left the lonely taper,
And formed itself upon the paper
Into large letters—bright and plain!

The godly book was in his hand—
And, on the page, more black than coal,
Appeared, set forth in strange array,
A word—which to his dying day
Perplexed the good man's gentle soul.

The ghostly word, thus plainly seen,
Did never from his lips depart;
But he hath said, poor gentle wight!
It brought full many a sin to light
Out of the bottom of his heart.

Dread Spirits! to confound the meek
Why wander from your course so far,
Disordering colour, form, and stature!
—Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends—
And this I speak in reverence!
But might I give advice to you,  
Whom in my fear I love so well;  
From men of pensive virtue go,  
Dread Beings! and your empire show  
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt  
In darkness and the stormy night;  
And, with like force, if need there be,  
Ye can put forth your agency  
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,  
That powerful world in which ye dwell,  
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try  
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,  
What may be done with Peter Bell!

—O, would that some more skilful voice  
My further labour might prevent!  
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,  
I feel that I am all unfit  
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration;  
I loitered long ere I began:  
Ye waited then on my good pleasure;  
Pour out indulgence still, in measure  
As liberal as ye can!

Our Travellers, ye remember well,  
Are thridding a sequestered lane;  
And Peter many tricks is trying,  
And many anodynes applying,  
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;  
And, finding that he can account  
So snugly for that crimson stain,  
His evil spirit up again  
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician  
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
"Blood drops—leaves rustle—yet," quoth he,  
"This poor man never, but for me,  
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,  
That here has been some wicked dealing;  
No doubt the devil in me wrought;  
I'm not the man who could have thought  
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes  
His shining horn tobacco-box;  
And, in a light and careless way,  
As men who with their purpose play,  
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,  
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,  
Tell to a curious world the cause  
Why, making here a sudden pause,  
The Ass turned round his head, and grinned.

Appalling process! I have marked  
The like on heath, in lonely wood;  
And, verily, have seldom met  
A spectacle more hideous—yet  
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth  
He in jocose defiance showed—  
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,  
A murmur, pent within the earth,  
In the dead earth beneath the road

Rolled audibly! it swept along,  
A muffled noise—a rumbling sound!—  
'Twas by a troop of miners made,  
Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect! for, surely,  
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,  
Believed that earth was charged to quake  
And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn;  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffened them, maintain their post;  
So he, beneath the gazing moon!—

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached  
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove;

Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower—  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.
As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following still
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife!

The unceasing Ass moves slowly on,
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found;—
A stifling power compressed his frame,
While—as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A glad some and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

Her dwelling was a lonely house,
A cottage in a heathy dell;
And she put on her gown of green,
And left her mother at sixteen,
And followed Peter Bell.

But many good and pious thoughts
Had she; and, in the kirk to pray,
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow
To kirk she had been used to go,
Twice every Sabbath-day.

And, when she followed Peter Bell,
It was to lead an honest life;
For he, with tongue not used to falter,
Had pledged his troth before the altar
To love her as his wedded wife.

A mother’s hope is hers;—but soon
She drooped and pined like one forlorn;
From Scripture she a name did borrow;
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,
She called her babe unborn.

For she had learned how Peter lived,
And took it in most grievous part;
She to the very bone was worn,
And, ere that little child was born,
Died of a broken heart.

And now the Spirits of the Mind
Are busy with poor Peter Bell;
Upon the rights of visual sense
Usurping, with a prevalence
More terrible than magic spell.

Close by a brake of flowering furze
(Above it shivering aspens play)
He sees an unsubstantial creature,
His very self in form and feature,
Not four yards from the broad highway:

And stretched beneath the furze he sees
The Highland girl—it is no other;
And hears her crying as she cried,
The very moment that she died,
"My mother! oh my mother!"

The sweat pours down from Peter’s face,
So grievous is his heart’s contrition;
With agony his eye-balls ache
While he beholds by the furze-brake
This miserable vision!

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betrayed;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter’s ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle—List!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
"While yet ye may find mercy;—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!"
"Repent! repent! though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot;
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow!"

Even as he passed the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears;
And they such joyful tidings were,
The joy was more than he could bear!—
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing, power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak;
Weak all the animal within;
But, in its helplessness, grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said, meek Beast! that, through
Heaven's grace,
He not unmoved did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
For lasting impress, by the Lord
To whom all human-kind shall bow;

Memorial of his touch—that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem,
By an immeasurable stream
Of shouting people defied!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,
Turned towards a gate that hung in view
Across a shady lane; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
No ghost more softly ever trod;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim,—
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 'tis the poor man's home
He listens—not a sound is heard
Save from the trickling household rill;
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather:
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam;
She saw—and uttered with a scream,
"My father! here's my father!"

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother—
Her joy was like a deep affright:
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked—and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised—my heart's at
ease—
For he is dead—I know it well!"
—At this she wept a bitter flood;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles—he is pale as death;
His voice is weak with perturbation;
He turns aside his head, he pauses;
Poor Peter, from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-ground;
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.
A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands;
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss—untimely stroke!
If he had died upon his bed!
He knew not one forewarning pain;
He never will come home again—
Is dead, for ever dead!"

Beside the woman Peter stands;
His heart is opening more and more;
A holy sense pervades his mind;
He feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground—
"Oh, mercy! something must be done,
My little Rachel, you must run,—
Some willing neighbour must be found.

"Make haste—my little Rachel—do,
The first you meet with—bid him come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,
Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachel weeping loud;—
An Infant, waked by her distress,
Makes in the house a piteous cry;
And Peter hears the Mother sigh,
"Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

And now is Peter taught to feel
That man's heart is a holy thing;
And Nature, through a world of death,
Breathes into him a second breath,
More searching than the breath of spring.

Upon a stone the Woman sits
In agony of silent grief—
From his own thoughts did Peter start;
He longs to press her to his heart,
From love that cannot find relief.

But roused, as if through every limb
Had past a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she flies,
And on the pillow lays her burning head.

And Peter turns his steps aside
Into a shade of darksome trees,
Where he sits down, he knows not how,
With his hands pressed against his brow,
His elbows on his tremulous knees.

There, self-involved, does Peter sit
Until no sign of life he makes,
As if his mind were sinking deep
Through years that have been long asleep
The trance is passed away—he wakes;

He lifts his head—and sees the Ass
Yet standing in the clear moonshine;
"When shall I be as good as thou?
Oh! would, poor beast, that I had now
A heart but half as good as thine!"

But He—who deviously hath sought
His Father through the lonesome woods,
Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear
Of night his grief and sorrowful fear—
He comes, escaped from fields and floods;—

With weary pace is drawing nigh;
He sees the Ass—and nothing living
Had ever such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy.
For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb,—
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sob o'er like a child,
"O God! I can endure no more!"

—Here ends my Tale: for in a trice
Arrived a neighbour with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corpse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Lening-Lane,
Help by his labour to maintain
The Widow and her family.
And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man. 1798.

THE SIMPLOX PASS
—BROOK and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decayed, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end. 1799.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS
IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH
WRITTEN IN GERMANY

This Extract is reprinted from "The Friend."

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn

Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home.—All shod
With steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,

1 See Prelude, book vi. p. 278.
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

— THERE WAS A BOY

Written in Germany. This is an extract from the poem on my own poetical education. This practice of making an instrument of their own fingers is known to most boys, though some are more skilful at it than others. William Raincock of Rayrigg, a fine spirited lad, took the lead of all my schoolfellows in this art.

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school;
And, through that church-yard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

— NUTTING

Written in Germany; intended as part of a poem on my own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my schoolfellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure, the vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice-wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often had when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys.

—It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left my cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps
Tow'd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal Dame—
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and,
in truth,
More ragged than need was 1 O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook Unvisited, where not a broken bough Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, A virgin scene!—A little while I stood, Breathing with such suppression of the heart As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
A temper known to those, who, after long- And weary expectation, have been blest With sudden happiness beyond all hope. Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves The violets of five seasons re-appear And fade, unseen by any human eye; Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam, And—with my cheek on one of those green stones That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees, Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, The heart luxuriates with indifferent things, Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones, And on the vacant air. Then up I rose, And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower, Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up Their quiet being: and, unless I now Confound my present feelings with the past;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings, I felt a sense of pain when I beheld The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky—Then, dearest Maiden, move along the shades In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

The next three poems were written in Germany.

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way, Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye, All over the wide sea;
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plot; And, as we climbed the hill, The sinking moon to Lucy's cot Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept, Kind Nature's gentlest boon! And all the while my eyes I kept On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof He raised, and never stopped: When down behind the cottage roof, At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried, "If Lucy should be dead!"

She dwelt among the untrodden ways Beside the springs of Dove, A Maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love:
A violet by a mossy stone
   Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
   Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
   When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
   The difference to me!

 trendy among unknown men,
   In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
   What love I bore to thee.

’Tis past, that melancholy dream!
   Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
   To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
   The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
   Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
   The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
   That Lucy’s eyes surveyed.

— Composed in the Hartz Forest.

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

“Myself will to my darling be
   Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
   In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
   To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn
   That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or upon the mountain springs;
   And her’s shall be the breathing balm,
And her’s the silence and the calm
   Of mute insensate things.

““The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

““The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

““And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

— Written in Germany.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
   I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
   The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
   She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course,
   With rocks, and stones, and trees.

— A POET’S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may’st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.
Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier—and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant’s staff.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother’s grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.

1799.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF ——

Composed at Goslar, in Germany.

I come, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died;
And when his breath was fled,
I raised, while kneeling by his side,
His hand:—it dropped like lead.
Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all
That can be done, will never fall
Like his till they are dead.
By night or day blow foul or fair,
Ne'er will the best of all your train
Play with the locks of his white hair,
Or stand between his knees again.
Here did he sit confined for hours;
But he could see the woods and plains,
Could hear the wind and mark the showers
Come streaming down the streaming panes.
Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound
He rests a prisoner of the ground.
He loved the breathing air,
He loved the sun, but if it rise
Or set, to him where now he lies,
Brings not a moment’s care.
Alas! what idle words; but take
The Dirge which for our Master’s sake
And yours, love prompted me to make.
The rhymes so homely in attire
With learned ears may ill agree,
But chanted by your Orphan Quire
Will make a touching melody.
DIRGE
Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old grey stone;
Thou Angler, by the silent flood;
And mourn when thou art all alone,
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood!
Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum;
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy!
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb.
Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth,
As he before had sanctified
Thy infancy with heavenly truth.
Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way,
A sigh to him whom we deplore.
For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise,
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.
And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring
Food healing, like a mother’s kiss.

---MATTHEW

In the School of— is a tablet, on which are
inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several
persons who have been Schoolmasters there since
the foundation of the School, with the time at
which they entered upon and quitted their office.
Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote
the following lines.
Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to
be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the
inscriptions were not brought down to our time.
This and other poems connected with Matthew
would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like
the Wanderer in “The Excursion,” this School-
master was made up of several both of his class
and men of other occupations. I do not ask
pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses,
considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough
if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move
and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet’s
calling.
If Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,
Read o’er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.
—When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable I thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew’s name,
Pause with no common sympathy.
And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.
Poor Matthew, all his frolics o’er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney’s merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.
The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew’s eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.
Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER

Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat
But benefits, his gift, we trace—
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day, renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity’s sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

1799.
—Thou soul of God’s best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

1799.

—THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"'The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"'Our work," said I, "was well begun,
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"'Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

"'And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

"'With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter’s grave.

"'Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e’er had loved before.

"'And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"'A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

"'No fountain from its rocky cave
E’er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"'There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

1799.

— THE FOUNTAIN

A CONVERSATION

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"'Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon;

"'Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"
THE FOUNTAIN

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

TO A Sexton

Written in Germany.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone—
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone?
'Tis already like a hill
In a field of battle made,
Where three thousand skulls are laid;
These died in peace each with the other,—
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!
From this platform, eight feet square,
Take not even a finger-joint:
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families!
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbours in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

1799.
THE DANISH BOY
A FRAGMENT

Written in Germany. It was entirely a fancy; but intended as a prelude to a ballad-poem never written.

I
BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II
In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest;
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his home;
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers:—to other dells
Their burthens do they bear;
The Danish Boy walks here alone:
The lovely dell is all his own.

III
A Spirit of noon-day is he;
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In colour like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV
A harp is from his shoulder slung;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue
He suits its melody.

Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prickle their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V
There sits he; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest
And happy in his flowery cove:
From bloody deeds his thoughts are far;
And yet he warbles songs of war,
That seem like songs of love,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

LUCY GRAY
OR, SOLITUDE

Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal. The way in which the incident was treated and the spiritualising of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavoured to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind. This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from it, but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers, into whose hands these notes may fall, to a comparison that may both enlarge the circle of their sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a Catholic judgment.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!
Yon yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! I will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his book,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward,
cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

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

1799.

— RUTH

Written in Germany. Suggested by an account
I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire.

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father’s roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman’s height.

There came a Youth from Georgia’s shore—
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
But no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier’s name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He ‘cross the ocean came.
With hues of genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
—While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues;
With budding, fading, faded flowers
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind;
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

"What days and what bright years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love.
"For there," said he, "are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

"Beloved Ruth!"—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife.
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life,

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And, with his dancing crest,
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.
Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,
And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

"No more of this; for now, by thee
Dear Ruth! more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn;
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore,
But, when they thither came the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
—They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
There did she rest; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still;
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.
A Barn her winter bed supplies;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the Greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantoock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY

A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed by the side of my Sister, in our lodgings at a draper's house in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Harts Forest. In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage which was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night; but, with the protection of a pease lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, or in a sort of public ground or garde, in which was a pond. Here, I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it. During these walks I composed the poem that follows.

The Reader must be apprised, that the Stove in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse!
Let me have the song of the kettle;
And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse
That gallops away with such fury and force
On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature!
Perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed:
The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north;
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh!
His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws;
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing!
Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou should'st sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again !

--- THE BROTHERS ---

This poem was composed in a grove at the north-eastern end of Grasmere lake, which grove was in a great measure destroyed by turning the high-road along the side of the water. The few trees that are left were spared at my intercession. The poem arose out of the fact, mentioned to me at Ennerdale, that a shepherd had fallen asleep upon the top of the rock called The Pillar, and perished as here described, his staff being left midway on the rock."

**These Tourists, heaven preserve us!**
A profitable life: some glance along,
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *wonder*?—In our churchyard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,

Tombstone nor name—only the turf we tread
And a few natural graves.""

To Jane, his wife,
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.
It was a July evening; and he sate
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves
Of his old cottage,—as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone
His wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with glittering wire,
He fed the spindle of his youngest child,
Who, in the open air, with due accord
Of busy hands and back-and-forward steps,
Her large round wheel was turning. Towards the field
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent
Many a long look of wonder: and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge
Of carded wool which the old man had piled
He laid his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked; and, down the path
That from his cottage to the church-yard led,
He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.
"Twas one well known to him in former days,
A Shepherd-lad; who ere his sixteenth year
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters; with the mariners
A fellow-mariner;—and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared
Among the mountains, and he in his heart
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
And blew with the same breath through days and weeks,
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
And, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
Flashed round him images and hues that wrought
In union with the employment of his heart,
He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
And shepherds clad in the same country grey
Which he himself had worn.¹

And now, at last,
From perils manifold, with some small wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume
The life he had lived there; both for the sake
Of many darling pleasures, and the love
Which to an only brother he has borne
In all his hardships, since that happy time
When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
Were brother-shepherds on their native hills.

—They were the last of all their race: and now,
When Leonard had approached his home, his heart
Failed in him; and, not venturing to enquire
Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,
He to the solitary churchyard turned;
That, as he knew in what particular spot
His family were laid, he thence might learn
If still his Brother lived, or to the file
Another grave was added.—He had found
Another grave,—near which a full half-hour
He had remained; but, as he gazed, there grew
Such a confusion in his memory,
That he began to doubt; and even to hope
That he had seen this heap of turf before,—

¹ This description of the Calenture is sketched from an imperfect recollection of an admirable one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of the Hurricane.

That it was not another grave; but one
He had forgotten. He had lost his path.
As up the vale, that afternoon, he walked
Through fields which once had been well known to him:
And oh what joy this recollection now
Sent to his heart! he lifted up his eyes,
And, looking round, imagined that he saw
Strange alteration wrought on every side:
Among the woods and fields, and that the rocks,
And everlasting hills themselves were changed.

By this the Priest, who down the field had come,
Unseen by Leonard, at the churchyard gate
Stopped short,—and thence, at leisure,
Limb by limb
Perused him with a gay complacency.
Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path.

Of the world's business to go wild alone:
His arms have a perpetual holiday;
The happy man will creep about the fields,
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write fool upon his forehead.—Planted thus
Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate
Of this rude churchyard, till the stars appeared
The good Man might have communed with himself,
But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,
Approached; he recognised the Priest at once,
And, after greetings interchanged, and given
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life:
Your years make up one peaceful family;
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,
They cannot be remembered? Scarcely a funeral
Comes to this churchyard once in eighteen months;
And yet, some changes must take place among you:
And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,
Can trace the finger of mortality,
And see, that with our threescore years and ten
We are not all that perish.—I remember,
(For many years ago I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the brook-side—'tis gone—and that dark cleft!
To me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had!

Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know,
That chasm is much the same—

Leonard. But, surely, yonder—

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend
That does not play you false.—On that tall pike
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
There were two springs which bubbled side by side,
As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning—one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as these, We want not store of them;—a waterspout
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract! a sharp May-storm Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score of sheep
To feed the ravens; or a shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks; The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge;
A wood is felled:—and then for our own homes!
A child is born or christened, a field ploughed, A daughter sent to service, a web spun, The old house-clock is decked with a new face;

And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries,—one serving, Sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each fireside—
Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians,
Commend me to these valleys!

Leonard. Yet your Churchyard
Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,
To say that you are heedless of the past:
An orphan could not find his mother's grave:
Here's neither head nor foot stone, plate of brass,
Cross-bones nor skull,—type of our earthly state
Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man's home
Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thought that's new to me!
The stone cutters, 'tis true, might beg their bread
If every English churchyard were like ours;
Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth:
We have no need of names and epitaphs;
We talk about the dead by our firesides.
And then, for our immortal part we want No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale: The thought of death sits easy on the man Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

Leonard. Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other’s thoughts Possess a kind of second life: no doubt You, Sir, could help me to the history Of half these graves?

Priest. For eight-score winters past, With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard, Perhaps I might; and, on a winter-evening, If you were seated at my chimney's nook, By turning o'er these hillocks one by one, We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round; Yet all in the broad highway of the world. Now there's a grave—your foot is half upon it,—
It looks just like the rest; and yet that man Died broken-hearted.

Leonard. 'Tis a common case.
We'll take another: who is he that lies
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three
graves?
It touches on that piece of native rock
Left in the church-yard wall.
Priest. That's Walter Ewbank.
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek
As ever were produced by youth and age
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.
Through five long generations had the heart
Of Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the bounds
Of their inheritance; that single cottage—
You see it yonder! and those few green fields.
They toiled and wrought, and still, from sire to son,
Each struggled, and each yielded as before
A little—yet a little,—and old Walter,
They left to him the family heart, and land
With other burthens than the crop it bore.
Year after year the old man still kept up
A cheerful mind,—and buffeted with bond,
Interest, and mortgages; at last he sank,
And went into his grave before his time.
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurred him
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale:
His pace was never that of an old man:
I almost see him tripping down the path
With his two grandsons after him—but you,
Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,
Have far to travel,—and on these rough paths
Even in the longest day of midsummer—
Leonard. But those two Orphans!
Priest. Orphans!—Such they were—
Yet not while Walter lived: for, though their parents
Lay buried side by side as now they lie,
The old man was a father to the boys,
Two fathers in one father: and if tears,
Shed when he talked of them where they were not,
And hauntings from the infirmity of love,
Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,
This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them.—If you weep,
Sir,
To hear a stranger talking about strangers,
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
That venturous foot could reach, to one or both
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
Likeroe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;
They played like two young ravens on the crags:
Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well
As many of their betters—and for Leonard!
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I'd wager house and field
That, if he be alive, he has it yet.

Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have not lived to be
A comfort to each other—

Priest. That they might
Live to such end is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard—

Leonard. Then James still is left among you!

Priest. 'Tis of the elder brother I am speaking:
They had an uncle;—he was at that time
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:
And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:
For the boy loved the life which we lead here;
And though of unripe years, a stripling only,
His soul was knit to his native soil.
But, as I said, old Walter was too weak
To strive with such a torrent; when he died,
The estate and house were sold; and all their sheep,
A pretty flock, and which, for aught I know,
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thousand years:
Well—all was gone, and they were destitute,
And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake, Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.
Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.
If there were one among us who had heard

That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,
From the Great Gavel,1 down by Leeza's banks,
And down the Enna, far as Egremont,
The day would be a joyous festival;
And those two bells of ours, which there you see—
Hanging in the open air—but, O good Sir! This is sad talk—they'll never sound for him—
Living or dead.—When last we heard of him,
He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast.—'Twas not a little
That would bring down his spirit; and no doubt,
Before it ended in his death, the Youth
Was sadly crossed.—Poor Leonard! when we parted,
He took me by the hand, and said to me,
If s'er he should grow rich, he would return,
To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day
Should come, 'twould needs be a glad day
for him;
He would himself, no doubt, be happy then
As any that should meet him—

Priest. Happy! Sir—
Leonard. You said his kindred all were
in their graves,
And that he had one Brother—

Priest. That is but
A fellow-tale of sorrow. From his youth
James, though not sickly, yet was delicate;
And Leonard being always by his side
Had done so many offices about him,
That, though he was not of a timid nature,
Yet still the spirit of a mountain-boy
In him was somewhat checked; and, when his Brother
Was gone to sea, and he was left alone,
The little colour that he had was soon

1 The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, from its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is one of the highest of the Cumberland mountains. It stands at the head of the several vales of Emmerdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.
The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake of Emmerdale: on issuing from the Lake, it changes its name, and is called the End, Eyne, or Enna. It falls into the sea a little below Egremont.
Stolen from his cheek; he drooped, and pined, and pined—

**Leonard.** But these are all the graves of full-grown men!

**Priest.** Ay, Sir, that passed away: we took him to us;

He was the child of all the dale—he lived

Three months with one, and six months with another,

And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love:

And many, many happy days were his.

But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief

His absent Brother still was at his heart.

And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found

(A practice till this time unknown to him)

That often, rising from his bed at night,

He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping

He sought his brother Leonard.—You are moved!

Forgive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,

I judged you most unkindly.

**Leonard.** But this Youth,

How did he die at last?

**Priest.** One sweet May-morning,

(It will be twelve years since when Spring returns)

He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,

With two or three companions, whom their course

Of occupation led from height to height

Under a cloudless sun—till he, at length,

Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge

The humour of the moment, lagged behind.

You see yon precipice;—it wears the

shape

Of a vast building made of many crags;

And in the midst is one particular rock

That rises like a column from the vale,

Whence by our shepherds it is called, **The Pillar.**

Upon its airy summit crowned with heath,

The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,

Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place

On their return, they found that he was gone.

No ill was feared; till one of them by chance

Entering, when evening was far spent, the house

Which at that time was James’s home, there learned

That nobody had seen him all that day:

The morning came, and still he was unheard of:

The neighbours were alarmed, and to the brook

Some hastened; some ran to the lake: ere noon

They found him at the foot of that same rock

Dead, and with mangled limbs. The third day after

I buried him, poor Youth, and there he lies!

**Leonard.** And that then is his grave!—Before his death

You say that he saw many happy years?

**Priest.** Ay, that he did—

**Leonard.** And all went well with him?—

**Priest.** If he had one, the Youth had twenty homes.

**Leonard.** And you believe, then, that his mind was easy?—

**Priest.** Yes, long before he died, he found that time

Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless

His thoughts were turned on Leonard’s luckless fortune,

He talked about him with a cheerful love.

**Leonard.** He could not come to an unhallowed end!

**Priest.** Nay, God forbid!—You recollect I mentioned

A habit which disquietude and grief

Had brought upon him; and we all conjectured

That, as the day was warm, he had lain down

On the soft heath,—and, waiting for his comrades,

He there had fallen asleep; that in his sleep

He to the margin of the precipice

Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong:

And so no doubt he perished. When the Youth

Fell, in his hand he must have grasped, we think,

His shepherd’s staff; for on that Pillar of rock

It had been caught mid-way; and there for years

It hung;—and mouldered there.

The Priest here ended—
The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt
A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence;
And Leonard, when they reached the churchyard gate,
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned round,—
And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother!"
The Vicar did not hear the words; and now,
He pointed towards his dwelling-place, entreating
That Leonard would partake his homely fare:
The other thanked him with an earnest voice;
But added, that, the evening being calm,
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.

It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove
That overhung the road: he there stopped short,
And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed
All that the Priest had said: his early years
Were with him:—his long absence, cherished hopes,
And thoughts which had been his an hour before,
All pressed on him with such a weight, that now,
This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed
A place in which he could not bear to live:
So he relinquished all his purposes.
He travelled back to Egremont: and thence, that night, he wrote a letter to the Priest, Reminding him of what had passed between them;
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,
That it was from the weakness of his heart
He had not dared to tell him who he was.
This done, he went on shipboard, and is now
A Seaman, a grey-headed Mariner.

—MICHAEL
A PASTORAL POEM

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as "The Brothers." The Sheepfold,
on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north.
If from the public way you turn your steps
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
You will suppose that with an upright path
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook
The mountains have all opened out themselves,
And made a hidden valley of their own.
No habitation can be seen; but they
Who journey thither find themselves alone
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
That overhead are sailing in the sky.
It is in truth an utter solitude;
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
But for one object which you might pass by,
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
And to that simple object appertains
A story—unenriched with strange events,
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
Or for the summer shade. It was the first
Of those domestic tales that spake to me
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
Whom I already loved; not verily
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills
Where was their occupation and abode.
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
Therefore, although it be a history
Homely and rude, I will relate the same
For the delight of a few natural hearts;
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
Will be my second self when I am gone.

UPON the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd’s calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, He heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd’s thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
He had so often climbed; which had impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills—what could the less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.
His days had not been passed in single nest.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel rested
It was because the other was at work.
The Fair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them.
When Michael, telling o’er his years, began
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was gone
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home, ever then,
Their labour did not cease; unless when a storm
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, as there,
Each with a mess of cottage and skimme milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oatcake
And their plain home-made cheese. Ye when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife’s spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.
Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;
An aged utensil, which had performed
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteen year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while far into the night
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
And westward to the village near the lake;
And from this constant light, so regular
And so far seen, the House itself, by all
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
Both old and young, was named The Evening Star.

Thus living on through such a length of years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail.
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For often-times
Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand,
And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind,
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The Clipping Tree, a name which yet it bears,
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath
the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old;
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
1 Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing.
Something between a hindrance and a help;  
And for this cause not always, I believe,  
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;  
Though nought was left undone which  
staff, or voice,  
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could  
perform.  

But soon as Luke, full ten years old,  
could stand  
Against the mountain blasts; and to the  
heights,  
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
He with his Father daily went, and they  
Were as companions, why should I relate  
That objects which the Shepherd loved  
before  
Wore dearer now? that from the Boy there  
came  
Feelings and emanations—things which  
were  
Light to the sun and music to the wind;  
And that the old Man's heart seemed born  
again?  

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew  
up:  
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth  
year,  
He was his comfort and his daily hope.  
While in this sort the simple household  
lived  
From day to day, to Michael's ear there  
came  
Distressful tidings. Long before the time  
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been  
bound  
In surety for his brother's son, a man  
Of an industrious life, and ample means;  
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now  
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,  
A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-  
for claim,  
At the first hearing, for a moment took  
More hope out of his life than he supposed  
That any old man ever could have lost.  
As soon as he had armed himself with  
strength  
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed  
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once  
A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,  
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said  
he,

Two evenings after he had heard the news,  
"I have been toiling more than seventy  
years,  
And in the open sunshine of God's love  
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of our  
should pass into a stranger's hand, I think  
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself  
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;  
And I have lived to be a fool at last  
To my own family. An evil man  
That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
Were false to us; and if he were not false  
There are ten thousand to whom loss like  
this  
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—he  
'twore better to be dumb than to talk this  
When I began, my purpose was to speak  
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land  
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;  
He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,  
Another kinsman—he will be our friend  
In this distress. He is a prosperous man  
Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall  
go,  
And with his kinsman's help and his own  
thrift  
He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
He may return to us. If here he stay,  
What can be done? Where every one is  
poor,  
What can be gained?"  

At this the old Man paused,  
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
Was busy, looking back into past times.  
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to  
herself,  
He was a parish-boy—at the church-door  
They made a gathering for him, shillings and  
pence  
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours  
bought  
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's  
wares;  
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad  
Went up to London, found a master there;  
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy  
To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous  
rich,  
And left estates and monies to the poor,
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, 
   floored
With marble which he sent from foreign 
lands. 
These thoughts, and many others of like 
sort, 
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel, 
And her face brightened. The old Man 
was glad, 
And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel! this 
scheme 
These two days, has been meat and drink 
to me. 
Far more than we have lost is left us yet. 
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I 
were younger;—but this hope is a good 
hope. 
—Make ready Luke’s best garments, of the 
best 
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night: 
—if he could go, the Boy should go to-
night." 
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields 
went forth 
With a light heart. The Housewife for 
five days 
Was restless morn and night, and all day 
long 
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare 
Things needful for the journey of her son. 
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came 
To stop her in her work: for, when she lay 
By Michael’s side, she through the last two 
ights 
Heard him, how he was troubled in his 
sleep: 
And when they rose at morning she could 
see 
That all his hopes were gone. That day 
at noon 
She said to Luke, while they two by them-
selves 
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not 
go: 
We have no other Child but thee to lose 
None to remember—do not go away, 
For if thou leave thy Father he will die." 
The Youth made answer with a jocund 
voice; 
And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 
Recovered heart. That evening her best 
fare 
Did she bring forth, and all together sat 
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.
With daylight Isabel resumed her work; 
And all the ensuing week the house appeared 
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length 
The expected letter from their kinsman 
came, 
With kind assurances that he would do 
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy; 
To which, requests were added, that forth-
with 
He might be sent to him. Ten times or 
more 
The letter was read over; Isabel 
Went forth to show it to the neighbours 
round; 
Nor was there at that time on English land 
A prouder heart than Luke’s. When Isabel 
Had to her house returned, the old Man 
said, 
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this 
word 
The Housewife answered, talking much of 
things 
Which, if at such short notice he should 
go, 
Would surely be forgotten. But at length 
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease. 
Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead 
Ghyll, 
In that deep valley, Michael had designed 
To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard 
The tidings of his melancholy loss, 
For this same purpose he had gathered up 
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet’s 
edge 
Lay thrown together, ready for the work. 
With Luke that evening thitherward he 
walked: 
And soon as they had reached the place he 
stopped, 
And thus the old Man spake to him:— 
"My Son, 
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full 
heart 
I look upon thee, for thou art the same 
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, 
And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 
I will relate to thee some little part 
Of our two histories; ’twill do thee good 
When thou art from me, even if I should 
touch 
On things thou canst not know of.—— 
After thou 
First cam’st into the world—as oft befalls
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.

These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
—It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou should'st go."
At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;
I will do mine.—I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone,
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—
I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us!—But, I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son.
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,
And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy
Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight.
A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."
Both parents read them with rejoicing heart.
So, many months passed on: and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time,
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll. 1800.
THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE 1

A PASTORAL

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I will only add a little monitory anecdote concerning this subject. When Coleridge and Southey were walking together upon the Fells, Southey observed that, if I wished to be considered a faithful painter of rural manners, I ought not to have said that my Shepherd-boys trimmed their rustic hats as described in the poem. Just as the words had passed his lips, two boys appeared with the very plant entwined round their hats. I have often wondered that Southey, who rambled so much about the mountains, should have fallen into this mistake, and I record it as a warning for others who, with far less opportunity than my dear friend had of knowing what things are, and far less sagacity, give way to presumptuous criticism, from which he was free, though in this matter mistaken. In describing a tarn under Helvellyn, I say—

"There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer."

This was branded by a critic of these days, in a review ascribed to Mrs. Barbauld, as unnatural and absurd. I admire the genius of Mrs. Barbauld, and am certain that, had her education been favourable to imaginative influences, no female of her day would have been more likely to sympathise with that image, and to acknowledge the truth of the sentiment.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapours dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;

1 Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. Force is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim;
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born, both earth and sky,
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,
"'Down to the stump of yon old yew
We'll for our whistles run a race."

Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—
James stopped with no good will:
Said Walter then, exulting; "'Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—
Come on, and tread where I shall tread."
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock:
The gulf is deep below;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan—
Again!—his heart within him dies—
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
His dam had seen him when he fell,
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, while with all a mother's love
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn,
The lamb, still swimming round and round,
Made answer to that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was,
That sent this rueful cry; I ween
The Boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid—
A Poet, one who loves the books
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had thither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool,
And brought it forth into the light:
The Shepherds met him with his charge,
An unexpected sight!
Into their arms the lamb they took,
Whose life and limbs the flood had spared;
Then up the steep ascent they hied,
And placed him at his mother's side;
And gently did the Bard
Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
And bade them better mind their trade.

loveliest sight she had ever seen was that mother as she lay in her coffin with her babe in her arm. I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales. Every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse was removed. Barbara Lewthwaite was not in fact the child whom I had seen and overheard as described in the poem. I chose the name for reasons implied in the above; and will here add a caution against the use of names of living persons. Within a few months after the publication of this poem, I was much surprised, and more hurt, to find it in a child's school-book which, having been compiled by Lindley Murray, had come into use at Grasmere School where Barbara was a pupil; and, alas! I had the mortification of hearing that she was very vain of being thus distinguished; and, in after-life, she used to say that she remembered the incident and what I said to her upon the occasion.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.
Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What ills thee, young One? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! the like thou need' st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yeant

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.
"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.
Why beat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half
of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the
song;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the
damsel must belong;
For she looked with such a look and she
spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my
own." 1800.

POEMS ON THE NAMING OF
PLACES

ADVERTISEMENT

By persons resident in the country and attached
to rural objects, many places will be found un-
named or of unknown names, where little Inci-
cidents 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 to 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.

I

Written at Grasmere. This poem was sug-
gested on the banks of the brook that runs through
Easedale, which is, in some parts of its course, as
wild and beautiful as brook can be, I have com-
posed thousands of verses by the side of it.

It was an April morning: fresh and clear
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man’s speed; and yet
the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge
on
The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile,
prevailed
Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,
The shepherd’s dog, the linnet and the
thrush
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. 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 resplendent furze:
And, on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.
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."
—Soon did the spot become my other
home,
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this wild
place,
May call it by the name of EMMA’S DELL.
1800.

TO JOANNA

Written at Grasmere. The effect of her laugh
is an extravagance; though the effect of the
reverberation of voices in some parts of the
mountains is very striking. There is, in the
"Excursion," an allusion to the bleat of a lamb
thus re-echoed, and described without any ex-
As I heard it, on the side of Stickle Tarn, from the precipice that stretches on to Langdale Pikes.

Amid the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fireside,
With such a strong devotion, that your heart
Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams and groves.

Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,
Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.

While I was seated, now some ten days past,
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by
Came forth to greet me; and when he had asked,
"How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid!
And when will she return to us?" he paused;
And, after short exchange of village news,
He with grave looks demanded, for what cause,
Revising obsolete idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiselled out
Some uncouth name upon the native rock,
Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.

—Now, by those dear immunities of heart
Engendered between malice and true love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—"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 Rothe’s banks;
And when we came in front of that tall rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped short
—and stood
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such delight I foun!
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower
That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
—When I had gazed perhaps two minutes’ space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the Lady’s voice, and laughed again;
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar.
And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the Lady’s voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Graramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.
—Now whether (said I to our cordial Friend,
Who in the hey-day of astonishment
Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth
A work accomplished by the brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched
With dreams and visionary impulses
To me alone imparted, sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills.
And, while we both were listening, to my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
To shelter from some object of her fear.
—And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons
Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
And silent morning, I sat down, and there,
POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES

In memory of affections old and true,
I chiselled out in those rude characters
Joanna's name deep in the living stone:—
And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,
Have called the lovely rock, Joanna's Rock." 1800.

Note.—In Cumberland and Westmoreland are several Inscriptions, upon the native rock, which, from the wasting of time, and the rudeness of the workmanship, have been mistaken for Runic. They are without doubt Roman.
The Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the River which, flowing through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, falls into Wyneheadmere. On Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures or caverns, which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III

It is not accurate that the Eminence here alluded to could be seen from our orchard-seat. It rises above the road by the side of Grasmere lake, towards Keswick, and its name is Stone-Arthur.

There is an Eminence,—of these our hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun;
We can behold it from our orchard-seat;
And, when at evening we pursue our walk
Along the public way, this Peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make of it a favourite haunt:
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. 'Tis in truth
The loneliest place we have among the clouds.
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. 1800.

IV

The character of the eastern shore of Grasmere
Lake is quite changed, since these verses were written, by the public road being carried along its side. The friends spoken of were Coleridge and my Sister, and the facts occurred strictly as recorded.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed
Between the water and a winding slope
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore
Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy:
And there myself and two beloved Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way.
—ill suits the road with one in haste; but we
Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,
It was our occupation to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore—
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,
Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak as sudden;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
—And often, trifling with a privilege
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
And now the other, to point out, perchance
To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there are,
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern,
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named;
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode.
On Grasmere’s beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
—So fared we that bright morning: from the fields
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy mirth
Of reapers, men and women, boys and girls,
Delighted much to listen to those sounds,
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced
Along the indented shore; when suddenly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen
Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant’s garb, who stood alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake.
"Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,
"The Man must be, who thus can lose a day
Of the mid harvest, when the labourer’s hire
Is ample, and some little might be stored
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time."
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—and we saw a Man worn down
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean
That for my single self I looked at them,
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to gain
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake
That knew not of his wants. I will not say
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how
The happy idleness of that sweet morn,
With all its lovely images, was changed
To serious musing and to self-reproach.
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
—Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,
My Friend, Myself, and She who then received
The same admonishment, have called the place
By a memorial name, uncouth indeed
As e’er by mariner was given to bay
Or foreland, on a new-discovered coast;
And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name it bears.
1800.

TO M. H.
The pool alluded to is in Rydal Upper Park.

Our walk was far among the ancient trees:
There was no road, nor any woodman’s path;
But a thick umbrage—checking the wild growth
Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf
Beneath the branches—of itself had made
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
And a small bed of water in the woods.
All round this pool both flocks and herds
Might drink
On its firm margin, even as from a well,
Or some stone-basin which the herdsman’s hand
Had shaped for their refreshment; nor did sun,
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,
But as a blessing to this calm recess,
This glade of water and this one green field.
The spot was made by Nature for herself;
The travellers know it not, and 'twill remain
Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
And if a man should plant his cottage near,
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
And blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death-hour
Its image would survive among his thoughts:
And therefore, my sweet Mary, this still Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named from You!
1800.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE

Suggested nearer to Grasmere, on the same mountain track as that referred to in the following Note. The Eglinante remained many years afterwards, but is now gone.
THE OAK AND THE BROOM

I
"Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf,
Exclaimed an angry Voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

II
"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling,"
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

III
"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

IV
"When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The Linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

V
"But now proud thoughts are in your
breast—
What grief is mine you see,
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy Eglantine!"

VI
What more he said I cannot tell,
The Torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked—and much I fear
Those accents were his last. 1800.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM
A PASTORAL

Suggested upon the mountain pathway that
leads from Upper Rydal to Grasmere. The ponde-
erous block of stone which is mentioned in the
poem remains, I believe, to this day, a good way
up Nab-Scar. Broom grows under it, and in
many places on the side of the precipice.

I
His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

II
"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon—
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breathed gently from the warm south-west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbour thus addressed:—
III

"'Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true,
The splinters took another road—
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a Thing as you!

IV

"'You are preparing as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back—no more—
You had a strange escape:
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke;
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,
And hitherward pursued its way;
This ponderous block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day!

V

"'If breeze or bird to this rough steep
Your kind's first seed did bear;
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare:
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless shepherd-boy
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon!
Will perish in one hour.

VI

"'From me this friendly warning take'—
The Broom began to doze,
And thus, to keep herself awake,
Did gently interpose:
'My thanks for your discourse are due;
That more than what you say is true,
I know, and I have known it long;
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being, whether young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.

VII

"Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
For me, why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home,
It is my pleasant heritage;
My father many a happy year,
Spread here his careless blossoms, here
Attained a good old age.

VIII

"'Even such as his may be my lot.
What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not
In truth a favoured plant?
On me such bounty Summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And, when the Frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This Plant can never die.

IX

"'The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother-ewe
Lies with her infant lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy which they partake,
It is a joy to me.'

X

"Her voice was blithe, her heart was light:
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the oak
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there.

XI

"One night, my Children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."  1800.

HART-LEAP WELL

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The first eight stanzas were composed extempore one winter evening in the cottage; when, after having tired myself with labouring at an awkward passage in "The Brothers," I started with a sudden impulse to this to get rid of the other, and finished it in a day or two. My Sister and I had past the place a few weeks before in our wild winter journey from Stockburn on the banks of the Tees to Grasmere. A peasant whom we met near the spot told us the story so far as concerned the name of the Well, and the Hart, and pointed out the Stones. Both the Stones and the Well are objects that may easily be missed; the tradition by this time may be extinct in the neighbourhood: the man who related it to us was very old.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,
And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraiding stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountainside;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy;
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!) Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.
And climbing up the hill—(it was at least Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now Such sight was never seen by human eyes: Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow, Down to the very fountain where he lies.

"I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot, And a small arbour, made for rural joy; 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot, A place of love for damsels that are coy.

"A cunning artist will I have to frame A basin for that fountain in the dell! And they who do make mention of the same, From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

"And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known, Another monument shall here be raised; Three several pillars, each a rough-bewn stone, And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

"And, in the summer-time when days are long, I will come hither with my Paramour; And with the dancers and the minstrel's song We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

"Till the foundations of the mountains fail My mansion with its arbour shall endure;— The joy of them who till the fields of Swale, And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead, With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring. —Soon did the Knight perform what he had said; And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered, A cup of stone received the living well; Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared, And built a house of pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall With trailing plants and trees were inter-twined,— Which soon composed a little sylvan hall, A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer days were long, Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour; And with the dancers and the minstrel's song Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time, And his bones lie in his paternal vale.— But there is matter for a second rhyme, And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND

The moving accident is not my trade; To freeze the blood I have no ready arts: 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade, To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair, It chanced that I saw standing in a dell Three aspens at three corners of a square; And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine: And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop, I saw three pillars standing in a line,— The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head; Half wasted the square mound of tawny green; So that you just might say, as then I said, "Here in old time the hand of man hath been."
I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
More doleful place did never eye survey;  
It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
When one, who was in shepherd’s garb attired,  
Came up the hollow:—him did I accost,  
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.  
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!  
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbour does its own condition tell;  
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;  
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well  
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There’s neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,  
I’ve guessed, when I’ve been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature’s brain have past!  
Even from the topmost stone, upon t’ steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his deathbed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother’s side.

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing;  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;  
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well;  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine:  
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom;  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known;  
But at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown.
'TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE"

'Tis said, that some have died for love:
And here and there a churchyard grave is found
In the cold north's unhallowed ground,
Because the wretched man himself had slain,
His love was such a grievous pain.
And there is one whom I five years have known;
He dwells alone
Upon Helvellyn's side:
He loved—the pretty Barbara died;
And thus he makes his moan:
Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid
When thus his moan he made:

'Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,
That in some other way yon smoke
May mount into the sky!
The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart.
I look—the sky is empty space;
I know not what I trace;
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart.

'Oh! what a weight is in these shades!
Ye leaves,
That murmur once so dear, when will it cease?
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,
It robs my heart of peace.
Thou Thrush, that singest loud—and loud and free,
Into your row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit;
Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

'Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy mountain-bounds,
And there for ever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.

'Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale.
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers.
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend,—
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear.

The Man who makes this feverish complaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. When I was a child at Cockermouth, no funeral took place without a basin filled with sprigs of boxwood being placed upon a table covered with a white cloth in front of the house. The huntsmen on foot, in which the old man is supposed to join as here described, were of common, almost habitual, occurrence in our vales when I was a boy; and the people took much delight in them. They are now less frequent.

"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away!
Not a soul in the village this morning will stay;
The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."
—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and
green,
On the slopes of the pastures all colours
were seen;
With their comely blue aprons, and caps
white as snow,
The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six
months before,
Filled the funeral basin¹ at Timothy’s door;
A coffin through Timothy’s threshold had
past;
One Child did it bear, and that Child was
his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and
the fray,
The horse and the horn, and the hark! hark away!
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he
shut
With a leisurely motion the door of his
hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said;
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is
dead."
But of this in my ears not a word did he
speak;
And he went to the chase with a tear on
his cheek. 1800.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW

Though the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my tolls redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul. 1800.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. These struc-
tures, as every one knows, are common amongst
our hills, being built by shepherds, as conspicuous
marks, and occasionally by boys in sport.

There’s George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest
not more
Than the height of a counsellor’s bag;
To the top of Great How¹ did it please
them to climb:
And there they built up, without mortar or
lime,
A Man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gathered up as
they lay:
They built him and christened him all in
one day,
An urchin both vigorous and hale;
And so without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones.

¹ Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the
western side of the beautiful dale of Legber-
thwaite, along the high road between Keswick
and Ambleside.
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;
The Magog of Legberthaun dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,
And, in anger or merriment, out of the north,
Coming on with a terrible pother,
From the peak of the crag blew the giant away.
And what did these school-boys?—The very next day
They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works
By Christian disturbers more savage than Turks,
Spirits busy to do and undo:
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes will flag;
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the crag!
And I'll build up a giant with you. 1800.

ELLEN IRWIN:

ON,

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE 1

It may be worth while to observe that as there are Scotch Poems on this subject in simple ballad strain, I thought it would be both presumptuous and superfluous to attempt treating it in the same way; and, accordingly, I chose a construction of stanza quite new in our language; in fact, the same as that of Bürger's Leonora, except that the first and third lines do not, in my stanzas, rhyme. At the outset I threw out a classical image to prepare the reader for the style in which I meant to treat the story, and so to preclude all comparison.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

1 The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
Reclined on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooring.
So, coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn M'sacret!
THE TWO THIEVES

ANDREW JONES

I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press-gang or the drum
With its tantara sound would come,
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tipple;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stopped and took the penny up:
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "'Under half-a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my Friend, good-day to you."

And hence I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wished the press-gang, or the drum
With its tantara sound, would come
And sweep him from the village. 1800.

THE TWO THIEVES;
OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE.

This is described from the life, as I was in the habit of observing when a boy at Hawkshead School. Daniel was more than eighty years older than myself when he was daily, thus occupied, under my notice. No book could have so early taught me to think of the changes to which human life is subject; and while looking at him I could not but say to myself—we may, one of us, I or the happiest of my playmates, live to become still more the object of pity than this old man, this half-doating pilferer!

O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne.
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.

What feats would I work with my magical hand!
Book-learning and books should be banished the land:
And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls,
Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair;
Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he care!
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his sheaves,
Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,
His Grand sire that age more than thirty times told;
There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather
Between them, and both go a-pilfering together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his floor?
Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door?
Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide!
And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins; he stops short—and his eye,
Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly:
"Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,
But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown.

He once had a heart which was moved by the wires
Of manifold pleasures and many desires:
And what if he cherished his purse? 'Twas no more
Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands; but Daniel is one
Who went something farther than others have gone,
And now with old Daniel you see how it fares;
You see to what end he has brought his grey hairs.

The pair sally forth hand in hand: ere the sun
Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun:
And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,
This child but half knows it, and that, not at all.

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,
And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led;
And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,
Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam;
For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done;
And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man I whom so oft I with pity have eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side:
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.
‘Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert’s Cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude.—But he had left
A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man
loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye
upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o’er the lake the eataract of Lodore
Poured to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle and
thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)
Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain
So prayed he:—as our chronicles report,
Though here the Hermit numbered his last day
Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,
Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined hermitage.
Thou see’st a homely Pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes row
His pinnacle, a small vagrant barge, up-plied
With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,
(A lading which he with his sickle cuts,
Among the mountains) and beneath this roof
He makes his summer couch, and here at noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,
Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,
Lie round him, even as if they were a part
Of his own Household: nor, while from his bed
He looks, through the open door-place, toward the lake
And to the stirring breezes, does he want
Creations lovely as the work of sleep—
Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy! 1800.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE,
THE LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,
UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE
IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASMERE.

Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen
Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained
Proportions more harmonious, and approached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part:—alas! the poor
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City: never, upon leaves
Of red Morocco folio, saw displayed,
In long succession, pre-existing ghosts
Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem’st, the Cairn
Of some old British Chief: ’tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little Dome
Or Pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.
The block on which these lines are traced,
perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone
Of that intended Pile, which would have been
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate
skill,
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame
him not,
For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised
Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze
In snow-white splendour,—think again;
and, taught
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the
rose;
There let the vernal slow-worn sun himself,
And let the redbreast hop from stone to
stone.

THE SPARROW'S NEST

Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.
At the end of the garden of my father's house at
Cockermouth was a high terrace that commanded
a fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth
Castle. This was our favourite play-ground. The
terrace-wall, a low one, was covered with closely-
clipt privet and roses, which gave an almost
impervious shelter to birds that built their nests
there. The latter of these stanzas alludes to one
of those nests.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started—seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry

My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.
She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

"PELION AND OSSA FLOURISH
SIDE BY SIDE"

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide."
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in
crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sover-
eignty
Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
'His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than
Castaly.

THE PRIOESS'S TALE

FROM CHAUCER

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation
from the original has been made than was neces-
sary for the fluent reading and instant under-
standing of the Author: so much, however, is the
language altered since Chaucer's time, especially
in pronunciation, that much was to be removed,
and its place supplied with as little incongruity
as possible. The ancient accent has been retained
in a few conjunctions, as and and also, from a
conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity
would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have
a graceful accordance with the subject. The
fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine back-
ground for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I

"O Lord, our Lord! bow wondrously,"
(quoteth she)
"Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!
For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;
But by the mouths of children, gracious God!
Thy goodness is set forth; they when they lie
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

II

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest that I may,
Jesus of thee, and the white Lily-flower
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid for aye,
To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her honour’s dower,
For she herself is honour, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our soul’s best boot.

III

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Mother free!
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses’ sight!
That down didst ravish from the Deity,
Through humbleness, the spirit that did alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory’s might,
Conceived was the Father’s sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray to thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy prayer,
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V

"My knowledge is so weak, O blissful Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustain;
But as a child of twelvemonths old or less,
That laboureth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pray,
Guide thou my song which I of thee shall say.

VI

"There was in Asia, in a mighty town,
’Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be,
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great Lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to his company;
And through this street who list might ride and wend;
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII

"A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learned in that school from year to year
Such sort of doctrine as men used there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

VIII

"Among these children was a Widow’s son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto this school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu’s Mother, as he had been told,
This Child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

IX

"This Widow thus her little Son hath taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu’s Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgot it not;
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is the holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.
"This little Child, while in the school he sate
His Primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem-book repeat
The Alma Redemptoris did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

"His Schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—‘This song, I have heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got.’

"And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu’s Mother?’ said this Innocent;
‘Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.’

"His Schoolfellow, whom he had so sought,
As they went homeward taught him privily
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note:
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;
Homeward and schoolward whenceso’er he went,
On Jesu’s Mother fixed was his intent.

"Through all the Jewry (this before said)
This little Child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ’s Mother pierced so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

"The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp’s nest in Jew’s heart, upswelled—‘O woe,
O Hebrew people!’ said he in his wrath,
‘Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a Boy where’er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!’

"From that day forward have the Jews conspired
Out of the world this Innocent to chase;
And to this end a Homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child gan to the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale;
O cursed folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certes it will not fail;
Know, that the honour of high God may spread,
The blood cries out on your accursed deed.

"O Martyr established in virginity!
Now may’st thou sing for aye before the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial,” quoth she,
“Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did know.
"Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little Child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning
light,
With face all pale with dread and busy
thought,
She at the School and elsewhere him hath
sought
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was
seen.

"With Mother's pity in her breast enclosed
She goeth, as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little Son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accused Jews she
sought.

"She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said—Nay; but Jesu of his grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her Son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy
land
By mouths of Innocents, lo! here thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay
upright,
The Alma Redemptoris 'gan to sing,
So loud, that with his voice the place did
ring.

"The Christian folk that through the Jewry
went
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the Provost sent;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly
King,
And eke his Mother, honour of Mankind:
Which done he bade that they the Jews
should bind.

"This Child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men
To the next Abbey him they bare away;
His Mother swooning by the body lay:
And scarcely could the people that were
near
Remove this second Rachel from the bier.

"Torment and shameful death to every one
This Provost doth for those bad Jews
prepare
That of this murder wist, and that anon:
Such wickedness his judgments cannot
spare;
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear;
Them therefore with wild horses did he
draw,
And after that he hung them by the law.

"Upon his bier this Innocent doth lie
Before the altar while the Mass doth last:
The Abbot with his convent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
And, when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this Child when sprinkled was
the water,
And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the Child began
Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon
thee
In virtue of the holy Trinity
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this
hymn
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

"My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,"
Said this young Child, 'and by the law of
kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet may I sing O Alma! loud and clear.
XXX
"This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alway;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

XXXI
"Wherefore I sing, nor can from song
refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me;
'My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they
take:
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!'

XXXII
"This holy Monk, this Abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away
the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of
rain;
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII
"Eke the whole Convent on the pavement
lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear;
And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

XXXIV
"Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid
low
By cursed Jews—thing well and widely
known,
For it was done a little while ago—
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!"
1801.
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sorrowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that ever
long.

VII
And of that longing heaviness doth come,
Whence oft great sickness grows of heart
and home:
Sick are they all for lack of their desire;
And thus in May their hearts are set on
fire,
So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII
Sooth, I speak from feeling, what though
now
Alas, I, and to genial pleasure slow;
Yet have I felt of sickness through the May,
Both hot and cold, and heart-aches every
day,—
How hard, alas! I to bear, I only know.

IX
Such shaking doth the fever in me keep
Through all this May that I have little
sleep;
And also 'tis not likely unto me,
That any living heart should sleepy be
In which Love's dart its fiery point doth
steeple.

X
But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which Lovers heed;
How among them it was a common tale,
That it was good to hear the Nightingale,
Ere the vile Cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI
And then I thought anon as it was day,
I gladly would go somewhere to essay
If perchance a Nightingale might hear,
For yet had I heard none, of all that year,
And it was then the third night of the May.

XII
And soon as I a glimpse of day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But straightway to a wood that was hard by,
Forth did I go, alone and fearless,
And held the pathway down by a brook-
side;

XIII
Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a place had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powdered
over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty
cover,
All green and white; and nothing else was
seen.

XIV
There sate I down among the fair fresh
flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their
bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and
they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honour May with all their powers.

XV
Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely
note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had com-
plained;
Some with their notes another manner
feigned;
And some did sing all out with the full
throat.

XVI
They pruned themselves, and made them-
selves right gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII
Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate
upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII
And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.
And that was right upon a tree fast by,  
And who was then ill satisfied but I?  
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the  
rood,  
From thee and thy base throat, keep all  
that's good,  
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,  
In the next bush that was me fast beside,  
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,  
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,  
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my  
heart's cheer,  
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too  
long;  
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,  
And she hath been before thee with her  
song;  
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I  
pray;  
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,  
Methought I wist right well what these  
birds meant,  
And had good knowing both of their intent,  
And of their speech, and all that they  
would say.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake:—  
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or  
break,  
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here;  
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,  
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

What I quoth she then, what is't that ails  
thee now?  
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;  
For mine's a song that is both true and  
plain,—  
Although I cannot quaver so in vain  
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

All men may understanding have of me,  
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;  
For thou hast many a foolish and quaint  
cry:—  
Thou say'st Osee, Osee, then how may I  
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this  
may be?

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what a  
is?  
Oft as I say Osee, Osee, I wis,  
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous  
fain  
That shamefully they one and all were slain.  
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

And also would I that they all were dead.  
Who do not think in love their life to lead.  
For who is loth the God of Love to obey.  
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,  
And for that cause I cry; take heed!

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law,  
That all must love or die; but I withdraw.  
And take my leave of all such company,  
For mine intent it neither is to die,  
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

For lovers of all folk that be alive,  
The most disquiet have and least do thrive.  
Most feeling have of sorrow woe and care.  
And the least welfare cometh to their share;  
What need is there against the truth to  
strive?

What I quoth she, thou art all out of thy  
mind,  
That in thy churlishness a cause canst find  
To speak of Love's true Servants in this  
mood;  
For in this world no service is so good  
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

For thereof comes all goodness and all  
worth;  
All gentleness and honour thence come forth;
THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE

Thence worship comes, content and true heart's pleasure,
   And full-assured trust, joy without measure,
   And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII
And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
   And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do a miss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
   Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

XXXIII
And that the very truth it is which I
   Now say—in such belief I'll live and die;
   And Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
   If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV
Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,
   Yet for all that, the truth is found elsewhere;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis:
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
   Who most it useth, him 'twill most impair.

XXXV
For thereof come all contraries to gladness!
   Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonour, shame, envy impotentate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and madness.

XXXVI
Loving is aye an office of despair,
   And one thing is therein which is not fair;
For those gets of love a little bliss,
   Unless it alway stay with him, I wis
   He may full soon go with an old man's hair.

XXXVII
And, therefore, Nightingale! do thou keep nigh,
   For trust me well, in spite of thy quaint cry,
If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
   Thou'll be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamour as do I.

XXXVIII
Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill been!
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,
   For thou art worse than mad a thousand fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
   Who had been nought, if Love had never been.

XXXIX
For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
   And he from every blemish them defendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
   In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them sendeth.

XL
Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be still,
   For Love no reason hath but his own will;—
   For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
   He lets them perish through that grievous ill.

XLI
With such a master would I never be;¹
   For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
   And knows not when he hurts and when he heals;
Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
   So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII
Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
   How from her inmost heart a sigh she brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
   Not one word have I now, I am so forlorn,—
   And with that word, she into tears burst out.

XLIII
Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services;
Now, God of Love; thou help me in some wise,
   That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

¹ From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.
XLIV
And so methought I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardly I cast,
And he for dread did fly away full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

XLV
And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying "Farewell!—farewell, Popinjay!"
As if in scornful mockery of me;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI
Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me; and now,
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

XLVII
Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII
And one thing will I counsel thee also,
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;
All that she said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

XLIX
Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this medicine;
This May-time, every day before thou dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although for pain thou may'st be like to die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and pine.

L
And mind always that thou be good and true,
And I will sing one song, of many new,
For love of thee, as loud as I may cry;
And then did she begin this song full high
"Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

LI
And soon as she had sung it to the end,
Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;
And, God of Love, that can right well and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this day,
As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII
Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermore;
And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she.

LIII
Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale,
To all the Birds that lodged within that dale,
And gathered each and all into one place;
And them besought to hear her doleful case,
And thus it was that she began her tale.

LIV
The Cuckoo—'tis not well that I should hide
How she and I did each the other chide
And without ceasing, since it was daylight;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false Bird whom Love can not abide.

LV
Then spake one Bird, and full assent all gave;
This matter asketh counsel good and grave,
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefore we a Parliament will have.
LVI
And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record;
A summons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or that intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

LVII
And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day;
Under a maple that is well beseeen,
Before the chamber-window of the Queen,
At Woodstock, on the meadow green and gay.

LVIII
She thanked them; and then her leave she took,
And flew into a hawthorn by that brook;
And there she sate and sung—upon that tree—
"For term of life Love shall have hold of me"—
So loudly, that I with that song awoke.

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
Who did on thee the hardiness bestow
To appear before my Lady? but a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings' writ
In winning words, since through her gentleness,
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and stedfastness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
Caused by the wish, as knows your sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY
Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladnessomeness!
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumined! root of beauty and goodness,
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—comfort give!
Since of all good, you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT 1801.

TROILUS AND CRESIDA
FROM CHAUCER

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of day,
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
For love of God, full piteously did say,
We must the Palace see of Cresida;
For since we yet may have no other feast,
Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cressid's Palace went;
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,
Him thought his sorrowful heart would break in two;
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan behold,
How shut was every window of the place,
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold;
For which, with changed, pale, and deadly face,
Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to pace;
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus,—O Palace desolate!
O house of houses, once so richly light!
O Palace empty and disconsolate!
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light;
O Palace whilom day that now art night,
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die; since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.
O, of all houses once the crownèd boast!
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss:
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout;
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out.

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
With changèd face, and piteous to behold;
And when he might his time aright espy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
And everything to his remembrance
Came as he rode by places of the town
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once.
Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
And in that Temple she with her bright eyes
My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise,

And yonder with joy-smitten heart have I
Heard my own Cresid's laugh; and once at play
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say—
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me well, I pray!
And there so graciously did me behold,
That hers unto the death my heart I hold.

And at the corner of that selfsame house
Heard I my most beloved Lady dear,
So womanly, with voice melodious
Singing so well, so goodly, and so clear,
That in my soul methinks I yet do hear
The blissful sound; and in that very place
My Lady first me took unto her grace.

O blissful God of Love! then thus he cried,
When I the process have in memory,
How thou hast wearied me on every side,
Men thence a book might make, a history;
What need to seek a conquest over me,
Since I am wholly at thy will? what joy
Hast thou thy own liege subjects to destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provoked,
Thine ire
Well hast thou wreaked on me by pain and grief.
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st well I desire
Thy grace above all pleasures first and chief;
And live and die I will in thy belief;
For which I ask for guerdon but one boon.
That Cresida again thou send me soon.

Constrain her heart as quickly to return,
As thou dost mine with longing her to see.
Then know I well that she would not so journ.
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not be
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of thee.
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
From whence to Thebes came griefs in multitude.

And after this he to the gate did go,
Whence Cresid rode, as if in haste she was;
And up and down there went, and to and fro,
And to himself full oft he said, alas!
From hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.
O would the blissful God now for his joy,
I might her see again coming to Troy!

And up to yonder hill was I her guide;
Alas, and there I took of her my leave;
Yonder I saw her to her Father ride,
For very grief of which my heart shall cleave;—
And hither home I came when it was eve;
And here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
And shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

And of himself did he imagine oft,
That he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
Than he was wont; and that in whispers soft
Men said, what may it be, can no one guess
Why Troilus hath all this heaviness?
All which he of himself conceited wholly
Out of his weakness and his melancholy.

Another time he took into his head,
That every wight, who in the way passed by,
Had of him ruth, and fancied that they said,
THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

I am right sorry Troilus will die:
And thus a day or two drove wearily;
As ye have heard; such life 'gan he to lead
As one that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

For which it pleased him in his songs to show
The occasion of his woe, as best he might;
And made a fitting song, of words but few,
Somewhat his woeful heart to make more light;
And when he was removed from all men's sight,
With a soft night voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was, 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail;
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour,
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,
He fell again into his sorrows old;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;
And all his trouble to the moon he told,
And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,
When hence did journey my bright Lady dear,
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear;
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;
For when thy horns begin once more to spring,
Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be—for he thought so;

And that the sun did take his course not right,
By longer way than he was wont to go;
And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
That Phaethon his son is yet alive,
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might see;
And ever thus he to himself would talk:—
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady free;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be;
And thence does come this air which is so sweet,
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and more
By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore;
I prove it thus; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more light;
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I met this woman near the Wishing-gate, on the high-road that then led from Grasmere to Ambleside. Her appearance was exactly as here described, and such was her account, nearly to the letter.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron’s was her mien and gait.
The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
"What is it," said I, "that you bear,
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?"
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away.
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were his:
'Twas my Son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it: many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with him;
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;
From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—there
I found it when my Son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
I bear it with me, Sir;—he took so much delight in it."

1802.

ALICE FELL;
OR, POVERTY

Written to gratify Mr. Graham of Glasgow,
brother of the Author of "The Sabbath." He
was a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, and a
man of ardent humanity. The incident had hap-
pened to himself, and he urged me to put it into
verse, for humanity's sake. The humbleness,
meanness if you like, of the subject, togeth-
with the homely mode of treating it, brought
upon me a world of ridicule by the small crit-
so that in policy I excluded it from many editions
of my Poems, till it was restored at the request
of some of my friends, in particular my son-
law, Edward Quillinan.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound,—and more and more,
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smashed his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
"Whence comes," said I, "this pitious moan?"
And there a little Girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

"What ails you, child?"—she sobbed
"Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—
"Then come with me into the chaise."
Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
 Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell! 1802.

BEGGARS

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Met, and
described to me by my Sister, near the quarry at
the head of Rydal lake, a place still a chosen
resort of vagrants travelling with their families.

Sue had a tall man's height or more;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow,
And on her head a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown:
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered, fit person for a Queen
To lead those ancient Amazonian files;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian
isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
And begged an alms with doleful plea
That ceased not; on our English land
Such woes, I knew, could never be;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little Boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both followed up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet they, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors to Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far,
I ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

They dart across my path—but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had alms of mine."
"That cannot be," one answered—"she
is dead:"
I looked reproof—they saw—but neither
hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."—
"Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! Come!" cried one, and without
more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew! 1802.
TO A BUTTERFLY

Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere. My sister and I were parted immediately after the death of our mother, who died in 1778, both being very young.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight! A little longer stay in sight! Much converse do I find in thee, Historian of my infancy! Float near me; do not yet depart! Dead times revive in thee: Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art! A solemn image to my heart, My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days, The time, when, in our childish plays, My sister Emmeline and I Together chased the butterfly! A very hunter did I rush Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs I followed on from brake to bush; But she, God love her, feared to brush The dust from off its wings. 1802.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

Suggested by what I have noticed in more than one French fugitive during the time of the French Revolution. If I am not mistaken, the lines were composed at Sockburn, when I was on a visit to Mrs. Wordsworth and her brother.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned In which a Lady driven from France did dwell; The big and lesser griefs with which she mourned, In friendship she to me would often tell. This Lady, dwelling upon British ground, Where she was childless, daily would repair To a poor neighbouring cottage; as I found, For sake of a young Child whose home was there.

Once having seen her clasp with fond embrace This Child, I chanted to myself a lay, Endeavouring, in our English tongue, to trace

Such things as she unto the Babe might say: And thus, from what I heard and knew, or guessed, My song the workings of her heart expressed.

I

"Dear Babe, thou daughter of another, One moment let me be thy mother! An infant's face and looks are thine, And sure a mother's heart is mine: Thy own dear mother's far away, At labour in the harvest field: Thy little sister is at play;— What warmth, what comfort would it yield To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be One little hour a child to me!"

II

"Across the waters I am come, And I have left a babe at home: A long, long way of land and sea! Come to me—I'm no enemy: I am the same who at thy side Sate yesterday, and made a nest For thee, sweet Baby!—thou hast tried, Thou know'st the pillow of my breast; Good, good art thou:—alas! to me Far more than I can be to thee."

III

"Here, little Darling, dost thou lie; An infant thou, a mother I! Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears; Mine art thou—spite of these my tears. Alas! before I left the spot, My baby and its dwelling-place; The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not Be shed upon an infant's face, It was unlucky'—no, no, no; No truth is in them who say so!"

IV

"My own dear Little-one will sigh, Sweet Babe! and they will let him die. 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom, And you may see his hour is come.' Oh! had he but thy cheerful smiles, Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay. Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles, And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him; — and then
I should behold his face again!

V
'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two—yet—yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms;
For they confound me;—where—where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

VI
'Oh! how I love thee!—we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
She with her mother crossed the sea;
The babe and mother near me dwell;
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

VII
'I cannot help it; ill intent
I've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,
These tears—and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

VIII
While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;
I'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,
Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be;
And, when once more my home I see,
I'll tell him many tales of Thee.
THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY

Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?  
What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly;  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
The cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness.  
He is the friend of our summer gladness:  
What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together!  
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
A crimson as bright as thine own:  
Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,  
O pious Bird! whom man loves best,  
Love him, or leave him alone!  

1802.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

I've watched you now a full half-hour  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little Butterfly! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless!—not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us on the bough!  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
And summer days, when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.  

1802.

FORESIGHT

Also composed in the orchard, Town-end, 
Grasmere.

That is work of waste and ruin—  
Do as Charles and I are doing!  
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
We must spare them—here are many:

1 See Paradise Lost, Book XI., where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.
TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Look at it—the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any:
Do not touch it! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!
Pull as many as you can.
—Here are daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the Spring may love them—
Summer knows but little of them:
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. It is remarkable that this flower, coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there’s a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There’s a flower that shall be mine,
’Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I’m as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I’ll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
’Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we’ve little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton woosers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there’s not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But ’tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;

1 Common Pilewort.
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

TO THE SAME FLOWER

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whose'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sauinted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould
All about with full-blowen flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee,
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slippst into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again.

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
But a thing "beneath our shoon:"
Let the bold Discoverer thrid
In his bark the polar sea;
Rear who will a pyramid;
Praise it is enough for me,
If there be but three or four
Who will love my little Flower.

 RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This old
Man I met a few hundred yards from my cottage;
and the account of him is taken from his own
mouth. I was in the state of feeling described in
the beginning of the poem, while crossing over
Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's, at the foot of
Ullswater, towards Askham. The image of the
hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell.

I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night:
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise
of waters.

II

All things that love the sun are out of
doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops—all on
the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the flashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.
III
I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV
But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

V
I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI
My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life’s business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VII
I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:

By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII
Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

IX
As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself;

X
Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life’s pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

XI
 Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII
At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book:  
And now a stranger's privilege I took;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
"This morning gives us promise of a  
glorious day."

XIII

A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly  
drew:  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you."  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid  
eyes,

XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest—  
Choice word and measured phrase, above  
the reach  
Of ordinary men; a stately speech;  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and man  
their dues.

V

He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor:  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure:  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor  
to moor;  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice  
or chance,  
And in this way he gained an honest  
maintenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my  
side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word could  
I divide;  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a  
dream;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt ad-  
monishment.

XVII

My former thoughts returned: the fear that  
kills;  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead.  
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
"How is it that you live, and what is it  
you do?"

XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat;  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and  
wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
"Once I could meet with them on every  
side;  
But they have dwindled long by slow  
decay;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where  
I may."

XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually.  
Wandering about alone and silently.  
While I these thoughts within myself pur-  
sued,  
He, having made a pause, the same dis-  
course renewed.

XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main; and when he  
ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to  
find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.  
"God," said I, "be my help and stay  
secure;  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the  
lonely moor!"

1802.
I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTE

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest
mood
Of that Man’s mind—what can it be? what
food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could
he gain?
’Tis not in battles that from youth we
train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her
knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the
talk
Man holds with week-day man in the
hourly walk
Of the mind’s business: these are the
degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is
the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights
are these.

A FAREWELL

Composed just before my sister and I went to
fetch Mrs. Wordsworth from Gallow-hill, near
Scarborough.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-
ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth
bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur
rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever
found,
Farewell!—we leave thee to Heaven’s
peaceful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost
surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are
gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble
door
Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have
none:
These narrow bounds contain our private
store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine
upon;
Here are they in our sight—we have no
more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and
bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be
sought:
We leave you here in solitude to dwell
With these our latest gifts of tender
thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron
coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, fare-
well!
Whom from the borders of the Lake we
brought,
And placed together near our rocky Well.

We go for One to whom ye will be dear;
And she will prize this Bower, this Indian
shed,
Our own contrivance, Building without
peer!
—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly
bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gatherèd,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful
cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched with
tender heed,
Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms
blown
Among the distant mountains, flower and
weed,
Which thou hast taken to thee as thy
own,
Making all kindness registered and known;
Thou for our sakes, though Nature’s child
indeed,
Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost little
need.
And O most constant, yet most fickle
Place,
Thou hast thy wayward moods, as thou
dost show
To them who look not daily on thy face;
Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost
know,
And say'st, when we forsake thee, "Let
them go!"
Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild
race
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be
slow,
And travel with the year at a soft pace.
Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and
best;
Joy will be flown in its mortality;
Something must stay to tell us of the rest.
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep
rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her
nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.

O happy Garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours;
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of
flowers,
And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers;
Two burning months let summer overlap,
And, coming back with Her who will be
ours,
Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

Fills all the hollow of the sky.
Who would "go parading"
In London, "and masquerading;"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is I

---COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER
BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802

Written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France.
EARTH has not anything to show more fair
Dull would he be of soul who could pass b
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare.
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river gildeth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

---COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,
NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

Is it a reed that’s shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,  
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee:  
In France, before the new-born Majesty.  
Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,  
A seeming reverence may be paid to power; But that’s a loyal virtue, never sown  
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:  
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,  
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?  
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I  
Went pacing side by side, this public Way  
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day.  
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:  
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky:  
From hour to hour the antiquated Earth  
Beat like the heart of Man: songs, garlands, mirth,  
Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
And now, sole register that these things were,  
Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
"Good-morrow, Citizen!" a hollow word,  
As if a dead man spoke it! Yet despair  
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird  
Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare.  

1 14th July 1790.  
2 See Note.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names:  
This is young Buonaparte’s natal day,  
And his is henceforth an established sway—  
Consul for life. With worship France proclaims  
Her approbation, and with pomp and games.  
Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!  
Calais is not: and I have bent my way  
To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames  
His business as he likes. Far other show  
My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time;  
The senselessness of joy was then sublime!  
Happy be he, who, caring not for Pope,  
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know  
The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

"IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE"

This was composed on the beach near Calais, in the autumn of 1802.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven broods o’er the Sea:  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham’s bosom all the year;  
And worship’st at the Temple’s inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.  
1802.

"ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC"

Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;  
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even
the Shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

THE KING OF SWEDEN

The Voice of song from distant lands shall call
To that great King; shall hail the crowned Youth
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand; or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can appal
Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede hath done
The thing which ought to be; is raised above
All consequences: work he hath begun
Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
The heroes bless him, him their rightful son.  

1 See Note.

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

1802.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LAND-ING

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore:—
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass.
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

1802.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

We had a female Passenger who came From Calais with us, spotless in array,—
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame:
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sate, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same
No sign of answer made by word or face:
Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Join'd with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast.—O ye Heavens, be
kind!
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France
how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrank; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters
roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and
Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that by the
soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER
1802

This was written immediately after my return
from France to London, when I could not but
be struck, as here described, with the vanity
and parade of our own country, especially in
great towns and cities, as contrasted with the
quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the
revolution had produced in France. This must
be borne in mind, or else the reader may think
that is this and the succeeding Sonnets I have
exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered
among us by undisputed wealth. It would not
be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling
I entered into the struggle carried on by the
Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped
power of the French. Many times have I gone
from Allan Bank in Grasmere vale, where we
were then residing, to the top of the Raise-gap
as it is called, so late as two o'clock in the
morning, to meet the carrier bringing the newspaper
from Keswick. Imperfect traces of the state of
mind in which I then was may be found in my
Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in
these Sonnets.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must
look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest.
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman,
cook.
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a
brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

— LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this
hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a ten
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! I raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life’s common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

"GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN
AMONG US"

GREAT men have been among us; hands
that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better
none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton
friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was, that
would not bend
"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

But in magnanimous meekness. France,
'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we
had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!
1802.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
1802.

"WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN
MEMORY"

When I have borne in memory what has
tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and
desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears
unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou
art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!
1802.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY
ACROSS THE HAMBLETON
HILLS, YORKSHIRE

Composed October 4th, 1802, after a journey
over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable
to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon
commanded by those hills is most magnificent.—
The next day, while we were travelling in a post-
chaise up Wensleydale, we were stopped by one of
the horses proving restive, and were obliged to
wait two hours in a severe storm before the post-
boy could fetch from the inn another to supply
its place. The spot was in front of Bolton Hall,
where Mary Queen of Scots was kept prisoner
soon after her unfortunate landing at Workin-
ton. The place then belonged to the Scroopes,
and memorials of her are yet preserved there.
To beguile the time I composed a Sonnet. The
subject was our own confinement contrasted with
hers; but it was not thought worthy of being
preserved.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening
fell;
The wished-for point was reached—but at
an hour
When little could be gained from that rich
dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous
power
Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its
tower
Substantially expressed—a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting
isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for
the eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the
sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.
1802.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOM-
SON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE"

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grass-
mere, Coleridge living with us much at the time:
his son Hartley has said, that his father's char-
acter and habits are here preserved in a livelier
way than in anything that has been written
about him.
WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One
Whom without blame I may not overlook;
For never sun on living creature shone
Who more devout enjoyment with us took:
Here on his hours he hung as on a book,
On his own time here would he float away,
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
Seek for him,—he is fled; and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home,
And find elsewhere his business or delight;
Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:
Full many a time, upon a stormy night,
His voice came to us from the neighbouring height:
Oft could we see him driving full in view
At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;
What ill was on him, what he had to do,
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man
When he came back to us, a withered flower,—
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan.
Down would he sit; and without strength or power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour:
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,
Where apple-trees in blossom made abower,
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew;
For happier soul no living creature has
Than he had, being here the long day through.
Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong;
But verse was what he had been wedded to;
And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along.

With him there often walked in friendly guise,
Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,
A noticeable Man with large gray eyes,
And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
As if a blooming face it ought to be;
Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy;
Profound his forehead was, though not severe;
Yet some did think that he had little business here:

Sweet heaven forfend! his was a lawful right;
Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;
His limbs would toss about him with delight
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.
Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy
To banish listlessness and irksome care;
He would have taught you how you might employ
Yourself; and many did to him repair,—
And certes not in vain; he had inventions rare.

Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried:
Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,
Made, to his ear attentively applied,
A pipe on which the wind would deftly play;
Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panployed in gems and gold,
A mailcloth angel on a battle-day;
The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two were each to the other dear:
No livelier love in such a place could be:
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-queen.

1802.
TO THE DAISY

This and the two following were composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described.

[[Her divine skill taught me this, That from every thing I saw I could some instruction draw, And raise pleasure to the height]]

---

1 See Note.  2 His muse.
TO THE DAISY

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that needs
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite. 1 1802.

Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similies,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gaz'ing.

A nun demure of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy' appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In flight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright Flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature! 1802.

--- TO THE SAME FLOWER ---

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,

1 See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.
TO THE DAISY

This and the other Poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—"thy function apostolical"—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes.

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

--- THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

---

YEW-TREES

Written at Grasmere. These yew-trees are still standing, but the spread of that at Lorton is much diminished by mutilation. I will here mention that a little way up the hill, on the road leading from Rosthwaite to Stonethwaite (in Borrowdale), lay the trunk of a yew-tree, which appeared as you approached, so vast was its diameter, like the entrance of a cave, and not a small one. Calculating upon what I have observed of the slow growth of this tree in rocky situations, and of its durability, I have often thought that the one I am describing must have been as old as the Christian era. The tree lay in the line of a fence. Great masses of its ruins were strewn about, and some had been rolled down the hillside and lay near the road at the
"IT IS NO SPIRIT WHO FROM HEAVEN HATH FLOWN"  

bottom. As you approached the tree, you were 
struck with the number of shrubs and young 
plants, ashes, etc., which had found a bed upon 
the decayed trunk and grew to no inconsiderable 
height, forming, as it were, a part of the hedge- 
row. In no part of England, or of Europe, have 
I ever seen a yew-tree at all approaching this 
in magnitude, as it must have stood. By the bye, 
Hatton, the old Guide, of Keswick, had been so 
introduced with the remains of this tree, that he 
used gravely to tell strangers that there could be 
no doubt of its having been in existence before 
the flood.

—There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, 
Which to this day stands single, in the 
midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore; 
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands 
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched 
To Scotland’s heaths; or those that crossed 
the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour, 
Perhaps at earlier Creyc, or Poiétiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier still of
note
Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a
growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-casling, and inveterately convoluted;
Nor unfourished with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane,—a pillared
shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
hue,
By sheddings from the pining unbrage
tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at midnight; Fear and trembling
Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o’er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To be, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara’s inmost caves.

1803.

"WHO FANCIED WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT"

Who fancied what a pretty sight
This Rock would be if edged around
With living snow-drops? circlet bright!
How glorious to this orchard-ground!
Who loved the little Rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet?

Was it the humour of a child?
Or rather of some gentle maid,
Whose brows, the day that she was styled
The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed?
Of man mature, or matron sage?
Or old man toying with his age?

I asked— ’twas whispered; The device.
To each and all might well belong:
It is the Spirit of Paradise
That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,
That gives to all the self-same bent
Where life is wise and innocent. 1803.

"IT IS NO SPIRIT WHO FROM
HEAVEN HATH FLOWN"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I remember
the instant my sister, S. H., called me to the
window of our Cottage, saying, “Look how
beautiful is yon star! It has the sky all to itself.”
I composed the verses immediately.

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,
And is descending on his embassy;
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens
to espy!
’Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering
crown,
First admonition that the sun is down!
For yet it is broad day-light: clouds pass by;
A few are near him still—and now the sky;
He hath it to himself—‘tis all his own.
O most ambitious Star! an inquest wrought
Within me when I recognised thy light;
A moment I was startled at the sight:
And, while I gazed, there came to me a
thought
That I might step beyond my natural race
As thou seem’st now to do; might one day
trace
Some ground not mine; and, strong her
strength above,
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
Tread there with steps that no one shall
reprove! 1803.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

1803

Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and myself started together from Town-end to make a tour in Scotland. Poor Coleridge was at that time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection; and he departed from us, as is recorded in my Sister’s Journal, soon after we left Loch Lomond. The verses that stand foremost among these Memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my “Epistle to Sir George Beaumont.”

I

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE

AUGUST 1803

The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks ’twould heighten joy, to overlap
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed there.
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O’er Limbo lake with airy flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perhance without one look behind me cast.
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature’s freedom at the heart;
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
And having rights in all that we behold.
—Then why these lingering steps?—A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true;
Ne’er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

II

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

For illustration, see my Sister’s Journal. It may be proper to add that the second of these pieces, though felt at the time, was not composed till many years after.

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold,
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that’s here
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius “glinted” forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Griffl's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor Inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
Lies gathered to his Father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight:

For he is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harboured where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distress;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked oft-times in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place
Where Man is laid
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

III

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON
THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE
POET'S RESIDENCE

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—
With holy spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.
Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause
And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and lobeliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive! 1

IV

TO THE SONS OF BURNS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER

"The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses—

"Is there a man whose judgment clear,' etc."

Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.

'Mid crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burns;

1 See Note

Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it turns
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good and ill
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display;
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware!
But if the Poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour—of tenfold care
There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"
He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honourable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;
But ne'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
Nor deem that "light which leads astray,
Is light from Heaven."

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your Father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

V

—TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

* INVERNEYE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

The delightful creature and her demeanour particularly described in my Sister's Journal. Part of prophecy with which the verses conduce has, through God's goodness, been realised; and now, approaching the close of my 73d year, there is most vivid remembrance of her and the beautiful objects with which she was surrounded. She is alluded to in the Poem of "The Three Cottage Girls" among my Continental Memorials. In illustration of this class of poems I have scarcely anything to say beyond what is anticipated in my Sister's faithful and admirable Journal.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these grey rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn:
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy Abode—
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But, O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart;
God shield thee to thy latest years!
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountainer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some healthy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the Spirit of them all!

VI

GLEN-ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it?—I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

VII

STEPPING WESTWARD

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking
by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening
after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the
course of our Tour, we had been hospitably en-
tertained some weeks before, we met, in one of
the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two
well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by
way of greeting, "What, you are stepping west-
ward?"

"What, you are stepping westward?"—
"Yea."

"'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of Chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;

And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny:
I liked the greeting; 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seemed to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

VIII

— THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird.
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.
IX

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE,
UPON LOCH AWE

The first three lines were thrown off at the moment I first caught sight of the Ruin from a small eminence by the wayside; the rest was added many years after.

"From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—not the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—Extract from the Journal of my Companion.

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream
Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in place
And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm;) Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; submitting
All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
All that he holds in common with the stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time

Impersonated in thy calm decay!
Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unproved!
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
To pay thee homage; and with these are joined,
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
Youthful as Spring.—Shade of departed Power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should call
Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character—the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades! 1

X

ROB ROY'S GRAVE

I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy. If so, I may plead in excuse that I wrote on apparently good authority, namely, that of a well-educated lady who lived at the head of the Lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of one so famous in the neighbourhood.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;

1 The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.
She has her brave Rob Roy!
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honour of that Hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves;
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion—make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
|That| tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why?—because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked;
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer heat and winter snow:
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—would, at least, have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For Polity was then too strong—
He came an age too late;

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For, were the bold Man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride,
With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase,
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,
Would all have seemed but paltry things,
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre Vales confined:
But thought how wide the world, the time,
How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said,
"Do Thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth
Judge thou of law and fact!

"'Tis fit that we should do our part,
Becoming, that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpassed
In fatherly concern.

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

"I, too, will have my kings that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath."
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

And, if the word had been fulfilled,
As might have been, then, thought of joy!
France would have had her present boast,
And we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
Would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan!
Hast this to boast of; thou didst love
The liberty of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Voil's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of ROB ROY'S name.

Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts
deplored
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with
pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and
gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems
to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and
bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle
Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

XII

—YARROW UNVISITED

See the various Poems the scene of which is
laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular,
the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow!—"

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mary Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Covenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming
Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

XI

—SONNET

COMPOSED AT ———— CASTLE

The Castle here mentioned was Nidpath near
Peebles. The person alluded to was the then
Duke of Queensbury. The fact was told me by
Walter Scott.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy
Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far
please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth
word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like
these,
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple tree the rock,¹
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it;
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

XIII

THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND

At Jedborough, my companion and I went into private lodgings for a few days; and the following Verses were written by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE I twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours;

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

And bid them dance, and bid them sing;
And thou, too, mingle in the ring!
Take to thy heart a new delight;
If not, make merry in despite
That there is One who scorces thy power—
But dance! for under Jedborough Tower,
A Matron dwells who, though she bears
The weight of more than seventy years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay! start not at that Figure—there!
Him who is rooted to his chair!
Look at him—look again! for he
Hath long been of thy family,
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a trunk of man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye;
A sight to make a stranger sigh!
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom:
His world is in this single room;
Is this a place for mirthful cheer?
Can merry-making enter here?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate;
He breathes a subterranean damp;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp:
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower:
She jocund as it was of yore,
With all its bravery on; in times
When all alive with merry chimes,
Upon a sun-bright morn of May,
It roused the Vale to holiday.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise, and true!
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent:
This do I see; and something more;
A strength unthought of heretofore!
Delighted am I for thy sake;
And yet a higher joy partake:
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
Within himself it seems, composed;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow,
Her buoyant spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail;
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
An animal delight though dim!
'Tis all that now remains for him!

The more I looked, I wondered more—
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
Some inward trouble suddenly
Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright!
Now long this mystery did detain
My thoughts;—she told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
Ill health of body; and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it!—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our lord and friend!
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second spring;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

XIV

"FLY, SOME KIND HARBINGER, TO
GRASMERE-DALE!"

This was actually composed the last day of our
tour between Dalston and Grasmere.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-
dale!

Say that we come, and come by this day's
light;
Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
height,
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not
fail;
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and
wild—
Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

XV

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER
RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE

The story was told me by George Mackereth,
for many years parish-clerk of Grasmere. He
had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The
vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the
little fellow had met with on the shore of the
Loch.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy!
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest;
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly:
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A Highland Boy!—why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when, clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.
A dog too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow—
And thus from house to house would go;
And all were pleased to hear and see,
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do
As long as earth shall last.

And, with the coming of the tide,
Come boats and ships that safely ride
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share;
Whether of mighty towns, or vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers;
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: "My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well,
Ye soon shall know how this befell)
He in a vessel of his own,
On the swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore!
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
And to the Boy they all were known—
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.
And this the little blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange yet true
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
    Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian isles, where lay
His father's ship, and had sailed far—
To join that gallant ship of war,
    In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house that held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
    And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That story flashed upon his mind;—
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The shell from out its secret nook,
    And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel,—and in pride
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into it—his thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;
He felt the motion—took his seat;
Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
    And sucked, and sucked him in.

And he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
He was had gone, ere he was seen
    By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery!
For many saw; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
    She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
    Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay!
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
    This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
    Are stilled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running lake
    They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A youngling of the wild-duck's breast
    With deftly-lifted oar;

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
    They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made,
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near;
But in his darkness he can hear,
    And guesses their intent.

"Lei-gha—Lei-gha"—he then cried out,
"Lei-gha—Lei-gha"—with eager shout;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, "Keep away,
    And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands—
You've often heard of magic wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
    Or melt it into air:

So all his dreams—that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright—
All vanished;—'twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
    As he had ever known.
But hark! a gratulating voice,
With which the very hills rejoice:
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Have watched the event, and now can see
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when wakening she espies
The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again:
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes;
She kissed him—how could she chastise? She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland dell
Still do they keep the Turtle-shell
And long the story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

Note.—It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages, that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness.

OCTOBER 1803

One might believe that natural miseries
Had blasted France, and made of it a land Unfit for men; and that in one great band Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.

But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze Shed gentle favours: rural works are there. And ordinary business without care; Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!

How piteous then that there should be such deearth Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite To work against themselves such fell despite: Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth, Impatient to put out the only light Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

"There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear"

There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall, Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall: 'Tis his who walks about in the open air, One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear Their fetters in their souls. For who could be, Who, even the best, in such condition, free From self-reproach, reproach that he must share With Human-nature? Never be it ours To see the sun how brightly it will shine, And know that noble feelings, manly powers, Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine; And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers Fade, and participate in man's decline.

1803

OCTOBER 1803

These times strike monied worldlings with dismay: Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
TO THE MEN OF KENT

With words of apprehension and despair: While tens of thousands, thinking on the affair, Men unto whom sufficient for the day And minds not stinted or untitled are given, Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven, Are cheerful as the rising sun in May. What do we gather hence but firmer faith That every gift of noble origin Is breathed upon by Hope’s perpetual breath; That virtue and the faculties within Are vital,—and that riches are akin To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

"ENGLAND! THE TIME IS COME WHEN THOU SHOULD’ST WEAN"

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should’st wean Thy heart from its emasculating food; The truth should now be better understood; Old things have been unsettled; we have seen Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been But for thy trespasses; and, at this day, If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa, Aught good were destined, thou would’st step between. England! all nations in this charge agree: But worse, more ignoraht in love and hate, Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy: Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight Of thy offences be a heavy weight: Oh grief that Earth’s best hopes rest all with Thee! 1803.

OCTOBER 1803

When, looking on the present face of things, I see one Man, of men the meanest too! Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo, With mighty Nations for his underlings, The great events with which old story rings Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great: Nothing is left which I can venerate; So that a doubt almost within me springs Of Providence, such emptiness at length Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God! I measure back the steps which I have trod: And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

OCTOBER 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent, Ye children of a Soil that doth advance Her haughty brow against the coast of France, Now is the time to prove your hardiment! To France be words of invitation sent! They from their fields can see the countenance Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance And hear you shouting forth your brave intent. Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore, Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath; Confirmed the charters that were yours before;— No parleying now! In Britain is one breath; We all are with you now from shore to shore:— Ye men of Kent, ’tis victory or death!

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY

An invasion being expected, October 1803. Six thousand veterans practised in war’s game, Tried men, at Killicrancy were arrayed Against an equal host that wore the plaid- Shepherds and herdsmen,—Like a whirlwind came The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame; And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road, Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load Of the dead bodies.—’Twas a day of shame For them whom precept and the pedantry Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of England see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

ANTICIPATION, OCTOBER 1803

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done.
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
And greet your sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!
Make merry, wives! ye little children, stun
Your grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap, infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys:—
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.
1803.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1803

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—
Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display
Banners at enmity with regal sway,
And, like the Pyns and Miltons of that day,
Think that a State would live in sounder health
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonweal—
Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,

Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
Come ye—who'der your creed—O wake all,
Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call;
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALLE.

The character of this man was described to me, and the incident upon which the verses turn was told me, by Mr. Pool of Nether Stowey, with whom I became acquainted through our common friend, S. T. Coleridge. During my residence at Alfoxden I used to see much of him and had frequent occasions to admire the course of his daily life, especially his conduct to his labourers and poor neighbours: their virtues he carefully encouraged, and weighed their faults in the scales of charity. If I seem in these verses to have treated the weaknesses of the farmer, and his transgression, too tenderly, it may in part be ascribed to my having received the story from one so averse to all harsh judgment. After his death, was found in his escritoir a lock of grey hair carefully preserved, with a notice that it had been cut from the head of his faithful shepherd, who had served him for a length of years. I need scarcely add that he felt for all men as his brothers. He was much beloved by distinguished persons—Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Southey, Sir H. Davy, and many others; and in his own neighbourhood was highly valued as a magistrate, a man of business, and in every other social relation. The latter part of the poem, perhaps, requires some apology as being too much of an echo to the "Reverie of Poor Susan."

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined.
The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,
And the small critic wielding his delicate pen.
That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;

1 See Note.
He's staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown;  
And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by the streak  
Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.  

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—'mid the joy  
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy.  
That countenance there fashioned, which, spite of a stain  
That his life hath received, to the last will remain.  

Farmer he was; and his house far and near  
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer:  
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale  
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale!  

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing:  
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
All caught the infection—as generous as he.  

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—  
The fields better suited the ease of his soul:  
He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight,  
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.  

For Adam was simple in thought; and the poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:  
He gave them the best that he had; or, to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it away.  

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm;  
The Genius of plenty preserved him from harm:  
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
His means are run out,—he must beg, or must borrow.  

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their money;  
For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth;—He continued his rounds,  
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding to pounds.  

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for himself:  
Then (what is too true) without hinting a word,  
Turned his back on the country—and off like a bird.  

You lift up your eyes!—but I guess that you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the ease of his heart.  

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the green;  
And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,  
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.  

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume,—  
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom;  
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,  

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout;  
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about;  
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.  

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes  
About work that he knows, in a track that he knows;  
But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.
In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,
Like one whose own country's far over the sea;
And Nature, while through the great city he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,
More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue;
Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,
And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the hay;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—

If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see his inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

TO THE CUCKOO

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

O Blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.
O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee! 1804.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment’s ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight’s, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her worn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A comenence in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 1804.

"I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats o’er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

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

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. 1804.

— THE AFFLATION OF MARGARET —

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well known to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I believe, to the whole town. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son.

I

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?
II
Seven years, alas! to have received
No tidings of an only child;
To have despair'd, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled;
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!
I catch at them, and then I miss;
Was ever darkness like to this?

III
He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold;
Well born, well bred; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:
If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base;
And never blush was on my face.

IV
Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares!
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

V
Neglect me! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought; and, being blind,
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:" and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI
My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII
Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII
Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

IX
I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

X
My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

XI
Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend! 1804.

THE FORSAKEN

This was an overflow from the "Affliction of Margaret —", and was excluded as superfluous there, but preserved in the faint hope that it may turn to account by restoring a shy lover to some forsaken damsel. My poetry has been complained of as deficient in interests of this sort,—a charge which the piece beginning, "Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live," will scarcely tend to obviate. The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent. What an animating contrast is the ever-changing aspect of that, and indeed of every one of our mountain brooks, to the monotonous tone and unmitigated fury of such streams among the Alps as are fed all the summer long by glaciers and melting
We could do what we liked with the land, it was ours;  
And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;  
And often, like one overburthened with sin,  
With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,  
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,  
Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,  
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
"What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad;  
Our comfort was near if we ever were crost;  
But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost.

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
Who must now be a wanderer! but peace to that strain!  
Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,  
The sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
That besprinkled the field; 'twas like youth in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a small;  
And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,  
Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!
THE SEVEN SISTERS;¹

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE

I

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland, of seven lilies, wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

II

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the Leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

III

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, Father-knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

IV

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
¹ See Note.

For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

V

Some close behind, some side to side,
Like clouds in stormy weather;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die.
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

VI

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair,
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

1804

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, DORA

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16

—Hast thou then survived—
Mild Offspring of inmost humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn—one life of that bright star;
The second glory of the Heavens?—Thou hast,
Already hast survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the Race of human kind proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday;
And one day's narrow circuit is to HACING

²
THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory?
neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year."—Yet
hail to Thee,
Fray, feebly Monthling!—by that name,
methinks,
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
Not idly.—Hast thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the
night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scorched thine age, and punctually
timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of those
Who might have wandered with thee.—
Mother's love,
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly
housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens
Doth all too harshly execute
For thy blest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless
tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart.
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,
Within the region of a father's thoughts,
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.
And first,—thy sinless progress, through a
world
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered
clouds,
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheerful oft-times their reluctant gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free from
stain:
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn
With brightness! leaving her to post along,
And range about, disquieted in change,

And still impatient of the shape she wears.
Once up, once down the hill, one journey,
Babe,
That will suffice thee; and it seems that
now
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is
thine;
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon
Hath this conception, grateful to behold,
Changed countenance, like an object sullied
o'er
By breathing mist; and thine appears to be
A mournful labour, while to her is given
Hope, and a renovation without end.
—That smile forbids the thought; for on
thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of
dawn,
To shoot and circulate; smiles have there
been seen
Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports
The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
Thy loneliness: or shall those smiles be
called
Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy
way
Through a strait passage intricate and dim?
Such are they; and the same are tokens,
signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath
arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's godlike Power be proud to
own.

—THE KITTEN AND FALLING
LEAVES

Seen at Town-end, Grasmere. The elder-bush
has long since disappeared: it hung over the wall
near the Cottage; and the Kitten continued to
leap up, catching the leaves as here described.
The infant was Dotz.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his waiving parachute.
——But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now——now one——
Now they stop and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lies it fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!
'Tis a pretty baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other play-mate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard’s narrow space,
And this vale so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands;
Others sunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighbourhood;
And, among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is she that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;
Hung—head pointing towards the ground—
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of Him?

Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighbouring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy:
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gaiety?
Yet, whate’er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatso’er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
Spreads with such a living grace
O’er my little Dora’s face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
—Pleased by any random toy;  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy;  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss;  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought,  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND  
(AN AGRICULTURIST)  
COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND

This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a Quaker by religious profession; by natural constitution of mind, or shall I venture to say, by God's grace, he was something better. He had inherited a small estate, and built a house upon it near Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I have heard him say that his heart used to beat, in his boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum and fife. Nevertheless, the spirit of enterprise in him confined itself to tilling his ground, and conquering such obstacles as stood in the way of its fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion do now, in a far greater degree than formerly, attach themselves to trade and commerce. He kept the old track. As represented in this poem, he employed his leisure hours in shaping pleasant walks by the side of his beloved river, where he also built something between a hermitage and a summer-house, attaching to it inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. He used to travel from time to time, partly from love of nature, and partly with religious friends in the service of humanity. His admiration of genius in every department did him much honour. Through his connection with the family in which Edmund Burke was educated, he became acquainted with that great man, who used to receive him with great kindness and consideration; and many times have I heard Wilkinson speak of those interesting interviews. He was honored also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and of Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and was much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and every member of that family. Among his verses (he wrote many) are some worthy of preservation—one little poem in particular upon disturbing, by plying curiosity, a bird while hatching her young in his garden. The latter part of this innocent and good man's life was melancholy. He became blind, and also poor by becoming surety for some of his relations. He was a bachelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed, his calamities with unfailing resignation. I will only add that, while working in one of his fields, he unearthed a stone of considerable size, then another, then two more, and, observing that they had been placed in order as if forming the segment of a circle, he proceeded carefully to uncover the soil, and brought into view a beautiful Druid's temple of perfect though small dimensions. In order to make his farm more compact, he exchanged this field for another; and, I am sorry to add, the new proprietor destroyed this interesting relic of remote ages for some vulgar purpose.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,  
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;  
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true;  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The labouring many and the resting few;  
Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind;  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As nature is; too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with his river murmuring by;  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet uneheerd by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?  
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!  
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or, greater from the less,  
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!
He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate! And, when thou art past service, worn away,
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
An heirloom in his cottage wilt thou be:
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

TO THE SUPREME BEING

From the Italian of Michael Angelo

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
ODE TO DUTY

That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st it may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts
into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.
1804.

—ODE TO DUTY

This ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been visited by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fail hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more e d perductus,
St non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte
Facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask, not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
Around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control:
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!
1805.

TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!
I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scornful;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

FIDELITY

The young man whose death gave occasion to
this poem was named Charles Gough, and had
come early in the spring to Patterdale for the
sake of angling. While attempting to cross over
Helvellyn to Grasmere he slipped from a steep
part of the rock where the ice was not thawed,
and perished. His body was discovered as is
told in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the
accident, and both he and I, without either of us
knowing that the other had taken up the subject,
each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's
fidelity. His contains a most beautiful stanza:

"How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber,
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start."

I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of
the last stanza in my verses was uttered by a shepherd
with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was
induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not.

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling.
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;

1 Tarn is a small Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.
INCIDENT

REMEMBERED, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate! 1805.

But the nimble Hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo ! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is over-head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—
See them cleaving to the sport!
MUSIC has no heart to follow,
Little MUSIC, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complaining ; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG

This Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Stockburn on the Tees, a beautiful retired situation where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My sister and I spent many months there after our return from Germany in 1799.

On his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started!
—Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:
And the hare whom they pursue,
Knew from instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a night's frost;

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but this man gives to man,
Brother to brother, this is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hast lived till everything that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
TO THE DAISY

Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share;
But for some precious boon os vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love’s intellectual law:—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

1805.

TO THE DAISY

Sweet Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet’s grave,
I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea,
My Brother, too, in loving thee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood’s prime
And free for life, these hills to climb;
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;

And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was Gouldly to be seen,
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers
A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the ship is gone;—
Returns from her long course:—anon
Sails sail:—in season due,
Once more on English earth they stand:
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!
—At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained;
And through the stormy night they steer;
Labouring for life, in hope and fear,
To reach a safer shore—how near,
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander cried:
To that calm word a shriek replied,
It was the last death-shriek.
—A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
Survive upon the tall mast’s height;
But one dear remnant of the night—
For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
He lay in slumber quietly;
Unforced by wind or wave
To quit the Ship for which he died,
(All claims of duty satisfied;)
And there they found him at her side;
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
For this, if other end were none,
That He, who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
Should find an undisturbed retreat
Near what he loved, at last—

That neighbourhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield,
ELEGIACT STANZAS

A meek man and a brave!  
The birds shall sing and ocean make  
A mournful murmur for his sake;  
And thou, sweet flower, shalt sleep and wake  
Upon his senseless grave.  1805.

---

THOU shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature’s breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such Picture would I at that time have made:  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—’tis so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
The feeling of my loss will ne’er be old;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,  
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O ’tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for ’tis surely blind.
But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.  
1805.

ELEGIAIC VERSES

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,

COMMANDER OF THE H.I. COMPANY S SHIP THE
EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6,
1805.

Composed near the Mountain track that leads
from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where
it descends towards Paterdale.

"Here did we stop; and here looked round,
While each into himself descends."

The point is two or three yards below the outlet
of Grisdale tarn, on a foot-road by which a
horse may pass to Paterdale—a ridge of Helvellyn
on the left, and the summit of Fairfield on the
right.

I

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow:
Lord of the air, he took his flight;
Oh! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment’s space to Thee.
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near.

II

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown Flower.
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III

Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,

For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart’s delight,
His quiet heart’s selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard:
Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it came,
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

V

That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains;—
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release;
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

VI

He would have loved thy modest grace,
Meek Flower! To Him I would have said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss;
But we will see it, joyful tide!
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."

VII

—Brother and Friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known,
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand—sacred as a Shrine;
And to the few who pass this way,
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure!¹

1805.

"WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS
OF THE BUSY WORLD."

The grove still exists, but the plantation has been walled in, and is not so accessible as when my brother John wore the path in the manner here described. The grove was a favourite haunt with us all while we lived at Town-end.

When, to the attractions of the busy world,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were
clogged
With frequent showers of snow. Upon a
hill
At a short distance from my cottage, stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,
The redbreast near me hopped; nor was I
loth
To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds
That, for protection from the nipping blast,
Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew
Within this grove of firs! and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush’s nest;
A last year’s nest, conspicuously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that
house
Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dealt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some mountain-flock,
Would watch my motions with suspicious
stare,

¹ The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion
(Silene acaulis of Linnaeus). See Note.

From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—
Some nook where they had made their
final stand,
Huddling together from two fears—the
fear
Of me and of the storm. Full many an
hour
Here did I lose. But in this grove the
trees
Had been so thickly planted, and had
thriven
In such perplexed and intricate array;
That vainly did I seek, beneath their stems
A length of open space, where to and fro
My feet might move without concern or
care;
And, baffled thus, though earth from day
to day
Was fettered, and the air by storm dis-
turbed,
I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and
prized,
Less than I wished to prize, that calm
recess.
The snows dissolved, and genial Spring
returned
To clothe the fields with verdure. Other
haunts
Meanwhile were mine; till, one bright April
day,
By chance retiring from the glare of noon
To this forsaken covert, there I found
A hoary pathway traced between the trees,
And winding on with such an easy line
Along a natural opening, that I stood
Much wondering how I could have sought
in vain
For what was now so obvious. To abide,
For an allotted interval of ease,
Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come
From the wild sea a cherished Visitant;
And with the sight of this same path—
begun,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove,
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind
That, to this opportune recess allured,
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,
A heart more wakeful; and had worn the
track
By pacing here, unwearied and alone,
In that habitual restlessness of foot
That haunts the Sailor measuring o’er and
o’er
His short domain upon the vessel’s deck,
While she pursues her course through the dreary sea.
When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite’s pleasant shore,
And taken thy first leaf of those green hills
And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,
Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,
Conversing not, knew little in what mould Each other’s mind was fashioned; and at length,
When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
Between us there was little other bond Than common feelings of fraternal love.
But thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried Undying recollections! Nature there Was with thee; she, who loved us both, she still
Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
A silent Poet; from the solitude Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
And an eye practised like a blind man’s touch.
—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone; Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours Could I withhold thy honoured name,— and now
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong;
And there I sit at evening, when the steep Of Silver-how, and Grasmere’s peaceful lake,
And one green island, gleam between the stems Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee, My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou, Muttering the verses which I muttered first Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel’s deck

In some far region, here, while o’er my head,
At every impulse of the moving breeze,
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
Alone I tread this path;—for aught I know, Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store Of undistinguishable sympathies, Mingling most earnest wishes for the day When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
A second time, in Grasmere’s happy Vale.

NOTE.—This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of the Honourable East India Company’s Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

LOUISA

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
Yet o’er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And, when against the wind she strains, Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that’s mine “beneath the moon,”
If I with her but half a noon
May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

Composed at the same time and on the same view as “I met Louisa in the shade” : indeed they were designed to make one piece.
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold;
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among flowers of joy
Which at no season fade,
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. 1805.

With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honours sprung:
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought
Of such alliance.—From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;
And, in their happiest moments, not content,
If more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth;
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination;—he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought
for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him:—pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!
So passed the time, till whether through effect

1 The first four lines occur in The Prelude, book ix. p. 306.
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it, not!
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw
So many bars between his present state
And the dear haven where he wished to be
In honourable wedlock with his Love,
Was in his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause
To nature for a happy end of all;
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed,
And bear with their transgression, when I add
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.

To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid
Found means to hurry her away by night,
And unforewarned, that in some distant spot
She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning came
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,
And all uncertain whither he should turn,
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; but soon
Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid’s retreat.

Easily may the sequel be divined—
Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour;
And the fair Captive, who, whene’er she may,
Is busy at her casement as the swallow
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,
About the pendent nest, did thus espy
Her Lover!—thence a stolen interview,
Accomplished under friendly shade of night.

I pass the raptures of the pair;—such theme
Is, by innumerable poets, touched
In more delightful verse than skill of mine
Could fashion; chiefly by that darling bard
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lark’s note heard before its time,
And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds
In the unrelenting east.—Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft;—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting’s slender filament!
They parted; and the generous Vaudracour
Reached speedily the native threshold, bent
On making (so the Lovers had agreed)
A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his father’s hand;
Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee
To some remote and solitary place,
Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,
Where they may live, with no one to behold
Their happiness, or to disturb their love.
But now of this no whisper; not the less,
If ever an obtrusive word were dropped
Touching the matter of his passion, still,
In his stern father’s hearing, Vaudracour
Persisted openly that death alone
Should abrogate his human privilege
Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,
Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved.

"You shall be baffled in your mad intent"
If there be justice in the court of France,"
Muttered the Father.—From these words the Youth
Conceived a terror; and, by night or day,
Stirred nowhere without weapons, that full soon
Found dreadful provocation: for at night
When to his chamber he retired, attempt
Was made to seize him by three armed men,
Acting, in furtherance of the father’s will,
Under a private signet of the State.
One the rash Youth’s ungovernable hand
Slew, and as quickly to a second gave
A perilous wound—he shuddered to behold
The breathless corse; then peacefully resigned
His person to the law, was lodged in prison,
And wore the fetters of a criminal.
Have you observed a tuft of winged seed
That, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use
Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,
Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro
Through the wide element? or have you marked
The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,
Within the vortex of a foaming flood,
Tormented? by such aid you may conceive
The perturbation that ensued;—ah, no!
Desperate the Maid—the Youth is stained with blood;
Unmatchable on earth is their disquiet!
Yet as the troubled seed and tortured bough
Is Man, subjected to despotic sway.
For him, by private influence with the Court,
Was pardon gained, and liberty procured;
But not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.
He flew to her from whom they would divide him—
He clove to her who could not give him peace—
Yea, his first word of greeting was,—"All right
Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,
Are withered; thou no longer canst be mine,
I thine—the conscience-stricken must not woo
The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!"
"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden—"One,
For innocence and youth, for weal and woe?"
Then with the father's name she coupled words
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought
Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
Find place within his bosom.—Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation: and once more
Were they united,—to be yet again

Disparted, pitiable lot! But here
A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,
Was traversed from without; much, too,
of thoughts
That occupied his days in solitude
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,
And what, through strong compunction for the past,
He suffered—breaking down in heart and mind!
Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,
Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. "You shall return, Julia," said he, "and to your father's house
Go with the child.—You have been wretched; yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
Go!—'tis a town where both of us were born;
None will reproach you, for our truth is known;
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.
With ornaments—the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks
Till no one can resist him.—Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My father from the window sees him too;
Startled, as if some new-created thing
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods
Bounded before him;—but the unweeting Child
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's heart
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily, as they began!"
These gleams
Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen
Propping a pale and melancholy face
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, while from the other
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.
—That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
The sentence, by her mother's lip pronounced,
That dooms her to a convent.—Who shall tell,
Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections? so they blindly asked
Who knew not to what quiet depths a weight
Of agony had pressed the Sufferer down:
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear
Composed and silent, without visible sign
Of even the least emotion. Noting this,
When the impatient object of his love
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned
No answer, only took the mother's hand
And kissed it; seemingly devoid of pain,
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed,
Was a dependant on the obdurate heart
Of one who came to disunite their lives
For ever—sad alternative! preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.
—So be it!

In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too, departs—
Who with him?—even the senseless Little-one.
With that sole charge he passed the city-gates,
For the last time, attendant by the side
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the Babe was carried. To a hill,
That rose a brief league distant from the town,
The dwellers in that house where he had lodged
Accompanied his steps, by anxious love
Impelled;—they parted from him there,
and stood
Watching below till he had disappeared
On the hill top. His eyes he scarcely took,
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled
The tender infant: and, at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or reposed,
Laid him with timid care upon his knees,
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,
Upon the nursling which his arms embraced.

This was the manner in which Vaudracour
Departed with his infant; and thus reached
His father's house, where to the innocent child
Admittance was denied. The young man spake
No word of indignation or reproof,
But of his father begged, a last request,
That a retreat might be assigned to him
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell.
With such allowance as his wants required;
For wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood
Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age
Of four-and-twenty summers he withdrew;
And thither took with him his motherless Babe,
And one domestic for their common needs.
An aged woman. It consoled him here
To attend upon the orphan, and perform
Obsequious service to the precious child.
Which, after a short time, by some mistake
Or indiscretion of the Father, died.—
The Tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which:
Their's be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

From this time forth he never shared a smile
With mortal creature. An Inhabitant
Of that same town, in which the pair had left
So lively a remembrance of their griefs,
By chance of business, coming within reach
Of his retirement, to the forest lodge
Repaired, but only found the matron there,
Who told him that his pains were thrown away,
For that her Master never uttered word
To living thing—not even to her. —Behold!
While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;
But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he
shrank—
And, like a shadow, glided out of view.
Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place
The visitor retired.

Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common
day;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep
wrongs,
Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

1805.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

THE WAGGONER

By My Sister

Suggested to her while beside my sleeping
children.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one poor, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropp'd with rain:
Then, little Darling! sleep again;
And wake when it is day.

1805.

THE WAGGONER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The char-
acters and story from fact.

In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in
rain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

THOMSON.

1 See Note.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

My dear Friend,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago,
the tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why The
WAGGONER was not added?"—To say the truth
—from the higher tone of imagination, and the
deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former,
I apprehended this little Piece could not accom-
pany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806,
if I am not mistaken, The WAGGONER was read
to you in manuscript, and, as you have remem-
bered it for so long a time, I am the more en-
couraged to hope, that, since the localities on
which the Poem partly depends did not prevent
its being interesting to you, it may prove accept-
able to others. Being therefore in some measure
the cause of its present appearance, you must
allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you;
in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived
from your Writings, and of the high esteem with
which

I am very truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, May 30, 1819.

CANTO FIRST

'Tis spent—this burning day of June!
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is
stealing;
The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round,
is wheeling, 1—

That solitary bird
Is all that can be heard
In silence deeper far than that of deepest
noon!

Confiding Glow-worms, 'tis a night
Propitious to your earth-born light!
But, where the scattered stars are seen
In hazy straits the clouds between,
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Seems changed into a pallid spot.
The mountains against heaven's grave
weight
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.
The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot;—and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease;
But the dews allay the heat,
And the silence makes it sweet.
Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'Tis Benjamin the Waggoner;
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
Companion of the night and day.
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound
In a moment lost and found,
The Wain announces—by whose side
Along the banks of Rydal Mere
He paces on, a trusty Guide,—
Listen! you can scarcely hear!
Hither he his course is bending;—
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the craggy hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes;—
Steep the way and wearisome,
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!
The Horses have worked with right
good-will,
And so have gained the top of the hill;
He was patient, they were strong,
And now they smoothly glide along,
Recovering breath, and pleased to win
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Heaven shield him from mishap and snare!
But why so early with this prayer?—
Is it for threatenings in the sky?
Or for some other danger nigh?
No; none is near him yet, though he
Be one of much infirmity;
For at the bottom of the brow,
Where once the Dove and Olive-Bough
Offered a greeting of good ale
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
And called on him who must depart
To leave it with a jovial heart;
There, where the Dove and Olive-Bough
Once hung, a Poet harbours now,
A simple water-drinking Bard;
Why need our Hero then (though frail
His best resolves) be on his guard?
He marches by, secure and bold;
Yet while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous cold;
He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head,
And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!
*Here is no danger,—none at all!*
Beyond his wish he walks secure;
But pass a mile—and then for trial,—
Then for the pride of self-denial;
If he resist that tempting door,
Which with such friendly voice will call;
If he resist those casement panes,
And that bright gleam which thence will fall
Upon his Leaders' bells and manes,
Inviting him with cheerful lure:
For still, though all be dark elsewhere,
Some shining notice will be *there*,
Of open house and ready fare.
The place to Benjamin right well
Is known, and by as strong a spell
As used to be that sign of love
And hope—the Olive-Bough and Dove;
He knows it to his cost, good Man!
Who does not know the famous Swan?
Object uncouth! and yet our boast,
For it was painted by the Host;
His own conceit the figure planned,
'Twas coloured all by his own hand;
And that frail Child of thirsty clay,
Of whom I sing this rustic lay,
Could tell with self-dissatisfaction
Quaint stories of the bird's attraction!
Well! that is past—and in despite
Of open door and shining light.
And now the conqueror essays
The long ascent of Dunmail-raise;
And with his team is gentle here
As when he clomb from Rydal Mere;
His whip they do not dread—his voice
They only hear it to rejoice.
To stand or go is at *their* pleasure;
Their efforts and their time they measure
By generous pride within the breast;
And, while they strain, and while they rest,
He thus pursues his thoughts at leisure.
Now am I fairly safe to-night—
And with proud cause my heart is light:
I trespassed lately worse than ever—
But Heaven has blest a good endeavour;
And, to my soul's content, I find
The evil One is left behind.
Yes, let my master fume and fret,
Here am I—with my horses yet!
My jolly team, he finds that ye
Will work for nobody but me!
Full proof of this the Country gained;
It knows how ye were vexed and strained,
And forced unworthy stripes to bear,
When trusted to another's care.
Here was it—on this rugged slope,
Which now ye climb with heart and hope,

---

1 This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.
I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy:
A word from me was like a charm;
Ye pulled together with one mind;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind!
—Yes, without me, up hills so high
'Tis vain to strive for mastery.
Then grieve not, jolly team! though tough
The road we travel, steep, and rough;
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 'tis owing
That side by side we still are going!

While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl—
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath—
He marked not that 'twas still as death.
But soon large rain-drops on his head
Fell with the weight of drops of lead;—
He starts—and takes, at the admonition,
A sage survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes,
Glimmering faintly where it lies;
Black is the sky—and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still—
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Hung round and overhung with gloom;
Save that above a single height
Is to be seen a lurid light,
Above Helm-crag—1—a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red;
And near that lurid light, full well
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN.

1 A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arrochar in Scotland.

Cowering beside her rifled cell,
As if intent on magic spell;—
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!
The ASTROLOGER was not unseen
By solitary Benjamin;
But total darkness came anon,
And he and everything was gone:
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
(That would have rocked the sounding trees
Had sought of sylvan growth been there)
Swept through the Hollow long and bare:
The rain rushed down—the road was battered,
As with the force of billows shattered;
The horses are dismayed, nor know
Whether they should stand or go;
And Benjamin is groping near them
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.
He is astounded,—wonder not,—
With such a charge in such a spot;
Astounded in the mountain gap
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
Close-treading on the silent flashes—
And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.
Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault;
And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;
His who had once supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his Power
Slain here in a disastrous hour!

When, passing through this narrow strait,
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one near,
A female voice:—"Whoe'er you be,
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"
And, less in pity than in wonder,
Amid the darkness and the thunder,
The Waggoner, with prompt command,
Summons his horses to a stand.
While, with increasing agitation,
The Woman urged her supplication,
In rueful words, with sobs between—
The voice of tears that fell unseen;
There came a flash—a startling glare,
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!
'Tis not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin, without a question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and get you under cover!"

Another voice, in tone as hoarse
As a swoln brook with rugged course,
Cried out, "'Good brother, why so fast?
I've had a glimpse of you—avast!
Or, since it suits you to be civil,
Take her at once—for good and evil!"

"'It is my Husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid:
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin;
She and her Babe, which to her breast
With thankfulness the Mother pressed;
And now the same strong voice more near
Said cordially, "'My Friend, what cheer?
Rough doings these! as God's my judge,
The sky owes somebody a grudge!
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!"

Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can:
The Sailor—Sailor now no more,
But such he had been heretofore—
To courteous Benjamin replied,
"Go you your way, and mind not me;
For I must have, whate'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside,—
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"

The Waggon moves—and with its load
Descends along the sloping road;
And the rough Sailor instantly
Turns to a little tent hard by:
For when, at closing of day,
The family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air
Tempted them to settle there.—
Green is the grass for beast to graze,
Around the stones of Dunmail-raise!

The Sailor gathers up his bed,
Takes down the canvas overhead;
And, after farewell to the place,
A parting word—though not of grace,
Pursues, with Ass and all his store,
The way the Waggon went before.

CANTO SECOND

If Wytheburn's modest House of prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock,
(And one, too, not in crazy plight)
Twelve strokes that clock would have been
telling
Under the brow of old Helvellyn—
Its bead-roll of midnight,
Then, when the Hero of my tale
Was passing by, and, down the vale
(The vale now silent, hushed I ween
As if a storm had never been)
Proceeding with a mind at ease;
While the old Familiar of the seas,
Intent to use his utmost haste,
Gained ground upon the Waggon fast,
And gives another lusty cheer;
For spite of rumbling of the wheels,
A welcome greeting he can hear;—
It is a fiddle in its glee
Dinning from the CHERRY TREE!
Thence the sound—the light is there—
As Benjamin is now aware,
Who, to his inward thoughts confined,
Had almost reached the festive door,
When, startled by the Sailor's roar,
He hears a sound and sees a light,
And in a moment calls to mind
That 'tis the village MERRY-NIGHT!

Although before in no dejection,
At this insidious recollection
His heart with sudden joy is filled,—
His ears are by the music thrilled,
His eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rd's which he's
yearning,
Look fairly like a lawful earning.

Nor has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
For, cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That blew us hither!—let him dance,
Who can or will!—my honest soul,
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"

He draws him to the door—"Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin!
And Benjamin—ah, woe is me!
Gave the word—the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.

1 A term well known in the North of England, and applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.
"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we, Feasting at the Cherry Tree!" This was the outside proclamation, This was the inside salutation; What bustling—jostling—high and low! A universal overflow! What tankards foaming from the tap! What store of cakes in every lap! What thumping—stumping—overhead! The thunder had not been more busy: With such a stir you would have said, This little place may well be dizzy! 'Tis who can dance with greatest vigour— 'Tis what can be most prompt and eager; As if it heard the fiddle's call, The pewter clatters on the wall; The very bacon shows its feeling, Swinging from the smoky ceiling! A steaming bowl, a blazing fire, What greater good can heart desire? 'Twere worth a wise man's while to try The utmost anger of the sky: To seek for thoughts of a gloomy cast, If such the bright amends at last. Now should you say I judge amiss, The Cherry Tree shows proof of this; For soon of all the happy there, Our Travellers are the happiest pair; All care with Benjamin is gone— A Caesar past the Rubicon! He thinks not of his long, long strife;— The Sailor, Man by nature gay, Hath no resolves to throw away; And he hath now forgot his Wife, Hath quite forgotten her—or may be Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth, Within that warm and peaceful berth, Under cover; Terror over, Sleeping by her sleeping Baby. With bowl that sped from hand to hand, The gladdest of the gladsome band, Amid their own delight and fun, They bear—when every dance is done, When every whirling bout is o'er— The fiddle's squeak— that call to bliss, Ever followed by a kiss; They envy not the happy lot, But enjoy their own the more! While thus our jocund Travellers fare, 1 At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

Up springs the Sailor from his chair— Limps (for I might have told before That he was lame) across the floor— Is gone—returns—and with a prize; With what?—a Ship of lusty size; A gallant stately Man-of-war, Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car. Surprise to all, but most surprise To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes, Not knowing that he had befriended A Man so gloriously attended! "'This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is— Stand back, and you shall see her gratis! This was the Flag-ship at the Nile, The Vanguard—you may smirk and smile, But, pretty Maid, if you look near, You'll find you've much in little here! A nobler ship did never swim, And you shall see her in full trim: I'll set, my friends, to do you honour, Set every inch of sail upon her." So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards, He names them all; and interlards His speech with uncouth terms of art, Accomplished in the showman's part; And then, as from a sudden check, Cries out—"'Tis there, the quarter-deck On which brave Admiral Nelson stood— A sight that would have roused your blood! One eye he had, which, bright as ten, Burned like a fire among his men; Let this be land, and that be sea, Here lay the French—and thus came we!" Hushed was by this the fiddle's sound, The dancers all were gathered round, And, such the stillness of the house, You might have heard a nibbling mouse; While, borrowing helps where'er he may, The Sailor through the story runs Of ships to ships and guns to guns; And does his utmost to display The dismal conflict, and the might And terror of that marvellous night! "A bowl, a bowl of double measure," Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length, To Nelson, England's pride and treasure, Her bulwark and her tower of strength!" When Benjamin had seized the bowl, The mastiff, from beneath the waggion, Where he lay, watchful as a dragon, Rattled his chain;—twas all in vain, For Benjamin, triumphant soul! He heard the monitory growl;
Heard—and in opposition quaffed
A deep, determined, desperate draught! 
Nor did the battered Tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deemed his debt:
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led;
Wheeled her back in full apparel;
And so, flag flying at mast head,
Re-yoked her to the Ass:—amon,
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone.
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
Again behold them on their way!

CANTO THIRD

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
When they the wished-for greeting heard,
The whip's loud notice from the door,
That they were free to move once more.
You think, those doings must have bred
In them disheartening doubts and dread;
No, not a horse of all the eight,
Although it be a moonless night,
Fears either for himself or freight;
For this they know (and let it hide,
In part, the offences of their guide)
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
Is worth the best with all their pains;
And, if they had a prayer to make,
The prayer would be that they may take
With him whatever comes in course,
The better fortune or the worse;
That none else may have business near them,
And, drunk or sober, he may steer them.

So, forth in dauntless mood they fare,
And with them goes the guardian pair.

Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
The triumph of your late devotion
Can aught on earth impede delight,
Still mounting to a higher height;
And higher still—a greedy flight!
Can any low-born care pursue her,
Can any mortal clog come to her? ¹
No notion have they—not a thought,
That is from joyless regions brought!
And, while they coast the silent lake,
Their inspiration I partake;
Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
With their enraptured vision, see—
O fancy—what a jubilee!
What shifting pictures—clad in gleams
Of colour bright as feverish dreams!
Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
⁰ See Note.
THE WAGGONER

Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,
And many a foundrous pit surrounded!
Yet here we are, by night and day
Grinding through rough and smooth our way;
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling;
And long shall be so yet—God willing!"

"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and foul—
But save us from yon screeching owl!"
That instant was begun a fray
Which called their thoughts another way:
What must he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrade at his side!
Till, not incensed though put to proof,
The Ass, lifting a hind hoof,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quieted.
"Yon screech-owl," says the Sailor, turning
Back to his former cause of mourning,
"Yon owl!—pray God that all be well!
Tis worse than any funeral bell;
As sure as I've the gift of sight,
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night!"
—Said Benjamin, "This whip shall lay
A thousand, if they cross our way.
I know that Wanton's noisy station,
I know him and his occupation;
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer
Upon the banks of Windermere;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry;
Halloing from an open throat,
Like travellers shouting for a boat.
—The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant owl is playing here—
That is the worst of his employment!
He's at the top of his enjoyment!"
This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the robber like a charm;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice;
His heart is up—he fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil;
He wheels—and, making many stops,
Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops;
And, while he talked of blows and scars,
Beheld a dancing—and a glancing;

Such retreating and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

CANTO FOURTH

THUS they, with freaks of proud delight,
Beguile the remnant of the night;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind along;
While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply,—
But the sage Muse the revel heeds
No farther than her story needs;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end.
—Blithe spirits of her own impl
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unreserved farewell;
To quit the slow-paced waggon's side,
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Greta for her guide.
—There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag—black as a storm—
Glimmering through the twilight pale;
And Ghimmer-crag,¹ his tall twin brother,
Each peering forth to meet the other:—
And, while she roves through St. John's Vale,
Along the smooth unpaved plain,
By sheep-track or through cottage lane,
Where no disturbance comes to intrude
Upon the pensive solitude,
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
With the rude shepherd's favoured glance,
Beholds the faeries in array,
Whose party-coloured garments gay
The silent company betray:
Red, green, and blue; a moment's sight!
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched—and all the band take flight.
—Fly also, Muse! and from the dell
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell;
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood and lawn
Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn;
Across yon meadowy bottom look,
Where close fogs hide their parent brook;
And see, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made!

¹ The crag of the ewe lamb.
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy,
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;
Which soon the morning shall enfold,
From east to west, in ample vest
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.

The mists, that o'er the streamlet's bed
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;
Even while I speak, their skirts of grey
Are smitten by a silver ray;
And lo!—up Castrigg's naked steep
(Where, smoothly urged, the vapours sweep
Along—and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
The stately waggon is ascending,
With faithful Benjamin attending,
Apparent now beside his team—
Now lost amid a glittering steam:
And with him goes his Sailor-friend,
By this time near their journey's end;
And, after their high-minded riot,
Sickening into thoughtful quiet;
As if the morning's pleasant hour
Had for their joys a killing power.
And, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
Is opened of still deeper pain
As if his heart by notes were stung
From out the lowly hedge-rows flung;
As if the Warbler lost in light
Reproved his soarias of the night,
In strains of rapture pure and holy
Upbraided his distempered folly.

Drooping is he, his step is dull;
But the horses stretch and pull;
With increasing vigour climb,
Eager to repair lost time;
Whether, by their own desert,
Knowing what cause there is for shame,
They are labouring to avert
As much as may be of the blame,
Which, they foresee, must soon alight
Upon his head, whom, in despite
Of all his failings, they love best;
Whether for him they are distrest,
Or, by length of fasting roused,
Are impatient to be housed:
Up against the hill they strain
Tugging at the iron chain,
Tugging all with might and main,

Last and foremost, every horse
To the utmost of his force!
And the smoke and respiration,
Rising like an exhalation,
Blend with the mist—a moving shroud
To form, an undissolving cloud;
Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
Takes delight to play upon.
Never golden-haired Apollo,
Pleased some favourite chief to follow
Through accidents of peace or war,
In a perilous moment threw
Around the object of his care
Veil of such celestial hue;
Interposed so bright a screen—
Him and his enemies between!

Alas! what boots it?—who can hide,
When the malicious Fates are bent
On working out an ill intent?
Can destiny be turned aside?
No—sad progress of my story!
Benjamin, this outward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Master.
Who from Keswick has pricked forth.
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
And to hear what thou canst say;
If, as needs he must forbode,
Thou hast been loitering on the road!
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight—
The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
Which he stifles, moody man!
With all the patience that he can;
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting.

There he is—resolved to stop,
Till the waggon gains the top;
But stop he cannot—must advance:
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
Espies—and instantly is ready,
Self-collected, poised, and steady:
And, to be the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attended cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
Erect his port, and firm his going;
So struts yon cock that now is crowing;
And the morning light in grace
Strikes upon his lifted face,
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his trespasses betray.
But what can all avail to clear him,
Or what need of explanation,
Parley or interrogation?
For the Master sees, alas!
That unhappy Figure near him,
Limping o'er the dewy grass,
Where the road it fringes, sweet,
Soft and cool to way-worn feet;
And, O indignity! an Ass,
By his noble Mastiff's side,
Tehered to the waggon's tail:
And the ship, in all her pride,
Following after in full sail!
Not to speak of babe and mother;
Who, contented with each other,
And sung as birds in leafy arbour,
Find, within, a blessed harbour!

With eager eyes the Master pries;
Looks in and out, and through and through;
Says nothing—till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound, where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do!
But drop the rest—this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unsealed;
All past forgiveness it repealed;
And thus, and through disinterred blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his team and waggon parted;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip—and served no more.—
Nor could the waggon long survive,
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:
It lingered on;—guide after guide
Ambitiously the office tried;
But each unmanageable hill
Called for his patience and his skill;—
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two losses had we to sustain,
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN!

But Nature might not be gainsaid;
For what I have and what I miss
I sing of these;—it makes my bliss!
Nor is it I who play the part,
But a shy spirit in my heart,
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap
From hiding-places ten years deep;
Or haunts me with familiar face,
Returning, like a ghost unbound,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living almanack had we;
We had a speaking diary,
That in this uneventful place
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they came.
—Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountains go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow:
Or, with a milder grace adorning
The landscape of a summer's morning;
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid plain
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirred,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright—
Crag, lawn, and wood—with rosy light.
—But most of all, thou Lordly Wain!
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roars,
And all is dismal out of doors;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry carts, no less a train;
Unworthy successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind and rain!
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my windows, one by one,
See, perched upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single traveller—and there
Another; then perhaps a pair—
The lame, the sickly, and the old;
Men, women, heartless with the cold;

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scruples checked me long;
They checked me,—and I left the theme
Untouched,—in spite of many a gleam
Of fancy which thereon was shed,
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
Upon the side of a distant hill:
And babes in wet and starving plight
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter—and their mother’s breast!
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin;
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone!

1805.

THE PRELUDE

FRENCH REVOLUTION

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT. 1 REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND." 2

An extract from the long poem on my own poetical education. It was first published by Coleridge in his "Friend," which is the reason of its having had a place in every edition of my poems since.

OH! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime Enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
(As at some moment might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown,
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,

1 This and the Extract, p. 112, and the first Piece of this Class, are from the [then] unpublished Poem of which some account is given in the Preface to the EXCURSION.

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtility, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who, of gentle mood,
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their heart’s desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

1805.

\ THE PRELUDE

OR, GROWTH OF A POET’S MIND:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM

ADVERTISEMENT

The following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks:—

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most
distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author’s intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the ‘Recluse’; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author’s mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

Such was the Author’s language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz. the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript; but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author’s other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem was addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLEIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, or hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the \textit{Syllables}, p. 197, ed. 1817, or \textit{Poetical Works, by S. T. Coleridge}, vol. i. p. 306.

\textit{Ryda1 Mount}

\textit{july 13th, 1816.}

\begin{footnote}
1 Now printed, see p. 334.
\end{footnote}

\textbf{BOOK FIRST}

\textbf{INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME}

Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze,
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings
From the green fields, and from yon azure sky.
Whate’er its mission, the soft breeze can come
To none more grateful than to me; escaped
From the vast city, where I long had pined
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.
What dwelling shall receive me? in what vale
Shall be my harbour? underneath what grove
Shall I take up my home? and what clear stream
Shall with its murmur lull me into rest?
The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scour’d at its own liberty,
I look about; and though the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!
Trances of thought and mountings of the mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burden of my own unnatural self,
The heavy weight of many a weary day
Not mine, and such as were not made for me.
Long months of peace (if such bold word accord
With any promises of human life),
Long months of ease and undisturbed delight
Are mine in prospect; whither shall I turn,
By road or pathway, or through trackless field,
Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing
Upon the river point me out my course?

Dear Liberty! Yet what would it avail
But for a gift that consecrates the joy?
For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heaven
Was blowing on my body, felt within
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved
With quickening virtue, but is now become
A tempest, a redundant energy,
Vexing its own creation. Thanks to both,
And their congenial powers, that, while they join
In breaking up a long-continued frost,
Bring with them vernal promises, the hope
Of active days urged on by flying hours,—
Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse!

Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make
A present joy the matter of a song,
Pour forth that day my soul in measured strains
That would not be forgotten, and are here Recorded: to the open fields I told
A prophecy: poetic numbers came Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe A renovated spirit single out, Such hope was mine, for holy services. My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind’s Internal echo of the imperfect sound; To both I listened, drawing from them both A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give A respite to this passion, I paced on With brisk and eager steps; and came, at length, To a green shady place, where down I sate Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice And settling into gentler happiness. ‘Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day, With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun Two hours declined towards the west; a day With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass, And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made Of a known Vale, whither my feet should turn,

Nor rest till they had reached the very door Of the one cottage which methought I saw. No picture of mere memory ever looked So fair; and while upon the fancied scene I gazed with growing love, a higher power Than Fancy gave assurance of some work Of glory there forthwith to be begun, Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused, Nor e’er lost sight of what I mused upon, Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks, Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound. From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun Had almost touched the horizon; casting then A backward glance upon the curling cloud Of city smoke, by distance ruralised; Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive, But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took, Even with the chance equipment of that hour, The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale. It was a splendid evening, and my soul Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked Æolian visitations; but the harp Was soon defrauded, and the banded host Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds, And lastly utter silence! “Be it so; Why think of anything but present good?” So, like a home-bound labourer, I pursued My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed Mild influence; nor left in me one wish Again to bend the Sabbath of that time To a servile yoke. What need of many words? A pleasant loitering journey, through three days Continued, brought me to my hermitage. I spare to tell of what ensued, the life In common things—the endless store of things, Rare, or at least so seeming, every day Found all about me in one neighbourhood— The self-congratulation, and, from morn To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
INTRODUCTION

But speedily an earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference: and therewith
Came hopes still higher, that with outward
life
I might endue some airy phantasies
That had been floating loose about for years,
And to such beings temperately deal forth
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
That hope hath been discouraged; welcome light
Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning: if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she finds
Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased
While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,
But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on
That drive her as in trouble through the groves;
With me is now such passion, to be blamed
No otherwise than as it lasts too long.

When, as becomes a man who would prepare
For such an arduous work, I through myself
Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither seem
To lack that first great gift, the vital soul,
Nor general Truths, which are themselves a sort
Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,
Subordinate helpers of the living mind:
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other aids
Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil
And needful to build up a Poet's praise.
Time, place, and manners do I seek, and these
Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere such
As may be singled out with steady choice;
No little band of yet remembered names
Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope
To summon back from lonesome banishment,
And make them dwellers in the hearts of men
Now living, or to live in future years.
Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice,
mistaking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,
Will settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung;
More often turning to some gentle place
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe
To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,
Amid reposining knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and overcome
By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats,
Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword
Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry
That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife;
Whence inspiration for a song that winds
Through ever-changing scenes of votive quest
Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid
To patient courage and unblemished truth,
To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
And Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves.
Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate
How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,
And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Perished the Roman Empire: how the friends
And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,
And left their usages, their arts and laws,
To disappear by a slow gradual death,
To dwindle and to perish one by one,
Starved in those narrow bounds: but not
the soul
Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
Survived, and, when the European came
With skill and power that might not be
withstood,
Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
And wasted down by glorious death that race
Of natural heroes: or I would record
How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled
man,
Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,
Suffered in silence for Truth’s sake: or tell,
How that one Frenchman, through con-
tinued force
Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
Of those who conquered first the Indian
Isles,
Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about
Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus
sought
Help at his need in Dalecarlia’s mines:
How Wallace fought for Scotland; left the
name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.
Sometimes it suits me better to invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts;
Some variegated story, in the main
Lofy, but the unsubstantial structure melts
Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,
My last and favourite aspiration, mounts
With yearning toward some philosophic
song
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;
With meditations passionate from deep
Recesses in man’s heart, immortal verse
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
But from this awful burthen I full soon

1 Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman
who went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the mas-
sacre of the French by the Spaniards there.

Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
That mellower years will bring a riper mind
And clearer insight. Thus my days are
past
In contradiction; with no skill to part
Vague longing, haply bred by want of
power,
From paramount impulse not to be with-
stood,
A timorous capacity, from prudence,
From circumspection, infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe, themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness; that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
That with intrusive restlessness beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.
Ah! I better far than this, to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural walks.
And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unreproved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every
hour
Turns recreant to her task; takes heart
again,
Then feels immediately some hollow though:
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot; for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in my-
self,
That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave.
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse’s song.
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a
voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this,
didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my
thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

When he had left the mountains and received
On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers
That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.
Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,
In a small mill-race severed from his stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's day;
Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again
Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured
The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves
Of yellow ragwort; or, when rock and hill,
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,
Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been born
On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport
A naked savage, in the thunder shower.

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which ere long
We were transplanted;—there we were let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace

That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less, when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean
Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange, that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she would use
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon’s utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.
She was an elfin pinnacle; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon’s bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—
And through the meadows homeward went,
in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undefined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o’er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;

But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

1 Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul.
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognise
A grandeur in the bearings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and ’mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.

1 These lines have been printed before. See p. 112.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sidewise, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed

Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feetler and feebleter, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hills!
And Souls of lonely places! can I think
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed
Such ministry, when ye, through many a year
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed, upon all forms, the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth,
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea?

Not uselessly employed,
Might I pursue this theme through every change
Of exercise and play, to which the year
Did summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bower
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line,
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong
And unproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.

—Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate
In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head
In strife too humble to be named in verse:
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even for the very service they had wrought, But husbanded through many a long campaign. Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few Had changed their functions; some, plebeian cards Which Fate, beyond the promise of their birth, Had dignified, and called to represent The persons of departed potentates. Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell! Ironic diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades, A congregation piteously akin! Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit, Those sooty knaves, precipitated down With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven: The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse, Queens gleaming through their splendour’s last decay, And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad Incessant rain was falling, or the frost Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth; And, interrupting oft that eager game, From under Esthwaite’s splitting fields of ice The pent-up air, struggling to free itself, Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves Howling in troops along the BothneMain.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace How Nature by extrinsic passion first Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair, And made me love them, may I here omit How other pleasures have been mine, and joys Of subtler origin; how I have felt, Not seldom even in that tempestuous time, Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense Which seem, in their simplicity, to own An intellectual charm; that calm delight Which, if I err not, surely must belong To those first-born affinities that fit Our new existence to existing things, And, in our dawn of being, constitute The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth, And twice five summers on my mind had stamped The faces of the moving year, even then I held unconscious intercourse with beauty Old as creation, drinking in a pure Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths Of curling mist, or from the level plain Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays Of Cumbria’s rocky limits, they can tell How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade, And to the shepherd’s but on distant hills Sent welcome notice of the rising moon, How I have stood, to fancies such as these A stranger, linking with the spectacle No conscious memory of a kindred sight, And bringing with me no peculiar sense Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood, Even while mine eye hath moved o’er many a league Of shining water, gathering as it seemed, Through every hair-breadth in that field of light, New pleasure like a bee among the flowers.

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy Which, through all seasons, on a child’s pursuits Are prompt attendants, ’mid that giddy bliss Which, like a tempest, works along the blood And is forgotten; even then I felt Gleams like the flashing of a shield;—the earth And common face of Nature spake to me Rememberable things; sometimes, ’tis true, By chance collisions and quaint accidents (Like those ill.sorted unions, work supposed Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain Nor profitless, if haply they impressed Collateral objects and appearances, Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep Until maturer seasons called them forth To impregnate and to elevate the mind. —And if the vulgar joy by its own weight Wearied itself out of the memory, The scenes which were a witness of that joy
Remained in their substantial lineaments Depicted on the brain, and to the eye Were visible, a daily sight; and thus By the impressive discipline of fear, By pleasure and repeated happiness, So frequently repeated, and by force Of obscure feelings representative Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright, So beautiful, so majestic in themselves, Though yet the day was distant, did become Habitually dear, and all their forms And changeful colours by invisible links Were fastened to the affections.

I began

My story early—not misled, I trust, By an infirmity of love for days Disowned by memory—ere the breath of spring Planting my snowdrops among winter snows: Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt In sympathy, that I have lengthened out With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale. Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I might fetch Invigorating thoughts from former years; Might fix the wavering balance of my mind, And haply meet reproaches too, whose power May spur me on, in manhood now mature To honourable toil. Yet should these hopes Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught To understand myself, nor thou to know With better knowledge how the heart was framed Of him thou lovest; need I dread from thee Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit Those recollected hours that have the charm Of visionary things, those lovely forms And sweet sensations that throw back our life, And almost make remotest infancy A visible scene, on which the sun is shining?

One end at least hath been attained; my mind Hath been revived, and if this genial mood Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down Through later years the story of my life. The road lies plain before me;—’tis a theme Single and of determined bounds; and hence I choose it rather at this time, than work Of ampler or more varied argument, Where I might be discomfited and lost: And certain hopes are with me, that to thee This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend!

BOOK SECOND

SCHOOL-TIME (continued)

THUS far, O Friend! have we, though leaving much Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace The simple ways in which my childhood walked; Those chiefly that first led me to the love Of rivers, woods, and fields. The passion yet Was in its birth, sustained as might befall By nourishment that came unsought; for still From week to week, from month to month, we lived A round of tumult. Duly were our games Prolonged in summer till the daylight failed: No chair remained before the doors; the bench And threshold steps were empty; fast asleep The labourer, and the old man who had sate A later lingerer; yet the revelry Continued and the loud uproar: at last, When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went, Feverish with weary joints and beating minds. Ah! is there one who ever has been young, Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride Of intellect and virtue’s self-esteem? One is there, though the wisest and the best
Of all mankind, who covets not at times
Union that cannot be;—who would not
give
If so he might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantile desire?
A tranquillising spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my
mind,
That, musing on them, often do I seem
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other Being. A rude mass
Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, re-
turned
After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old grey stone, and in its
place
A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground
That had been ours. There let the fiddle
scream,
And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I
know
That more than one of you will think with
me
Of those soft starry nights, and that old
Dame
From whom the stone was named, who
there had sate,
And watched her table with its huckster’s
wares
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year
span round
With giddy motion. But the time ap-
proached
That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning
forms
Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.

When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourn
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister
Isle
Beneath the oaks’ umbrageous covert, sown

With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where sur-
vived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chant and rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride
of strength,
And the vain-glory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually pro-
duced
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I may
add,
Fearless of blame, that hence for future days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too
much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare!
More than we wished we knew the blessing
then
Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal
strength
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, exclude
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quartered
year
In penniless poverty. But now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that suf-
ced
To furnish treats more costly than the
Dame
Of the old grey stone, from her scant board,
supplied.
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green
ground,
Or in the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those half-
years,
We from our funds drew largely;—proud
to curb,
And eager to spur on, the galloping steed;
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose
Supplied our want, we haply might employ
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound
Were distant: some famed temple where
of yore
The Druids worshipped, or the antique
walls
Of that large abbey, where within the Vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,
Sands yet a mouldering pile with fractured
arch,
Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene!—Along the smooth green
turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland
peace,
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our seeds remounted and the summons
given,
With whip and spur we through the
chandraign flew
In smooth race, and left the cross-legged
knight,
And the stone-abbot, and that single wren
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
Of the old church, that—though from
recent showers
The earth was comfortless, and, touched
by faint
Internal breezes, sobblings of the place
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—
yet still
So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird
Sang to herself, that there I could have
made
My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
To hear such music. Through the walls
we flew
And down the valley, and, a circuit made
In vanitomeness of heart, through rough and
smooth
We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks
and streams,
And that still spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step
we breathed
Along the sides of the steep hills, or when

Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the
sea
We beat with thundering hoops the level
sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern
shore,
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood; no homely-featured house,
Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,
But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and
within
Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the Hall was
built
On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore
shade.
But—though the rhymes were gone that
once inscribed
The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had
dislodged
The old Lion and usurped his place, in
sight
And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
With all its foolish pomp. The garden
lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green; beneath us stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the
trees
And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow
cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we
played
On the smooth platform, whether skill pre-
vailed
Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But, ere
night-fall,
When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course
with one,
The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him
there,
And rowed off gently, while he blew his
flute
Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus
Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me: already I began
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess
Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear
Vale!

Those incidental charms which first attached
My heart to rural objects, day by day
Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, interventen till this time
And secondary, now at length was sought
For her own sake. But who shall parcel out
His intellect by geometric rules,
Split like a province into round and square?
Who knows the individual hour in which
His habits were first sown, even as a seed?
Who that shall point as with a wand and say
"This portion of the river of my mind
Came from thy fountain?" Thou, my Friend! art one
More deeply read in thy own thoughts; to thee
Science appears but what in truth she is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast,
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
To our infirmity. No officious slave
Art thou of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are thing
That we perceive, and not that we have made.
To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
The unity of all hath been revealed,
And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled
Than many are to range the faculties
In scale and order, class the cabinet
Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
Run through the history and birth of each
As of a single independent thing.
Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the mind
If each most obvious and particular thought,
Not in a mystical and idle sense,
But in the words of Reason deeply weighed
Hath no-beginning.

Blest the infant Babe
(For with my best conjecture I would trace
Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,
Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep
Rocked on his Mother's breast; who with his soul
Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye
For him, in one dear Presence, there exist
A virtue which irradiates and exalts
Objects through widest intercourse of sense.
No outcast he, bewildered and depressed:
Along his infant veins are interfused
The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature that connect him with the work
Is there a flower, to which he points with hand
Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from love's purest earthly fountain him
Hath beautified that flower; already shall
Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unsightly marks of violence or harm.
Empathically such a Being lives,
Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,
An inmate of this active universe:
For, feeling has to him imparted power
That through the growing faculties of sense
Doth like an agent of the one great Mind
Create, creator and receiver both,  
Working but in alliance with the works  
Which it beholds.—Such, verily, is the first  
Poetic spirit of our human life,  
By uniform control of after years,  
In most, abated or suppressed; in some,  
Through every change of growth and of decay,  
Pre-eminent till death.  

From early days,  
Beginning not long after that first time  
In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch  
I held mute dialogues with my Mother’s heart,  
I have endeavoured to display the means  
Whereby this infant sensibility,  
Great birthright of our being, was in me  
Augmented and sustained. Yet is a path  
More difficult before me; and I fear  
That in its broken windings we shall need  
The chamois’ sinews, and the eagle’s wing:  
For now a trouble came into my mind  
From unknown causes. I was left alone  
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.  
The props of my affections were removed,  
And yet the building stood, as if sustained  
By its own spirit! All that I beheld  
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
The mind lay open to a more exact  
And close communion. Many are our joys  
In youth, but oh! what happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  

And sorrow is not there! The seasons came,  
And every season wheresoe’er I moved  
Unfolded transitory qualities,  
Which, but for this most watchful power of love,  
Had been neglected; left a register  
Of permanent relations, else unknown.  
Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude  
More active ever than “best society”—  
Society made sweet as solitude  
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
And gentle agitations of the mind  
From manifold distinctions, difference  
Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful eye,  
No difference is, and hence, from the same source,  

Sublimer joy; for I would walk alone,  
Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
Have felt whate’er there is of power in sound  
To breathe an elevated mood, by form  
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,  
If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.  
Thence did I drink the visionary power;  
And deem not profitless those fleeting moods  
Of shadowy exultation: not for this,  
That they are kindred to our purer mind  
And intellectual life; but that the soul,  
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt  
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense  
Of possible sublimity, whereto  
With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
With faculties still growing, feeling still  
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet  
Have something to pursue. And not alone,  

‘Mid gloom and tumult, but no less ‘mid fair  
And tranquil scenes, that universal power  
And fitness in the latent qualities  
And essences of things, by which the mind  
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me  
Came strengthened with a superadded soul,  
A virtue not its own. My morning walks  
Were early;—oft before the hours of school  
I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear  
For this, that one was by my side, a Friend,¹  

Then passionately loved; with heart how full  
Would he peruse these lines! For many years  
Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds  
Both silent to each other, at this time  
We live as if those hours had never been.  
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch  
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had risen  

¹ The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg, Windermere.
From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush
Was audible; and sate among the woods
Alone upon some jutting eminence,
At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the
Vale,
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.
How shall I seek the origin? where find
Faith in the marvellous things which then
I felt?
Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a
dream,
A prospect in the mind.
'Twere long to tell
What spring and autumn, what the winter
snows,
And what the summer shade, what day
and night,
Evening and morning, sleep and waking,
thought
From sources inexhaustible, poured forth
To feed the spirit of religious love
In which I walked with Nature. But let
this
Be not forgotten, that I still retained
My first creative sensibility;
That by the regular action of the world
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic power
Abode with me; a forming hand, at times
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood;
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the most,
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communed. An auxiliar
light
Came from my mind, which on the setting
sun
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious
birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
obeysed
A like dominion, and the midnight storm
Grew darker in the presence of my eye:
Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

Nor should this, perchance,
Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved
The exercise and produce of a toil,
Than analytic industry to me
More pleasing, and whose character I deem
Is more poetic as resembling more

Creative agency. The song would speak
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exists
To passive minds. My seventeenth year
was come
And, whether from this habit rooted now
So deeply in my mind, or from excess
In the great social principle of life
Coercing all things into sympathy,
To unorganic natures were transferred
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth
Coming in revelation, did converse
With things that really are; I, at this
time,
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.
Thus while the days flew by, and years
passed on,
From Nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much, that all my
thoughts
Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth
still;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of
thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts
and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that
glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself.
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and
heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible.
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain.
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

If this be error, and another faith
Find easier access to the pious mind,
Yet were I grossly destitute of all
Those human sentiments that make this
earth
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice
RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye
lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds
That dwell among the hills where I was
born.
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have
lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires—
The gift is yours; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
If, mid indifferency and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life—the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
last fed
My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A ever-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! I went reared
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
But we, by different roads, at length have
 gained
The selfsame bourne. And for this cause
to thee
I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,
The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language which so oft
In conversation between man and man
Bless from the human countenance all trace
Of beauty and of love. For thou hast
sought
The truth in solitude, and, since the days
That gave thee liberty, full long desired,
To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers;
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In this our deep devotion.

Fare thee well!
Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

BOOK THIRD

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with
clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we
saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College
lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled
cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's
force.
Onward we drove beneath the Castle;
cought,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse
of Cam;
And at the Hoop alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full
of hope;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who
there
Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys,
now hung round
With honour and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh
day
Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
A man of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
From street to street with loose and care-
less mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I
roamed
Delighted through the motley spectacle;
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students,
streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-
ways, towers:
Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
A northern villager.

As if the change
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in monies, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
With other signs of manhood that supplied
The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly
on,
With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all with-
out
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;
Right underneath, the College kitchens
made
A humming sound, less tunable than bees,
But hardly less industrious; with shrill
notes
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,
Who never let the quarters, night or day,
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the
hours
Twice over with a male and female voice.
Her pealing organ was my neighbour too;
And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought,
alone.

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's
room
All studded round, as thick as chairs could
stand,
With loyal students, faithful to their books,
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
And honest dunces—of important days,
Examinations, when the man was weighed
As in a balance of excessive hopes,
Tremblings withal and commendable fears,
Small jealousies, and triumphs good or
bad—
Let others that know more speak as they
know.
Such glory was but little sought by me,
And little won. Yet from the first crude
days
Of settling time in this untried abode,
I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,
Wishing to hope without a hope, some
fears
About my future worldly maintenance,
And, more than all, a strangeness in the
mind,
A feeling that I was not for that hour,
Nor for that place. But wherefore be cast
down?
For (not to speak of Reason and her pure
Reflective acts to fix the moral law
Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian
Hope,
Bowing her head before her sister Faith
As one far mightier), hither I had come,
Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy
powers
And faculties, whether to work or feel.
Oft when the dazzling show no longer new
Had ceased to dazzle, ofttimes did I quit
My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings
and groves,
And as I paced alone the level fields
Far from those lovely sights and sounds
sublime
With which I had been conversant, the
mind
Drooped not; but there into herself return-
ing,
With prompt rebound seemed fresh as here-
tofore.
At least I more distinctly recognised
Her native instincts: let me dare to speak
A higher language, say that now I felt
What independent solaces were mine,
To mitigate the injurious sway of place
Or circumstance, how far soever changed
In youth, or to be changed in after years.
As if awakened, summoned, roused, con-
strained,
I looked for universal things; perused
The common countenance of earth and sky.
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some
trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was
driven;
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven.
I called on both to teach me what they might;
Or, turning the mind in upon herself,
Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts
And spread them with a wider creeping;
Incumbrances more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
That tolerates the indignities of Time,
And, from the centre of Eternity
All finite motions overruling, lives
In glory immutable. But peace! enough
Here to record that I was mounting now
To such community with highest truth—
A track pursuing, not untrod before,
From strict analogies by thought supplied
Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion; was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—
I had a world about me—'twas my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
By outward gestures and by visible looks:
Some called it madness—so indeed it was,
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
To inspiration, sort with such a name;
If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
By poets in old time, and higher up
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference.
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power
Might sleep;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced my life
Up to an eminence, and told a tale
Of matters which not falsely may be called
The glory of my youth. Of genius, power,
Creation and divinity itself
I have been speaking, for my theme has been
What passed within me. Not of outward things
Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,
Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.
O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,
And what they do within themselves while yet
The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.
This is, in truth, heroic argument,
This genuine prowess, which I wished to touch
With hand however weak, but in the main
It lies far hidden from the reach of words.
Points have we all of us within our souls
Where all stand single; this I feel, and make
Breathings for incommunicable powers;
But is not each a memory to himself,
And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme,
I am not heartless, for there's not a man
That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,  
And feels not what an empire we inherit  
As natural beings in the strength of Nature.

No more: for now into a populous plain  
We must descend. A Traveller I am,  
Whose tale is only of himself; even so,  
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
To follow, and if thou, my honoured Friend!  
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,  
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.

It hath been told, that when the first delight  
That flashed upon me from this novel show  
Had failed, the mind returned into herself;  
Yet true it is, that I had made a change  
In climate, and my nature’s outward coat  
Changed also slowly and insensibly,  
Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts  
Of loneliness gave way to empty noise  
And superficial pastimes; now and then  
Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes;  
And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
Of indecisive judgments, that impaired  
And shook the mind’s simplicity. —And yet  
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—  
Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
In a sea-river’s bed at ebb of tide,  
Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart,  
So many happy youths, so wide and fair  
A congregation in its budding-time  
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once  
So many divers samples from the growth  
Of life’s sweet season—could have seen unmov’d  
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers  
Decking the matron temples of a place  
So famous through the world? To me, at least,  
It was a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,  
Though I had learnt betimes to stand unpropp’d,  
And independent musings pleased me so well,  
That spells seemed on me when I was alone,  
Yet could I only cleave to solitude

In lonely places; if a throng was near  
That way I leaned by nature; for my heart  
Was social, and loved idleness and joy.

Not seeking those who might participate  
My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once.  
Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,  
Even with myself divided such delight,  
Or looked that way for aught that might be clothed  
In human language), easily I passed  
From the remembrances of better things,  
And slipped into the ordinary works  
Of careless youth, unburnished, unalarmed.  
Caverns there were within my mind which sun  
Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
Want store of leafy arbours where the light  
Might enter in at will. Companionships,  
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.  
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked  
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;  
Drifted about along the streets and walks,  
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth  
To gallop through the country in blind zeal  
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars  
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act  
In this new life. Imagination slept,  
And yet not utterly. I could not print  
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
Of generations of illustrious men,  
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass  
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,  
Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,  
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.  
Place also by the side of this dark sense  
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
Even the great Newton’s own ethereal self,  
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be  
The more endeared. Their several memories here  
(Even like their persons in their portraits clothed)
With the accustomed garb of daily life
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!

Yes, our blind Poet, who in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!

Be it confess that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Liberations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with earsome Cassandra's voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind,
The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove
Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!
I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given up
To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things
Not doing in their stead the needful work.
The memory languidly revolved, the heart
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse
Of contemplation almost failed to beat.
Such life might not inaptly be compared
To a floating island, an amphibious spot
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal
Not wanting a fair face of water weeds
And pleasant flowers. The thirst of living praise,

Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight
Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
Where mighty minds lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred

A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—
Alas! such high emotion touched not me.
Look was there none within these walls to shame
My easy spirits, and countenance
Their light composure, far less to instil
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
To puissant efforts. Nor was this the blame
Of others but my own; I should, in truth,
As far as doth concern my single self,
Misdemean most widely, lodging it elsewhere:
For I, bred up, 'mid Nature's luxuries,
Was a spoiled child, and, rumbling like the wind,
As I had done in daily intercourse
With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,
And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the
air,
I was ill-tutored for captivity;
To quit my pleasure, and, from month to
month,
Take up a station calmly on the perch
Of sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
Had also left less space within my mind,
Which, wrought upon instinctively, had
found
A freshness in those objects of her love,
A winning power, beyond all other power.
Not that I slighted books,—that were to
lack
All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,
Passion's more fervent, making me less
prompt
To in-door study than was wise or well,
Or suited to those years. Yet I, though
used
In magisterial liberty to rove,
Culling such flowers of learning as might
tempt
A random choice, could shadow forth a
place
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent
me down.
To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written lore, acknowledged my liege
lord,
A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and
pains
In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and
stately groves,
Majestic edifices, should not want
A corresponding dignity within.
The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be
taught
To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform
with love.
Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and
prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed
Before antiquity and stedfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts
Are a gratuitous emblazonry
That mocks the recreant age we live in,
then
Be Folly and False-seeing free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own
esteem—
Let them parade among the Schools at will.
But spare the House of God. Was ever
known
The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeple's of our English Church.
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
hand
In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given loose
To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness
were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of
awe;
A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself.—Alas! Alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed
By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight
Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous walls
Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
At matins froze, and coughed at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world!
Far different service in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
From their first childhood: in that glorious time
When Learning, like a stranger come from far,
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roarsed
Peanut and king; when boys and youths, the growth
Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Stood their homes, and, errant in the quest
Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit down,
From town to town and through wide scattered realms
Journeyed with ponderous folios in their hands;
And often, starting from some covert place,
Painted the chance comer on the road,
Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious men,
Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read
Before the doors or windows of their cells
By moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see but darkly
Even when we look behind us, and best things
Are not so pure by nature that they needs
Must keep to all, as fondly all believe,
Their highest promise. If the mariner,
When at reluctant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the ills
That must have fallen upon him had he brought
His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew
Inexorably adverse: for myself
I grieve not; happy is the gowned youth,
Who only misses what I missed, who falls
No lower than I fell.

I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course
Of our scholastic studies; could have wished
To see the river flow with ampler range
And freer pace; but more, far more, I grieved
To see displayed among an eager few
Who in the field of contest persevered,
Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
And mounting spirit, pitifully repaid,
When so disturbed, whatever palms are won.
From these I turned to travel with the shoal
Of more unthinking natures, easy minds
And pillowy; yet not wanting love that makes
The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,
And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
In my own mind remote from social life,
(At least from what we commonly so name,)
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
Who lacking occupation looks far forth
Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,
That this first transit from the smooth
delights
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
To something that resembles an approach
Towards human business, to a privileged
world
Within a world, a midway residence
With all its intervenient imagery,
Did better suit my visionary mind,
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life;
By a more just gradation did lead on
To higher things; more naturally matured,
For permanent possession, better fruits,
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
With playful zest of fancy, did we note
(How could we less?) the manners and the
ways
Of those who lived distinguished by the
badge
Of good or ill report; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose
sway
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more,
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
Of the grave Elders, men unsoured, gro-
tesque
In character, tricked out like aged trees
Which through the lapse of their infirmity
Give ready place to any random seed
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately
left
Appeared a different aspect of old age;
How different! yet both distinctly marked,
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,
Or portraiture for special use designed,
As some might seem, so aptly do they
serve
To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
That book upheld as with maternal care
When she would enter on her tender scheme
Of teaching comprehension with delight,
And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life
And manners finely wrought, the delicate
race
Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down
Through that state arras woven with silk
and gold;
This wily interchange of snaky hues,
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
I neither knew nor cared for; and as such
Were wanting here, I took what might be
found
Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
I smile, in many a mountain solitude
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
Of character, in points of wit as broad,
As aught by wooden images performed
For entertainment of the gaping crowd
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit
Remembrances before me of old men—
Old humourists, who have been long in
their graves,
And having almost in my mind put off
Their human names, have into phantoms
passed
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were ex-
pressed
The limbs of the great world; its eager
strifes
Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
Though short of mortal combat; and what-
e'er
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
More that way, was not wasted upon me—
And yet the spectacle may well demand
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living part of a live whole,
A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-
lived praise
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave;
Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless
Fear,
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile, Murmuring submission, and bald government, (The idol weak as the idolater), And Decency and Custom starving Truth, And blind Authority beating with his staff The child that might have led him; Emptiness Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices I cannot say what portion is in truth The naked recollection of that time, And what may rather have been called to life By after-meditation. But delight That, in an easy temper lulled asleep, Is still with Innocence its own reward, This was not wanting. Carelessly I roamed As through a wide museum from whose stores A casual rarity is singled out And has its brief perusal, then gives way To others, all supplanted in their turn; Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things That are by nature most unneighbourly, The head turns round and cannot right itself; And though an aching and a barren sense Of gay confusion still be uppermost, With few wise longings and but little love, Yet to the memory something cleaves at last, Whence profit may be drawn in times to come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend! The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring, Eight months I rolled pleasingly away; the ninth Came and returned me to my native hills.

**BOOK FOURTH**

**SUMMER VACATION**

Bright was the summer’s noon when quickening steps Followed each other till a dreary moor Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top Standing alone, as from a rampart’s edge, I overlooked the bed of Windermere, Like a vast river, stretching in the sun. With exultation, at my feet I saw Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays, A universe of Nature’s fairest forms Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst, Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay. I bounded down the hill shouting amain For the old Ferryman; to the shout the rocks Replied, and when the Charon of the flood Had staid his oars, and touched the jutting pier, I did not step into the well-known boat Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed Up the familiar hill I took my way Towards that sweet Valley\(^1\) where I had been reared; ‘Twas but a short hour’s walk, ere veering round I saw the snow-white church upon her hill Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out A gracious look all over her domain. Von azure smoke betrays the lurking town; With eager footsteps I advance and reach The cottage threshold where my journey closed. Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps, From my old Dame, so kind and motherly, While she perused me with a parent’s pride. The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart Can beat never will I forget thy name. Heaven’s blessing be upon thee where thou liest After thy innocent and busy stir In narrow cares, thy little daily growth Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years, And more than eighty, of untroubled life; Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood Honoured with little less than filial love. What joy was mine to see thee once again, Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things About its narrow precincts all beloved, And many of them seeming yet my own! Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts Have felt, and every man alive can guess? The rooms, the court, the garden were not left

\(^1\) Hawkshead.
Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
Round the stone table under the dark pine,
Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
The famous brook, who, soon as he was
boxed
Within our garden, found himself at once,
As if by trick insidious and unkind,
Stripped of his voice and left to dimple
down
(Without an effort and without a will)
A channel paved by man's officious care.
I looked at him and smiled, and smiled
again,
And in the press of twenty thousand
thoughts,
"Ha," quo'th I, "pretty prisoner, are you
there!"
Well might sarcastic Fancy then have
whispered,
"An emblem here behold of thy own life;
In its late course of even days with all
Their smooth enthrallment;" but the heart
was full,
Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
Walked proudly at my side: she guided
me;
I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led.
—The face of every neighbour whom I met
Was like a volume to me; some were hailed
Upon the road, some busy at their work,
Unceremonious greetings interchanged
With half the length of a long field between.
Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
Like recognitions, but with some constraint
Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
But with more shame, for my habiliments,
The transformation wrought by gay attire.
Not less delighted did I take my place
At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
In this endeavour simply to relate
A Poet's history, may I leave untold
The thankfulness with which I laid me
down
In my accustomed bed, more welcome now
Perhaps than if it had been more desired
Or been more often thought of with regret;
That lowly bed whence I had heard the
wind
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so
oft
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendour couched among the
leaves
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
Had watched her with fixed eyes while to
and fro
In the dark summit of the waving tree
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favourites whom it pleased
me well
To see again, was one by ancient right
Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;
By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
Among the impervious crags, but having
been
From youth our own adopted, he had passed
Into a gentler service. And when first
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the vernal heat
Of poesy, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dilatory walk
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
A hundred times when, roving high and
low,
I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
Much pains and little progress, and at once
Some lovely Image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;
Then have I darted forwards to let loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Caressing him again and yet again.
And when at evening on the public way
I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things else
Are still, the creature trotted on before;
Such was his custom; but whene'er he met
A passenger approaching, he would turn
To give me timely notice, and straightforward,
Grateful for that admonition, I hushed
My voice, composed my gait, and, with
the air
And mien of one whose thoughts are free,
advanced
To give and take a greeting that might save
My name from piteous rumours, such as
wait
On men suspected to be crazed in brain.

Those walks well worthy to be prized
and loved—
Regretted!—that word, too, was on my tongue,
But they were richly laden with all good,
And cannot be remembered but with thanks
And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart—
Those walks in all their freshness now came back
Like a returning Spring. When first I made
Once more the circuit of our little lake,
If ever happiness hath lodged with man,
That day consummate happiness was mine,
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.
The sun was set, or setting, when I left
Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on
A sober hour, not winning or serene,
For cold and raw the air was, and untuned:
But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart
Have fulness in herself; even so with me
It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God.
While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch
A heart that had not been disconsolate:
Strength came where weakness was not known to be,
At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door
Of acknowledged weariness. I took
The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself.
—Of that external scene which round me lay,
Little, in this abstraction, did I see;
Remembered less; but I had inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,
Conversed with promises, had glimmering views
How life pervades the undecaying mind;
How the immortal soul with God-like power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her; how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.

Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love,
Of innocence, and holiday repose;
And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir
Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end
At last, or glorious, by endurance won.
Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down
Alone, continuing there to muse: the slopes
And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread
With darkness, and before a rippling breeze
The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,
And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,
Around me from among the hazel leaves,
Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,
Came ever and anon a breath-like sound,
Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,
The off and on companion of my walk;
And such, at times, believing them to be,
I turned my head to look if he were there;
Then into solemn thought I passed once more.

A freshness also found I at this time
In human Life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved;
The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise
Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
After an eight-days' absence. For (to omit
The things which were the same and yet appeared
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to all,
'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook
Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant; pale-faced babes whom I had left
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and down;
And growing girls whose beauty, filched away
With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to smiles
Such as a delicate work of humour breeds;
I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts,
Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge; with another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new delight,
This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired Dame;
Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state equipped in monumental trim;
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like),
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old times. Her smooth domestic life,
Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me; and
no less
Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course;
With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropped asleep
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit
Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.
But now there opened on me other thoughts
Of change, congratulation or regret,
A pensive feeling! It spread far and wide;
The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,
The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts—
White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,
Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
Acquaintances of every little child,
And Jupiter, my own beloved star!
Whatever shadings of mortality,
Whatever imports from the world of death
Had come among these objects heretofore,
Were, in the main, of mood less tender: strong,
Deep, gloomy were they, and severe; the scatterings
Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way
In later youth to yearnings of a love
Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side
Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beauteous sights—woods, fables, flowers,
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,
Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,
Mountains and clouds, reflected in the deep
Of the clear flood, from things which there abide
In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And wavering motions sent he knows not whence,
Impediments that make his task more sweet;
Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
With like success, nor often have appeared
Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
Than these 'to which the Tale, indulgent Friend!
Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite
Of pleasure won, and knowledge not withheld,
There was an inner falling off—I loved.
Loved deeply all that had been loved before
More deeply even than ever: but a swarm
Of heady schemes jostling each other
And feast and dance, and public revelry.
And sports and games (too grateful to themselves,
Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe.
Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh
Of manliness and freedom) all conspired
To lure my mind from firm habitual quest
Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal
And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—
A wild, unworlidy-minded youth, given up
To his own eager thoughts. It would
demand
Some skill, and longer time than may be spared
To paint these vanities, and how they
wrought
In haunts where they, till now, had been
unknown.
It seemed the very garments that I wore
Preserved on my strength, and stopped the
quiet stream
Of self-forgetfulness.
Yes, that heartless chase
Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
For books and nature at that early age.
Tis true, some casual knowledge might be gained
Of character or life; but at that time,
Of manners put to school I took small note,
And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere.
Far better had it been to exalt the mind
By solitary study, to uphold
Intense desire through meditative peace;
And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
The memory of one particular hour
Deth here rise up against me. 'Mid a
throng
Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons
staid,
A medley of all tempers, I had passed
The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,
With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there
Sight shock of young love-like intermingled
Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
And tinged through the veins. Ere we
retired,
The cock had crowed, and now the eastern
sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble
cope
And open field, through which the pathway
wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the
clouds,
Grain-tintured, drenched in empyrean
light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the
brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but
vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning
greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.
Strange rendezvous! My mind was at
that time
A parti-coloured show of grave and gay,
Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;
Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
Consorting in one mansion unreproved.
The worth I knew of powers that I pos-
sessed,
Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,
That summer, swarming as it did with
thoughts
Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
When Folly from the frown of fleeting
Time
Shrank, and the mind experienced in herself
Conformity as just as that of old
To the end and written spirit of God's
works,
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
Through pregnant vision, separate or con-
joined.

When from our better selves we have too
long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and
droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
How potent a mere image of her sway;
Most potent when impressed upon the mind
With an appropriate human centre—hermit,
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the
top
Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months
Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show
Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,
Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
That—after I had left a flower-decked room
(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived)
To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
Were making night do penance for a day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—
My homeward course led up a long ascent,
Where the road's watery surface, to the top
Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
And bore the semblance of another stream
Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook
That murmured in the vale. All else was still;
No living thing appeared in earth or air,
And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,
Sound there was none—but, lo! an uncouth shape,
Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
So near that, slipping back into the shade
Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
A span above man's common measure, tall,
Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man
Was never seen before by night or day.
Long were his arms, pallid his hands; his mouth
Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from behind,
A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken
That he was clothed in military garb,
Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,
No dog attending; by no staff sustained,
He stood, and in his very dress appeared
A desolation, a simplicity,
To which the trappings of a gaudy world
Make a strange back-ground. From his lips, ere long,
Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
Or some uneasy thought; yet still his form
Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet
His shadow lay, and moved not. From self-blame
Not wholly free, I watched him thus; at length
Subduing my heart's specious cowardice,
I left the shady nook where I had stood
And hailed him. Slowly from his resting-place
He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm
In measured gesture lifted to his head
Returned my salutation; then resumed
His station as before; and when I asked
His history, the veteran, in reply,
Was neither slow nor eager; but, unmoved
And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,
A stately air of mild indifference,
He told in few plain words a soldier's tale—
That in the Tropic Islands he had served.
Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past;
That on his landing he had been dismissed
And now was travelling towards his native home.
This heard, I said, in pity, "Come with me."
He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up
An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—
A staff which must have dropped from his slack hand
And lay till now neglected in the grass.
Though weak his step and cautious, bared
To travel without pain, and I beheld,
With an astonishment but ill suppressed,
His ghostly figure moving at my side;
Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear
To turn from present hardships to the past
And speak of war, battle, and pestilence.
Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,
On what he might himself have seen or felt
He all the while was in demeanour calm,
Concise in answer; solemn and sublime
He might have seemed, but that in all he said
There was a strange half-absence, as of one
Knowing too well the importance of his theme,
But feeling it no longer. Our discourse
Soon ended, and together we passed
In silence through a wood gloomy and still
Up-turning, then, along an open field,
We reached a cottage. At the door I knocked, 
And earnestly to charitable care 
Commended him as a poor friendless man, 
Belated and by sickness overcome. 
Assured that now the traveller would repose 
In comfort, I entertained that henceforth 
He would not linger in the public ways, 
But ask for timely furtherance and help 
Such as his state required. At this reproach, 
With the same ghastly mildness in his look, 
He said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven, 
And in the eye of him who passes me!"

The cottage door was speedily unbarr'd, 
And now the soldier touched his hat once more 
With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice, 
Whose tone bespoke reviving interests 
Till then unfelt, he thanked me; I returned 
The farewell blessing of the patient man, 
And so we parted. Back I cast a look, 
And lingered near the door a little space, 
Then sought with quiet heart my distant home.

BOOK FIFTH

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt 
Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep 
Into the soul its tranquillising power, 
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man, 
Earth's paramount Creature! not so much for woes 
That thou endurest; heavy though that weight be, 
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine 
Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved 
Through length of time, by patient exercise 
Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is 
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto, 
In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked 
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven

As her prime teacher, intercourse with man 
Established by the sovereign Intellect, 
Who through that bodily image hath diffused, 
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time, 
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast wrought, 
For commerce of thy nature with herself, 
Things that aspire to unconquerable life; 
And yet we feel—we cannot choose but feel— 
That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart 
It gives, to think that our immortal being 
No more shall need such garments; and yet man, 
As long as he shall be the child of earth, 
Might almost "weep to have" what he may lose, 
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive, 
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate. 
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,— 
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes 
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch 
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up 
Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare, 
Yet would the living Presence still subsist 
Victorious, and composure would ensue, 
And kindlings like the morning—presage sure 
Of day returning and of life revived. 
But all the meditations of mankind, 
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth 
By reason built, or passion, which itself 
Is highest reason in a soul sublime; 
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage, 
Sensual or intellectual, wrought by men, 
Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes; 
Where would they be? Oh! why hath not the Mind 
Some element to stamp her image on 
In nature somewhat nearer to her own? 
Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad 
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail? 

One day, when from my lips a like complaint 
Had fallen in presence of a studious friend, 
He with a smile made answer, that in truth 'Twas going far to seek disquietude;
But on the front of his reproof confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given way
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's
noon,
While I was seated in a rocky cave
By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,
The famous history of the errant knight
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts
Besoet me, and to height unusual rose,
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
The book, had turned my eyes toward the
wide sea.
On poetry and geometric truth,
And their high privilege of lasting life,
From all internal injury exempt,
I mused; upon these chiefly: and at length,
My senses yielding to the sultry air,
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And as I looked around, distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an uncouth shape ap
pear
ed
Upon a dromedary, mounted high.
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes:
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with unerring skill
Would through the desert lead me; and
while yet
I looked and looked, self-questioned what
this freight
Which the new-comer carried through the
waste
Could mean, the Arab told me that the
stone
(To give it in the language of the dream)
Was "Euclid's Elements," and "This,"
said he,
"Is something of more worth;" and at
the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in
shape,
In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant in an unknown
tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold
Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look
declared
That all would come to pass of which the
voice
Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books:
The one that held acquaintance with the
stars,
And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time;
The other that was a god, yea many gods.
Had voices more than all the winds, with
power
To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,
Through every clime, the heart of human
kind.
While this was uttering, strange as it may
seem,
I wondered not, although I plainly saw
The one to be a stone, the other a shell;
Nor doubted once but that they both were
books,
Having a perfect faith in all that passed.
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt
To cleave unto this man; but when I prayed
To share his enterprise, he hurried on
Reckless of me: I followed, not unseen,
For oftentimes he cast a backward look,
Grasping his twofold treasure.—Lance in
rest,
He rode, I keeping pace with him; and
now
He, to my fancy, had become the knight
Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not the
knight,
But was an Arab of the desert too;
Of these was neither, and was both at once.
His countenance, meanwhile, grew more
disturbed;
And, looking backwards when he looked,
mine eyes
Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,
A bed of glittering light: I asked the cause:
"It is," said he, "the waters of the deep
Gathering upon us;" quickening then the
pace
Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
He left me: I called after him aloud;
He heeded not; but, with his twofold
charge
Still in his grasp, before me, full in view,
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him; whereat I waked in terror,
And saw the sea before me, and the book,
In which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of sleep
This Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
This semi-Quixote, I to him have given
A substance, fancied him a living man,
A gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
By love and feeling; and internal thought
Protracted among endless solitudes;
Have shaped him wandering upon this quest!
Nor have I pitied him; but rather felt
Reverence was due to a being thus employed;
And thought that, in the blind and awful hair
Of such a madness, reason did lie couched,
Know there are on earth to take in charge
Their wives, their children, and their virgin loves,
Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
Know to stir for these; yea, will I say,
Contemplating in soberness the approach
Of an event so dire, by signs in earth
Or heaven made manifest, that I could share
That maniac's fond anxiety, and go
Upon like errand. Oftentimes at least
Me hath such strong enthrallment overcome,
When I have held a volume in my hand,
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
Shakespeare, or Milton, labourers divine!

Great and benign, indeed, must be the power
Of living nature, which could thus so long
Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, unpraised,
Even in the time of lisping infancy;
And later down, in prattling childhood even,
While I was travelling back among those days,
How could I ever play an ingrate's part?
Once more should I have made those bowers resound,
By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies; at least
It might have well be seemed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,

In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now.
O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along untouched
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore speak?
Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of all
Drops daily from the tongue of every child,
Wherever man is found? The trickling tear
Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered: whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from all search
Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspired souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes
Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,
Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their joys—
'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether known
Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,
That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce
Their benediction; speak of them as Powers
For ever to be hallowed; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of
God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
And, by these thoughts admonished, will
pour out
Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was
reared
Safe from an evil which these days have
laid
Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and
soul.
This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches:
then,
Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet
where,
Where had we been, we two, beloved
Friend!
If in the season of unperilous choice,
In lieu of wandering, as we did, through
vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,
We had been followed, hourly watched,
and noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude;
Or rather like a stalled ox debarred
From touch of growing grass, that may
not taste
A flower till it have yielded up its sweets
A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,
Though fledged and feathered, and well
pleased to part
And straggle from her presence, still a
brood,
And she herself from the maternal bond
Still undischarged; yet doth she little more
Than move with them in tenderness and
love,
A centre to the circle which they make;
And now and then, alike from need of
theirs
And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth for
food,
Which they partake at pleasure. Early dêd
My honoured Mother, she who was the
heart
And hinge of all our learnings and our
loves:
She left us destitute, and, as we might,
Trooping together. Little suits it me
To break upon the sabbath of her rest
With any thought that looks at others' blame;
Nor would I praise her but in perfect love.
Hence am I checked; but let me boldly
say,
In gratitude, and for the sake of truth,
Unheard by her, that she, not falsely
taught,
Fetching her goodness rather from times
past,
Than shaping novelties for times to come,
Had no presumption, no such jealousy.
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
Who fills the mother's breast with innocent
milk,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent
food;
Or draws, for minds that are left free to
trust
In the simplicities of opening life,
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded
weeds.
This was her creed, and therefore she was
pure
From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called;
Was not puffed up by false unnatural
hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season askt:
More than its timely produce; rather loved.
The hours for what they are, than from
regard
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more
strong
Than others have, but from the times,
perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through
a grace
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.
My drift I fear
Is scarcely obvious; but, that common
sense
May try this modern system by its fruits,
leave let me take to place before her sight
A specimen pourtrayed with faithful hand.
Full early trained to worship seemliness,
This model of a child is never known
To mix in quarrels; that were far beneath
Its dignity; with gifts he bubbles o'er
As generous as a fountain; selfishness
May not come near him, nor the little
throng
Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his
path;
The wandering beggars propagate his
name,
Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,
And natural or supernatural fear,
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the
wonder, see
How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
To the broad follies of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,
And can read lectures upon innocence;
A miracle of scientific lore,
Ships he can guide across the pathless
sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities,
towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of
dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he
weighs;
All things are put to question; he must
live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart:
For this unnatural growth the trainer
blame,
Hyz the tree.—Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be left
Which he could truly love; but how
escape?
For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermeddler still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like a
stray,
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved
to find
The playthings, which her love designed
for him,
Unthought of: in their woodland beds the
flowers
Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
Oh! give us once again the wishing-cap
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sabra in the forest with St. George!
The child, whose love is here, at least, doth
reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have over-
bridged
The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have
the skill
To manage books, and things, and make
them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our
time,
The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine
us down,
Like engines; when will their presumption
learn,
That in the unreasoning progress of the
world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our
good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful
hours?

1 There was a Boy: ye knew him well,
ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,

1 See p. 113.
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unwares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born; the grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school,
And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies!
Even now appears before the mind’s clear eye
That self-same village church; I see her sit
(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile we hailed)
On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy
Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,
Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,
And listening only to the gladsome sounds
That, from the rural school ascending, play
Beneath her and about her. May she long behold a race of young ones like to those
With whom I herded!—(easily, indeed,
We might have fed upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—
A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good; but wants, fresh,
And bandied up and down by love and hate:
Not unresentful where self-justified;
Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;
Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;
Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft
Bending beneath our life’s mysterious weight
Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not
In happiness to the happiest upon earth.
Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;
May books and Nature be their early joy!
And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name—
Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!

Well do I call to mind the very week
When I was first intrusted to the care
Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
And brooks were like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,
While I was roving up and down alone,
Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite’s Lake:
Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
A heap of garments, as if left by one
Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,
But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast.
And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped
The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale
Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked
In passive expectation from the shore,
While from a boat others hung o’er the deep,
Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.
At last, the dead man, ’mid that beauteous scene
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining streams
Of fairy land, the forest of romance.
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
With decoration of ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long possessed,
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;
And, from companions in a new abode,
When first I learnt, that this dear prize of mine
Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry—
That there were four large volumes, laden with
kindred matter, ’twas to me, in truth,
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
With one not richer than myself, I made
A covenant that each should lay aside
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough
To make this book our own. Through several months,
In spite of all temptation, we preserved
Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father’s house
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had left,
What joy was mine! How often in the course
Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind
Refilled the waters to the angler’s wish,

For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day’s glory, desperate!
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o’er this earth presides,
And o’er the heart of man; invisibly
It comes, to works of unreproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not, what they do.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires; adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate;
These spread like day, and something in the shape
Of these will live till man shall be no more.
Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And they must have their food. Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is; and, in that dubious hour—
That twilight—when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconcilement with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not yet tamed
And humbled down—oh! then we feel, we feel,
We know where we have friends. Ye dreamers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless you then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the ape
Philosophy will call you: then we feel
With what, and how great might ye be in league,
Who make our wish, our power, our thought a deed,
An empire, a possession,—ye whom time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to whom
Earth crouches, the elements are potter's clay,
Space like a heaven filled up with northern lights,
Here, nowhere, there, and everywhere at once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not the less a tract
Of the same isthmus, which our spirits cross
In progress from their native continent
To earth and human life, the Song might dwell
On that delightful time of growing youth,
When craving for the marvellous gives way
To strengthening love for things that we have seen;
When sober truth and steady sympathies,
Offered to notice by less daring pens,
Take firmer hold of us, and words themselves
Move us with conscious pleasure.

I am sad
At thought of rapture now for ever flown;
Almost to tears I sometimes could be sad
To think of, to read over, many a page,
Poems withal of name, which at that time
Did never fail to entrance me, and are now
Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice five years
Or less I might have seen, when first my mind
With conscious pleasure opened to the charm
Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet
For their own sake, a passion, and a power;
And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads
Yet unfrquented, while the morning light
Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad
With a dear friend, and for the better part
Of two delightful hours we strolled along
By the still borders of the misty lake,
Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
Or conning more, as happy as the birds
That round us chaunted. Well might we be glad,
Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,
More bright than madness or the dreams of wine;
And, though full oft the objects of our love
Were false, and in their splendour overwrought,
Yet was there surely then no vulgar power
Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,
Than that most noble attribute of man,
Though yet untutored and inordinate,
That wish for something loftier, more adorned,
Than is the common aspect, daily garb,
Of human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
Of exultation echoed through the groves!
For, images, and sentiments, and words,
And everything encountered or pursued
In that delicious world of poesy,
Kept holiday, a never-ending show,
With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me add,
From heart-experience, and in humblest sense
Of modesty, that he, who in his youth
A daily wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw unpractised time
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
By glittering verse; but further, doth receive,
In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy.
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes,—
there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognised,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH
CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS

The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks
And the simplicities of cottage life
I bade farewell; and, one among the youth
Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the Fowler's lure,
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my face
Without repining from the coves and heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and you,
Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,
You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
And in my own unlovely cell sate down
In lightsome mood—such privilege has youth
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
More to myself. Two winters may be passed
Without a separate notice: many books
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hardy disobedience toward friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell—
Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then
And at a later season, or preserved;
What love of nature, what original strength
Of contemplation, what intuitive truths
The deepest and the best, what keen research,
Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;
Sweet meditations, the still overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
No few of which have since been realised;
And some remain, hopes for my future life.
Four years and thirty, told this very week,
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
By sorrow not unsennit; yet for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
Her dew is on the flowers. Those were the days
Which also first emboldened me to trust
With firmness, hitherto but slightly touched
By such a daring thought, that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive humbleness,
Maintained even by the very name and thought
Of printed books and authorship, began
To melt away; and further, the dread awe
Of mighty names was softened down and seemed
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect now,
Though not familiarly, my mind put on,
Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College grove
And tributary walks; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice;
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which Winter for himself
Decked out with pride, and with outlandish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld, loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
'Twere idle to descant. My inner judgment
Not seldom differed from my taste in books,
As if it appertained to another mind,
And yet the books which then I valued most
Are dearest to me now; for, having scanned,
Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the forms
Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
A standard, often usefully applied,
Even when unconsciously, to things removed
From a familiar sympathy.—In fine,
I was a better judge of thoughts than words,
Misled in estimating words, not only
By common inexperience of youth,
But by the trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous craft, of culling term and phrase
From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart;
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science. Though advanced
In these enquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight:
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate

On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief; there, recognised
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and time,
Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Nor touched by westerlings of passion—is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace
And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,
Upon a desert coast, that having brought To land a single volume, saved by chance. A treatise of Geometry, he wont,
Although of food and clothing destitute, And beyond common wretchedness depressed,
To part from company and take this book (Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths) To spots remote, and draw his diagrams With a long staff upon the sand, and thus Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost Forget his feeling: so (if like effect From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things So different, may rightly be compared), So was it then with me, and so will be With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm Of those abstractions to a mind beset With images and haunted by herself, And specially delightful unto me Was that clear synthesis built up aloft So gracefully; even then when it appeared Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy To sense embodied: not the thing it is
In verity, an independent world,
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine un-
earned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn
aptitudes.
And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,
The twilight more than dawn, autumn than
spring:
A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.
—To time thus spent, add multitudes of
hours
Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a
map
Of my collegiate life,—far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, might have sprung up of itself
By chance of accidents, or even, to speak
Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea?—the
fault,
This I repeat, was mine; mine be the
blame.

In summer, making quest for works of
art,
Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
That streamlet whose blue current works
its way
Between romantic Dove Dale's spiry rocks;
Priel into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with a joy
Above all joys, that seemed another morn
 risen on mid noon; blest with the presence,
 Friend
Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine,
 Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she
seemed
A gift then first bestowed. The varied
banks
Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees,
There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
No languor, no dejection, no dismay,
No absence scarcely can there be, for those
Who love as we do. Speed thee well! divide
With us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,
Receive it daily as a joy of ours;
Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift
Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts.

I, too, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
How different the fate of different men.
Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared
As if in several elements, we were framed
To bend at last to the same discipline,
Predestined, if two beings ever were,
To seek the same delights, and have one health,
One happiness. Throughout this narrative,
Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind
For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,
Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,
And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days
Of peace and self-command. Of rivers, fields,
And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,
Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home, Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget, In this late portion of my argument, That scarcely, as my term of pupillage Ceased, had I left those academic bowers When thouwert thither guided. From the heart
Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,
And didst sit down in temperance and peace,
A rigorous student. What a stormy course Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls
For utterance, to think what easy change
Of circumstances might to thee have spared
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
For ever withered. Through this retrospect
Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
Present before my eyes, have played with times
And accidents as children do with cards,
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,
As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,
Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and words for things,
The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images, Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone, Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening fade
From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we met,
Even at that early time, needs must I trust In the belief, that my maturer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice, Would with an influence benign have soothed, Or chased away, the airy wretchedness That battened on thy youth. But thou hast trod
A march of glory, which doth put to shame These vain regrets; health suffers in thee, else Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought That ever harboured in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch
On wanderings of my own, that now embraced
With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from restraint,
A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,  
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,  
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,  
Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy slight,  
Did this unprecedented course imply,  
Of college studies and their set rewards;  
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me  
Without uneasy forethought of the pain,  
The censures, and ill-omening, of those  
To whom my worldly interests were dear.  
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,  
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,  
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.  
In any age of uneventful calm  
Among the nations, surely would my heart  
Have been possessed by similar desire;  
But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours,  
And human nature seeming born again.  

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks  
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore  
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced  
To land at Calais on the very eve  
Of that great federal day; and there we saw,  
In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward thence  
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns,  
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands. On the public roads,  
And, once, three days successively, through paths  
By which our toilsome journey was abridged,  
Among sequestered villages we walked  
And found benevolence and blessedness  
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring  
Hath left no corner of the land untouched;  
Where elms for many and many a league in files  
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,  

For ever near us as we paced along:  
How sweet at such a time, with such delight  
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,  
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound  
Of undulations varying as might please  
The wind that swayed them; once, and more than once,  
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw  
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
Of darkness, dances in the open air  
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on  
Might waste their breath in chiding.  

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks  
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore  
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced  
To land at Calais on the very eve  
Of that great federal day; and there we saw,  
In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
Is joy for tens of millions. Southward thence  
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns,  
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands. On the public roads,  
And, once, three days successively, through paths  
By which our toilsome journey was abridged,  
Among sequestered villages we walked  
And found benevolence and blessedness  
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring  
Hath left no corner of the land untouched;  
Where elms for many and many a league in files  
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,  

For ever near us as we paced along:  
How sweet at such a time, with such delight  
On every side, in prime of youthful strength,  
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
And fond conceit of sadness, with the sound  
Of undulations varying as might please  
The wind that swayed them; once, and more than once,  
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw  
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
Of darkness, dances in the open air  
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on  
Might waste their breath in chiding.  

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,  
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone  
We glided forward with the flowing stream.  
Swift Rhone! thou wert the wings on which we cut  
A winding passage with majestic ease  
Between thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show  
Those woods and farms and orchards did present,  
And single cottages and lurking towns,  
Reach after reach, succession without end.  
Of deep and stately vales! A lonely pair  
Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along  
Clustered together with a merry crowd  
Of those emancipated, a blithe host  
Of travellers, chiefly delegates, returning  
From the great spousals newly solemnised  
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.  
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;  
Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
The saucy air. In this proud company  
We landed—took with them our evening meal,  
Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
To Abraham of old. The supper done,  
With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
We rose at signal given, and formed a ring  
And, hand in hand, danced round and round the board;  
All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
With amity and glee; we bore a name  
Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,  
And hospitably did they give us hail,
As their forerunners in a glorious course;  
And round and round the board we danced  
again.  
With these blithe friends our voyage we  
renewed  
At early dawn. The monastery bells  
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears;  
The rapid river flowing without noise,  
And each uprising or receding spire  
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew  
By whom we were encompassed. Taking  
leave  
Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by  
side,  
Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued  
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set  
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and  
there  
Rested within an awful solitude:  
Yes; for even then no other than a place  
Of soul-affecting solitude appeared  
That far-famed region, though our eyes  
had seen,  
As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,  
Arms flashing, and a military glare  
Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
That frame of social being, which so long  
Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
In silence visible and perpetual calm.  
—"Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!"  
—The voice  
Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine  
throne;  
I heard it then and seem to hear it now—  
"Your impious work forbear, perish what  
may,  
Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
Of earth devoted to eternity!"  
She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's  
plains  
Waved their dark tops, not silent as they  
waved,  
And while below, along their several beds,  
Murmured the sister streams of Life and  
Death,  
Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my  
heart  
Responded; "Honour to the patriot's zeal!  
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!  
Hail to the mighty projects of the time!  
Discerning sword that Justice wielded, do  
thou  
Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging  
fires,  
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.  
But oh! if Past and Future be the wings  
On whose support harmoniously conjoined  
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge,  
spare  
These courts of mystery, where a step  
advanced  
Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,  
For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure  
sight  
Monarch and peasant: be the house  
redeemed  
With its unworliday votaries, for the sake  
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
Through faith and meditative reason,  
resting  
Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim  
Of that imaginative impulse sent  
From these majestic floods, you shining  
cliffs,  
The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,  
These forests unapproachable by death.  
That shall endure as long as man endures.  
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel.  
To struggle, to be lost within himself  
In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled.  
Not seldom since that moment have I  
wished  
That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the  
calm  
Hadst shared, when, from profane regards  
apart,  
In sympathetic reverence we trod  
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that  
hour,  
From their foundation, strangers to the  
presence  
Of unrestricted and unthinking man.  
Abroad, how cheerfully the sunshine lay  
Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's grove  
Entering, we fed the soul with darkness  
thence  
Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld.  
In different quarters of the bending sky,  
The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there.
Memorial reverenced by a thousand storms;
Yet then, from the undiscriminating sweep
And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure.

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace
That variegated journey step by step.
A march it was of military speed,
And Earth did change her images and
forms
Before us, fast as clouds are changed in
heaven.
Day after day, up early and down late,
From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to
hill
Mounted—from province on to province
swept,
Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing
fair:
Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
Exciting valleys, greeted them and left
Too soon, while yet the very flash and
gleam
Of salutation were not passed away.
Oh! sorrow for the youth who could have
seen,
Unshackled, unsubdued, unwed, un-
raised
To patriarchal dignity of mind,
And pure simplicity of wish and will,
Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,
Pleased (though to hardship born, and
compassed round
With danger, varying as the seasons
change),
Pleased with his daily task, or, if not
pleased,
Contented, from the moment that the dawn
(Ah! surely not without attendant gleams
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
To industry, by glistening stars on rocks,
Whose evening shadows lead him to repose.

Well might a stranger look with bounding
heart
Down on a green recess, the first I saw
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,
Quiet and lorded over and possessed
By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like
tents
Of Indian cabins over the fresh lawns
And by the river side.

That very day,
From a bare ridge we also first beheld
Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved
To have a soulless image on the eye
That had usurped upon a living thought
That never more could be. The wondrous
Vale
Of Chamouny stretched far below, and
soon
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,
And reconciled us to realities;
There small birds warble from the leafy
trees,
The eagle soars high in the element,
There doth the reaper bind the yellow
sheaf,
The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,
While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,
Descending from the mountain to make
sport
Among the cottages by beds of flowers.

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state
Of intellect and heart. With such a book
Before our eyes, we could not choose but
read
Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain
And universal reason of mankind,
The truths of young and old. Nor, side
by side
Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone
Each with his humour, could we fail to
abound
In dreams and fictions, pensively composed:
Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,
And sober posies of funeral flowers,
Gathered among those solitudes sublime
From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
Did sweeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed something of stern mood, an under-
thirst
Of vigour seldom utterly allayed:
And from that source how different a sad-
ness
Would issue, let one incident make known.
When from the Vallais we had turned, and
climb
Along the Simplon’s steep and rugged road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our guide,
Leaving us at the board; awhile we lingered,
Then paced the beaten downward way that led
Right to a rough stream’s edge, and there broke off;
The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent’s further brink held forth
Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears
Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate chance,
While every moment added doubt to doubt,
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned
That to the spot which had perplexed us first
We must descend, and there should find the road,
Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;
And, that our future course, all plain to sight,
Was downwards, with the current of that stream.
Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,
We questioned him again, and yet again;
But every word that from the peasant’s lips
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this,—that we had crossed the Alps.

Imagination—here the Power so called
Through sad incompetence of human speech,
That awful Power rose from the mind’s abyss
Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,

At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say—
"I recognise thy glory:" in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
There harbours; whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being’s heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant, the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. ¹ The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,

¹ See p. 122.
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

That night our lodging was a house that stood
Alone within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled
The rapid stream whose margin we had trod;
A dreary mansion, large beyond all need,
With high and spacious rooms, deafened and stunned
By noise of waters, making innocent sleep
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we renewed,
Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,
Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbours, and in view
Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,
And thus proceeding to Locarno’s Lake,
Fitting-place for such a visitant.
Locarno spreading out in width like Heaven,
How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,
Bask in the sunshine of the memory;
And Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth
Keeps to herself, confined as in a depth
Of Abyssinian privacy. I spake
Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots
Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
Thy lofty steepes, and pathways roofed with vines,
Winding from house to house, from town to town,
Sole link that binds them to each other; walks,
League after league, and cloistral avenues,
Where silence dwells if music be not there:

While yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
Through fond ambition of that hour I strove
To chant your praise; nor can approach you now
Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,
Where tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art
May flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
Or sunbeam over your domain I passed
In motion without pause; but ye have left
Your beauty with me, a serene accord
Of forms and colours, passive, yet endowed
In their submissiveness with power as sweet
And gracious, almost, might I dare to say,
As virtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,
Or the remembrance of a generous deed,
Or mildest visitations of pure thought,
When God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
Religiously, in silent blessedness;
Sweet as this last herself, for such it is.

With those delightful pathways we advanced,
For two days’ space, in presence of the Lake,
That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed
A character more stern. The second night,
From sleep awakened, and misled by sound
Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes
Whose import then we had not learned, we rose
By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the scene
Hushed in profound repose. We left the town
Of Gravedona with this hope; but soon
Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,
And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
An open place it was, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night
Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the rock
At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep,
But could not sleep, tormented by the stings
Of insects, which, with noise like that of noon,
Filled all the woods: the cry of unknown birds;
The mountains more by blackness visible
And their own size, than any outward light;
The breathless wilderness of clouds; the clock
That told, with unintelligible voice,
The widely parted hours; the noise of streams,
And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,
That did not leave us free from personal fear;
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set
Before us, while she still was high in heaven;—
These were our food; and such a summer's night
Followed that pair of golden days that shed
On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell
To days, each offering some new sight, or fraught
With some untried adventure, in a course
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this alone
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
In hollow exultation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative,
Not rich one moment to be poor for ever;
Not prostrate, overcome, as if the mind
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
On outward forms—did we in presence stand
Of that magnificent region. On the front
Of this whole Song is written that my heart
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up
A different worship. Finally, what'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To speed my voyage; every sound or sight,
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
Less often instantaneous in effect;
Led me to these by paths that, in the main,
Were more circuitous, but not less sure
Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven.

Oh, most beloved Friend! a glorious time,
A happy time that was; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes;
As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed
Their great expectancy: the fife of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
Of their near neighbours; and, when shortening fast
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the front;
For battle in the cause of Liberty.
A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,
Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
I seemed to move along them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues
Its sport, or feeds in its proper element;
I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,
And the independent spirit of pure youth
Called forth, at every season, new delights
Spread round my steps like sunshine on green fields.

BOOK SEVENTH

RESIDENCE IN LONDON

Six changeful years have vanished since I first
Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze
Which met me issuing from the City’s 1 walls
A glad preambule to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervour irresistible
Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,
From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell’s side
To rush and disappear. But soon broke forth
(So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,
That flowed awhile with unabating strength,
Then stopped for years; not audible again
Before last primrose-time. Beloved Friend!
The assurance which then cheered some heavy thoughts
On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the promised work.
Through the whole summer have I been at rest,
Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindrance. But I heard,
After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light and dark,
A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere near
My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods
Sent in on Winter’s service, to announce,
With preparation artful and benign,
That the rough lord had left the surly North
On his accustomed journey. The delight,
Due to this timely notice, unawares
Snote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,
"Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be
Associates, and, unscared by blustering winds,
Will chant together." Thereafter, as the shades
Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume
Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,
Clear-shining, like a hermit’s taper seen
Through a thick forest. Silence touched me here
No less than sound had done before; the child

Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,
Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir
Of Winter that had warbled at my door,
And the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

The last night’s genial feeling overflowed
Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,
Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
As if to make the strong wind visible,
Wakes in me agitations like its own,
A spirit friendly to the Poet’s task,
Which we will now resume with lively hope,
Nor checked by aught of tam’d argument
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion, 2 soon I bade
Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and bower,
And every comfort of that privileged ground,
Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,
Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town’s first presence, and had paced
Her endless streets, a transient visitant:
Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labour seem but one, I filled
An idler’s place; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a home?)
That owned him; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
And all my young affections out of doors.

1 The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

2 See p. 274.
There was a time when whatsoever is feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcaiso, Babylon, or Persepolis;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds—fell short, far short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed
And thought of London—held me by a chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,
'Twere vain to ask; but in our flock of boys
Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom chance
Summoned from school to London; fortunate
And envied traveller! When the Boy returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
From disappointment, not to find some change
In look and air, from that new region brought,
As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him;
And every word he uttered, on my ears
Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening.
Marvelous things
Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
Almost as deeply seated and as strong
In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived
For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
Recall what then I pictured to myself,
Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him! the renowned Lord Mayor.
Dreams not unlike to those which once begat
A change of purpose in young Whittington,
When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak out
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Baffled my understanding: how men lived
Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still
Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

Oh, wondrous power of words, by simple faith
Licensed to take the meaning that we love!
Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then had heard
Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps
Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical.
And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,
Floating in dance, or warbling high in air
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy fed
With less delight upon that other class
Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent:
The River proudly bridged; the dizzy top
And Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's; the tombs
Of Westminster; the Giants of Guildhall;
Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,
Perpetually recumbent; Statues—man,
And the horse under him—in gilded pomp
Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares;
The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower
Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,
Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape
Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,
Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed,
Or life or death upon the battle-field.
Those bold imaginations in due time
Had vanished, leaving others in their stead.
And now I looked upon the living scene;
Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,
In spite of strongest disappointment, pleased
Through courteous self-submission, as a tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive right.
Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain
Of a too busy world! Before me flow,
Thou endless stream of men and moving things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—
With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—
On strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafening din;
The comers and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares,
Stop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
And all the tradesman's honours overhead:
Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There, allegoric shapes, female or male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head
Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day.

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
And sights and sounds that come at intervals,
We take our way. A raree-show is here,
With children gathered round; another street
Presents a company of dancing dogs,
Or dromedary, with an antic pair
Of monkeys on his back; a minstrel band
Of Savoyards; or, single and alone,
An English ballad-singer. Private courts,
Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes
Thrilled by some female vendor's scream,
belike
The very shrillest of all London cries,
May then entangle our impatient steps;
Conducted through those labyrinths, unaware,
To privileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press forward, in all colours, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'Tis one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military Idler, and the Dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where
See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough;—the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colours which the sun bestows,
And every character of form and face:
The Swede, the Russian; from the genial south,
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote
America, the Hunter-Indian; Moors,
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,
The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts
Of every nature, and strange plants con
vened
From every clime; and, next, those sights that ape
The absolute presence of reality,
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
And what earth is, and what she has to show.

I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
By means refined attaining purest ends,
But imitations, fondly made in plain
Confession of man’s weakness and his loves.
Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill
Submits to nothing less than taking in
A whole horizon’s circuit, do with power,
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
Or in a ship on waters, with a world
Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
Above, behind, far stretching and before;
Or more mechanic artist represent
By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
From blended colours also borrowing help,
Some miniature of famous spots or things,—
St. Peter’s Church; or, more aspiring aim,
In microscopic vision, Rome herself;
Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls
Of Tivoli; and, high upon that steep,
The Sibyl’s mouldering Temple! every tree,
Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks
Throughout the landscape; tuft, stone scrat
ch minute—
All that the traveller sees when he is there.

Add to these exhibitions, mute and still,
Others of wider scope, where living men,
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,
Diversified the allurement. Need I fear
To mention by its name, as in degree,
Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,
Yet richly graced with honours of her own,
Half-rural Sadler’s Wells? Though at that time
Intolerant, as is the way of youth
Unless itself be pleased, here more than once
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add,
With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,
Clowns, conjurers, posture-masters, harle
quins,
Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
Perform their feats. Nor was it mean
delight
To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds;
To note the laws and progress of belief;
Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
How willingly we travel, and how far!
To have, for instance, brought upon the scene
The champion, Jack the Giant-killer: Lo!
He dons his coat of darkness; on the stage
Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye
Of living Mortal covert, “as the moon
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.”
Delusion bold! and how can it be wrought?
The garb he wears is black as death, the word
“Invisible” flames forth upon his chest.

Here, too, were “forms and pressures of the time,”
Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed
When Art was young; dramas of living men,
And recent things yet warm with life;—
Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame.
Such as the daring brotherhood of late
Set forth, too serious theme for that light
place—
I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn
From our own ground,—the Maid of
Buttermere,—
And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came
And wooed the artless daughter of the hills
And wedded her, in cruel mockery
Of love and marriage bonds. These word
to thee
Must needs bring back the moment when we first,
Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,
Beheld her serving at the cottage inn;
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
With admiration of her modest mien
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace.

We since that time not unfamiliarly
Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,
Her patience, and humility of mind
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess
Of public notice—an offensive light
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly.

From this memorial tribute to my theme
I was returning, when, with sundry forms
Conquering—shapes which met me in the way
That we must tread—thy image rose again,
Maiden of Buttermere! She lives in peace
Upon the spot where she was born and reared;
Without contamination doth she live
In quietness, without anxiety:
Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,
Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
When storms are raging. Happy are they both—
Mother and child!—These feelings, in themselves
Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think
On those ingenuous moments of our youth
Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes
And sorrows of the world. Those simple days
Are now my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,
Which yet survive in memory, appears
One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,
Not more, had been of age to deal about
Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful
As ever clung around a mother's neck,
Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,
False tints too well accorded with the glare
From play-house lustres thrown without reserve
On every object near. The Boy had been
The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
Of lusty vigour, more than infantine
He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if e'er,
By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,
Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
By Nature's gifts so favoured. Upon a board
Decked with refreshments had this child been placed
His little stage in the vast theatre,
And there he sate, surrounded with a throng
Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men
And shameless women, treated and caressed;
Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,
While oaths and laughter and indecent speech
Were rife about him as the songs of birds
Contending after showers. The mother now
Is fading out of memory, but I see
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged
Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kindliest growths.
Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked
By special privilege of Nature's love,
Should in his childhood be detained for ever!
But with its universal freight the tide
Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
Mary! may now have lived till he could look
With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told
Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,
I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
The voice of woman utter blasphemy—  
Saw woman as she is, to open shame  
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;  
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
Thrown in that from humanity divorced  
Humanity, splitting the race of man  
In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.  
Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,  
And ardent meditation. Later years  
Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,  
Feelings of pure commiseration, grief  
For the individual and the overthrow  
Of her soul’s beauty; farther I was then  
But seldom led, or wished to go; in truth  
The sorrow of the passion stopped me there.

But let me now, less moved, in order take  
Our argument. Enough is said to show  
How casual incidents of real life,  
Observed where pastime only had been  
sought,  
Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events  
And measured passions of the stage, albeit  
By Siddons trod in the fulness of her power.  
Yet was the theatre my dear delight;  
The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,  
And all the mean upholstery of the place,  
Wanted not animation, when the tide  
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast  
With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,  
Solemn or gay: whether some beauteous  
dame  
Advanced in radiance through a deep recess  
Of thick entangled forest, like the moon  
Opening the clouds; or sovereign king,  
announced  
With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown  
state  
Of the world’s greatness, winding round  
with train  
Of courtiers, banners, and a length of  
guards;  
Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling  
His slender manacles; or romping girl  
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air; or  
mumbling sire,  
A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up  
In all the tatters of infirmity  
All loosely put together, hobbed in,  
Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,  
From time to time, the solid boards, and  
makes them  
Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabout

Of one so overloaded with his years.  
But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,  
The antics striving to outstrip each other.  
Were all received, the least of them not lost:  
With an unmeasured welcome. Through  
the night,  
Between the show, and many-headed mass  
Of the spectators, and each several nook  
Filled with its fray or brawl, bow eagerly  
And with what flashes, as it were, the mind  
Turned this way—that way! sportive and  
alert  
And watchful, as a kitten when at play.  
While winds are eddying round her, among  
straws  
And rustling leaves. Enchanting age and  
sweet!  
Romantic almost, looked at through a space.  
How small, of intervening years! For then  
Though surely no mean progress had been  
made  
In meditations holy and sublime,  
Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss  
Of novelty survived for scenes like these;  
Enjoyment haply handed down from times  
When at a country-playhouse, some rude  
barn  
Tricked out for that proud use, if I per- 
chance  
Caught, on a summer evening through a  
chink  
In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
Of daylight, the bare thought of where I  
was  
Gladdened me more than if I had been led  
Into a dazzling cavern of romance,  
Crowded with Genii busy among works  
Not to be looked at by the common sun.

The matter that detains us now may seem  
To many, neither dignified enough  
Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by  
them,  
Who, looking inward, have observed the  
ties  
That bind the perishable hours of life  
Each to the other, and the curious props  
By which the world of memory and thought  
Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes  
Such as at least do wear a prouder face.  
Solicit our regard; but when I think  
Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
Languish within me; even then it slept,
When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart
Was more than full; amid my sobs and tears
It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth.
For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene
With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;
Save when realities of act and mien,
The incarnation of the spirits that move
In harmony amid the Poet's world,
Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
By power of contrast, made me recognise,
As at a glance, the things which I had shaped,
And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,
When, having closed the mighty Shakspere's page,
I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such
Professedly, to others titled higher,
Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names imply,—
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts
Before the emin'd judge, or that great stage
Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,
Admired and envied. Oh! the beating heart,
When one among the prime of these rose up,—
One, of whose name from childhood we had heard
Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old,
Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!—

This is no trifle, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:—
Thus welcome Presence! how can patience e'er
Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,
Astonished; like a hero in romance,

He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:
What memory and what logic! till the strain
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—

Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave. I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But some—

While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,

Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born—
Some—say at once a froward multitude—
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)
As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,
Galled by their monarch's chain. The times were big
With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked
Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised;
But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from
Jove's brain,
Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth, and one
In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved
Under the weight of classic eloquence,
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
Wore its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths delivered thence by tongues
Endowed with various power to search the
soul;
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of
place!—
There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many a
maze
A minutest course; and, winding up his
mouth,
From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,
Moses, and he who penned, the other day,
The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the
Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,
And Ossian (doubt not—'tis the naked
truth)
Summoned from streamy Morven—each
and all
Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and
flowers
To entwine the crook of eloquence that
helped
This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the
plains,
To rule and guide his captivated flock.

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,
Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,
Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
In public room or private, park or street,
Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,
Looked out for admiration. Folly, vice,
Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
And all the strife of singularity,
Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—
Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,
There is no end. Such candidates for re-
gard,
Although well pleased to be where they
were found,
I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize,

Nor made unto myself a secret boast
Of reading them with quick and curious
eye;
But, as a common produce, things that are
To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them
Such willing note, as, on some errand bound
That asks not speed, a traveller might be-
stow
On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach.
Or daisies swarming through the fields of
June.

But foolishness and madness in parade,
Though most at home in this their dear
domain,
Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,
Even to the rudest novice of the Schools.
Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep
In memory, those individual sights
Of courage, or integrity, or truth,
Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,
Appeared more touching. One will I
select—
A Father—for he bore that sacred name;—
Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
fenced
A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence,
sate
This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
stretched
Upon his knee, whom he had thither
brought
For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher
air,
Of those who passed, and me who looked
at him,
He took no heed; but in his brawny arms
(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
And from his work this moment had been
stolen)
He held the child, and, bending over it,
As if he were afraid both of the sun
And of the air, which he had come to seek.
Eyed the poor babe with love unmutable.

As the black storm upon the mountain
top
Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
That huge fermenting mass of human-kind
Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they
draw,
For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power.
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
said
Unto myself, "The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!"
Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,
Oppressed
by thoughts of what and whither, when
and how,
Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in dreams;
And once, far-travelled in such mood, be-
yond
The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his
chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he
was.
Caught by the spectacle my mind turned
round
As with the might of waters; and apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can
know,
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I
gazed,
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward
things,
Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly
Builds for herself; scenes different there are,
Full-formed, that take, with small internal
help,
Possession of the faculties,—the peace
That comes with night; the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands
still:
The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and
earth,
Moonlight and stars, and empty streets,
and sounds

Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unworsome
rains
Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks
about,
Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,
Are falsely catalogued; things that are,
are not,
As the mind answers to them, or the heart
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say
you, then,
To times, when half the city shall break
out
Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or
fear?
To executions, to a street on fire,
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From these
sights
Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in past time,
And named of St. Bartholomew; there,
see
A work completed to our hands, that lays,
If any spectacle on earth can do,
The whole creative powers of man asleep!—
For once, the Muse's help will we implore,
And she shall lodge us, wafted on her
wings,
Above the press and danger of the crowd,
Upon some showman's platform. What
a shock
For eyes and ears! what anarchy and din,
Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,
Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound!
Below, the open space, through every nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive
With heads; the midway region, and
above,
Is thronged with staring pictures and huge
scrolls,
Dumb proclamations of the Prodigies;
With chattering monkeys dangling from
their poles,
And children whirling in their roundabouts;
With those that stretch the neck and strain
the eyes,
And crack the voice in rivalship, the crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him who
grinds

U
The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves,
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,
And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,
The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys,
Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-towering plumes.—
All moveables of wonder, from all parts,
Are here—Albinos, painted Indians,
Dwarfs,
The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig,
The Stone-eater, the man that swallows fire,
Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes,
The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft
Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,
All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,
All freaks of nature, all Prometheus thoughts
Of man, his dulness, madness, and their feasts
All jumbled up together, to compose
A Parliament of Monsters. Tents and Booths
Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill,
Are vomiting, receiving on all sides,
Men, Women, three-years’ Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion I true epitome
Of what the mighty City is herself,
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
Living amid the same perpetual whirl
Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no law, no meaning, and no end—
Oppression, under which even highest minds
Must labour, whence the strongest are not free.
But though the picture weary out the eye,
By nature an unmanageable sight,
It is not wholly so to him who looks
In steadiness, who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.
This, of all acquisitions, first awaits
On sundry and most widely different modes
Of education, nor with least delight
On that through which I passed. Attend to springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory flow
From early converse with the works of God.
Among all regions; chiefly where appear
Most obviously simplicity and power.
Think, how the everlasting streams in woods,
Stretched and still stretching far and wide
exalt
The roving Indian, on his desert sands:
What grandeur not unfelt, what triumphs show
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab’s eye.
And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone
Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life
Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends aloft
Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers at aspects
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed
The views and aspirations of the soul.
To majesty. Like virtue have the form
Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
The changeful language of their countenances
Quickens the slumbering mind, and all the thoughts,
However multitudinous, to move
With order and relation. This, if still
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
Not violating any just restraint,
As may be hoped, of real modesty,—
This did I feel, in London’s vast domain.
The Spirit of Nature was upon me there,
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
Vouchedsafe her inspiration, and diffused
Through meagre lines and colours, and the press
Of self-destroying, transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH

RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE LEADS
TO LOVE OF MAN

What sounds are those, Helvellyn, thou art heard
Up to thy summit, through the depth of air
Ascending, as if distance had the power
To make the sounds more audible? What crowd
Covers, or sprinkles o'er, you village green?
Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
Though but a little family of men,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground—be-times
Assembled with their children and their wives,
And here and there a stranger interspersed.
They hold a rustic fair—a festival,
Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
Repeated through his tributary vales,
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean
Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists
Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.
Delightful day it is for all who dwell
In this secluded glen, and eagerly
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,
From byre or field the kine were brought;
the sheep
Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is begun.
The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
Bovids are there none; a stall or two is here;
A lame man or a blind; the one to beg,
The other to make music; hither, too,
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
Of hawkers' wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—
Some aged woman finds her way again,
Year after year, a punctual visitor!
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
Piling the strings of his boxed raree-show;
And in the lapse of many years may come
Prosperous itinerant, mountebank, or he
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
For gains, and who that sees her would not buy?
Fruits of her father's orchard are her wares,
And with the ruddy produce she walks round
Among the crowd, half pleased with, half ashamed
Of, her new office, blushing restlessly.
The children now are rich, for the old to-day
Are generous as the young; and, if content
With looking on, some ancient wedded pair
Sit in the shade together; while they gaze,
"A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow,
The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reappear,
Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun
To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve." 1
Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,
Spreading from young to old, from old to young,
And no one seems to want his share.—

Immense
Is the recess, the circumambient world
Magnificent, by which they are embraced:
They move about upon the soft green turf:
How little they, they and their doings, seem,
And all that they can further or obstruct!
Through utter weakness pitiable dear,
As tender infants are: and yet how great!
For all things serve them: them the morning light
Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;
And them the silent rocks, which now from high
Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;
The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts;
And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
Which animates this day their calm abode.

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,
In that enormous City's turbulent world
Of men and things, what benefit I owed
To thee, and those domains of rural peace,
Where to the sense of beauty first my heart
Was opened; tract more exquisitely fair
Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees,
Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight.
Of the Tartarian dynasty composed
(Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,

1 These lines are from a descriptive Poem—
"Malvern Hills"—by one of Mr. Wordsworth's oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.
China’s stupendous mound) by patient toil
Of myriads and boon nature’s lavish help;
There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,
Fulfilling (could enchantment have done
more?)
A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with
domes
Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells
For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught
to melt
Into each other their obsequious hues,
Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase,
Too fine to be pursued; or standing forth
In no discordant opposition, strong
And gorgeous as the colours side by side
Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds;
And mountains over all, embracing all;
And all the landscape, endlessly enriched
With waters running, falling, or asleep.

But lovelier far than this, the paradise
Where I was reared; in Nature’s primitive
gifts
Favoured no less, and more to every sense
Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,
The elements, and seasons as they change,
Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—
Man free, man working for himself, with
choice
Of time, and place, and object; by his
wants,
His comforts, native occupations, cares,
Cheerfully led to individual ends
Or social, and still followed by a train
Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,
And beauty, and inevitable grace.

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial
bowers
Would to a child be transport over-great,
When but a half-hour’s roam through such
a place
Would leave behind a dance of images,
That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks;
Even then the common haunts of the green
earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom, all without regard
As both may seem, are fastening on the
heart
Insensibly, each with the other’s help.
For me, when my affections first were led

From kindred, friends, and playmates, to
partake
Love for the human creature’s absolute self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding
most,
Where sovereign Nature dictated the task
And occupations which her beauty adored,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased
me first;
Not such as Saturn ruled, ’mid Latian wilds,
With arts and laws so tempered, that their
lives
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age;
Not such as, ’mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among them-
selves
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned;
Nor such as—when an adverse fate had
 driven,
From house and home, the courtly band
whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakspeare’s genius, the wild
woods
Of Arden—amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time’s uncounted
hours,
Ere Phoebè sighed for the false Ganymede;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and
King;
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,
That I had heard (what he perhaps had
seen)
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the streets in
flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within
doors;
Had also heard, from those who yet remem-
bered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths
that decked
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of
youths,
Each with his maid, before the sun was up
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops.
To drink the waters of some sainted well.
And hang it round with garlands. Love
survives;
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer
grow:
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped
These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked upon
Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms;
Of this I heard, and saw enough to make imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks
Immutable, and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snowy white herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus, and the goat-herd lived
As calmly, underneath the pleasant boughs
Of cool Lucretilla, where the pipe was heard
Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks
With tutelary music, from all harm
The fold protecting. I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,
Though under skies less generous, less serene:
There, for her own delight had Nature framed
A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level pasture, islanded with groves
And banked with woody risings; but the Plain
Endless, here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at large
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home.

Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides
All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly fire resounding far.
Nook is there none, nor tract of that vast space
Where passage opens, but the same shall have
In turn its visitant, telling there his hours
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,
When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. A glimpse of such sweet life
I saw when, from the melancholy walls
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide champain,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,
And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge
Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to you
Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,
Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,
Powers of my native region! Ye that seize
The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams
Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,
That howl so dismally for him who treads
Companionless your awful solitudes!
There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long
To wait upon the storms: of their approach
Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives
His flock, and thither from the homestead bears
A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,
And deals it out, their regular nourishment
Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring
Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,
And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs
Higher and higher, him his office leads
To watch their goings, whatsoever track
The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home
At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,
Than he lies down upon some shining rock,
And breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,
As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,
For rest not needed or exchange of love,
Then from his couch he starts; and now
his feet
Crush out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers
Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought
In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
flies,
His staff pretending like a hunter's spear,
Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,
And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.
Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
Might deign to follow him through what he
does
Or sees in his day's march; himself he feels,
In those vast regions where his service lies,
A freeman, wedded to his life of hope
And hazard, and hard labour interchanged
With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man. A rambling schoolboy, thus,
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he was
there.

When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he
stepped
Beyond the boundary line of some hill-shad
ow,
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiky rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus was
man
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form
To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honour, power and worthiness.
Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far;
Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
For his own fancies, or to dance by the
hour,
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
With the most common; husband, father;
learned,
Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
rest
From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear:
Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.

Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth
This sanctity of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things.
Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Instinct with vital functions, but a block
Or waxy image which yourselves have made.
And ye adore! But bless'd be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified.
Removed, and to a distance that was fit:
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, whereasover led,
And bowsover; were it otherwise.
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found.
How could the innocent heart bear up and
live!
But doubly fortunate my lot; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the privi
lege
Of most to move in, but that first I looked
At Man through objects that were great or
fair;
First comminded with him by their help.
And thus
Was founded a sure safeguard and defend
Against the weight of meanness, selfish
cares,
Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat
in
On all sides from the ordinary world
In which we traffic. Starting from thi
point
I had my face turned toward the truth, began
With an advantage furnished by that kind
Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring forth
good,
No genuine insight ever comes to her.
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
Happy, and now most thankful that my
walk
Was guarded from too early intercourse
With the deformities of crowded life,
And those ensuing laughings and contemps,
Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to
think
With a due reverence on earth’s rightful
lord,
Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
Will not permit us; but pursue the mind,
That to devotion willingly would rise,
Into the temple and the temple’s heart.

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind
with me
Thus early took a place pre-eminent;
Nature herself was, at this unripe time,
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when these had
drooped
And gradually expired, and Nature, prized
For her own sake, became my joy, even
then—
And upwards through late youth, until not
less
Than two-and-twenty summers had been
told—
Was Man in my affections and regards
Subordinate to her, her visible forms
And viewless agencies: a passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace.
His hour being not yet come. Far less had
then
The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned
My spirit to that gentleness of love,
(Though they had long been carefully
observed),
Won from me those minute obeisances
Of tenderness, which I may number now
With my first blessings. Nevertheless, on
these
The light of beauty did not fall in vain,
Or grandeur circumsfuse them to no end.

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe,
No longer a mute influence of the soul,
Ventured, at some rash Muse’s earnest call,
To try her strength among harmonious
words;
And to book-notions and the rules of art
Did knowingly conform itself; there came
Among the simple shapes of human life
A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beautified
These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn,
They burnished her. From touch of this
new power
Nothing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
Beside the well-known charnel-house had
then
A dismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,
That took his station there for ornament:
The dignities of plain occurrence then
Were tasteless, and truth’s golden mean, a
point
Where no sufficient pleasure could be found.
Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow
Of her distress, was known to have turned
her steps
To the cold grave in which her husband
slept,
One night, or haply more than one, through
pain
Or half-insensate impotence of mind,
The fact was caught at greedily, and there
She must be visitant the whole year through,
Wetting the turf with never-ending tears.

Through quaint obliquities I might pursue
These cravings: when the foxglove, one
by one,
Upwards through every stage of the tall
stem,
Had shed beside the public way its bells,
And stood of all dismantled, save the last
Left at the tapering ladder’s top, that
seemed
To bend as doth a slender blade of grass
Tipped with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
seat,
Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still
With this last relic, soon itself to fall,
Some vagrant mother, whose arch little
ones,
All unconcerned by her deserted plight,  
Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands
Gathered the purple cups that round them lay,
Strewing the turf’s green slope.

(Whene’er the summer sun, declining, smote
A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen
Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that rose
Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the hearth
Seated, with open door, often and long
Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
That made my fancy restless as itself.
’Twas now for me a burnished silver shield
Suspended over a knight’s tomb, who lay
Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:
An entrance now into some magic cave
Or palace built by fairies of the rock; Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant
The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood, Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings bred
By pure Imagination: busy Power
She was, and with her ready pupil turned
Instinctively to human passions, then
Least understood. Yet, ’mid the fervent swarm
Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
As mine was through the bounty of a grand And lovely region, I had forms distinct
To steady me: each airy thought revolved
Round a substantial centre, which at once
Incited it to motion, and controlled,
I did not pine like one in cities bred,
As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend! Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams
Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things
Without the light of knowledge. Where the harm,
If, when the woodman languished with disease
Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground
Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
I called the pangs of disappointed love,
And all the sad et cetera of the wrong,
To help him to his grave? Meanwhile the man,

If not already from the woods retired
To die at home, was haply, as I knew,
Withering by slow degrees, ’mid gentle airs,
Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful
On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile
Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost
Or spirit that full soon must take her flight
Nor shall we not be tending towards that point
Of sound humanity to which our Tale leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I show
How Fancy, in a season when she wove
Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy
For the Man’s sake, could feed at Nature’s call
Some pensive musings which might well beseech
Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of Thurstonmere,
With length of shade so thick, that whose glides
Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
As in a cloister. Once—while, in that shade
Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light
Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
In silent beauty on the naked ridge
Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thoughts
In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:
1 Dear native Regions, wheresoe’er shall close
My mortal course, there will I think on you;
Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale Is no where touched by one memorial gleam)
Doth with the fond remains of his last power
Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds,
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

1 See page 2.
Enough of humble arguments; recall,
My Song! those high emotions which thy
voice
Has heretofore made known; that bursting
forth
Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was felt,
And all the several frames of things, like
stars,
Through every magnitude distinguishable,
Stone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst stood
Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, though
born
Of dust, and kindred to the worm; a Being,
Both in perception and discernment, first
In every capability of rapture,
Through the divine effect of power and
love;
As, more than anything we know, instinct
With godhead, and, by reason and by will,
Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I
moved,
Begirt, from day to day, with temporal
shapes
Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,
Manners and characters discriminate,
And little bustling passions that eclipse,
As well they might, the impersonated
thought,
The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,
Such was my new condition, as at large
Has been set forth; yet here the vulgar
light
Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through colouring of other times,
Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcomed, softened, if not solemnised.
This notwithstanding, being brought more
near
To vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-
ness,
I trembled,—thought, at times, of human
life
With an indefinite terror and dismay,
Such as the storms and angry elements

Had bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
Analogy to uproar and misrule,
Disquiet, danger, and obscurity.

It might be told (but wherefore speak of
things
Common to all?) that, seeing, I was led
Gravely to ponder—judging between good
And evil, not as for the mind's delight
But for her guidance—one who was to
act,
As sometimes to the best of feeble means
I did, by human sympathy impelled:
And, through dislike and most offensive
pain,
Was to the truth conducted; of this faith
Never forsaken, that, by acting well,
And understanding, I should learn to love
The end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for at
times
Thou canst put on an aspect most severe;
London, to thee I willingly return.
Erewhile my verse played idly with the
flowers
Enwrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
With that amusement, and a simple look
Of child-like inquisition now and then
Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect
Some inner meanings which might harbour
there.
But how could I in mood so light indulge,
Keeping such fresh remembrance of the
day,
When, having thriddled the long labyrinth
Of the suburban villages, I first
Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof
Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,
With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and
things,—
Mean shapes on every side: but, at the
instant,
When to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast, (how strange
That aught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so it
was),
A weight of ages did at once descend
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no
Distinct remembrances, but weight and
power,—
Power growing under weight: alas! I feel
That I am trifling: 'twas a moment's
pause, —
All that took place within me came and
went
As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open
day,
Hath passed with torches into some huge
cave,
The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,
Yordas; he looks around and sees the vault
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he
sees,
Ere long, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unsets and recedes, —
Substance and shadow, light and darkness,
all
Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape
That shift and vanish, change and inter-
change
Like spectres, — ferment silent and sublime!
That after a short space works less and
less,
Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect view
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book! —
But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass,
Busies the eye with images and forms
Boldly assembled, — here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities;
A variegated landscape, — there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
The ghastly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
Strange congregation I yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can
inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been
moved,
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As I explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country's destiny and the
world's;
That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must
needs
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at
that time
Far less than craving power; yet knowledge
came,
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
In fits of kindliest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A correspondent amplitude of mind;
Such is the strength and glory of our youth
The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
diffused through time and space, with aid
derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common
rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn
From books and what they picture and
record.

'Tis true, the history of our native land —
With those of Greece compared and popular
Rome,
And in our high-wrought modern narratives
Stript of their harmonising soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents —
Had never much delighted me. And less
Than other intellects had mine been used
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in the Great City had been done
And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still.
Weighed with me, could support the test of
thought;
And, in despite of all that had gone by,
Or was departing never to return,
There I conversed with majesty and power
Like independent natures. Hence the place
Was thronged with impregnations like the
Wilds
In which my early feelings had been nursed —
Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks
And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags
That into music touch the passing wind.
Here then my young imagination found
No uncongenial element; could here
Among new objects serve or give command,
Even as the heart's occasions might require,
To forward reason's else too-scrupulous
march.
The effect was, still more elevated views
Of human nature. Neither vice nor guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or mind,
Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,
Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes
scanned
Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust
In what we _may_ become; induce belief
That I was ignorant, had been falsely
taught,
A solitary, who with vain conceits
Had been inspired, and walked about in
dreams.
From those sad scenes when meditation
turned,
Lo! everything that was indeed divine
Retained its purity inviolate,
Nay brighter shone, by this portentous
gloom
Set off; such opposition as aroused
The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
Though fallen from bliss, when in the East
he saw
1Darkness ere day's mid course, and
morning light
More orient in the western cloud, that drew
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
Descending slow with something heavenly
fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes
Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen
Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere
Is possible, the unity of man,
One spirit over ignorance and vice
Predominant, in good and evil hearts;
One sense for moral judgments, as one eye
For the sun's light. The soul when smitten
thus
By a sublime idea, whence soe'er
Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds
On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with
God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!
My thoughts by slow gradations had been
drawn
To human-kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life: Nature had led me on;

And oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
To travel independent of her help,
As if I had forgotten her; but no,
The world of human-kind outweighed not
hers
In my habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
Though filling daily, still was light, compared
With that in which her mighty objects lay.

BOOK NINTH

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

Even as a river,—partly (it might seem)
Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulf him soon in the ravenous
sea—
Turns, and will measure back his course,
far back,
Seeking the very regions which he crossed
In his first outset; so have we, my Friend!
Turned and returned with intricate delay.
Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The region left behind him; and, if aught
Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been regarded with too careless eye,
Strives, from that height, with one and yet
one more
Last look, to make the best amends he may:
So have we lingered. Now we start afresh
With courage, and new hope risen on our
foil.
Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Where'er it comes! needful in work so
long,
Thrice needful to the argument which now
Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the
past!

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide
domain,
Month after month. Obscurely did I live,
Not seeking frequent 'intercourse with men,
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Searcely was a year thus
spent
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned.

France lured me forth; the realm that I had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.
But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course,
and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gaiety and dissolve idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 'tis most certain, that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of La Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheeks
Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.

But hence to my more permanent abode:
I hasten; there, by novelties in speech,
Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks;
And all the attire of ordinary life,
Attention was engrossed; and, thus amused
I stood 'mid those concussions, uncerned,
Transquil almost, and careless as a flower
Glassed in a green-house, or a parlour shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace;
While every bush and tree, the country through,
Is shaking to the roots: indifference this
Which may seem strange: but I was unprepared
With needful knowledge, had abrupt passed
Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced.
Like others, I had skimmed, and some times read
With care, the master pamphlets of the day:
Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk
And public news; but having never seen
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the public power
Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how
Accomplished, giving thus unto events
A form and body; all things were to me.
Loose and disjointed, and the affections left
Without a vital interest. At that time,
Moreover, the first storm was overblown,
And the strong hand of outward violence
Locked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
Now, in connection with so great a theme,
To speak (as I must be compelled to do)
Of one so unimportant; night by night
Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,
Whom, in the city, privilege of birth
Sequestered from the rest, societies
Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed;
Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse
Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care; but these restrictions soon
Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
Into a noisier world, and thus ere long
Became a patriot; and my heart was all
Given to the people, and my love was theirs.

A band of military Officers,
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates: some of these wore swords
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.
In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike
'Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done:
This was their rest and only hope; therewith
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come; nor would have stirred,
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,
In anything, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by years,
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile
He had sate lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honours now, and changed:
His temper was quite mastered by the times,
And they had blighted him, had eaten away

The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind: his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed,
As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek
Into a thousand colours; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, 'What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in faith,
Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would reflect
To future times the face of what now is!
The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain
Devoured by locusts.—Carra, Gorsas,—add
A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were powers,
Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,
And felt through every nook of town and field.

Such was the state of things. Meanwhile the chief
Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in arms
Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued
With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
This was their undisguised intent, and they
Were waiting with the whole of their
desires
The moment to depart.

An Englishman,
Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unruliness of mind;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learnt speech
Wins from the courteous; I, who had been
else
Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and
talked,
And heard their notions; nor did they dis-
dain
The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by
books
To reason well of polity or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests,
(If with unworlly ends and aims com-
pared)
Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair
forms,
Old heroes and their sufferings and their
deeds;
Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned
And ill could brook, beholding that the
best
Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to
rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which yet
Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,
Than any other nook of English ground,
It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,
Through the whole tenor of my school-day
time,
The face of one, who, whether boy or man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood; nor
was it least
Of many benefits, in later years

Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something up to
view
Of a Republic, where all stood thus far
Upon equal ground; that we were brothers
all
In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen; where, further-
more,
Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in less esteem
Than talents, worth, and prosperous in-
dustry.
Add unto this, subservience from the first
To presences of God's mysterious power
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,
And fellowship with venerable books,
To sanction the proud workings of the soul,
And mountain liberty. It could not be
But that one tutored thus should look with
awe
Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gladly the highest promises, and hail,
As best, the government of equal rights
And individual worth. And hence, O
Friend!
If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the
cause
In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,
A gift that was come rather late than soon.
No wonder, then, if advocates like these,
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice,
And stung with injury, at this riper day,
Were impotent to make my hopes put on
The shape of theirs, my understanding
bend
In honour to their honour: zeal, which yet
Had slumbered, now in opposition burst
Forth like a Polar summer: every word
They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
Blown back upon themselves; their reason
seemed
Confusion-stricken by a higher power
Than human understanding, their discourse
Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weakness
strong,
I triumphed.

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,
And all the promptest of her spirits, linked
In gallant soldiership, and posting on
To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.
Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep—
I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed
my sight,
In memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude
At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence;
Even files of strangers merely seen but once,
And for a moment, men from far with
sound
Of music, martial tunes, and banners
spread,
Entering the city, here and there a face,
Or person, singled out among the rest,
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;
Even by these passing spectacles my heart
Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the
cause
Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against,
Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
proud,
Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mould—
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurned,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature
then
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through
the events
Of that great change wandered in perfect
faith,
As through a book, an old romance, or
tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
ranked
With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved

As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the
man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honour set apart,
And ignorance in the labouring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through
help
Of books and common life, it makes sure
way
To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more
delight
We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where
dignity,
True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;
Where good and evil, interchange their
names,
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
With vice at home. We added dearest themes—
Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his power,
His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honourable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,
That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away;
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,
And how the multitudes of men will feed
And fan each other; thought of sects, how keen
They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,
And what they do and suffer for their creed;
How far they travel, and how long endure;
How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,
From least beginnings; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.
To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves,
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk;  
Or in wide forests of continuous shade,  
Lofty and over-arched, with open space  
Beneath the trees, clear footing many a  
mile—  
A solemn region. Oft amid those haunts,  
From earnest dialogues I slipped in  thought,  
And let remembrance steal to other times,  
When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,  
And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed,  
might pace  
In sylvan meditation undisturbed;  
As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
Walks a lone Monk, when service hath  expired,  
In peace and silence. But if e'er was  heard,—  
Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,  
Retiring or approaching from afar  
With speed and echoes loud of trampling  hoofs  
From the hard floor reverberated, then  
It was Angelica thundering through the  woods  
Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
Ermisia, fugitive as fair as she.  
Sometimes methought I saw a pair of  knights  
Jeals underneath the trees, that as in storm  
Rocked high above their heads; anon, the  din  
Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
Of Saturn in some viewless glade, with dance  
Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,  
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.  
The width of those huge forests, unto me  
A novel scene, did often in this way  
Master my fancy while I wandered on  
With that revered companion. And some-  
times—  
When to a convent in a meadow green,  
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
And not by reverential touch of Time  
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—  
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,  
In spite of real fervour, and of that  
Less genuine and wrought up within  
myself—  
I could not but bewall a wrong so harsh,  
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more

Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the  
cross  
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
(How welcome to the weary traveller's  
eyes!)  
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.  
And when the partner of those varied  walks  
Pointed upon occasion to the site  
Of Romoretin, home of ancient kings,  
To the imperial edifice of Blois,  
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
From my remembrance, where a lady  lodged,  
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to  him  
In chains of mutual passion, from the  tower,  
As a tradition of the country tells,  
Practised to commune with her royal  knight  
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his  
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;  
Even here, though less than with the  peaceful house  
Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,  
Imagination, potent to inflame  
At times with virtuous wrath and noble  scorn,  
Did also often mitigate the force  
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;  
And on these spots with many gleams I  looked  
Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,  
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
In them who, by immunities unjust,  Between the sovereign and the people stand,  
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold  
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
And love; for where hope is, there love  will be  
For the abject multitude. And when we  chanced  
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
Who crept along fitting her languid gait  
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from  the lane  
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid  hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, "‘Tis against that
That we are fighting," I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that
poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the
earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalised exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong
hand
In framing their own laws; whence better
days
To all mankind. But, these things set
apart,
Was not this single confidence enough
To animate the mind that ever turned
A thought to human welfare? That henceforth
Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation lead
To sentence in the hearing of the world,
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man
Dread nothing. From this height I shall
not stoop
To humbler matter that detained us oft
In thought or conversation, public acts,
And public persons, and emotions wrought
Within the breast, as ever-changing winds
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,¹
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,
That prove to what low depth had struck
the roots,
How widely spread the boughs, of that
old tree
Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul
And black dishonour, France was weary of.

The record; and, in faithful verse, was
given
The doleful sequel.
But our little bark
On a strong river boldly hath been
launched;
And from the driving current should we
return
To loiter wilfully within a creek,
Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
Would'st thou not chide? Yet deem not
my pains lost:
For Vaudracour and Julia (so were named
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale
I draw
Tears from the hearts of others, when their
own
Shall beat no more. Thou, also, there
may'st read,
At leisure, how the enamoured youth was
driven,
By public power abased, to fatal crime,
Nature's rebellion against monstrous law:
How, between heart and heart, oppression
thrust
Her mandates, severing whom true love
had joined,
Harassing both; until he sank and pressed
The couch his fate had made for him;
supine,
Save when the stings of viperous remorse,
Trying their strength, enforced him to
start up,
Aghast and prayerless. Into a deep woof
He fled, to shun the haunts of human
kind;
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and
more;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which
through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope.
Or personal memory of his own wrongs,
Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy
shades,
His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

I See "Vaudracour and Julia," p. 221.

Book Tenth

Residence in France (continued)

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then fading with unusual quietness.
A day as beautiful as e'er was given
To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,
Again, and yet again, a farewell look;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne
The King had fallen, and that invading host—
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front
was written
The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
Hast burst innocuous. Say in bolder words, They—who had come elate as eastern hunters
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erwhile went forth from Agra or Lahore, Raja and Omrahs in his train, intent To drive their prey enclosed within a ring Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled In terror. Disappointment and dismay Remained for all whose fancies had run wild
With evil expectations; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State—as if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,
Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt With slyful gratitude the baffled League, That had stirred up her slackening faculties To a new transition—when the King was crushed,
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste
Assumed the body and venerable name Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,
Earth free from them for ever, as was thought,—
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!
Things that could only show themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt, The spacious city, and in progress passed The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife In bondage; and the palace, lately stormd With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then!) Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man Upon a volume whose contents he knows Are memorable, but from him locked up, Being written in a tongue he cannot read, So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,
And half upbraids their silence. But that night I felt most deeply in what world I was, What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.
High was my room and lonely, near the roof
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge That would have pleased me in more quiet times;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then, With unextinguished taper I kept watch, Reading at intervals; the fear gone by Pressed on me almost like a fear to come. I thought of those September massacres, Divided from me by one little month, Saw them and touched: the rest was conjured up From tragic fictions or true history, Remembrances and dim admonishments. The horse is taught his manage, and no star Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;
For the spent hurricane the air provides As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second
birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The
trance
Fled with the voice to which it had given
birth;
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-
walk
Of Orleans eagerly I turned: as yet
The streets were still; not so those long
Arcades;
There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds
and cries,
That greeted me on entering, I could hear
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,
Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crimes
Of Maximilian Robespierre;" the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed
speech,
The same that had been recently pro-
nounced,
When Robespierre, not ignorant for what
mark
Some words of indirect reproof had been
Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one
stirred,
In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvet walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is
known
The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
He, who had launched the startling thunder-
bolt,
The one bold man, whose voice the attack
had sounded,
Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire lamenting
That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.

But these are things
Of which I speak, only as they were storm
Or sunshine to my individual mind,
No further. Let me then relate that now—
In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
That Liberty, and Life, and Death, would
soon
To the remotest corners of the land
Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled
The capital City; what was struggled for.
And by what combatants victory must be
won;
The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed best, and the straightforward path
of those
Who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their impiety—my inmost soul
Was agitated; yea, I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all
men,
By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
The gift of tongues might fall, and powr
arrive
From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could
not do,
A work of honour; think not that to this
I added, work of safety: from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, by
thought
Of opposition and of remedies:
An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with powr
Of eloquence even in my native speech,
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
Yet would I at this time with willing heat
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous. I resolved.
How much the destiny of Man had still
Hung upon single persons; that there was
Transcendent to all local patrimony,
One nature, as there is one sun in heaven
That objects, even as they are great, there
by
Do come within the reach of humblest eyes
That Man is only weak through his misrule:
And want of hope where evidence divine
Proclaims to him that hope should be me-
sure;
Nor did the inexperience of my youth
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
Is hope, and trained to noble aspirations,
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
Is for Society's unreasoning herd
A domineering instinct, serves at once
For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
That gathers up each petty straggling rill
And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
In safe obedience; that a mind, whose rest
Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
In circumspection and simplicity,
Falls rarely in entire discomfort
Below its aim, or meets with, from without,
A treachery that foils it or defeats;
And, lastly, if the means on human will,
Frail human will, dependent should betray
Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
That 'mid the loud distractions of the world
A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
Arbitr undisturbed of right and wrong,
Of life and death, in majesty severe
Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
From whatsoever region of our cares
Our inborn affections Nature pleads,
Earnest and blind, Against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those
truths
That are the commonplaces of the schools—
(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their
sires,)
Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
In all their comprehensive bearings known
And visible to philosophers of old,
Men who, to business of the world un-
trained,
Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius
known
And his compeer Aristogiton, known
To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak,
Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
Nor the support of good or evil men
To trust in; that the godhead which is ours
Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
That nothing hath a natural right to last
But equity and reason; that all else
Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my
thoughts
Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that
time

But that the virtue of one paramount mind
Would have abashed those impious crests
—have quelled
Outrage and bloody power, and—in despite
Of what the People long had been and were
Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof
Of immaturity, and—in the teeth
Of desperate opposition from without—
Have cleared a passage for just govern-
ment,
And left a solid birthright to the State,
Redeemed, according to example given
By ancient lawmakers.

In this frame of mind,
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknow-
ledge,'
 Forced by the gracious providence of
Heaven,—
To England I returned, else (though as-
sured
That I both was and must be of small
weight,
No better than a landsman on the deck
Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm
) Doubtless, I should have then made com-
mon cause
With some who perished; haply perished
too,
A poor mistaken and bewildered offering,—
Should to the breast of Nature have gone
back,
With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
A Poet only to myself, to men
Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul
To thee unknown!

Twice had the trees let fall
Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge
Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of
mine
Had caught the accents of my native speech
Upon our native country's sacred ground.
A patriot of the world, how could I glide
Into communion with her sylvan shades,
Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased
me more
To abide in the great City, where I found
The general air still busy with the stir
Of that first memorable onset made
By a strong levy of humanity
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;
Effort which, though defeated, had recalled
To notice old forgotten principles,
And through the nation spread a novel heat
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I own
That this particular strife had wanted power
To rivet my affections; nor did now
Its unsuccessful issue much excite
My sorrow; for I brought with me the faith
That, if France prospered, good men would not long
Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
And this most rotten branch of human shame,
Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains
Would fall together with its parent tree.
What, then, were my emotions, when in arms
Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,
Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!
Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
Change and subversion from that hour.
No shock
Given to my moral nature had I known
Down to that very moment; neither lapse
Nor turn of sentiment that might be named
A revolution, save at this one time;
All else was progress on the self-same path
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling: this a stride at once
Into another region. As a light
And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I
Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither these:
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
Exulted, in the triumph of my soul,
When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
Left without glory on the field, or driven,
Brave hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief,—
Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—
A conflict of sensations without name,
Of which he only, who may love the sight
Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
When, in the congregation bending all
To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
Or praises for our country's victories;
And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sat silent, shall I add,
Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.
Oh! much have they to account for, who could tear,
By violence, at one decisive rent,
From the best youth in England their dear pride,
Their joy, in England; this, too, at a time
In which worst losses easily might seem
The best of names, when patriotic love
Did of itself in modesty give way,
Like the Precursor when the Deity
Is come Whose harbinger he was; a time
In which apostasy from ancient faith
Seemed but conversion to a higher creed:
Withal a season dangerous and wild,
A time when sage Experience would have snatched
Flowers out of any hedge-row to compose
A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the redcross flag
In that unworthy service was prepared
To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep
I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
Through a whole month of calm and glassy days
In that delightful island which protects
Their place of convocation—there I heard,
Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
A monitory sound that never failed,—
The sunset cannon. While the orb went down
In the tranquillity of nature, came
That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me
Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends,
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad
Table:<p>Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before in wicked pleas, were strong as demons now; And thus, on every side beset with foes, The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes of few Spread into madness of the many; blasts From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven. The sternness of the just, the faith of those Who doubted not that Providence had times Of vengeanceful retribution, theirs who throned The human Understanding paramount And made of that their God, the hopes of men Who were content to barter short-lived pangs For a paradise of ages, the blind rage Of insolent tempers, the light vanity Of meddlers, steady purposes Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet, And all the accidents of life—were pressed Into one service, busy with one work. The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched, Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared, Her frenzy only active to extol Past outrages, and shape the way for new, Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.<br><br>Domestic carnage now filled the whole year With feast-days; old men from the chimney-nook, The maiden from the bosom of her love, The mother from the cradle of her babe, The warrior from the field—all perished, all— Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks, Head after head, and never heads enough For those that bade them fall. They found their joy, They made it proudly, eager as a child, (If like desires of innocent little ones May with such heinous appetites be compared), Peeled in some open field to exercise A toy that mimics with revolving wings The motion of a wind-mill; though the air Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes Spin in his eyesight, that contents him not, But with the plaything at arm's length, he sets<br><br>His front against the blast, and runs amain, That it may whirl the faster. Amid the depth Of those enormities, even thinking minds Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being Forgot that such a sound was ever heard As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath Her innocent authority was wrought, Nor could have been, without her blessed name. The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour Of her composure, felt that agony, And gave it vent in her last words. O Friend! It was a lamentable time for man, Whether a hope had e'er been his or not: A woful time for them whose hopes survived The shock; most woful for those few who still Were flattered, and had trust in human kind: They had the deepest feeling of the grief. Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they deserved: The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms, And throttled with an infant godhead's might The snakes about her cradle; that was well, And as it should be; yet no cure for them Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be Hereafter brought in charge against mankind. Most melancholy at that time, O Friend! Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable; Through months, through years, long after the last beat Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep To me came rarely charged with natural gifts, Such ghastly visions had I of despair And tyranny, and implements of death; And innocent victims sinking under fear, And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer, Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth And levity in dungeons, where the dust Was laid with tears. Then suddenly the scene Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me.
In long orations, which I strove to plead
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a
sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

When I began in youth's delightful prime
To yield myself to Nature, when that strong
And holy passion overcame me first,
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was
free
From its oppression. But, O Power
Supreme!
Without Whose call this world would cease
to breathe
Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost
fill
The veins that branch through every frame
of life,
Making man what he is, creature divine,
In single or in social eminence,
Above the rest raised infinite ascents
When reason that enables him to be
Is not sequestered—that a change is here!
How different ritual for this after-worship,
What countenance to promote this second
love!
The first was service paid to things which
lie
Guarded within the bosom of Thy will.
Therefore to serve was high beatitude;
Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear
Ennobling, venerable; sleep secure,
And waking thoughts more rich than happiest
dreams.

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
In vision, yet constrained by natural laws
With them to take a troubled human heart,
Wanted not consolations, nor a creed
Of reconciliation, then when they denounced,
On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
Of their offences, punishment to come;
Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes,
Before them, in some desolated place,
The wrath consummated and the threat
fulfilled;
So, with devout humility be it said,
So, did a portion of that spirit fall
On me uplifted from the vantage-ground
Of pity and sorrow to a state of being
That through the time's exceeding fierceness
saw

Glimpses of retribution, terrible,
And in the order of sublime behests:
But, even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,
Not only acquiescences of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
Motions not treacherous or profane, else
why
Within the folds of no ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?
Wild blasts of music thus could find their
way
Into the midst of turbulent events;
So that worst tempests might be listened to.
Then was the truth received into my heart.
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring.
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honour which could not else have been, a
faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old restored,
The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a
taunt
Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality,"
I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
Of wild belief engrafted on their names
By false philosophy had caused the woe.
But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age.
That could no longer hold its loathsome
charge,
But burst and spread in deluge through the
land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the
sea
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
So that disastrous period did not want
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence.
To which the silver wands of saints in
Heaven
Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not
the less,
For those examples, in no age surpassed,
Of fortitude and energy and love,
And human nature faithful to herself
Under worst trials, was I driven to think
Of the glad times when first I traversed
France
A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
That eventide, when under windows bright
With happy faces and with garlands hung,
And through a rainbow-arch that spanned
the street,
Triumphant pomp for liberty confirmed,
I paced, a dear companion at my side,
The town of Arras, whence with promise
high
Issued, on delegation to sustain
Humanity and right, that Robespierre,
He who thereafter, and in how short time I
Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
When the calamity spread far and wide—
And this same city, that did then appear
To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost
Have quarrelled with that blameless spec-
tacle
For lingering yet an image in my mind
To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
Than that which told the downfall of this
Tribe
So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
A separate record. Over the smooth sands
Of Leven's ample estuary lay
My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
With distant prospect among gleams of sky
And clouds and intermingling mountain

In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem
Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I
gazed
Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to
draw
Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew from
mine.
How could it otherwise? for not in vain
That very morning had I turned aside
To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng
of graves,
An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,
And on the stone were graven by his desire
Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray.

This faithful guide, speaking from his death-
bed,
Added no farewell to his parting counsel,
But said to me, "My head will soon lie
low;"
And when I saw the turf that covered him,
After the lapse of full eight years, those
words,
With sound of voice and countenance of the
Man,
Came back upon me, so that some few tears
Fell from me in my own despite. But now
I thought, still traversing that widespread
plain,
With tender pleasure of the verses graven
Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself:
He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,
Would have loved me, as one not destitute
Of promise, nor belying the kind hope
That he had formed, when I, at his command,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs.

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a small
And rocky island near, a fragment stood,
(Itsself like a sea rock) the low remains
(With shells encrusted, dark with briny
weeds)
Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
Said matins at the hour that suited those
Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning
tide.
Not far from that still ruin all the plain
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
In loose procession through the shallow
stream
Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I
paused,
Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
As he approached, no salutation given
In the familiar language of the day,
Cried, "Robespierre is dead!" nor was a
doubt,
After strict question, left within my mind
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

Great was my transport, deep my grati-
tude
To everlasting Justice, by this flat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
Said I forth-pouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away;
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly towards righteousness and peace."—
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The madding factions might be tranquilised,
And how through hardships manifold and long
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed
In former days, when—spurring from the Vale
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane,
And the stone abbot, after circuit made
In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of schoolboys hastening to their distant home
Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

And measures of the Government, though both
Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power
To daunt me; in the People was my trust:
And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,
I knew that wound external could not take
Life from the young Republic; that new foes
Would only follow, in the path of shame.
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end
Great, universal, irresistible.
This intuition led me to confound
One victory with another, higher far,—
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home.
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
That what was in degree the same was likewise
The same in quality,—that, as the worse
Of the two spirits then at strife remained
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve
The heart that first had roused him. Youth maintains,
In all conditions of society,
Communion more direct and intimate
With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too—
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature, then,
Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
Had left an interregnum's open space
For her to move about in, uncontrolled.
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task.
Who, by the recent deluge stupified,
With their whole souls went culling from the day
Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my comppeers
At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsmen's horn,
For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
Men clinging to delusions so insane?
And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due.
And thought that other notions were as sound
Yea, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them.

To a strain
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was performed
To turn all judgments out of their right course;
But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse,
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
A tool of murder; they who ruled the State—
Though with such awful proof before their eyes
That she, who would sow death, reaps death,
or worse,
And can reap nothing better—child-like longed
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid;
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no better chosen
Than if their wish had been to undermine Justice, and make an end of Liberty.

But from these bitter truths I must return
To my own history. It hath been told
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time:
I had approached, like other youths, the shield
Of human nature from the golden side,
And would have fought, even to the death, to attest
The quality of the metal which I saw.
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,
Beneficent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood
By reason: nay, far from it; they were yet,
As cause was given me afterwards to learn,
Not proof against the injuries of the day;
Lodged only at the sanctuary’s door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,
And with such general insight into evil,
And of the bounds which sever it from good,
As books and common intercourse with life
Must needs have given—to the inexperienced mind,
When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed—I began
To meditate with ardour on the rule
And management of nations; what it is
And ought to be; and strove to learn how far
Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,
Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the State.

1 O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! O times,
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,
The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength
Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right

1 See p. 234.
THE PRELUDE

To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to
these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
Now was it that both found, the meek and
lofty
Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could
wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was
then
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home?
He walks about and looks upon the spot
With cordial transport, moulds it and
remoulds,
And is half-pleased with things that are
amiss,
'Twill be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
From every object pleasant circumstance
To suit my ends; I moved among man-
kind
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught—Antiquity
Gives rights to error; and aware, no less
That throwing off oppression must be work
As well of License as of Liberty;
And above all—for this was more than
all—
Not caring if the wind did now and then
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
Prospect so large upon futurity;
In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
Diffusing only those affections wider
That from the cradle had grown up with
me,
And losing, in no other way than light
Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be
said
Was my condition, till with open war
Britain opposed the liberties of France.
This threw me first out of the pale of love;
Soured and corrupted, upwards to the
source,
My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
But change of them into their contraries;
And thus a way was opened for mistakes
And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
In kind more dangerous. What had been
a pride,
Was now a shame; my likings and my
loves
Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry;
And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
Would but have touched the judgment,
struck more deep
Into sensations near the heart: meantime
As from the first, wild theories were afoot.
To whose pretensions, sedulously urged.
I had but lent a careless ear, assured
That time was ready to set all things right.
And that the multitude, so long oppressed,
Would be oppressed no more.

But when events
Brought less encouragement, and unto
these
The immediate proof of principles no more
Could be entrusted, while the events them-
selves,
Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty.
Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
Could through my understanding's natural
growth
No longer keep their ground, by faith
maintained
Of inward consciousness, and hope that
laid
Her hand upon her object—evidence
Safer, of universal application, such
As could not be impeached, was sought
elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn.
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-
defence
For one of conquest, losing sight of all
Which they had struggled for: up mounted
now,
Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
The scale of liberty. I read her doom,
With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,
But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame
Of a false prophet. While resentment rose
Striving to hide, what nought could heal,
the wounds
Of mortified presumption, I adhered
More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove
Their temper, strained them more; and thus, in heat
Of contest, did opinions every day
Grow into consequence, till round my mind
They clung, as if they were their life, nay more,
The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all things tending fast
To depravation, speculative schemes—
That promised to abstract the hopes of Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth
For ever in a purer element—
Found ready welcome. Tempting region that
For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work,
And never hear the sound of their own names.
But, speaking more in charity, the dream
Flattered the young, pleased with extremes,
nor least
With that which makes our Reason’s naked self
The object of its fervour. What delight
How glorious! in self-knowledge and self-rule,
To look through all the frailties of the world,
And, with a resolute mastery shaking off
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of general laws,
Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances,
flushed
Upon an independent intellect.
Thus expectation rose again; thus hope,
From her first ground expelled, grew proud
Once more.
Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,
I scorned indifference; but, inflamed with thirst
Of a secure intelligence, and sick
Of other longing, I pursued what seemed
A more exalted nature; wished that Man
Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,
And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—
A noble aspiration! yet I feel
(Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)
The aspiration, nor shall ever cease
To feel it;—but return we to our course.

Enough; ’tis true—could such a plea excuse
Those aberrations—had the clamorous friends
Of ancient Institutions said and done
To bring disgrace upon their very names;
Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,
And sundry moral sentiments as props
Or emanations of those institutes,
Too justly bore a part. A veil had been
Uplifted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
’Twas even so; and sorrow for the man
Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,
Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock
Was given to old opinions; all men’s minds
Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,
Let loose and goaded. After what hath been
Already said of patriotic love,
Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern
In temperament, withal a happy man,
And therefore bold to look on painful things,
Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,
I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent
To anatomise the frame of social life;
Yea, the whole body of society
Searchèd to its heart. Share with me,
Friend! the wish
That some dramatic tale, endowed with shapes
Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth
What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth, And the errors into which I fell, betrayed By present objects, and by reasonings false From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn Out of a heart that had been turned aside From Nature's way by outward accidents, And which was thus confounded, more and more Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared, Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds, Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind, Suspiciously, to establish in plain day Her titles and her honours; now believing, Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground Of obligation, what the rule and whence The sanction; till, demanding formal proof, And seeking it in every thing, I lost All feeling of conviction, and, in fine, Sick, wearied out with contrarieties, Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease, This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I drooped, Deeming our blessed reason of least use Where wanted most: "The lordly attributes Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed "What are they but a mockery of a Being Who hath in no concerns of his a test Of good and evil; knows not what to fear Or hope for, what to covet or to shun; And who, if those could be discerned, would yet Be little profited, would see, and ask Where is the obligation to enforce? And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still, As selfish passion urged, would act amiss; The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk With scoffers, seeking light and gay re-venge From indiscriminate laughter, nor sat down In reconcilement with an utter waste Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook, (Too well I loved, in that my spring of life, Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear reward)

But turned to abstract science, and there sought Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned Where the disturbances of space and time— Whether in matters various, properties Inherent, or from human will and power Derived—find no admission. Then it was—

Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good!— That the beloved Sister in whose sight Those days were passed, now speaking in a voice Of sudden admonition—like a brook That did but cross a lonely road, and now Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn, Companion never lost through many a league— Maintained for me a saving intercourse With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed Than as a clouded and a waning moon: She whispered still that brightness would return;

She, in the midst of all, preserved me still A Poet, made me seek beneath that name, And that alone, my office upon earth; And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown, If willing audience fail not, Nature's self, By all varieties of human love Assisted, led me back through opening day To those sweet counsels between head and heart Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace, Which, through the later sinkings of this cause, Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now In the catastrophe (for so they dream, And nothing less), when, finally to close And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor— This last opprobrium, when we see a people, That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven For manna, take a lesson from the dog Returning to his vomit; when the sun That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved In exultation with a living pomp Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Hath dropped all functions by the gods
   bestowed,
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Sets like an Opera phantom.

Thus, O Friend!
Through times of honour and through times
of shame
Descending, have I faithfully retraced
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great events—
A story destined for thy ear, who now,
Among the fallen of nations, dost abide
Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts
His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Heaven!
How are the mighty prostrated! They first,
They first of all that breathe should have
awaked
When the great voice was heard from out
the tombs
Of ancient heroes. If I suffered grief
For ill-requited France, by many deemed
A trier only in her proudest day;
Have been distressed to think of what she
once
Promised, now is; a far more sober cause
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier years
bestrown.

But indignation works where hope is not,
And thou, O Friend! wilt be refreshed.

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and
sanative,
A ladder for thy spirit to reascend
To health and joy and pure contentedness;
To me the grief confined, that thou art
gone
From this last spot of earth, where Freedom
now
Stands single in her only sanctuary;
A lonely wanderer, art gone, by pain
Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:
The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,
Gather afresh, and will have vent again:
My own delights do scarcely seem to me

My own delights; the lordly Alps themselves,
Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning
looks
Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladsomeness
Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,
For purpose, at a time, bow different!
Thou tak' st thy way, carrying the heart and
soul
That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought
Matured, and in the summer of their
strength.
Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,
On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine,
From the first play-time of the infant world
Kept sacred to restorative delight,
When from afar invoked by anxious love?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds
reared,
Ere yet familiar with the classic page,
I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
The gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened
At thy command, at her command gives
way;
A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a
name
Of note belonging to that honoured isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!
That doth not yield a solace to my grief:
And, O Theocritus, so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven and
earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that
they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time: yea, not
unmoved,
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
And fed him there, alive, month after
month,

1 Theocrit. Idyll. vil. 78.
Because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips
Wet with the Muses' nectar.
Thus I soothe
The pensive moments by this calm fire-side,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine.
Our prayers have been accepted; thou wilt stand
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens
Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs,
Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs
Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins yet Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps: and on the brink Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more, Then, near some other spring—which, by the name Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived— I see thee linger a glad votary, And not a captive pining for his home.

BOOK TWELFTH
IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED

Long time have human ignorance and guilt Detained us, on what spectacles of woe Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts, Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed, And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself And things to hope for! Not with these began Our song, and not with these our song must end. Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs, Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers, Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give Without offence; ye who, as if to show The wondrous influence of power gently used, Bend the complying heads of lordly pines, And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks, Muttering along the stones, a busy noise By day, a quiet sound in silent night; Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore, Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm; And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is To interpose the covert of your shades, Even as a sleep, between the heart of man And outward troubles, between man himself, Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart: Oh! that I had a music and a voice Harmonious as your own, that I might tell What ye have done for me. The morning shines, Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spring returns,— I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice, In common with the children of her love, Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields, Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven On wings that navigate cerulean skies. So neither were complacency, nor peace, Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good Through these distracted times; in Nature still Glorifying, I found a counterpoise in her, Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height, Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! I hath chiefly told Of intellectual power, fostering love, Dispensing truth, and, over men and things, Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing Prophetic sympathies of genial faith: So was I favoured—such my happy lot— Until that natural graciousness of mind Gave way to overpressure from the times And their disastrous issues. What availed, When spells forbade the voyager to land, That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love?
Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,
And hope that future times would surely see,
The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,
From him who had been; that I could no more
Trust the elevation which had made me one
With the great family that still survives
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed
That their best virtues were not free from taint
Of something false and weak, that could not stand
The open eye of Reason. Then I said,
"Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
More perfectly of purer creatures;—yet
If reason be nobility in man,
Can aught be more ignoble than the man
Whom they delight in, blinded as he is
By prejudice, the miserable slave
Of low ambition or distempered love?"

In such strange passion, if I may once more
Review the past, I warred against myself—
A bigot to a new idolatry—
Like a cowled monk who hath forsworn the world,
Zealously laboured to cut off my heart
From all the sources of her former strength;
And as, by simple waving of a wand,
The wizard instantaneously dissolves
Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul
As readily by syllogistic words
Those mysteries of being which have made,
And shall continue evermore to make,
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
Perverted, even the visible Universe
Fell under the dominion of a taste
Less spiritual, with microscopic view
Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair!
That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,
Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds
And roaring waters, and in lights and shades
That marched and countermarched about the hills
In glorious apparition, Powers on whom
I daily waited, now all eye and now
All ear; but never long without the heart
Employed, and man's unfolding intellect:
O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost overflow
With an impassioned life, what feeble ones
Walk on this earth! how feeble have I been
When thou wert in thy strength! Nor this through stroke
Of human suffering, such as justifies
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
But through presumption; even in pleasure pleased
Unworthy, disliking here, and there
Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred
To things above all art; but more,—for this,
Although a strong infection of the age,
Was never much my habit—giving way
To a comparison of scene with scene,
Bent overmuch on superficial things,
Pampering myself with meagre novelties
Of colour and proportion; to the moods
Of time and season, to the moral power,
The affections and the spirit of the place,
Insensible. Nor only did the love
Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt
My deeper feelings, but another cause,
More subtle and less easily explained,
That almost seems inherent in the creature,
A twofold frame of body and of mind.
I speak in recollection of a time
When the bodily eye, in every stage of life
The most despotic of our senses, gained
Such strength in me as often held my mind
In absolute dominion. Gladly here,
Entering upon abstruser argument,
Could I endeavour to unfold the means
Which Nature studiously employs to thwart
This tyranny, summons all the senses each
To counteract the other, and themselves,
And makes them all, and the objects with which all
Are conversant, subservient in their turn
To the great ends of Liberty and Power.
But leave we this: enough that my delights
(Such as they were) were sought insatiably,
Vivid the transport, vivid though not profund;
I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,
Still craving combinations of new forms,
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced
To lay the inner faculties asleep.
Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife
And various trials of our complex being,
As we grow up, such thraldom of that sense
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,
A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;
Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;
Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,
Or barren meddling subtleties,
Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are
When genial circumstance hath favoured them,
She welcomed what was given, and craved no more;
Whate’er the scene presented to her view
That was the best, to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life,
And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this Sisters, that they were each some new delight.

Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
Could they have known her, would have loved; methought
Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And everything she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
In such a being; for, her common thoughts Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth
From the retirement of my native hills,
I loved whate’er I saw: nor lightly loved,
But most intensely; never dreamt of aught
More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed
Than those few nooks to which my happy feet

Were limited. I had not at that time
Lived long enough, nor in the least survived
The first diviner influence of this world.
As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.
Worshipping them among the depth of things,
As piety ordained, could I submit
To measured admiration, or to anghth
That should preclude humility and love?
I felt, observed, and pondered; did not judge,
Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift
Of all this glory filled and satisfied.
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps
Roaming, I carried with me the same heart:
In truth, the degradation—howsoe’er
Induced, effect, in whatsoe’er degree,
Of custom that prepares a partial scale
In which the little oft outweighs the great:
Or any other cause that hath been named:
Or lastly, aggravated by the times
And their impassioned sounds, which well might make
The milder minstrelsy of rural scenes
Inaudible—was transient; I had known
Too forcibly, too early in my life,
Visitations of imaginative power
For this to last; I shook the habit off Entirely and for ever, and again
In Nature’s presence stood, as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a creative soul.

There are in our existence spots of time,
That with distinct pre-eminence retain
A renovating virtue, whence—depressed
By false opinion and contentious thought.
Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight.
In trivial occupations, and the round
Of ordinary intercourse—our minds
Are nourished and invisibly repaired;
A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,
That penetrates, enables us to mount,
When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.
This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks
Among those passages of life that give
Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,
The mind is lord and master—outward sense
The obedient servant of her will. Such moments
Are scattered everywhere, taking their date
From our first childhood. I remember well,
That once, while yet my inexperienced hand
Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes
I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills:
An ancient servant of my father’s house
Was with me, my encourager and guide:
We had not travelled long, ere some mischance
Disjoined me from my comrade; and, through fear
Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor
I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length
Came to a bottom, where in former times
A murderer had been hung in iron chains.
The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones
And iron case were gone; but on the turf,
Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,
Some unknown hand had carved the murderer’s name.
The monumental letters were inscribed
In times long past; but still, from year to year
By superstition of the neighbourhood,
The grass is cleared away, and to this hour
The characters are fresh and visible:
A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,
Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road:
Then, reascending the bare common, saw
A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,
The beacon on the summit, and, more near,
A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,
And seemed with difficult steps to force her way
Against the blowing wind. It was, in truth,
An ordinary sight; but I should need
Colours and words that are unknown to man,
To paint the visionary dreaminess
Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,
Invested moorland waste and naked pool,
The beacon crowning the lone eminence,
The female and her garments vexed and tossed
By the strong wind. When, in the blessed hours
Of early love, the loved one at my side,
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
And on the melancholy beacon, fell
A spirit of pleasure and youth’s golden gleam;
And think ye not with radiance more sublime
For these remembrances, and for the power
They had left behind? So feeling comes in aid
Of feeling, and diversity of strength
Attends us, if but once we have been strong.
Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honours. I am lost, but see
In simple childhood something of the base
On which thy greatness stands; but this I feel,
That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,
Else never canst receive. The days gone by
Return upon me almost from the dawn
Of life: the hiding-places of man’s power
Open; I would approach them, but they close.
I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
May scarcely see at all; and I would give,
While yet we may, as far as words can give,
Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,
Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past
For future restoration.—Yet another
Of these memorials:—

One Christmas-time,
On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth
Into the fields, impatient for the sight
Of those led palfreys that should bear us home;
My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting-point of two highways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched;
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,—
That dreary time,—ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house, he died;
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With trite reflections of mortality,
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
And, afterwards, the wind and sleetly rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,
As at a fountain; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

BOOK THIRTEENTH

IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED (concluded)

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:
This is her glory; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute her strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend; from her receives
That energy by which he seeks the truth,
From her that happy stillness of the mind
Which fits him to receive it when unsought.

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree; 'tis mine
To speak, what I myself have known and felt;
Smooth task! for words find easy way, inspired
By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
Long time in search of knowledge did I range
The field of human life, in heart and mind
Benighted; but, the dawn beginning now
To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain
I had been taught to reverence a Power
That is the visible quality and shape
And image of right reason; that matures
Her processes by steadfast laws; gives birth
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns
Of self-approving intellect; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;
Holds up before the mind intoxicates
With present objects, and the busy dance
Of things that pass away, a temperate show
Of objects that endure; and by this course
Disposes her, when over-foolishly set
On throwing off incumbrances, to seek
In man, and in the frame of social life,
Whate'er there is desirable and good
Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form
And function, or, through strict vicissitude
Of life and death, revolving. Above all
Were re-established now those watchful thoughts
IMAGINATION AND TASTE

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime
In what the Historian's pen so much delights
To blazon—power and energy detached
From moral purpose—early tutored me
To look with feelings of fraternal love
Upon the massuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world.

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
Once more in Man an object of delight,
Of pure imagination, and of love;
And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
Again I took the intellectual eye
For my instructor, studious more to see
Great truths, than touch and handle little ones.

Knowledge was given accordingly; my trust
Became more firm in feelings that had stood
The test of such a trial; clearer far
My sense of excellence—of right and wrong:
The promise of the present time retired
Into its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
Ambitious projects, pleased me less; I sought
For present good in life's familiar face,
And built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last
And what would disappear; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought the books
Of modern statist to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," to here alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth

And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire—
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—

Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown
By Nature in the way of such a hope?
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.

"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power
And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)
Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind
My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued.—For, the time
Had never been when throes of mighty Nations
And the world's tumult unto me could yield,
How far soever transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still I craved
An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned
From the great City, else it must have proved
To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
But much was wanting: therefore did I turn
To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I prized,
With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss,
vouchsafed,
Alas! to few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
Through field or forest with the maid we
love,
While yet our hearts are young, while yet we
breathe
Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both,
From which it would be misery to stir:
Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
In my esteem, next to such dear delight,
Was that of wandering on from day to day
Where I could meditate in peace, and cul
Knowledge that step by step might lead me on
To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird
Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,
Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn:
And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,
Converse with men, where if we meet a face
We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths
With long long ways before, by cottage bench,
Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests.

Who doth not love to follow with his eye
The windings of a public way? the sight,
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line,
One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur which invests
The mariner, who sails the roaring sea
Through storm and darkness, early in my mind
Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the earth;
Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more.
Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites;
From many other uncouth vagrants (passed
In fear) have walked with quicker step; but
why
Take note of this? When I began to enquire,
To watch and question those I met, and speak
Without reserve to them, the lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of mankind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears,
revealed;
There saw into the depth of human souls,
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes. And—now convinced at heart
How little those formalities, to which
With overweening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how vain
A correspondence with the talking world
Proves to the most; and called to make good search
If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
With toil, be therefore yoked with igno
rance;
If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,
And intellectual strength so rare a boon—
I prised such walks still more, for there I found
Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace
And steadiness, and healing and repose
To every angry passion. There I heard,
From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths
Replete with honour; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affection, love
Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed
A gift, to use a term which they would use,
Of vulgar nature; that its growth requires
Retirement, leisure, language purified
By manners studied and elaborate;
That whoso feels such passion in its strength
Must live within the very light and air
Of courteous usages refined by art.
True is it, where oppression worse than death
Salutes the being at his birth, where grace
Of culture hath been utterly unknown,
And poverty and labour in excess
From day to day pre-occupy the ground
Of the affections, and to Nature's self
Oppose a deeper nature; there, indeed,
Love cannot be; nor does it thrive with ease
Among the close and overcrowded haunts.
Of cities, where the human heart is sick,
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.
—Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel
How we mislead each other; above all,
How books mislead us, seeking their reward
From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see
By artificial lights; how they debase
The Many for the pleasure of those Few;
Effeminately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the heads
That framed them; flattering self-conceit
with words,
That, while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,
A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in show,—
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower.
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Four rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who live—
Not exalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few—
In Nature’s presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain

Therefrom to human kind, and what we are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular;
Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these,
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength,
They do not breathe among them: this I speak
In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no less,
Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind
What passion makes them; that mean-
while the forms
Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him; although the
works
Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own;
And that the Genius of the Poet hence
May boldly take his way among mankind
Wherever Nature leads; that he hath
stood
By Nature's side among the men of old,
And so shall stand for ever. Dearest
Friend!
If thou partake the animating faith
That Poets, even as Prophets, each with
each
Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to
perceive
Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame
The humbllest of this band who dares to
hope
That unto him hath also been vouchsafed
An insight that in some sort he possesses,
A privilege whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untaught
things,
Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature's. To a hope
Not less ambitious once among the wilds
Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was
raised;
There, as I ranged at will the pastoral
downs
Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare
white roads
Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
Time with his retinue of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw
Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear;
Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there,
A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across
the wold;
The voice of spears was heard, the rattling
spear
Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in
strength,
Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.
I called on Darkness—but before the word
Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to
take
All objects from my sight; and lo! again
The Desert visible by dismal flames;
It is the sacrificial altar, fed
With living men—how deep the groans! the
voice
Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills
The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
At other moments—for through that wide
waste
Three summer days I roamed) where'er the
Plain
Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or
mounds,
That yet survive, a work, as some divine,
Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
Their knowledge of the heavens, and image
forth
The constellations—gently was I charmed
Into a waking dream, a reverie
That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,
Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white
wands
Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
Alternately, and plain below, while breath
Of music swayed their motions, and the
waste
Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet
sounds.

This for the past, and things that may be
viewed
Or fancied in the obscurity of years
From monumental hints: and thou, O
Friend!
Pleased with some unpromiseded strains
That served those wanderings to beguile,
hast said
That then and there my mind had exercised
Upon the vulgar forms of present things,
The actual world of our familiar days,
Yet higher power; had caught from them
a tone,
An image, and a character, by books
Not hitherto reflected. Call we this
A partial judgment—and yet why? for then
We were as strangers; and I may not
speak
Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,
Which on thy young imagination, trained
In the great City, broke like light from far.
Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
Witness and judge; and I remember well
That in life's every-day appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear sight
Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit
To be transmitted, and to other eyes
Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws
Whence spiritual dignity originates,
Which do both give it being and maintain
A balance, an ennobling interchange
Of action from without and from within;
The excellence, pure function, and best
Power
Both of the objects seen, and eye that sees.

CONCLUSION

BOOK FOURTEENTH

CONCLUSION

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the
Northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
doors
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who
attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty
guide;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied
forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer
night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping
fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the
sky;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt
us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private
thoughts:
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by my-
self
Was nothing either seen or heard that
checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the
crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
teeded
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it
seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as if in opposition set
Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace, and no less eager
thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour
away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the
band;
When at my feet the ground appeared to
brighten,
And with a step or two seemed brighter
still;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the
cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory
shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment
none
Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed
Moon.
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a
rift—
Not distant from the shore whereon we
stood,
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-
place—
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents,
Innumerable, roaring with one voice!
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

When into air had partially dissolved
That vision, given to spirits of the night
And three chance human wanderers, in
calm thought
Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts
And its possessions, what it has and craves,
What in itself it is, and would become.
There I beheld the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream; a mind sus-
tained
By recognitions of transcendent power,
In sense conducting to ideal form,
In soul of more than mortal privilege.
One function, above all, of such a mind
Had Nature shadowed there, by putting
forth,
‘Mid circumstances awful and sublime,
That mutual domination which she loves
To exert upon the face of outward things,
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed
With interchangeable supremacy,
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, per-
ceive,
And cannot choose but feel. The power,
which all
Acknowledge when thus moved, which
Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty
That higher minds bear with them as their
own.
This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the universe:
They from their native selves can send
abroad
Kindred mutations; for themselves create
A like existence; and, whence’er it dawns
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery,
Like angels stopped upon the wing by
sound
Of harmony from Heaven’s remotest
spheres.
Them the enduring and the transient both
Serve to exalt; they build up greatest
things

From least suggestions; ever on the watch,
Willing to work and to be wrought upon.
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them; in a world of life they live.
By sensible impressions not enthralled,
But by their quickening impulse made
more prompt
To hold fit converse with the spiritual
world,
And with the generations of mankind
Spread over time, past, present, and to
come,
Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
Such minds are truly from the Deity,
For they are Powers; and hence the high-
est bliss
That flesh can know is theirs—the con-
sciousness
Of Whom they are, habitually infused
Through every image and through every
thought,
And all affections by communion raised
From earth to heaven, from human to
divine;
Hence endless occupation for the Soul,
Whether discursive or intuitive;
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
Emotions which best foresight need not
fear,
Most worthy then of trust when most in-
tense.
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that
 crush
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ
May with fit reverence be applied—that
peace
Which passeth understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure
source
Must come, or will by man be sought in
vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life
long
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in him-
self?
For this alone is genuine liberty:
Where is the favoured being who hath held
That course unchecked, unerring, and un-
tired,
In one perpetual progress smooth and
bright?—
A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
CONCLUSION

And backward wanderings along thorny ways:
Yet—compassed round by mountain solitudes,
Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then
Of what was given me; and which now I
range,
A meditative, oft a suffering, man—
Do I declare—in accents which, from truth
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend
Their modulation with these vocal streams—
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, bowsoe'er misled,
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private aim;
Nor was in any public hope the dupe
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wiltfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrank with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,
And substitute a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life
informed,
Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear
ends,
Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,
With the adverse principles of pain and
joy—
Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love
subsists
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the
fields
In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the
lamb
And the lamb's mother, and their tender
ways
Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest
this love,
And not inapty so, for love it is,
Far as it carries thee. In some green
bower
Rest, and be not alone, but have thou
there

The One who is thy choice of all the world:
There linger, listening, gazing, with delight
Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!
Unless this love by a still higher love
Be hallowed, love that breathes not with-
out awe;
Love that adores, but on the knees of
prayer,
By heaven inspired; that frees from chains
the soul,
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of
praise
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist
Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the feeding source
Of our long labour: we have traced the
stream
From the blind cavern whence is faintly
heard
Its natal murmur; followed it to light
And open day; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
Then given it greeting as it rose once more
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
The works of man and face of human life;
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
Of human Being. Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,
So also hath that intellectual Love,
For they are each in each, and cannot
stand
Dividually.—Here must thou be, O Man!
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou here;
Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
No other can divide with thee this work:
No secondary hand can intervene
To fashion this ability; 'tis thine,
The prime and vital principle is thine
In the recesses of thy nature, far
From any reach of outward fellowship,
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath
laid
Here, the foundation of his future years!
For all that friendship, all that love can do,
All that a darling countenance can look
Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
All shall be his: and he whose soul hath risen
Up to the height of feeling intellect
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
Of female softness shall his life be full,
Of humble cares and delicate desires,
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere
Poured out for all the early tenderness
Which I from thee imbibed: and 'tis most true
That later seasons owed to thee no less;
For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch
Of kindred hands that opened out the springs
Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite
Of all that unassisted I had marked
In life or nature of those charms minute
That win their way into the heart by stealth
(Still to the very going-out of youth)
I too exclusively esteemed that love,
And sought that beauty, which, as Milton sings,
Hath terror in it. Thou didst soften down
This over- sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favourite of the stars:
But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests
And warble in its chambers. At a time
When Nature, destined to remain so long
Foremost in my affections; had fallen back
Into a second place, pleased to become

A handmaid to a nobler than herself,
When every day brought with it some new sense
Of exquisite regard for common things,
And all the earth was budding with these gifts
Of more refined humanity, thy breath,
Dear Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
That went before my steps. Thereafter came
One whom with thee friendship had early paired;
She came, no more a phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.

With such a theme, Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
Placed on this earth to love and understand,
And from thy presence shed the light of love,
Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts
Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts and things
In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
More rational proportions; mystery,
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
Of life and death, time and eternity,
Admitted more habitually a mild Interposition—a serene delight
In closer gathering cares, such as become
A human creature, howsoe'er endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallelujah sent
From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs,
At every season green, sweet at all hours.
And now, O Friend! this history is
brought
To its appointed close: the discipline
And consummation of a Poet’s mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured; we have
reached
The time (our guiding object from the first)
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,
Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and
such
My knowledge, as to make me capable
Of building up a Work that shall endure.
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;
Of books how much! and even of the other
wealth
That is collected among woods and fields,
Far more: for Nature’s secondary grace
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy’s choice
Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious
pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak
With due regret) how much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where’er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character presents
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path,
Whate’er was wanting, something had I
gained,
As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
In hardly independence, to stand up
Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
Of various tempers; to endure and note
What was not understood, though known
to be;
Among the mysteries of love and hate,
 Honour and shame, looking to right and left,
Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
And moral notions too intolerant,
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when
called
To take a station among men, the step
Was easier, the transition more secure,
More profitable also; for, the mind
Learns from such timely exercise to keep
In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern;—
Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,
I led an undomestic wanderer’s life,
In London chiefly harboured, whence I
roamed,
Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot
Of rural England’s cultivated vales
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth—(he bore
The name of Calvert—it shall live, if words
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
That by endowments not from me withheld
Good might be furthered—in his last decay
By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk
At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon
By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, yet
Far less a common follower of the world,
He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay
Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
A necessary maintenance insures,
Without some hazard to the finer sense;
He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature.

Having now
Told what best merits mention, further pains
Our present purpose seems not to require,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
The mood in which this labour was begun,
O Friend! The termination of my course
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet even then,
In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee
Which ’tis reproach to hear? Anon I rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched
Vast prospect of the world which I had been
And was; and hence this Song, which, like a lark,
I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens
Singing, and often with more plaintive voice
To earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs,
Yet centering all in love, and in the end
All gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,
That will be deemed no insufficient plea
For having given the story of myself,
Is all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!
When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Quantock’s airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered ’mid her sylvan combes,
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel;
And I, associate with such labour, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
After the perils of his moonlight ride,
Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate
In misery near the miserable Thorn—
When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,
And hast before thee all which then we were,
To thee, in memory of that happiness,
It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend!
Felt, that the history of a Poet’s mind
Is labour not unworthy of regard;
To thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits
That were our daily portion when we first
Together wantoned in wild Poesy,
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,
That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel
More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon
Restored to us in renovated health;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
’Mong other consolations, we may draw
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways
of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame.
By nations, sink together, we shall still
Find solace—knowing what we have learnt
to know,
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouch-safe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, ’mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

1799–1805.

THE RECLUSE

PART FIRST

BOOK FIRST—HOME AT GRASMERE

Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came
A roving school-boy; what the adventurer’s age
Hath now escaped his memory—but the hour,
One of a golden summer holiday,
He well remembers, though the year be gone—
Alone and devious from afar he came;
And, with a sudden influx overpowering
At sight of this seclusion, he forgot
His haste, for hasty had his footsteps been
As boyish his pursuits; and sighing said,
"What happy fortune were it here to live!
And, if a thought of dying, if a thought
Of mortal separation, could intrude
With paradise before him, here to die!"
No Prophet was he, had not even a hope,
Scarcely a wish, but one bright pleasing
thought,
A fancy in the heart of what might be
The lot of others, never could be his.

The station whence he looked was soft
and green,
Not giddy yet aerial, with a depth
Of vale below, a height of hills above.
For rest of body perfect was the spot,
All that luxurious nature could desire;
But stirring to the spirit; who could gaze
And not feel motions there? He thought
of clouds
That sail on winds: of breezes that delight
To play on water, or in endless chase
Pursue each other through the yielding plain
Of grass or corn, over and through and
through,
In billow after billow, evermore
Disporting—nor unmindful was the boy
Of sunbeams, shadows, butterflies and
birds;
Of fluttering sylphs and softly-gling Fays,
Genii, and winged angels that are Lords
Without restraint of all which they behold.
The illusion strengthening as he gazed, he
felt
That such unfettered liberty was his,
Such power and joy; but only for this end,
To fit from field to rock, from rock to field,
From shore to island, and from isle to shore,
From open ground to covert, from a bed
Of meadow-flowers into a tuft of wood;
From high to low, from low to high, yet
still
Within the bound of this huge concave;
here
Must be his home, this valley be his world.
Since that day forth the Place to him—
to me
(For I who live to register the truth
Was that same young and happy Being)
became.
As beautiful to thought, as it had been
When present, to the bodily sense; a haunt
Of pure affections, shedding upon joy
A brighter joy; and through such damp
and gloom

Of the gay mind, as oftentimes spleenetic
youth
Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of light
That no self-cherished sadness could with-
stand;
And now 'tis mine, perchance for life, dear
Vale,
Beloved Grasmere (let the wandering
streams
Take up, the cloud-capt hills repeat, the
Name)
One of thy lowly Dwellings is my Home.
And was the cost so great? and could it
seem
An act of courage, and the thing itself
A conquest? who must bear the blame?
Sage man
Thy prudence, thy experience, thy desires,
Thy apprehensions—blush thou for them
all.

Yes the realities of life so cold,
So cowardly, so ready to betray,
So stinted in the measure of their grace
As we pronounce them, doing them much
wrong.
Have been to me more bountiful than hope,
Less timid than desire—but that is past.
On Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice
misllead,
That made the calmest fairest spot of earth
With all its unappropriated good
My own; and not mine only, for with me
Entrenched, say rather peacefully em-
bowered,
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
A younger Orphan of a home extinct,
The only Daughter of my Parents dwells.

Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease
to stir,
Pause upon that and let the breathing frame
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
—Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
For what hath been bestowed, then where,
where then
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did
ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either She whom now I have, who now
Divides with me this loved abode, was there,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps
turned,
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang.
The thought of her was like a flash of light,
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the Wind.
In all my goings, in the new and old
Of all my meditations, and in this
Favourite of all, in this the most of all.
—What being, therefore, since the birth of
Man
Had ever more abundant cause to speak
Thanks, and if favours of the Heavenly
Muse
Make him more thankful, then to call on
Verse
To aid him and in song resound his joy?
The boon is absolute; surpassing grace
To me hath been vouchsafed; among the
bowers
Of blissful Eden this was neither given
Nor could be given, possession of the good
Which had been sighed for, ancient thought
fulfilled,
And dear Imagination realised,
Up to their highest measure, yea and more,
Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close
me in;
Now in the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship; I take it to my heart;
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful, for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art
Dear Valley, having in thy face a smile
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou
art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags and woody steepes,
thy Lake,
Its one green island and its winding shores;
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy Church and cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single
most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
Like separated stars with clouds between.
What want we? have we not perpetual
streams,
Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh
green fields,
And mountains not less green, and flocks
and herds,
And thickets full of songsters, and the
voice
Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
Heard now and then from morn to latest
eve,
Admonishing the man who walks below
Of solitude and silence in the sky?
These have we, and a thousand nooks of
earth
Have also these, but nowhere else is found;
Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
The one sensation that is here; 'tis here.
Here as it found its way into my heart
In childhood, here as it abides by day,
By night, here only; or in chosen minds
That take it with them hence, where they go.
—'Tis, but I cannot name it, 'tis the sense
Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
A blended holiness of earth and sky,
Something that makes this individual spot
This small abiding-place of many men,
A termination, and a last retreat,
A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will,
A whole without dependence or defect,
Made for itself, and happy in itself,
Perfect contentment, Unity entire.
Bleak season was it, turbulent and bleak.
When hitherward we journeyed side by
side
Through burst of sunshine and through
flying showers;
Paced the long vales—how long they were
—and yet
How fast that length of way was left behind,
Wensley's rich Vale, and Sedbergh's naked
heights.
The frosty wind, as if to make amends
For its keen breath, was aiding to our
steps,
And drove us onward like two ships at sea,
Or like two birds, companions in mid-air.
Parted and reunited by the blast.
Stern was the face of nature; we rejoiced
In that stern countenance, for our soul's
thence drew
A feeling of their strength. The naked
trees,
The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared
To question us. "Whence come ye, to
what end?"
They seemed to say, "What would ye."
said the shower,
"Wild Wanderers, whither through my
dark domain?"
The sunbeam said, "Be happy." When
this vale
We entered, bright and solemn was the sky
That faced us with a passionate welcoming,  
And led us to our threshold. Daylight failed  
Insensibly, and round us gently fell  
Composing darkness, with a quiet load  
Of full contentment, in a little shed  
Disturbed, uneasy in itself as seemed,  
And wondering at its new inhabitants.  
It loves us now, this Vale so beautiful  
Begins to love us! by a sullen storm.  
Two months unwearied of severest storm,  
It put the temper of our minds to proof,  
And found us faithful through the gloom,  
And heard  
The poet mutter his prelusive songs  
With cheerful heart, an unknown voice of joy  
Among the silence of the woods and hills;  
Silent to any gladsomeness of sound  
With all their shepherds.  
But the gates of Spring are opened; churlish winter hath given leave  
That she should entertain for this one day,  
Perhaps for many genial days to come,  
His guests, and make them jocund.—They are pleased,  
But most of all the birds that haunt the flood  
With the mild summons; inmates though they be  
Of Winter's household, they keep festival  
This day, who drooped, or seemed to droop, so long;  
They show their pleasure, and shall I do less?  
Happier of happy though I be, like them I cannot take possession of the sky;  
Mount with a thoughtless impulse, and wheel there  
One of a mighty multitude, whose way  
Is a perpetual harmony and dance  
Magnificent. Behold how with a grace  
Of ceaseless motion, that might scarcely seem  
Inferior to angelical, they prolong  
Their curious pastime, shaping in mid-air,  
And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars  
High as the level of the mountain tops,  
A circuit ample than the lake beneath,  
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent  
On tracing and retracing that large round,  
Their jubilant activity evolves  
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,  
Upwards and downwards; progress intricate  
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done,  
Ten times and more I fancied it had ceased,  
But lo! the vanished company again  
Ascending, they approach. I hear their wings  
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound  
Passed in a moment—and as faint again!  
They tempt the sun to sport among their plumes;  
Tempt the smooth water, or the gleaming ice,  
To show them a fair image,—'tis themselves,  
Their own fair forms upon the glimmering plain  
Painted more soft and fair as they descend,  
Almost to touch,—then up again aloft,  
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!  
—This day is a thanksgiving, 'tis a day  
Of glad emotion and deep quietness;  
Not upon me alone hath been bestowed,  
Me rich in many onward-looking thoughts,  
The penetrating bliss; oh surely these  
Have felt it, not the happy choirs of spring,  
Her own peculiar family of love  
That sport among green leaves, a blither train!  
But two are missing, two, a lonely pair  
Of milk-white Swans; wherfore are they not seen  
Partaking this day's pleasure? From afar  
They came, to sojourn here in solitude,  
Choosing this Valley, they who had the choice  
Of the whole world. We saw them day by day,  
Through those two months of unrelenting storm,  
Conspicuous at the centre of the Lake  
Their safe retreat, we knew them well, I guess  
That the whole valley knew them; but to us  
They were more dear than may be well believed,  
Not only for their beauty, and their still  
And placid way of life, and constant love.
Inseparable, not for these alone,
But that their state so much resembled ours,
They having also chosen this abode;
They strangers, and we strangers, they a pair,
And we a solitary pair like them.
They should not have departed; many days
Did I look forth in vain, nor on the wing
Could see them, nor in that small open space
Of blue unfrozen water, where they lodged
And lived so long in quiet, side by side.
Shall we behold them consecrated friends,
Faithful companions, yet another year
Surviving, they for us, and we for them,
And neither pair be broken? nay perchance
It is too late already for such hope;
The Dalesmen may have aimed the deadly tube,
And parted them; or haply both are gone
One death, and that were mercy given to both.
Recall, my song, the ungenerous thought;
forgive,
Thrice-favoured Region, the conjecture harsh
Of such inhospitable penalty
Inflicted upon confidence so pure,
Ah! if I wished to follow where the sight
Of all that is before my eyes, the voice
Which speaks from a presiding spirit here,
Would lead me, I should whisper to myself:
They who are dwellers in this holy place
Must needs themselves be hallowed, they require
No benediction from the stranger’s lips,
For they are blessed already; none would give
The greeting “peace be with you” unto them,
For peace they have; it cannot but be theirs,
And mercy, and forbearance—nay—not these—
Their healing offices a pure good-will
Precludes, and charity beyond the bounds
Of charity—an overflowing love;
Not for the creature only, but for all
That is around them; love for everything
Which in their happy Region they behold!
Thus do we soothe ourselves, and when the thought
Is passed, we blame it not for having come.
—What if I floated down a pleasant stream,
THE RECLUSE

Or as the Norman Curfew’s regular beat
To hearths when first they darkened at the
knell:
That shepherd’s voice, it may have reached
mine ear
Debased and under profanation, made
The ready organ of articulate sounds
From ribaldry, impiety, or wrath,
Issuing when shame hath ceased to check
the brawls
Of some abused Festivity—so be it,
I came not dreaming of unruffled life,
Untainted manners; born among the hills,
And also there, I wanted not a scale
To regulate my hopes; pleased with the
good
I shrank not from the evil with disgust,
Or with inordinate pain. I look for Man,
The common creature of the brotherhood,
Differing but little from the Man elsewhere,
For selfishness and envy and revenge,
In neighbourhood—pity that this should be—
Flattery and double-dealing, strife and
wrong.
Yet is it something gained, it is in truth
A mighty gain, that Labour here preserves
His ruddy face, a servant only here
Of the fireside or of the open field,
A Freeman therefore sound and unimpaired:
That extreme penury is here unknown,
And cold and hunger’s abject wretchedness
Mortal to body and the heaven-born mind:
That they who want are not too great a
weight
For those who can relieve; here may the
heart
Breathe in the air of fellow-suffering
Dreadless, as in a kind of fresher breeze
Of her own native element, the hand
Be ready and unwearied without plea,
From tasks too frequent or beyond its power,
For languor or indifference or despair.
And as these lofty barriers break the force
Of winds,—this deep Vale, as it doth
in part
Conceal us from the storm, so here abides
A power and a protection for the mind,
Dispensed indeed to other solitudes
Favoured by noble privilege like this,
Where kindred independence of estate
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,
He, happy man! is master of the field,
And treads the mountains which his Fathers
trod.

Not less than halfway up yon mountain’s
side,
Behold a dusky spot, a grove of Firs
That seems still smaller than it is; this
grove
Is haunted—by what ghost? a gentle spirit
Of memory faithful to the call of love;
For, as reports the Dame, whose fire sends
up
Yon curling smoke from the grey cot below,
The trees (her first-born child being then a
babe)
Were planted by her husband and herself,
That ranging o’er the high and houseless
ground
Their sheep might neither want from peril-
ous storm
Of winter, nor from summer’s sultry heat,
A friendly covert; ‘‘and they knew it well,”
Said she, ‘‘for thither as the trees grew up
We to the patient creatures carried food
In times of heavy snow.” She then began
In fond obedience to her private thoughts
To speak of her dead husband; is there not
An art, a music, and a strain of words
That shall be life, the acknowledged voice
of life,
Shall speak of what is done among the fields,
Done truly there, or felt, of solid good
And real evil, yet be sweet withal,
More grateful, more harmonious than the
breath,
The idle breath of softest pipe attuned
To pastoral fancies? Is there such a stream
Pure and unsullied flowing from the heart
With motions of true dignity and grace?
Or must we seek that stream where Man is
not?
Methinks I could repeat in tuneful verse,
Delicious as the gentlest breeze that sounds
Through that aerial fir-grove—could pre-
serve
Some portion of its human history
As gathered from the Matron’s lips, and
tell
Of tears that have been shed at sight of it,
And moving dialogues between this Pair
Who in their prime of wedlock, with joint
hands
Did plant the grove, now flourishing, while
they
No longer flourish, he entirely gone,
She withering in her loneliness. Be this
A task above my skill—the silent mind
Has her own treasures, and I think of these,
Love what I see, and honour humankind.
No, we are not alone, we do not stand,
My sister here misplaced and desolate,
Loving what no one cares for but ourselves.
We shall not scatter through the plains and rocks
Of this fair Vale, and o'er its spacious heights,
Unprofitable kindliness, bestowed
On objects unaccustomed to the gifts
Of feeling, which were cheerless and forlorn.
But few weeks past, and would be so again.
Were we not here; we do not tend a lamp
Whose lustre we alone participate,
Which shines dependent upon us alone,
Mortal though bright, a dying, dying flame.
Look where we will, some human hand has been
Before us with its offering; not a tree
Sprinkles these little pastures, but the same
Hath furnished matter for a thought; perchance
For some one serves as a familiar friend.
Joy spreads, and sorrow spreads; and this whole Vale,
Home of untutored shepherds as it is,
Swarms with sensation, as with gleams of sunshine,
Shadows or breezes, scents or sounds.
Nor deem
These feelings, though subservient more than ours
To every day's demand for daily bread,
And borrowing more their spirit and their shape
From self-respecting interests; deem them not
Unworthy therefore, and unhallowed—no,
They lift the animal being, do themselves
By nature's kind and ever-present aid
Refine the selfishness from which they spring,
Redeem by love the individual sense
Of anxiousness, with which they are combined.
And thus it is that fitly they become
Associates in the joy of purest minds:
They blend therewith congenially: meanwhile
Calmly they breathe their own undying life
Through this their mountain sanctuary;
Oh long may it remain inviolate,
Diffusing health and sober cheerfulness,
And giving to the moments as they pass
Their little boons of animating thought
That sweeten labour, make it seen and felt
To be no arbitrary weight imposed,
But a glad function natural to man.
Fair proof of this, newcomer though I be,
Already have I gained; the inward frame,
Though slowly opening, opens every day
With process not unlike to that which cheers
A pensive stranger journeying at his leisure
Through some Helvetic Dell; when low-hung mists
Break up and are beginning to recede;
How pleased he is where thin and thinner grows
The veil, or where it parts at once, to spy
The dark pines thrusting forth their spiky heads;
To watch the spreading lawns with cattle grazed;
Then to be greeted by the scattered huts
As they shine out; and see the streams
Whose murmur
Had soothed his ear while they were hidden; how pleased
To have about him which way e'er he goes
Something on every side concealed from view,
In every quarter something visible
Half seen or wholly, lost and found again,
Alternate progress and impediment,
And yet a growing prospect in the main.
Such pleasure now is mine, albeit forced,
Herein less happy than the Traveller,
To cast from time to time a painful look
Upon unwelcome things which unwares
Reveal themselves, not therefore is my heart
Depressed, nor does it fear what is to come;
But confident, enriched at every glance,
The more I see the more delight my mind
Receives, or by reflection can create:
Truth justifies herself, and as she dwells
With Hope, who would not follow where she leads?
Nor let me pass unheeded other loves
Where no fear is, and humbler sympathies.
Already hath sprung up within my heart
A liking for the small grey horse that bears
The paralytic man, and for the brute
In Scripture sanctified—the patient brute
On which the cripple, in the quarry maimed,
Rides to and fro: I know them and their ways.
The famous sheep-dog, first in all the vale,
Though yet to me a stranger, will not be
A stranger long; nor will the blind man’s guide,
Meek and neglected thing, of no renown!
Soon will peep forth the primrose, ere it fades
Friends shall I have at dawn, blackbird and thrush
To rouse me, and a hundred warblers more!
And if those Eagles to their ancient hold
Return, Helvellyn’s Eagles! with the Pair
From my own door I shall be free to claim
Acquaintance, as they sweep from cloud to cloud.
The owl that gives the name to Owlet-Crag
Have I heard whooping, and he soon will be
A chosen one of my regards. See there
The heifer in yon little croft belongs
To one who holds it dear; with duteous care
She reared it, and in speaking of her charge
I heard her scatter some endearing words
Domestic, and in spirit motherly,
She being herself a mother; happy Beast,
If the caresses of a human voice
Can make it so, and care of human hands.
And ye as happy under Nature’s care,
Strangers to me and all men, or at least
Strangers to all particular amity,
All intercourse of knowledge or of love
That parts the individual from his kind,
Whether in large communities ye keep
From year to year, not shunning man’s abode,
A settled residence, or be from far
Wild creatures, and of many homes, that come
The gift of winds, and whom the winds again
Take from us at your pleasure; yet shall ye
Not want for this your own subordinate place
In my affections. Witness the delight
With which erewhile I saw that multitude
Wheel through the sky, and see them now at rest,
Yet not at rest upon the glassy lake:

They cannot rest—they gambol like young whelps;
Active as lambs, and overcome with joy
They try all frolic motions; flutter, plunge,
And beat the passive water with their wings.
Too distant are they for plain view, but lo!
Those little fountains, sparkling in the sun,
Betray their occupation, rising up
First one and then another silver spout,
As one or other takes the fit of glee,
Fountains and spouts, yet somewhat in the guise
Of plaything fireworks, that on festal nights
Sparkle about the feet of wanton boys.
—How vast the compass of this theatre,
Yet nothing to be seen but lovely pomp
And silent majesty; the birch-tree woods
Are hung with thousand thousand diamond drops
Of melted hoar-frost, every tiny knot
In the bare twigs, each little budding-place
Cased with its several beads; what myriads these
Upon one tree, while all the distant grove,
That rises to the summit of the steep,
Shows like a mountain built of silver light:
See yonder the same pageant, and again
Behold the universal imagery
Inverted, all its sun-bright features touched
As with the varnish and the gloss of dreams.
Dreamlike the blending also of the whole
Harmonious landscape: all along the shore
The boundary lost—the line invisible
That parts the image from reality;
And the clear hills, as high as they ascend
Heavenward, so deep piercing the lake below.

Admonished of the days of love to come
The raven croaks, and fills the upper air
With a strange sound of genial harmony;
And in and all about that playful band,
Incapable although they be of rest,
And in their fashion very rioters,
There is a stillness; and they seem to make
Calm revelry in that their calm abode.
Them leaving to their joyous hours I pass,
Pass with a thought the life of the whole year
That is to come: the throng of woodland flowers
And lilies that will dance upon the waves.
Say boldly then that solitude is not
Where these things are: he truly is alone,
He of the multitude whose eyes are doomed
To hold a vacant commerce day by day
With Objects wanting life—repelling love;
He by the vast metropolis immersed,
Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
And neighbourhood serves rather to divide
Than to unite—what sights more deep than
this,
Whose nobler will hath long been sacrificed;
Who must inhabit under a black sky
A city, where, if indifference to disgust
Yield not to scorn or sorrow, living men
Are oftentimes to their fellow-men no more
Than to the forest Hermit are the leaves
That hang aloft in myriads; nay, far less,
For they protect his walk from sun and
shower,
Swell his devotion with their voice in
storms,
And whisper while the stars twinkle among
them
His lullaby. From crowded streets remote,
Far from the living and dead Wilderness
Of the thronged world, Society is here
A true community—a genuine frame
Of many into one incorporate.
That must be looked for here: paternal
sway,
One household, under God, for high and
low,
One family and one mansion; to themselves
Appropriate, and divided from the world,
As if it were a cave, a multitude
Human and brute, possessors undisturbed
Of this Recess—their legislative Hall,
Their Temple, and their glorious Dwelling
place.

Dismissing therefore all Arcadian dreams,
All golden fancies of the golden age,
The bright array of shadowy thoughts from
times
That were before all time, or are to be
Ere time expire, the pageantry that stirs
Or will be stirring, when our eyes are fixed
On lovely objects, and we wish to part
With all remembrance of a jarring world,
—Take we at once this one sufficient hope,
What need of more? that we shall neither
droop
Nor pine for want of pleasure in the life
Scattered about us, nor through want of
aught

That keeps in health the insatiable mind.
—That we shall have for knowledge and
for love
Abundance, and that feeling as we do
How goodly, how exceeding fair, how pure
From all reproach is year ethereal vault,
And this deep Vale, its earthly counterpart,
By which and under which we are enclosed
To breathe in peace; we shall moreover
find
(If sound, and what we ought to be ourselves,
If rightly we observe and justly weigh)
The inmates not unworthy of their home,
The Dwellers of their Dwelling.

And if this
Were otherwise, we have within ourselves
Enough to fill the present day with joy,
And overspread the future years with hope,
Our beautiful and quiet home, enriched
Already with a stranger whom we love
Deeply, a stranger of our Father's house,
A never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea,
Who finds at last an hour to his content
Beneath our roof. And others whom we love
Will seek us also, Sisters of our hearts,
And one, like them, a Brother of our hearts,
Philosopher and Poet, in whose sight
These mountains will rejoice with open joy.
—Such is our wealth! O Vale of Peace
we are
And must be, with God's will, a happy
Band.
Yet 'tis not to enjoy that we exist,
For that end only; something must be
done:
I must not walk in unreproved delight
These narrow bounds, and think of nothing
more,
No duty that looks further, and no care.
Each Being has his office, lowly some
And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
With zeal, acknowledgment that with the
gift
Keeps pace a harvest answering to the seed.
Of ill-advised Ambition and of Pride
I would stand clear, but yet to me I feel
That an internal brightness is vouchsafed
That must not die, that must not pass away.
Why does this inward lustre fondly seek
And gladly blend with outward fellowship?
THE RECLUSE

Why do they shine around me whom I love?
Why do they teach me, whom I thus revere?
Strange question, yet it answers not itself.
That humble Roof embowered among the trees,
That calm fireside, it is not even in them,
Best as they are, to furnish a reply
That satisfies and ends in perfect rest.
Possessions have I that are solely mine,
Something within which yet is shared by none,
Not even the nearest to me and most dear,
Something which power and effort may impart;
I would impart it, I would spread it wide:
Immortal in the world which is to come—
Forgive me if I add another claim—
And would not wholly perish even in this,
Lie down and be forgotten in the dust,
I and the modest Partners of my days
Making a silent company in death;
Love, knowledge, all my manifold delights,
All buried with me without monument
Or profit unto any but ourselves!
It must not be, if I, divinely taught,
Be privileged to speak as I have felt
Of what in man is human or divine.
While yet an innocent little one, with a heart
That doubtless wanted not its tender moods,
I breathed (for this I better recollect)
Among wild appetites and blind desires,
Motions of savage instinct my delight
And exaltation. Nothing at that time
So welcome, no temptation half so dear
As that which urged me to a daring feat,
Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
And tottering towers: I loved to stand and read
Their looks forbidding, read and disobey,
Sometimes in act and evermore in thought.
With impulses, that scarcely were by these
Surpassed in strength, I heard of danger
met
Or sought with courage; enterprise forlorn
By one, sole keeper of his own intent,
Or by a resolute few, who for the sake
Of glory fronted multitudes in arms.
Yea, to this hour I cannot read a Tale
Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,
And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
More than a wise man ought to be; I wish,
Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there.
But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to seek
For other agitations, or be calm;
Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent stream,
Some nursling of the mountains which she leads
Through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
His strength, and had his triumph and his joy,
His desperate course of tumult and of glee.
That which in stealth by Nature was performed
Hath Reason sanctioned: her deliberate voice
Hath said; be mild, and cleave to gentle things,
Thy glory and thy happiness be there.
Nor fear, though thou confide in me, a want
Of aspirations that have been—of foes
To wrestle with, and victory to complete,
Bounds to be leapt, darkness to be explored;
All that inflamed thy infant heart, the love,
The longing, the contempt, the undaunted quest,
All shall survive, though changed their office, all
Shall live, it is not in their power to die.
Then farewell to the Warrior's Schemes, farewell
The forwardness of soul which looks that way
Upon a less incitement than the Cause
Of Liberty endangered, and farewell
That other hope, long mine, the hope to fill
The heroic trumpet with the Muse's breath!
Yet in this peaceful Vale we will not spend
Unheard-of days, though loving peaceful thought,
A voice shall speak, and what will be the theme?
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
—To these emotions, whencesoe’er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul—an impulse to herself—I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing:—"fit audience let me find though few!"

So prayed, more gaining than he asked,
the Bard—
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form—
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyrean thrones—
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams—can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man—
My haunt, and the main region of my song
—Beauty—a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth’s materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old

Sought in the Atlantic Main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
—I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation:—and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely, too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish:—this is our high argument.
—Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!—
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir’st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets; upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight; that my Song
With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
Shedding benignant influence, and secure Itsself from all malevolent effect
Of those mutations that extend their sway

1 See Note.
Throughout the nether sphere!—And if with this
I mix more lowly matter; with the thing Contemplated, describe the Mind and Man Contemplating; and who, and what he was—
The transitory Being that beheld
This Vision;—when and where, and how he lived;
Be not this labour useless, If such theme May sort with highest objects, then—dread Power!
Whose gracious favour is the primal source
Of all illumination—may my Life
Express the image of a better time,
More wise desires, and simpler manners;—nurse
My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure
thoughts
Be with me;—so shall thy unsating love
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

The course of the great war with the French mutually fixed one’s attention upon the military character, and, to the honour of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His companions used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company’s service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the pious and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature’s highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—’Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life;
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a
sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, whereasoe’er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
’Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation’s eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass’d:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;

And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draw
His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE

A tradition transferred from the ancient mansion of Hutton John, the seat of the Hudelestons, to Egremont Castle.

ERE the Brothers through the gateway
Issued forth with old and young,
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed
Which for ages there had hung.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont’s Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from times of earliest record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had held the Lordship
Claimed by proof upon the Horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he,
“What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory,
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

“On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left in thee!”

“Fear not,” quickly answered Hubert;
“As I am thy Father’s son,

1 See Note.
A COMPLAINT

What thou askest, noble Brother,
With God's favour shall be done."
So were both right well content:
Forth they from the Castle went,
And at the head of their Array
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed),
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Wherefore, then, could it come—the thought—
By what evil spirit brought
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings."—Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard;
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered,
To his Castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:

Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
 Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honour on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned,
Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

A COMPLAINT

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by
a change in the manner of a friend.

There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, not long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did: not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.
A well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is,—and never dry:
What matter? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity,
—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

1806.

STRAY PLEASURES

"—Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find."

Suggested on the Thames by the sight of one
of those floating mills that used to be seen
there. This I noticed on the Surrey side between
Somerset House and Blackfriars Bridge. Charles
Lamb was with me at the time; and I thought it
remarkable that I should have to point out to
him, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting
as the happy group dancing on the platform.
Mills of this kind used to be, and perhaps still
are, not uncommon on the Continent. I noticed
several upon the river Saone in the year 1799,
particularly near the town of Chalons, where my
friend Jones and I halted a day when we crossed
France; so far on foot: there we embarked, and
floated down to Lyons.

By their floating mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon Prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast
of the Thames!
The platform is small, but gives room for
them all;
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tethered fast:
To the small wooden isle where, their work
to beguile,
They from morning to even take whatever
is given;—
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund
as free,
While they dance on the calm river's breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,
They themselves make the reel,
And their music's a prey which they seize;
It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis
theirs;
And if they had care, it has scattered their
cares,
While they dance, crying, "Long as ye
please!"

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever
shall find;
Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly
kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing;
If the wind do but stir for his proper
delight,
Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will
kiss;
Each wave, one and t' other, speeds after
his brother:
They are happy, for that is their right!

1806.

POWER OF MUSIC

Taken from life.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may
grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of
old;—
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with
the same
In the street that from Oxford hath bor-
rowed its name.

His station is there; and he works on the
crowd;
He sways them with harmony merry and
loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to
the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and
him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire
is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have
bliss;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious
have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer
oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of
the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of
light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-
browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket
on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing
in haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time
runs to waste;
The Newsman is stopped, though he stops
on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's
in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which
he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her
store;—
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at
ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates
not his din
His hat gives him vigour, with boons drop-
ing in,
From the old and the young, from the
poorest; and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
spare.

O best are the hearers, and proud be the
hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thank-
ful a band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the
while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise
with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in
height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh,
not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a
tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch;
like a tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour
after hour!—
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is
bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to
the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a
stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a
dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care
not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!
1806.

STAR-GAZERS

Observed by me in Leicester-square, as
here described.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here!
we must not pass it by;
A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed
to the sky:
Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of
little boat,
Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on
Thames's waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 'tis
Leicester's busy Square;
And is as happy in his night, for the
heavens are blue and fair;
Calm, though impatient, is the crowd;
each stands ready with the fee,
And envies him that's looking;—what an
insight must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause?
Shall thy Implement have blame,
A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and
is put to shame?
Or is it good as others are, and be their
eyes in fault?
Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon
resplendent vault?
Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good
as we have here?
Or gives a thing but small delight that
never can be dear?
The silver moon with all her vales, and
hills of mightiest fame,
Doth she betray us when they're seen? or
are they but a name?
Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is
and strong,
And bounty never yields so much but it
seems to do her wrong?
Or is it, that when human Souls a journey
long have had
And are returned into themselves, they
cannot but be sad?
Or must we be constrained to think that
these Spectators rude,
Poor in estate, of manners base, men of
the multitude,
Have souls which never yet have risen,
and therefore prostrate lie?
No, no, this cannot be;—men thirst for
power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought
the blissful mind employ
Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave
and steady joy,
That doth reject all show of pride, admits
no outward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but silent
and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they
who pry and pore
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less
happy than before;
One after One they take their turn, nor
have I one espied
That doth not slackly go away, as if dis-
satisfied. 1806.

"YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO"

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The echo
came from Nab-scar, when I was walking on the
opposite side of Rydal Mere. I will here mention,
for my dear Sister's sake, that, while she was
sitting alone one day high up on this part of
Loughrigg Fell, she was so affected by the voice
of the Cuckoo heard from the crags at some dis-
tance that she could not suppress a wish to have
a stone inscribed with her name among the rocks
from which the sound proceeded. On my return
from my walk I recited these verses to Mr.
Wordsworth.

Yes, it was the mountain Echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo.
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh, how different!

Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God,—of God they are. 1806.

"NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR
CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM"

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one after-
noon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of
Milton. I had long been well acquainted with
them, but I was particularly struck on that occa-
sion with the dignified simplicity and majestic
harmony that runs through most of them,—in
character so totally different from the Italian,
and still more so from Shakspeare's fine Sonnets.
I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and
produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the
first I ever wrote except an irregular one at
school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly
remember is—"I grieved for Buonaparté." One
was never written down: the third, which was,
I believe, preserved, I cannot particularise.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow
room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
PERSONAL TALK

And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundy moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

1806.

—PERSONAL TALK

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line but two stood, at first, better and more characteristically, thus:

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

My Sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves, which reminds me of a little circumstance not unworthy of being set down among these minutiae. Happening both of us to be engaged a few minutes one morning when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to breakfast with us, my dear Sister, with her usual simplicity, put the toasting-fork with a slice of bread into the hands of this Edinburgh genius. Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire. To prevent loss of time, he took down a book, and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast, which was burnt to a cinder. Many a time have we laughed at this circumstance, and other cottage simplicities of that day. By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which) as having been the means of nearly putting off for ever our acquaintance with dear Miss Ferwick, who has always stigmatised one line of it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire.

I

I am not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:

And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

II

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go,
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear;  
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote  
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,  
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.  
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
Joyous thought;  
And thus from day to day my little boat  
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.  
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
Oh I might my name be numbered among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.  

—ADMONITION

Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Well may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!  
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,  
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!  
But covet not the Abode;—forbear to sigh,  
As many do, repining while they look;  
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book  
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.  
Think what the home must be if it were thine,  
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the Poor, The roses to the porch which they entwine: Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day On which it should be touched, would melt away.  

"BELOVED VALE! I SAID, WHEN I SHALL CON"

"BELOVED Vale!" I said, "when I shall con  
Those many records of my childish years,  
Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
Will press me down: to think of what is gone  
Will be an awful thought, if life have one."  
But, when into the Vale I came, no fears Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears; Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.  
By doubts and thousand petty fancies cast I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall;  
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!  
A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed; I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed: and all  
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

"HOW SWEET IT IS, WHEN MOTHER FANCY ROCKS"

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!  
An old place, full of many a lovely brood.  
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;  
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks.  
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks  
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—  
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks.
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think, 
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream 
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link 
by link, 
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such 
gleam 
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink, 
And leap at once from the delicious stream. 
1806.

"THOSE WORDS WERE UTTERED AS IN PENSIVE MOOD"

"—they are of the sky, 
And from our earthly memory fade away."

Those words were uttered as in pensive mood 
We turned, departing from that solemn sight: 
A contrast and reproach to gross delight, 
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed! 
But now upon this thought I cannot brood; 
It is unstable as a dream of night; 
Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright, 
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food. 
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome, 
Though clad in colours beautiful and pure, 
Find in the heart of man no natural home: 
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure: 
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam, 
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure. 
1806.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE 
1806.

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars 
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled 
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield 
A vivid repetition of the stars; 
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars 
Amid his fellows beantously revealed 
At happy distance from earth's groaning field, 
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars. 
Is it a mirror? —or the nether Sphere 
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds 
Her own calm fires? —But list! a voice is near; 
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds, 
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds 
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

"WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON, 
THOU CLIMB'ST THE SKY"

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky, 
"How silently, and with how wan a face!" 
Where art thou? Thou so often seen on high 
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race! 
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh 
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace! 
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase, 
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I 
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be: 
And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven, 
Should sally forth, to keep thee company, 
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue heaven. 
But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given, 
Queen both for beauty and for majesty. 
1806.

—"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON"

The world is too much with us; late and soon, 
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: 
Little we see in Nature that is ours; 
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! 
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 
The winds that will be howling at all hours, 
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
TO SLEEP

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn.

"WITH SHIPS THE SEA WAS
SPRINKLED FAR AND NIGHT"

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and
nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it
showed;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road;
Some veering up and down, one knew not
why.
A goodly Vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She
will brook
No tarrying; where She comes the winds
must stir:
On went She, and due north her journey
took.

"WHERE LIES THE LAND TO
WHICH YON SHIP MUST GO?"

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship
must go?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend
nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were
rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here
and there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and something
dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

TO SLEEP

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee.
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dow.
A captive never wishing to be free.
This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to
me
A Fly, that up and down himself doth
shove
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above
Now on the water vexed with mockery.
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my
foe,
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear; first uttered from my orchard
trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more,
I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's
wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and
day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!
TO SLEEP

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee,
Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;
The very sweetest, Fancy calls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and
deed!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost
steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that
tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and
aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I
alone,
Surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is
crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee
prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted
most!

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the
request of Mr. Duppa, whose acquaintance I
made through Mr. Soutbey. Mr. Duppa was en-
gaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and
applied to Mr. Soutbey and myself to furnish
some specimens of his poetic genius.

I

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep
pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath
God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love
dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the
power
Of outward change, there blooms a death-
less flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

FROM THE SAME

II

No mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward
course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time
depend.
'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love better what is
best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

FROM TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM
MICHAEL ANGELO, AND A
TRANSLATION FROM THE
LATIN OF THOMAS WARTON.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, my life in stone bound
fast;
More grateful still: while wrong and shame
shall last,
On me can Time no happier state bestow
Than to be left unconscious of the woe.
Ah then, lest you awaken me, speak low.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, more grateful still to be
Of marble; for while shameless wrong and
woe
Prevail, 'tis best to neither hear nor see.
Then wake me not, I pray you. Hush, speak low.

COME, gentle Sleep, Death's image tho' thou
art,
Come share my couch, nor speedily depart;
How sweet thus living without life to lie,
Thus without death how sweet it is to die.
TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT

This young man, Raisley Calvert, to whom I was so much indebted, died at Penrith, 1795.

CALVERT! it must not be unheard by them Who may respect my name, that I to thee Owed many years of early liberty.
This care was thine when sickness did con- demn Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem—
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray Where'er I liked; and finally array My temples with the Muse's diadem.
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,
In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays
Of higher mood, which now I meditate;—
It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived,
Youth!
To think how much of this will be thy praise.
1806.

With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore- gone;
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

LINES


g—

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load! 1
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
1806.

NOVEMBER 1806

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foet.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know

1 Importuna e grave salma.—Michael Angelo.
ADDRESS TO A CHILD

THAT IN Ourselves our safety must be sought; That by our own right hands it must be wrought; That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low. O DASTARD whom such foretaste doth not cheer! We shall exult, if they who rule the land Be men who hold its many blessings dear, Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band, Who are to judge of danger which they fear, And honour which they do not understand.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD
DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING
BY MY SISTER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

What way does the wind come? What way does he go? He rides over the water, and over the snow, Through wood, and through vale; and, o'er rocky height Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight; He tosses about in every bare tree, As, if you look up, you plainly may see; But how he will come, and whither he goes, There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook And ring a sharp 'larum; —but, if you should look, There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk, And softer than if it were covered with silk. Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock, Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock; —Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space; Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves, That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves! As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see That he has been there, and made a great rout, [about; And cracked the branches, and strewn them

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig That looked up at the sky so proud and big All last summer, as well you know, Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause, And growls as if he would fix his claws Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle Drive them down, like men in a battle: —But let him range round; he does us no harm, We build up the fire, we're snug and warm; Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright, And burns with a clear and steady light; Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell, Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
—Come now we'll to bed! and when we are there He may work his own will, and what shall we care? He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in; May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din; Let him seek his own home wherever it be; Here's a cosie warm house for Edward and me.

ODE

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

"A simple child, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death!" —

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came as from a sense
of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and
Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be
translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was
often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that
I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times
while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism
to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored,
as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the
remembrances, as is expressed in the lines—

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishing;" etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every
one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but
having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it
right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that
I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as
more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the
idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents
an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existing state has entered into the popular creeds
of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an
ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a
point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of
his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient
foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as
a poet.

"The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

See p. 171.

I
There was a time when meadow, grove,
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II
The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.

III
Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong:
I hear the Echoes through the mountains
throng.
The Winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV
Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
    Oh evil day! if I were sullen
    While Earth herself is adorning,
      This sweet May-morning,
    And the Children are culling
    On every side,
    In a thousand valleys far and wide,
    Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
    And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:
    I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
    —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
    Both of them speak of something that is gone:
      The Pansy at my feet
    Doth the same tale repeat;
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
    Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
    Hath had elsewhere its setting,
    And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
    And not in utter nakedness,
    But trailing clouds of glory do we come
    From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
    Shades of the prison-house begin to close
    Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
    He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
    Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
    Is on his way attended;
    At length the Man perceives it die away,
    And fade into the light of common day.

VI
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
    Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with, something of a Mother's mind,
    And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
    To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories she hath known,
    And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII
Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
    A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
    See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
    Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
    With light upon him from his father's eyes!
    See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
    Some fragment from his dream of human life,
    Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
    A wedding or a festival,
    A mourning or a funeral;
    And this hath now his heart,
    And unto this he frames his song:
      Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
    But it will not be long
    Ere this be thrown aside,
    And with new joy and pride
    The little Actor cons another part;
    Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
    With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
    As if his whole vocation
    Were endless imitation.

VIII
Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
    Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
    Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
    That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
    Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
    On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
    Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
    A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
    Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
    The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
    Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
    Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth
breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:
—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal
Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
deavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous
song!

And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor’s sound!
We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once
so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the
flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death.
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels
fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as
they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms
are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we
live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY 1807.
HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come
from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be
found,
TO THOMAS CLARKSON

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

MARCH 1807

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to
climb:
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by
thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent
prime,
Didst first lead forth that enterprise
sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge
repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart’s oracular
seat,
First roused thee.—O true yoke-fellow of
Time,
Duty’s intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained Writing is for ever
torn;
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man’s
calm,
A great man’s happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human
kind!

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE
SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

This was composed while pacing to and fro
between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding,
and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in
which we lived for nine or ten months. I will
here mention that the Song on the Restoration of
Lord Clifford, as well as that on the feast of
Brougham Castle, were produced on the same
ground.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty
Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought’st against him; but hast mainly
striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art
driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been
bereth:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is
left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would
it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as
before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

1807.

THE MOTHER’S RETURN

BY MY SISTER

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood; then laughed amain,—
And shouted, “‘Mother, come to me.”

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near;
“‘Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
Your tender mother cannot hear.”

1 See Note.
I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through;—
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister’s breast;
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister’s glee;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o’er all that we had done,—
Our rambles by the swift brook’s side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all “since Mother went away!”

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass’s colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

—But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart;
A moment’s heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

’Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run upstairs in gamesome race;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye. 1807.

GIPSIES

Composed at Coleorton. I had observed them as here described, near Castle Donnington, on my way to and from Derby.

Yet are they here the same unbroken race
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
Men, women, children, yea the frame
Of the whole spectacle the same!
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light.
Now deep and red, the colouring of night;
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!
The weary Sun betook himself to rest;—
Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible God
The glorious path in which he trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour
And one night’s diminution of her power.
Behold the mighty Moon! this way She looks as if at them—but they
Regard not her;—oh better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth! In scorn I speak not;—they are what their birth
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outcasts of society! 1807.

—“O NIGHTINGALE! THOU SURELY ART”

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. (Mrs. W. says in a note—“At Coleorton.”)

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a “fiery heart”;—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing’st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.
I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!

1807.

TO LADY BEAUMONT

The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned out
of an old quarry under the superintendence and
direction of Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister
Dorothy, during the winter and spring we resided
there.

LADY I the songs of Spring were in the
grove
While I was shaping beds for winter flowers;
While I was planting green unfading
bowers,
And shrubs—to hang upon the warm al-
cove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fancy
wove
The dream, to time and nature's blended
powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady I which your feet shall
rove.

Yes! when the sun of life more feebly
shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn
gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring;
And these perennial bowers and murmuring
pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

1807.

"THOUGH NARROW BE THAT
OLD MAN'S CARES"

"——gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Written at Coleorton. This old man's name
was Mitchell. He was, in all his ways and con-
versation, a great curiosity, both individually and
as a representative of past times. His chief em-
ployment was keeping watch at night by pacing
round the house, at that time building, to keep
off depredators. He has often told me gravely of
having seen the Seven Whistlers and the Hounds
as here described. Among the groves of Cole-
orton, where I became familiar with the habits
and notions of old Mitchell, there was also a
labourer of whom, I regret, I had no personal
knowledge; for, more than forty years after,
when he was become an old man, I learnt that
while I was composing verses, which I usually
did aloud, he took much pleasure, unknown to
me, in following my steps that he might catch
the words I uttered; and, what is not a little
remarkable, several lines caught in this way kept
their place in his memory. My volumes have
lately been given to him by my informant, and
surely he must have been gratified to meet in
print his old acquaintances.

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares,
and near,
The poor old Man is greater than he seems:
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear.
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer;
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.
He the seven birds hath seen, that never
part,
Seen the Seven Whistlers in their nightly
rounds,
And counted them: and oftentimes will
start—
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's
Hounds
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the
flying Hart
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!

1807.

SONG AT THE
FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIF-
FORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES
AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS

See the note. This poem was composed at
Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along
the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's
Farm-house, where we resided, to the Hall which
was building at that time.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel
sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:—
"From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day!
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

They came with banner, spear, and shield,
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:¹
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful north:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though lonely, a deserted Tower;
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom:
We have them at the feast of Brough’m.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden’s course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont’s side,
This day, distinguished without peer

¹ See Note.

To see her Master and to cheer—
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!
Oh! it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!

Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock’s side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O’er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man’s bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady’s words, when forced away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
‘My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd’s life is best!’
Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale’s groves,
And leave Blencathara’s rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glendoramakin’s lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Thrëkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford’s ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood’s prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne’er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing;
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
‘Quell the Scott,’ exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where’er thou be,
Graze thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!”

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know

How, by Heaven’s grace, this Clifford’s heart was framed,
How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
“’The good Lord Clifford” was the name he bore.

1807.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE
OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS

The earlier half of this Poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mrs. Wordsworth and I were on a visit to her eldest Brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud as freely as they would come. Mrs. Wordsworth reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late, so that she was made uncomfortable. I here beg her pardon for this and similar transgressions during the whole course of our waded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grassmere, I proceeded with the Poem; and it may be worth while to note, as a caution to others who may cast their eye on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking I found

1 See Note.
that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up, by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday. A rapid cure was the consequence. Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health; so that intellectual labour is not necessarily unfavourable to longevity. But perhaps I ought here to add that mine has been generally carried on out of doors.

Let me here say a few words of this Poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in "The White Doe" fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The Heroine of the Poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanising influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake.

ADVERTISEMENT

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of "The White Doe," founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION

In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meeke as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught:
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide:"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to bear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.
Then, too, this Song of mine once more could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom
Heaven
A calm and stainless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Neful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Neful amid life's ordinary woes;—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muse's erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Van aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart
As a hath yielded to thy tender heart.

**EYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND, APRIL 20, 1815.**

—**Action is transitory—a step, a blow,**
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
To do; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem)
And irremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

—**They that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility:**
for certainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his Body; and if he be not of kinn to God by his Spirit, he is a base, ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dogg, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura.

The courage is manifestly such, as that Crea-
ture without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain."

—**LORD BACON.**

**CANTO FIRST**

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budding brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous Plé, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest, ¹
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard falls;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior’s Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.
A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,

¹ See Note.
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through you gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.
   Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.
   What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.
   The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's heart
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
   She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
   But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died.
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.
   The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound:
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

Pensively with downcast eyes,
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise;
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.
But some—a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung—
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot, where, full in view,
The white Doe, to her service true,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears’ length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy’s sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm!"—but still the Boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day
Her work, whate’er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, soul or fair."

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insecure delight,
Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child’s inquiring mind
Is such perplexity confined:

For, spite of sober Truth that sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong,
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong,
Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
And to his grave will go with scars,
Relics of long and distant wars—
That Old Man, studious to expound
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity;
When Lady Allizzi mourned 1
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unwavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf’s abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremound.
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place—
A pious structure, fair to see, Rose up, this stately Priory! The Lady’s work;—but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:
Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain, Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;
And glides o’er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door; 2 And, through the chink in the fractured floor Look down, and see a griesly sight; A vault where the bodies are buried upright!

There, face by face, and hand by hand, The Claphams and Mauleverers stand; And, in his place, among son and sire, Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire, A valiant man, and a name of dread In the ruthless wars of the White and Red; Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!

1 See Note.
Look down among them, if you dare;  
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,  
Prying into the darksome rent;  
Nor can it be with good intent:  
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,  
Who hath a Page her book to hold,  
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.  
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—  
Who counts among her ancestry  
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!  
That slender Youth, a scholar pale,  
From Oxford come to his native vale,  
He also hath his own conceit:  
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,  
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet  
In his wanderings solitary:  
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,  
A song of Nature's hidden powers;  
That whistled like the wind, and rang  
Among the rocks and holly bowers.  
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;  
And oftentimes before him stood,  
Amid the trees of some thick wood,  
In semblance of a lady fair;  
And taught him signs, and showed him  
sights,  
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;  
When under cloud of fear he lay,  
A shepherd clad in homely grey;  
Nor left him at his later day,  
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,  
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,  
His eye could see the hidden spring,  
And how the current was to flow;  
The fatal end of Scotland's King,  
And all that hopeless overthrow.  
But not in wars did he delight,  
This Clifford wished for worthier might;  
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;  
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—  
Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Barden's lowly quietness.  
And choice of studious friends had he  
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;  
Who, standing on this old church tower,  
In many a calm propitious hour,  
Perused, with him, the starry sky;  
Or, in their cells, with him did spy  
For other lore,—by keen desire  
Urged to close toil with chemic fire;  
In quest belike of transmutations  
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.  
But they and their good works are fled,  

And all is now disquieted—  
And peace is none, for living or dead!  
Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,  
But look again at the radiant Doe!  
What quiet watch she seems to keep,  
Alone, beside that grassy heap!  
Why mention other thoughts unmeet  
For vision so composed and sweet?  
While stand the people in a ring,  
Gazing, doubting, questioning;  
Yea, many overcome in spite  
Of recollections clear and bright;  
Which yet do unto some impart  
An undisturbed repose of heart.  
And all the assembly own a law  
Of orderly respect and awe;  
But see—they vanish one by one,  
And last, the Doe herself is gone.  
Harp! we have been full long beguiled  
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild;  
To which, with no reluctant strings,  
Thou hast attuned thy murmuring;  
And now before this Pile we stand  
In solitude, and utter peace:  
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—  
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,  
In soft and breeze-like visitings,  
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:  
A voice is with us—a command  
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,  
A tale of tears, a mortal story!  

Canto Second

The Harp in lowliness obeyed;  
And first we sang of the Greenwood shade  
And a solitary Maid;  
Beginning, where the song must end,  
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;  
The Friend who stood before her sight,  
Her only unextinguished light;  
Her last companion in a death  
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.  
For She it was—this Maid, who wrought  
Weekly, with foreboding thought,  
In vermeil colours and in gold  
An unblest work; which, standing by,  
Her Father did with joy behold,—  
Exulting in its imagery;  
A Banner, fashioned to fulfil  
Too perfectly his headstrong will:  
For on this Banner had her hand  
Embroidered (such her Sire's command)  
The sacred Cross; and figured there
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign

dread;
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword!
And that same Banner, on whose breast
The blameless Lady had express
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came; and Francis Norton said,
"O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!
Bethink you of your own good name:
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn;
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blameless ease;
For these my brethren's sake, for me
And, most of all, for Emily!"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—pronounced with a dying fall—
The name of his only Daughter dear,
As on the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,
And his moist eyes were glorified;
Then did he seize the staff, and say:
"Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
Keep thou this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same:
Thy place be on my better hand;—

And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and me."
He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band!
Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
And din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horse-d and harnessed with him to ride,—
A voice to which the hills replied!
But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
A phantasm like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.
There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed:
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling:
"'Might ever son command a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
"Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."
She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found,
"Gone are they, bravely, though misled;"
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSHDE

With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy; and a force
Still stronger, bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved;
And now their faithfulness is proved:
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.

There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side;
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed;
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

Then be we, each and all, forgiven!
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Man's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart!
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forswear;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe:
On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.

Bare breast I take and an empty hand."1—
Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong
trance,
Spurned it, like something that would
stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.
"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well:
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon:
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The hawk forget his perch; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away—
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!" which words saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair creature, and more white than snow!
"Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same

1 See the Old Ballad,—"The Rising of the
North."
She was before she hither came;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree;
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith;
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
Not seldom foremost in the way;
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read;
If, when at home our private zeal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance and self-sacrifice;
If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared;
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endure thee with all truth—
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purer sky
Of undisturbed humanity!”

He ended,—or she heard no more;
He led her from the yew-tree shade,
And at the mansion’s silent door,
He kissed the consecrated Maid;
And down the valley then pursued,
Alone, the armed Multitude.

—Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,
Whom to this service I commend;
Which way soe’er our fate incline,
These will be faithful to the end;
They are ‘my all’”—voice failed him here—
“‘My all save one, a Daughter dear!
Whom I have left, Love’s mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe. With festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder’s hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land.”

He spake bare truth;—for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
“Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People’s right!”

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said; “The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England’s Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overthrow
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope;
Even for our Altars—for the prize,
In Heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold!”—and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—“behold,” said he,
“‘The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be;
The wounds of hands and feet and side,
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
—This bring I from an ancient hearth,
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o’er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchedsafe in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued.”

“Uplift the Standard!” was the cry
From all the listeners that stood round,
“Plant it,—by this we live or die.”
The Norton ceased not for that sound,
But said; “The prayer which ye have heard,
Much-injured Earls! by these preferred,
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly.”

“Uplift it!” cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
“Uplift it!” said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry,
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the river of
Wore,
And Durham, the time-honoured Durham,
did hear,
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were
stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
At Percy’s voice: and Neville sees
His Followers gathering in from Tees,
From Were, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forked hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
Of Neville, at their Master’s call
Had sate together in Raby Hall!
Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
And greet the old paternal shield,
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appeared, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
And Romish priest, in priest’s attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under joint command,
To Durham first their course they bear;

And in Saint Cuthbert’s ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free

“‘They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see.’”
The Choldest Warriors of the North!
But none for beauty and for worth
Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,
(Ripe men, or blooming in life’s spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their Father round;
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where’er their march: no steed will be
Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly,
He stands upon the grassy sod,
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goody Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o’er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height;
Magnific limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerate;
Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter’s of the field;
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
With unparticipated gaze;
Who, ’mong those thousands, friend hath none,
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe’er he might,
Hath watched the Banner from afar,
As shepherds watch a lonely star;
Or mariners the distant light
That guides them through a stormy night.

1 From the old ballad.
And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, a healthy spot!
He takes alone his far-off stand,
With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
Yet sometimes in more humble guise,
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task,
Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind:
And thus, with short oblivion blest,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
The pageant glancing to and fro;
And hope is wakened by the sight,
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains sent;
But what avails the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the Rising of the North;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be led! --

Can such a mighty Host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near?
The Earls upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
For, with a high and valiant name,
He bore a heart of timid frame;
And bold if both had been, yet they
"Against so many may not stay," 1
Back therefore will they hie to seize
A strong Hold on the banks of Tees
There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
A rumour of this purpose ran,
The Standard trusting to the care
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake: -- "We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field! --
How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,
To few triumphantly been given!
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered! 2—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved?—while to battle moved
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old;
And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
All confident of victory! --
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross? 3
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower
To God descending in his power.
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue;—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned "—His zeal the Chiefs con-
founded,
But word was given, and the trumpet sounded:
Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! I thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery!
—"Even these poor eight of mine would stem—"
Half to himself, and half to them
He spake—"would stem, or quelli, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse;
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day

1 From the old ballad.
2 See Note.
Would breed us thousands brave as they."
—So speaking, he his reverend head
Raised towards that Imagery once more:
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She would not, could not, disobey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steepled, but not for Jesu’s sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworthier far we are undone—
Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft, alas! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid:
She first, in reason’s dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!
While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his Father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly,
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need:
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?—
If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipeage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward’s fight
Against all good"—but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to one bright moment’s hope?
Suffice it that the Son, who strove
With fruitless effort to ait
That passion, prudently gave way;
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers’ wisdom or their love—
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
His best endeavours to renew,
Should e’er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH
'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle, like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees:—
And southward far, with moor between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone’s old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pillar’d chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
—The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash tree
Aloft is roostered for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day;
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved what'er by love was brought,
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny—
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array—
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.
But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
Like a patch of April snow—
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingerling in a woody glade
Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow
Upon the complaining Doe
Now coaxed at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play
Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed;—the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years,
Yes, she is soothed: an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that blessed Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.
'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence,
''But oh! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say;—
'If hope be a rejected stay,
'Do thou, my Christian Son, beware
'Of that most lamentable snare,
'The self-reliance of despair.'"
Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go!
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees;—ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate:
*Her duty is to stand and wait;*
In resignation to abide
The shock, and finally secure
*O'er pain and grief a triumph pure.*
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was chaced,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus speake;
"An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the timo—a woeful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you? point the way."
"Rights have you, and may well be bold;
You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe:
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."
"Hope," said the old Man, "must abide
With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den
To shelter persecuted men:
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!"
"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;
"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls;—be this your task—
This may be done;—'tis all I ask!"
She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field;
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
"Grant that the Moon which shines this night
May guide them in a prudent flight!"
But quick the turns of chance and change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.

The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue—he had said
"This night yon faithless Towers must yield,
Or we for ever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies
That he is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted!"
"—'Twas done: his Sons were with him—all;
They belt him round with hearts undamned
And others follow;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court;—"'Tis won"—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close
The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes!
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
"A rescue for the Standard!" cried
The Father from within the walls;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls!—
Confusion through the Camp spread wide:
Some fled; and some their fears detained:
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO FIFTH

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rystole Fell
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,

1 See Note.
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.
The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
Had often heard the sound of glee
When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery;
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
Was happiest, proudest, of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe:
For she had hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame;
For she her brother's charge revered,
His farewell words; and by the same,
Yet by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said
That Francis lives, he is not dead?"
"Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infamy and shame—
These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel; he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!"

And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that strongbold.

Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on'—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.
' Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed—
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE

I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!
A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee,
Shall I this lonely thought consign?
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine;
To wither in the sun and breeze
Mid those decay ing sanctuaries.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ’s dear name,
I helmented a brow though white,
And took a place in all men’s sight;
Yea offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshe d,—
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!'

Then Francis answered—'Trust thy Son,
For, with God’s will, it shall be done! '

The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other’s worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rufef Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command

Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier’s hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death!—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
A thwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away.'

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone’s woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.
"Yes—God is rich in mercy," said
'The old Man to the silent Maid,
"Yet, Lady! shines, through this black night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place."
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH

WHY comes not Francis?—From the doleful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds
The sorrow, through the Villages,
Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of veneful military force,
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not, as he fled
All but the suffering heart was dead
For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along—
It was the Banner in his hand!
He felt—and made a sudden stand.
He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find anywhere, a right
To excuse him in his Country’s sight?
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how? when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?
Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain:
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong
Swayed the brave man to his wrong,
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why,
But that Heaven’s purpose might be known,
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father’s prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentment were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
“[No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine.”
So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment’s space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—’Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis, with the Banner claimed
As his own charge, had disappeared,
By all the standers—by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.
The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
They hem him round—“Behold the proof,”
They cried, “the Ensign in his hand!
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
For why?—to save his Father’s land;—
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!”
“I am no Traitor,” Francis said,
“Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware;—
Err not by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!”
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier’s hand had snatched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched
The Assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wound
A Spearman brought him to the ground,
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the
Band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the brodered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as
good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then, they, for Christian pity’s sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Churchyard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kindred for him in that ground:
So to the Churchyard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,

Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she best
Toward Bolton’s ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole rush
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH

"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in mood;
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

THOU Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,
Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden’s sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer’s last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail?
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!
'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone’s fair domain have blown;¹
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown.
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While, in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne

¹ See Note.
Of quietness, she sits alone;
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,—
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
To o'ershadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright:
Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely,—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.
And she hath wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yes like a ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof;
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn:
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past
And strength of Reason; held above
The infinities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.
And so—beneath a mouldered tree
A self-sustaining leafless oak
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.
When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer,
A single One, in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily;
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!
Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her, and more near—
Looked round—but saw no cause for fear;
So to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very Doe of other years!—
The pleasing look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
Upon the happy Creature's face.
Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicle of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings?
That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is
blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear:—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwoed, yet unforsaken,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale; ¹
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Derbys’ pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and
deed—
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower’s eyes;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wretched
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.
—Oh! surely ’twas a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nested pair, reposed!
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave’s portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high

¹ See Note.

Floating through the azure sky,
—What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd’s pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
And, ranging through the wasted woods,
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and undistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy:
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—“God us spare!”
That was the sound they seemed to speak;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grand sire’s name;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same;
Words which she slighted at that day;
But now, when such sad change was
wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought—
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
While she sat listening in the shade.
With vocal music, “God us spare;”
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason’s firmest power:
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide.
Her fate there measuring:—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
But here her Brother’s words have failed;
Here hath ailder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left;
This one Associate, that disproves
His words, remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all;
Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul’s soft sleep:
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.
Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot;
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pound ¹
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall.
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy!
But most to Bolton’s sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go;
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine
To look upon Saint Mary’s shrine;
Nor on the lonely turf that she knew
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came; there oft she sate
Forlorn, but not disconsolate:
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mute Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature!
A mortal Song we sing, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude, meanwhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Dread and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,

A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity!
From fair to fairer; day by day
A more divine and loftier way!
Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisurbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied:
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came!
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother’s side.
Most glorious sunset! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven’s grace;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this churchyard ground;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:  
But chiefly by that single grave,  
That one sequestered hillock green,  
The pensive visitant is seen.  
There doth the gentle Creature lie  
With those adversities unmoved;  
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky  
In their benignity approved!  
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,  
Subdued by outrage and decay,  
Looks down upon her with a smile,  
A gracious smile, that seems to say—  
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,  
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"  

1807.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER; 1

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY

A TRADITION

An Appendage to the "White Doe." My friend,  
Mr. Rogers, has also written on the subject. The  
story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's History of  
Cranmore—a topographical writer of first-rate merit  
in all that concerns the past; but such was his  
aversion from the modern spirit, as shown in the  
spread of manufactories in those districts of which  
he treats, that his readers are left entirely ignorant  
both of the progress of these arts and their real bearing  
upon the comfort, virtues, and happiness of the inhabitants. While wandering on foot through the fertile valleys and over the moorlands of the Apennine that divides Yorkshire from Lancashire, I used to be delighted with observing the number of substantial cottages that had sprung up on every side, each having its little plot of fertile ground won from the surrounding waste. A bright and warm fire, if needed, was always to be found in these dwellings. The father was at his loom; the children looked healthy and happy. Is it not to be feared that the increase of mechanic power has done away with many of these blessings, and substituted many evils? Alas! if these evils grow, how are they to be checked, and where is the remedy to be found? Political economy will not supply it; that is certain, we must look to something deeper, purer, and higher.

"What is good for a bootless here?"  
With these dark words begins my Tale;  
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring  
When Prayer is of no avail?

1 See the "White Doe of Rylstone."

The Falconer to the Lady said;  
And she made answer "Endless Sorrow!"  
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,  
And from the look of the Falconer's eye;  
And from the love which was in her soul For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods  
Is ranging high and low;  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bristle!  
For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called The Strid,  
A name which it took of yore;  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—  
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And long, unspoken, sorrow:  
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the Lady wept,  
A solace she might borrow  
From death, and from the passion of death:—  
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be tomorrow:  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow.
He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband’s grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To maids who joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!  1807.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME
AND ON THE SAME OCCASION

I dropped my pen; and listened to the
Wind
That sang of trees upturned and vessels tost—
A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains con-

fined
Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the im-

passioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptance from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o’er sorrows past;
And to the attendant promise will give
heed—
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sad-

ness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall suc-
ceed.  1808.

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN

Who weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair’s unhappy fate,
Whose grave may here be seen.

By night, upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For any dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perish’d; and a voice was heard—
The widow’s lonely shriek.

Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life—
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.

Now do those sternlyeatured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR
WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A
TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE
CONVENTION OF CINTRA

Not ’mid the world’s vain objects that
enslave
The free-born Soul—that World whose
vaunted skill
In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and
brave—
Not these; but in dark wood and rocky
care,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be
still:
Here, mighty Nature! in this school sublime
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering
Spain;
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my
way;
And look and listen—gathering, whence I
may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can
restrain.  1808.
But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affliction?

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!

Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep: and forest-lawn,
Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps resound
And babble of her pastime!—On, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower—
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might.
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

Hoffer

Of mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led?
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phoebus through the gates of morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited,
Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
From van to rear—and with one mind would flee,
But half their host is buried:—rock on rock
Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see!
Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

"ADVANCE—COME FORTH FROM THY TYROLEAN GROUND"

Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!

Feelings of the Tyrolese

The Land we from our fathers had is trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.
That which we would perform in arms—we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye;
In the wife's smile; and in the placid sky:
And, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us.—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.

"ALAS! WHAT BOOTS THE LONG LABORIOUS QUEST"

Alas! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword?—Her haughty Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say—
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Then all the pride of intellect and thought?

"AND IS IT AMONG RUDE UNTUTORED DALES"

And is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
Ah no! though Nature’s dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian Burgbers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.

"O’ER THE WIDE EARTH, ON MOUNTAIN AND ON PLAIN"

O’er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal Pan;
But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?

1809.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE

It was a moral end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, or enlivening thought?
Nor hath that moral good been vainly sought;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul:
And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o’er your Enemies.

1809.

"HAIL, ZARAGOZA! IF WITH UNWET EYE"

Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.

1 See Note.

1809.
"SAY, WHAT IS HONOUR?—"TIS THE FINEST SENSE"

Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense,
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—
A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

1809.

"THE MARTIAL COURAGE OF A DAY IS VAIN"

The martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,
Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,
Armies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain
Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore
A weight of hostile corpses; drenched with gore
Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)
Austria a daughter of her Throne hath sold!
And her Tyrolean Champion we behold
Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
Murdered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
To think that such assurance can stand fast!

1809.

"BRAVE SCHILL! BY DEATH DELIVERED"

Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight

From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Best,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night:
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit,
gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

1809.

"CALL NOT THE ROYAL SWEDEN UNFORTUNATE"

Call not the royal Swede unfortunate.
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee:
Who slighted fear; rejected steadfastly
Temptation; and whose kingly name and state
Have "perished by his choice, and not his fate!"
Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure.

1809.

"LOOK NOW ON THAT ADVENTURER WHO HATH PAID"

Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid
His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel sight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed;

1 See Note to "The King of Sweden," p. 180.
"AH! WHERE IS PALAFox?"

And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Curses are his dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death.

"IS THERE A POWER THAT CAN SUSTAIN AND CHEER"

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant’s doom,
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
A dungeon dark! where he must waste the year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;
What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

"AH! WHERE IS PALAFox? NOR TONGUE NOR PEN"

Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human nature? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding men
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly

The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

"IN DUE OBSERVANCE OF AN ANCIENT RITE"

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature’s brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave: ’tis closed,—her loss
The Mother then mourns, as she needs must mourn;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS

Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain
Our ancient freedom; else ’twere worse than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant’s bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.
ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY

A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground,
And to the people at the Isthmian Games Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:—the words rebound
Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which air was rent!
And birds, high-flying in the element,
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
Yet were the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear:
Ah! that a Conqueror's words should be so dear;
Ah! that a boom could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

UPON THE SAME EVENT

When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
The tidings past of servitude repealed,
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
"'Tis known," cried they, "that he, who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,
Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

THE OAK OF GUERNICA

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their fueros (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea.
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack
strength to bear. 1810.

"AVAUNT ALL SPECIOUS
PLICANCY OF MIND"

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!
I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there joined
Patience and temperance with this high
reserve,
Honour that knows the path and will not
swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind;
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth; and, throughout Spain
(Thanks to high God) forests of such remain:
Then for that Country let our hopes be bold;
For matched with these shall policy prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her
gold. 1810.

"O'ERWEENING STATESMEN
HAVE FULL LONG RELIED"

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long
relieved
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
But from within proceeds a Nation's health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave
with pride
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in this strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good
Of such high course was felt and understood;
Who to their Country's cause have bound a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
To labour and to prayer, to nature, and to
heaven. 1

1 See Laborde's character of the Spanish people;
from him the sentiment of these last two lines is
taken.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH
GUERILLAS

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of march
by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad
height—
These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers
past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reached at
last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam: but as
a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these,—and, heard of once again, are
chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope; but they are fled—
Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead:
Where now?—Their sword is at the Foe-
man's heart;
And thus from year to year his walk they
thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed. 1810.

EPITAPHS
1810.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA

Those from Chiabrera were chiefly translated
when Mr. Coleridge was writing his "Friend,"
in which periodical my "Essay on Epitaphs,"
written about that time, was first published. For
further notice of Chiabrera, in connection with his
Epitaphs, see "Musings at Aquapendente."

I

WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from
life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life
And this alone—the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.—
Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,
His tombstone thus should speak for him.
And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of
ours
Long to continue in this world; a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a
hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.
II

PERHAPS some needful service of the State
Drew TITUS from the depth of studious
bowers,
And doomed him to contend in faithless
courts,
Where gold determines between right and
wrong.
Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,
And his pure native genius, lead him back
To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
Whom he had early loved. And not in
vain
Such course he held! Bologna’s learned
schools
Were gladdened by the Sage’s voice, and
hung
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian
strains.
There pleasure crowned his days; and all
his thoughts
A rosate fragrance breathed. — O human
life,
That never art secure from dolorous change!
Behold a high injunction suddenly
To Arno’s side hath brought him, and he
charmed
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called
To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion stedfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!

III

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!
’Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born
Within Savona’s walls, of gentle blood.
On Tiber’s banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd
Gave to my charge Urbino’s numerous flock.
Well did I watch, much laboured, nor had
power
To escape from many and strange indignities;
Was smitten by the great ones of the world,
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all
shocks,
Upon herself resting immoveably.

1 I vii vives giocondo ei suoi pensieri
   Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to
his original.

Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, King of
France,
And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance,—but
Death came.
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how
false,
How treacherous to her promise, is the
world;
And trust in God—to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth.

IV

THERE never breathed a man who, when
his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard.—The warrior will
report
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in
the field,
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been
doomed
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
Envy and heart-iniquitude, derived
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest
youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant
rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well-steered galleys did I rule:—
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars.
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and
oft:
Of every cloud which in the heavens might
stir
— I knew the force; and hence the rough
sea’s pride
Availed not to my Vessel’s overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learned that one poor moment can suffice
To equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a Calm One finds,
And One a Tempest—and, the voyage o’er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang
EPITAPHS

Of noble parents; seventy years and three
Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease.

V

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involved
In odious litigation; and full long,
Fate harder still I had he to endure assaults
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less a frank courageous heart
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain;
And he was strong to follow in the steps
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden; not a
track
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings.—This Savona
knows,
Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son
She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled
Only by gold. And now a simple stone
Inscribed with this memorial here is raised
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O Passenger! who read'st the
lines,
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me;
No—he was One whose memory ought to
spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honoured
name,
And live as long as its pure stream shall
flow.

VI

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white arms of the Cross:
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands was
seen
Of Libya; and not seldom, on the banks
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded.
So lived I, and repined not at such fate:
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,
That stripped of arms I to my end am
brought
On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause
To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor
halt

In thy appointed way, and bear in mind
How fleeting and how frail is human life!

VII

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle
blood,
And all that generous nurture breeds to
make
Youth amiable; O friend so true of soul
To fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,
Lelius! has death cut short thy brilliant
day
In its sweet opening? and what dire mis-
hap
Has from Savona torn her best delight?
For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to
mourn;
And, should the out-pourings of her eyes
suffice not
For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to
death,
In the chaste arms of thy belovèd Love!
What profit riches? what does youth avail?
Dust are our hopes;—I, weeping bitterly,
Penne'd these sad lines, nor can forbear to
pray
That every gentle Spirit hither led
May read them, not without some bitter
tears.

VIII

NOT without heavy grief of heart did He
On whom the duty fell (for at that time
The father sojourned in a distant land)
Deposit in the hollow of this tomb
A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved!
FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had
borne,
POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house;
And, when beneath this stone the Corse
was laid,
The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears,
Alas! the twentieth April of his life
Had scarcely flowered: and at this early
time,
By genuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country: to his
kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering
thoughts
His friends had in their fondness entertained, ¹
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament?—O Soul!
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring! in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

IX

PAUSE, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Twine near their loved Permessus.—Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the songs
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;
And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessed Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did He live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him!—O Passenger, farewell!

MATERNAL GRIEF

This was in part an overflow from the Solitary's description of his own and his wife's feelings upon the decease of their children. (See "Excursion," book III.)

DEPARTED Child! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed; this woeful gain

¹ In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:—
Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.
Absence and death how differ they! and how
Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short sigh so easily removed?—
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
O teach me calm submission to thy Will!
The Child she mourned had overstepped the pale
Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air
That sanctifies its confines, and partook
Reflected beams of that celestial light
To all the Little-ones on sinfull earth
Not unwoulsafed—a light that warmed and cheered
Those several qualities of heart and mind
Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,
Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,
And not hers only, their peculiar charms
Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,
And for its promises to future years,
With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.
Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
A pair of Leverets each provoking each
To a continuance of their fearless sport,
Two separate Creatures in their several gifts
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
That Nature prompts them to display,
Their looks,
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,
An undistinguishable style appears
And character of gladness, as if Spring
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the spirit
Of the rejoicing morning were their own?
Such union, in the lovely Girl maintained
And her twin Brother, had the parent seen,
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,
Death in a moment parted them, and left
The Mother, in her turns of anguish, worse
Than desolate; for oft-times from the sound
Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,
He knew it not) and from his happiest
looks,
Did she extract the food of self-reproach,
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afford to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,
Now first acquainted with distress and
grief,
Shrank from his Mother's presence, shunned
with fear
Her sad approach, and stole away to find,
In his known haunts of joy where'er he
might,
A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eyes
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle
awe
Turned upon her who bore him, she would
stooop
To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to
spread
Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,
And stiffled his tremulous lip. Thus they
were calmed
And cheered; and now together breathe
fresh air
In open fields; and when the glare of day
is gone, and twilight to the Mother's
wish
Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's
grave,
Which he with flowers hath planted, finding
there
Amusement, where the Mother does not
miss
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn
rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
Of such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the
clouds
Of our weak nature rest not, must be
deemed
Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the
grace of Heaven
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD
THREE YEARS OLD

Written at Allanbank, Grasmere. Picture of
my Daughter Catharine, who died the year after.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered
round
And take delight in its activity;
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all-sufficient, solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
Forth-startled from the fern where she lay
couched;
Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-
flowers,
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images imprest
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

SPANISH GUERILLAS

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by
their Foes,
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country bred
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like
those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian
fled.
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's
life
Redoubted Viriatus breathe again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader's vies, who, sick of
strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

1 Sertorius.
"THE POWER OF ARMIES IS A VISIBLE THING"

The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

1811.

"HERE PAUSE: THE POET CLAIMS AT LEAST THIS PRAISE"

Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man’s suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of their guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

1811.

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND

This poem opened, when first written, with a paragraph that has been transferred as an introduction to the first series of my Scotch Memorials. The journey, of which the first part is here described, was from Grassmere to Bootle on the south-west coast of Cumberland, the whole among mountain roads through a beautiful country; and we had fine weather. The verses end with our breakfast at the head of Yewdale! in a yeoman’s house, which, like all the other property in that sequestered vale, has passed or is passing into the hands of Mr. James Marshall of Monk Coniston,—in Mr. Knott’s, the late owner’s, time called Waterhead. Our hostess married a Mr. Oldfield, a lieutenant in the Navy: they lived together for some time at Hacket, where she still resides as his widow. It was in front of that house, on the mountain side, near which stood the peasant who, while we were passing at a distance, saluted us, waving a kerchief in her hand as described in the poem. (This matron and her husband were then residing at the Hacket. The house and its inmates are referred to in the fifth book of the "Excursion," in the passage beginning—

"You behold,
High on the breast of you dark mountain, dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck."—J. C.)

The dog which we met with soon after our starting belonged to Mr. Rowlandson, who for forty years was curate of Grassmere in place of the rector, who lived to extreme old age in a state of insanity. Of this Mr. R. much might be said both with reference to his character, and the way in which he was regarded by his parishioners. He was a man of a robust frame, had a firm voice and authoritative manner, of strong natural talents, of which he was himself conscious, for he has been heard to say (it grieves me to add) with an oath—"If I had been brought up at college I should have been a bishop." Two vices used to struggle in him for mastery, avarice and the love of strong drink: but avarice, as is common in like cases, always got the better of its opponent; for, though he was often intoxicated, it was never, I believe, at his own expense. As has been said of one in a more exalted station, he would take any given quantity. I have heard a story of him which is worth the telling. One summer’s morning, our Grassmere curate, after a night’s carouse in the vale of Langdale, on his return home, hav-
ing reached a point near which the whole of the vale of Grasmere might be seen with the lake immediately below him, stepped aside and sat down on the turf. After looking for some time at the landscape, then in the perfection of its morning beauty, he exclaimed—"Good God, that I should have led so long such a life in such a place!"—This no doubt was deeply felt by him at the time, but I am not authorised to say that any noticeable amendment followed. Penuriousness strengthened upon him as his body grew fester with age. He had purchased property and kept some land in his own hands, but he could not find in his heart to lay out the necessary hire for labourers at the proper season, and consequently he has often been seen in half-dottage working his hay in the month of November by moonlight, a melancholy sight which I myself have witnessed. Notwithstanding all that has been said, this man, on account of his talents and superior education, was looked up to by his parishioners, who, without a single exception, lived at that time (and most of them upon their own small inheritances) in a state of republican equality, a condition favourable to the growth of kindly feelings among them, and in a striking degree exclusive to temptations to gross vice and scandalous behaviour. As a pastor their curate did little or nothing for them; but what could more strikingly set forth the efficacy of the Church of England through its Ordinances and Liturgy than that, in spite of the unworthiness of the minister, his church was regularly attended; and, though there was not much appearance in his flock of what might be called animated piety, intimation was rare, and dissolute morals unknown? With the Bible these were for the most part well acquainted; and, as was strikingly shown when they were under affliction, must have been supported and comforted by habitual belief in those truths which it is the aim of the Church to inculcate. —Loughrigg Tarn. This beautiful pool and the surrounding scene are minutely described in my little Book on the Lakes. Sir G. H. Beaumont, in the earlier part of his life, was, induced, by his love of nature and the art of painting, to take up his abode at Old Bowness, about three miles from this spot, so that he must have seen it under many aspects; and he was so much pleased with it that he purchased the Tarn with a view to build, near it, such a residence as is alluded to in this Epistle. Barones and knights were not so common in that day as now, and Sir Michael le Fleming, not liking to have a rival in that kind of distinction so near him, claimed a sort of lordship over the territory, and showed dispositions little in unison with those of Sir G. Beaumont, who was eminently a lover of peace. The project of building was in consequence given up, Sir George retaining possession of the Tarn. Many years afterwards a Kendal tradesman born upon its banks applied to me for the purchase of it, and accordingly it was sold for the sum that had been given for it, and the money was laid out under my direction upon a substantial oak fence for a certain number of yew trees to be planted in Grasmere churchyard; two were planted in each enclosure, with a view to remove, after a certain time, the one which thrrove the least. After several years, the stouter plant being left, the others were taken up and placed in other parts of the same churchyard, and were adequately fenced at the expense and under the care of the late Mr. Barber, Mr. Greenwood, and myself: the whole sight are now thriving, and are already an ornament to a place which, during late years, has lost much of its rustic simplicity by the introduction of iron palisades to fence off family burying-grounds, and by numerous monuments, some of them in very bad taste; from which this place of burial was in my memory quite free. See the lines in the sixth book of the "Excursion" beginning—"Green is the church-yard, beautiful and green." The "Epistle" to which these notes refer, though written so far back as 1804, was carefully revised so late as 1842, previous to its publication. I am loth to add, that it was never seen by the person to whom it is addressed. So sensible am I of the deficiencies in all that I write, and so far does everything that I attempt fall short of what I wish it to be, that even private publication, if such a term may be allowed, requires more resolution than I can command. I have written to give vent to my own mind, and not without hope that, some time or other, kindred minds might benefit by my labours: but I am inclined to believe I should never have ventured to send forth any verses of mine to the world if it had not been done on the pressure of personal occasions. Had I been a rich man, my productions, like this "Epistle," the tragedy of the "Borderers," etc., would most likely have been confined to manuscript.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar;
While, day by day, grim neighbour! huge Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Trip down the pathways of some winding dale;
Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined.
Gives plaintive ditties to the needless wind.
Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her vows—
If such a Visitant of Earth there be
And she would design this day to smile on
me.

And aid my verse, content with local bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds.
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which
we tell
Without reserve to those whom we love
well—
Then haply, Beaumont! words in current
clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish
here.

What shall I treat of? News from Mona's
Isle?
Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;
Of feasts, or scandal, ebbing like the
wind
Most restlessly alive when most confined.
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best
appease
The mighty tumults of the House of
Keys;
The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer
gained,
What slopes are planted, or what mosses
drained:
An eye of fancy only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or
past,
When full five hundred boats in trim array,
With nets and sails outspread and streamers
gay,
And chanted hymnus and stiller voice of
prayer,
For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep
repaire,
Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.
Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek:

What on the Plain oe have of warmth and
light,
In his own storms he hides himself from
sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that
would be free
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to
thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered
road
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps
abroad;
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it
might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and
sere
Through half the summer, stands with top
cut sheer,
Like an unsifting weathercock which proves
How cold the quarter that the wind best
loves.
Or like a Centinel that, evermore
Darkening the window, ill defends the door
Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,
Where strength has been the Builder's only
care;
Whose rugged walls may still for years
demand
The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
—This Dwelling's Inmate more than three
weeks space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
I,—of whose touch the fiddle would com-
plain,
Whose breath would labour at the flute in
vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—
Pace between door and window muttering
rythme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!
Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their
shame?)
Would tempt me to renounce that humble
aim.
—but if there be a Muse who, free to take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
Those heights (like Phoebus when his golden
locks
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail
No tidings reach us thence from town or field,
Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,
And some we gather from the misty air,
And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.
But these poetic mysteries I withhold;
For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
And should the colder fit with You be on
When You might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,
And nearer interests culled from the opening stage
Of our migration.—Ere the welcome dawn
Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,
The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,
Thoughtfully freighted with a various store;
And long or ere the uprising of the Sun
O'er dew-damped dust our journey was begun,
A needful journey, under favouring skies,
Through peopled Vales; yet something in
the guise
Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well
They roamed through Wastes where now the tents Arabs dwell.

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,
Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide
Up many a sharply-twining road and down,
And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,
And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook?

A blooming Lass—who in her better hand
Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command
When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened sled
From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head.

What could go wrong with such a Charioteer
For goods and chattels, or those Infants dear,
A Pair who smilingly sate side by side,
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide
Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,

Would their lost strength restore and freshen
the pale cheek?
Such hope did either Parent entertain
Pacing behind along the silent lane.
Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,
For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
Just half protruded to the light of morn,
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn
The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
We started, looked again with anxious eyes,
And in that griesly object recognise
The Curate's Dog—his long- tried friend,
for they,
As well we knew, together had grown grey.
The Master died, his drooping servant's grief
Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent;
Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps
And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,
And of all visible motion destitute,
So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopt, though by some other power
than death.
Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place,
Unscarred by thronging fancies of strange hue
That haunted us in spite of what we knew.
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost
In second-sight appearances, or crotch
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,
On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait
In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,
The choristers in every grove had stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,
Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird
That in wild Arden’s brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work’s partners she can cheer,
The whole day long, and all days of the year.
Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass
And soon approach Diana’s Looking-glass!
To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright as heaven,
Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose
That yet disturb not its concealed repose
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.
Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in the road
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,
The encircling region vividly exprest
Within the mirror’s depth, a world at rest—
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy field,¹
And the smooth green of many a pendent field,
And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
A little daring would-be waterfall,
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—
What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,
A shadowy link ’tween wakefulness and sleep,
When Nature’s self, amid such blending, seems
To render visible her own soft dreams,
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,
A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee
Designed to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,
Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alas ’tis not,
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,

Of unexperienced joys that might have been;
Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.
But time, irrevocable time, is flown.
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown
And reaped—what hath been, and what is, our own.
Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting
Oft-times from Alpine chalets sends a greeting.
Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peasant stand
On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!
Not unexpectant that by early day
Our little Band would thrid this mountain way,
Before her cottage on the bright hill side
She hath advanced with hope to be descried.
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,
Moving along a tract of morning shade,
And vocal wishes sent of like good will
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—
Luminous region, fair as if the prime
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;
Only the centre of the shining cot
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found
Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.
Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,
And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;
Descend, and reach, in Yewdale’s depths a plain
With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain—
An area level as a Lake and spread
Under a rock too steep for man to tread,
Where sheltered from the north and bleak northwest
Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,
Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest.
Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but hark,
At our approach, a jealous watch-dog’s bark,
EPISTLE

Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,
But the whole household, that our coming wait.
With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,
And joieund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange
Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared.
Entering, we find the morning meal prepared:
So down we sit, though not till each had cast
Pleased looks around the delicate repast—
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
With amber honey from the mountain’s breast;
Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild
Of children’s industry, in hillocks piled;
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
Upon a lordly dish; frank hospitality
Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast,
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,
Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
As if their lustre flowed from ether’s purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,
Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved
For wounds inflicted, nor what toll relieved
By fortitude and patience, and the grace
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs
I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,
Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
Their own significance for hearts awake,
To rural incidents, whose genial powers
Filled with delight three summer morning hours.

More could my pen report of grave or gay
That through our gipsy travel cheered the way;
But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun
Laughs at my pains, and seems to say,
‘‘Be done.”
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove
This humble offering made by Truth to Love,
Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell
Which might have else been on me yet:
Farewell.

1811.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE
THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest;
And in Death’s arms has long reposed the Friend
For whom this simple Register was penned.
Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes;
And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies.
For—save the calm, repentance sheds o’er strife
Raised by remembrances of misused life,
The light from past endeavours purely willed
And by Heaven’s favour happily fulfilled;
Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share
The joys of the Departed—what so fair
As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,
Reviewed through Love’s transparent veil of years?

Note.—Loughrigg Tarn, alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or Speculum Diana as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural
clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," so called from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE
PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Bredon Hill and Cloud Hill near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this Sonnet. We resided only two years in this house; and during the last half of the time, which was after this poem had been written, we lost our two children, Thomas and Catharina. Our sorrow upon these events often brought it to my mind, and cast me upon the support to which the last line of it gives expression—

"The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

It is scarcely necessary to add that we still possess the Picture.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the
day;
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noontide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE
SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.,
LEICESTERSHIRE

In the grounds of Coleorton these verses are engraved on a stone placed near the Tree, which was thriving and spreading when I saw it in the summer of 1841.

The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine,
Will not unwillingly their place resign;
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,
Planted by Beaumont's hand and by Wordsworth's hands.
One woed the silent Art with studious pains:
These groves have heard the Other's pensive strains;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite
By interchange of knowledge and delight.
May Nature's kindliest powers sustain the Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury!
And when its potent branches, wide outthrown,
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,
Here may some Painter sit in future days,
Some future Poet meditate his lays;
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,
The haunt of him who sang bow spear and shield
In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field;
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

IN A GARDEN OF SIR GEORGE
BEAUMONT, BART.

This Niche is in the sandstone-rock in the winter-garden at Coleorton, which garden, as has been elsewhere said, was made under our direction out of an old unsightly quarry. While the labourers were at work, Mrs. Wordsworth, my Sister, and I used to amuse ourselves occasion-
INScriPtiOns

ally in scooping this seat out of the soft stone. It
is of the size, with something of the appearance,
of a Stale in a Cathedral. This inscription is not
engraven, as the former and the two following
are, in the grounds.

Off is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in
dust;
And 'tis a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the
great:
Hence, when you mansion and the flowery
trim
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive. And be it
known
That it was scooped within the living
stone,—
Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love;
With help from female hands, that proudly
strove
To aid the work, what time these walks
and bowers
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely
hours. 1811.

wRiTEn AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE
beaumont, bart., and in his name,
for an urn, placed by him at the
termination of a newly-planted
avenue, in the same grounds

Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed
Urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's
return;
And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to
year,
Till they have learned to frame a darksome
aisle;—
That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest
dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
—There, though by right the excelling
Painter sleep

Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath
keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold
dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private
tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory;
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed; attached to him in
heart;
Admiring, loving, and with grief and
pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds
died. 1808.

fOR A SEnAT IN THE GROVES OF
COLEorton.

Beneath you eastern ridge, the craggy
bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest
ground
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy
view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu;
Erst a religious House, which day and
night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted
rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot
gave birth
To honourable Men of various worth;
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager
child;
There, under shadow of the neighbouring
rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their
flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy
dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous
rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined
stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish;—but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er
decays. 1811.
SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND

The belief on which this is founded I have often heard expressed by an old neighbour of Grasmere.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faery power;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel-round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—
Ply the pleasant labour, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

1812.

WATER-FOWL

OBSERVED FREQUENTLY OVER THE LAKES OF RYDAL AND GRASMERE

"Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter."—Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain-tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—
Their own domain; but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending; they approach—I hear their wings,
Faint, faint at first; and then an eager sound,
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image; 'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest! 1812.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN THE VALE OF GRASMERE

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display
Even for such promise:—serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife:
But, when the closer view of wedded life
VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB

Mrs. Wordsworth and I, as mentioned in the "Epistle to Sir G. Beaumont," lived some time under its shadow.

THIS Height a ministering Angel might select:
For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands:—low dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde:—
Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags; beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale;—
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that streak
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet.—Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swan
(Like the bright confines of another world)
Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene

The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display augment of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL
ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE
OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB

The circumstance alluded to at the conclusion of these verses was told me by Dr. Satterthwaite, who was Incumbent of Bootle, a small town at the foot of Black Comb. He had the particulars from one of the engineers who was employed in making trigonometrical surveys of that region.

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favourite spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitants molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference, unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
That on the summit whither thou art bound,
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and distance; lonely task,
Week after week pursued!—To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he plied his studious work
Within that canvas Dwelling, colours, lines,
And the whole surface of the out-spread map,

1 Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.
Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unpro-
claimed.—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

1813.

NOVEMBER 1813

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces
bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and
flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose
mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from lawless
Might.

Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray
divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour; for they are
Thine!

THE EXCURSION

Something must now be said of this poem, but
chiefly, as has been done through the whole of
these notes, with reference to my personal friends,
and especially to her who has perseveringly taken
them down from my dictation. Towards the
close of the first book stand the lines that were
first written, beginning, "Nine tedious years,"
and ending, "Last human tenant of these ruined
walls." These were composed in '95 at Race-
down; and for several passages describing the
employment and demeanour of Margaret during
her affliction, I was indebted to observations
made in Dorsetshire, and afterwards at Alfoxden
in Somersetshire, where I resided in '97 and '98.
The lines towards the conclusion of the fourth
book—beginning, "For, the man, who, in this
spirit," to the words "intellectual soul"—were in
order of time composed the next, either at Race-
down or Alfoxden, I do not remember which.
The rest of the poem was written in the vale of
Grasmere, chiefly during our residence at Allan
Bank. The long poem on my own education
was, together with many minor poems, composed
while we lived at the cottage at Town-end. Per-
haps my purpose of giving an additional interest
to these my poems in the eyes of my nearest
and dearest friends may be prosecuted by saying
a few words upon the character of the Wanderer,
the Solitary, and the Pastor, and some other
of the persons introduced. And first of the
principal one, the Wanderer. My lamented
friend Southey (for this is written a month
after his decease) used to say that he had been
born a papist, the course of life which would
in all probability have been his was the one for
which he was most fitted and most to his mind, —
that of a Benedictine monk in a convent, fur-
ished, as many once were and some still are,
with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears
from many passages in his writings, and was
evident to those who had opportunities of obser-
ving his daily life, were in fact his passion and
wandering; I can with truth assert,was now;
but this propensity in me was happily constri-
icted by inability from want of fortune to fulfi
my wishes. But, had I been born in a class
which would have deprived me of what is called
a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being
strong in body, I should have taken to a way of
life such as that in which my Pedlar passed the
greater part of his days. At all events, I am here
called upon freely to acknowledge that the char-
acter I have represented in his person is chiefly
an idea of what I fancied my own character might
have become in his circumstances. Nevertheless,
much of what he says and does had an external
existence that fell under my own youthful and
subsequent observation. An individual named
Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman,
followed this humble occupation for many years,
and afterwards settled in the town of Kendal.
He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her
sister Sarah was brought up from her ninth year
under this good man's roof. My own imagina-
tions I was happy to find clothed in reality, and
fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of
this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and
pure imagination, and his solid attainments in
literature, chiefly religious, which were prose-
verse. As Hawskhead also, while I was a school-
boy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the
name then generally given to persons of this calling)
with whom I had frequent conversations upon
what had befallen him, and what he had observed
during his wandering life; and, as was natural,
we took much to each other; and upon the sub-
ject of Pedlarism in general, as then followed,
and its favourableness to an intimate knowledge
of human concerns, not merely among the humble
classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in the "Excursion," and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered in fortune and not happy in mind. Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may now say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr. Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became very much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more: there were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon.

To what is said of the Pastor in the poem I have little to add, but what may be deemed superfluous. It has ever appeared to me highly favourable to the beneficial influence of the Church of England upon all gradations and classes of society, that the patronage of its benefices is in numerous instances attached to the states of noble families of ancient gentry; and accordingly I am gratified by the opportunity afforded me in the "Excursion," to pourtray the character of a country clergyman of more than ordinary talents, born and bred in the upper ranks of society so as to partake of their refinements, and at the same time brought by his pastoral office and his love of rural life into intimate connection with the peasantry of his native district. To illustrate the relation which in my mind this Pastor bore to the Wanderer, and the resemblance between them, or rather the points of community in their nature, I likened one to an oak and the other to a sycamore; and, having here referred to this comparison, I need only add, I had no one individual in my mind, wishing rather to embody this idea than to break in upon the simplicity of it, by traits of individual character or of any peculiarity of opinion.

And now for a few words upon the scene where these interviews and conversations are supposed to occur. The scene of the first book of the poem is, I must own, laid in a tract of country not sufficiently near to that which soon comes into view in the second book, to agree with the fact. All that relates to Margaret and the ruined cottage, etc., was taken from observations made in the south-west of England, and certainly it would require more than seven-league boots to stretch in one morning from a common in Somersethire or Dorsetshire to the heights of Furness Fells and the deep valleys they embosom. For thus dealing with space I need make, I trust, no apology, but my friends may be amused by the truth. In the poem, I suppose that the Pedlar and I ascended from a plain country up the vale of Langdale, and struck off a good way above the chapel to the western side of the vale. We ascended the hill and thence looked down upon the circular recess in which lies Blea-Tarn, chosen by the Solitary for his retreat. After we quit his cottage, passing over a low ridge we descend into another vale, that of Little Langdale, towards the head of which stands, embowered or partly shaded by yews and other trees, something between a cottage and a mansion or gentleman's house such as they once were in this country. This I convert into the Parsonage, and at the same time, and as by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church; and upon the side of Loughrigg Fell, at the foot of the Lake, and looking down upon it and the whole vale and its encompassing mountains, the Pastor is supposed by me to stand, when at sunset he addresses his companions in words which I hope my readers will remember, or I should not have taken the trouble of giving so much in detail the materials on which my
mind actually worked. Now for a few particulars of fact respecting the persons whose stories are told or characters are described by the different speakers. To Margaret I have already alluded. I will add here, that the lines beginning, "She was a woman of a steady mind," faithfully delineate, as far as they go, the character possessed in common by many women whom it has been my happiness to know in humble life; and that several of the most touching things which she is represented as saying and doing are taken from actual observation of the distresses and trials under which different persons were suffering, some of them strangers to me, and others daily under my notice. I was born too late to have a distinct remembrance of the origin of the American war, but the state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant as told in the poem on 'Guilt and Sorrow.' The account given by the Solitary towards the close of the second book, in all that belongs to the character of the Old Man, was taken from a Grassmere pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside: the character of his hostess, and all that befall the poor man upon the mountain, belong to Paterdale: the woman I knew well; her name was —— J——, and she was exactly such a person as I describe. The ruins of the old chapel, among which the man was found lying, may yet be traced, and stood upon the ridge that divides Paterdale from Boardale and Martindale, having been placed there for the convenience of both districts. The glorious appearance disclosed above and among the mountains was described partly from what my friend Mr. Luff, who then lived in Paterdale, witnessed upon that melancholy occasion, and partly from what Mrs. Wordsworth and I had seen in company with Sir George and Lady Beaumont above Harthope Hall on our way from Paterdale to Ambleside.

And now for a few words upon the Church, its Monuments, and the Deceased who are spoken of as lying in the surrounding churchyard. But first for the one picture, given by the Pastor and the Wanderer, of the Living. In this nothing is introduced but what was taken from nature and real life. The cottage is called Hacket, and stands as described on the southern extremity of the ridge which separates the two Langdales: the pair who inhabited it were called Jonathan and Betty Yewdale. Once when our children were ill, of whooping-cough I think, we took them for change of air to this cottage, and were in the habit of going there to drink tea upon fine summer afternoons, so that we became intemately acquainted with the characters, habits, and lives of these good, and, let me say, in the main, wise people. The matron had, in her early youth, been a servant in a house at Hawkshead, where several boys boarded, while I was a schoolboy there. I did not remember her as having served in that capacity; but we had many little anecdotes to tell to each other of remarkable boys, incidents and adventures which had made a noise in their day in that small town. These two persons afterwards settled at Rydal, where they both died.

The church, as already noticed, is that of Grassmere. The interior of it has been improved lately—made warmer by under-drawing the roof and raising the floor—but the rude and antique majesty of its former appearance has been impaired by painting the rafters; and the oak benches, with a simple rail at the back dividing them from each other, have given way to seats that have more the appearance of pews. It is remarkable that, excepting only the pew belonging to Rydal Hall, that to Rydal Mount, the one to the Parsonage, and I believe another, the men and women still continue, as used to be the custom in Wales, to sit separate from each other. Is this practice as old as the Reformation? and when and how did it originate? In the Jewish synagogues and in Lady Huntingdon's chapel the sexes are divided in the same way. In the adjoining churchyard greater changes have taken place. It is now not a little crowded with tombstones; and near the school-house which stands in the churchyard is an ugly structure, built to receive the hearse, which is recently come into use. It would not be worth while to allude to this building or the hearse-vehicle it contains, but that the latter has been the means of introducing a change much to be lamented in the mode of conducting funerals among the mountains. Now, the coffin is lodged in the hearse at the door of the house of the deceased, and the corpse is so conveyed to the churchyard grave: all the solemnity which formerly attended its progress, as described in the poem, is put an end to. So much do I regret this, that I beg to be excused for giving utterance here to a wish that, should it befall me to die at Rydal Mount, my own body may be carried to Grassmere church after the manner in which, till lately, that of every one was borne to that place of sepulture, namely, on the shoulders of neighbours, no house being passed without some words of a funeral psalm being sung at the time by the attendants. When I put into the mouth of the Wanderer, "Many precious rites and customs of our rural ancestry are gone or stealing from us; this I hope will last for ever," and what follows, little did I foresee that the observance and mode of proceeding, which
had often affected me so much, would so soon be superseded. Having said much of the injury done to this churchyard, let me add that one is at liberty to look forward to a time when, by the growth of the yew-trees, thriving there, a solemnity will be spread over the place that will in some degree make amends for the old simple character which has already been so much encroached upon, and will be still more every year. I will here set down, more at length, what has been mentioned in a previous note, that my friend Sir George Beaumont, having long ago purchased the beautiful piece of water called Lowther Tarn, on the Banks of which he intended to build, I told him that a person in Kesal who was attached to the place wished to purchase it. Sir George, finding the possession of to use to him, consented to part with it, and placed the purchase-money—twenty pounds—at my disposal for any local use which I thought proper. Accordingly I resolved to plant yew-trees in the churchyard, and had four pretty strong large oak enclosures made, in each of which was planted, under my own eye, and principally if not entirely by my own hand, two yew trees, with the intention of leaving the one that prove best to stand. Many years after, Mr. Barber, who will long be remembered in Grasmere; Mr. Greenwood, the chief landed proprietor; and myself, had four other enclosures made in the churchyard at our own expense, in each of which was planted a tree taken from its neighbour, and they all stand thriving admirably, the fences having been removed as no longer necessary. May the trees be taken care of hereafter when we are all gone, and some of them will perhaps at some far distant time rival in majesty the yew of Lorton and those which I have described as growing in Borrowdale, where they are still to be seen in grand assemblage.

And now for the persons that are selected as lying in the churchyard. But first for the individual whose grave is prepared to receive him. His story is here truly related: he was a school-fellow of mine for some years. He came to us when he was at least seventeen years of age, very tall, robust, and full-grown. This prevented him from falling into the amusements and games of the school; consequently he gave more time to books. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but by industry he made a progress more than respectable. His parents not being wealthy enough to send him to college, when he left Hawkshead he became a schoolmaster, with a view to prepare himself for holy orders. About this time he fell in love as related in the poem, and everything followed as there described, except that I do not know when and where he died. The number of youths that came to Hawkshead school, from the families of the humble yeomanry, to be educated to a certain degree of scholarship as a preparation for the church, was considerable, and the fortunes of these persons in after life various of course, and of some not a little remarkable. I have now one of this class in my eye who became an usher in a preparatory school and ended in making a large fortune. His manners when he came to Hawkshead were as uncoeh as well could be; but he had good abilities, with skill to turn them to account; and when the master of the school, to which he was usher, died, he stept into his place and became proprietor of the establishment. He contrived to manage it with such address, and so much to the taste of what is called high society and the fashionable world, that no school of the kind, even till he retired, was in such high request. Ministers of state, the wealthiest gentry, and nobility of the first rank, vied with each other in bespeaking a place for their sons in the seminary of this fortunate teacher. In the solitude of Grasmere, while living as a married man in a cottage of eight pounds per annum rent, I often used to smile at the tales which reached me of his brilliant career. Not two hundred yards from the cottage in Grasmere, just mentioned, to which I retired, this gentleman, who many years afterwards purchased a small estate in the neighbourhood, is now erecting a boat-house, with an upper story, to be resorted to as an entertaining-room when he and his associates may feel inclined to take their pastime on the lake. Every passenger will be disgusted with the sight of this edifice, not merely as a tasteless thing in itself, but as utterly out of place, and peculiarly fitted, as far as it is observed (and it obtrudes itself on notice at every point of view), to mar the beauty and destroy the pastoral simplicity of the vale. For my own part and that of my household it is our utter detestation, standing by a shore to which, before the highroad was made to pass that way, we used daily and hourly to repair for seclusion and for the shelter of a grove under which I composed many of my poems, the "Brothers" especially, and for this reason we gave the grove that name.

"That which each man loved
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed."

So much for my old school-fellow and his exploits. I will only add that the foundation has twice failed, from the lake no doubt being intolerant of the intrusion.

The Miner, next described as having found his treasure after twice ten years of labour, lived in Paterdale, and the story is true to the letter. It seems to me, however, rather remarkable that
the strength of mind which had supported him through this long unrewarded labour did not enable him to bear its successful issue. Several times in the course of my life I have heard of sudden influxes of great wealth being followed by derangement, and in one instance the shock of good fortune was so great as to produce absolute idiocy; but these all happened where there had been little or no previous effort to acquire the riches, and therefore such a consequence might the more naturally be expected than in the case of the solitary Miner. In reviewing his story, one cannot but regret that such perseverance was not sustained by a worthier object. Archimedes leapt out of his bath and ran about the streets proclaiming his discovery in a transport of joy, but we are not told that he lost either his life or his senses in consequence. The next character, to whom the Priest is led by contrast with the resoluteness displayed by the foregoing, is taken from a person born and bred in Grasmere, by name Dawson; and whose talents, disposition, and way of life were such as are here delineated. I did not know him, but all was fresh in memory when we settled at Grasmere in the beginning of the century. From this point, the conversation leads to the mention of two individuals who, by their several fortunes, were, at different times, driven to take refuge at the small and obscure town of Hawkshead on the skirt of these mountains. Their stories I had from the dear old dame with whom, as a schoolboy and afterwards, I lodged for nearly the space of ten years. The elder, the Jacobite, was named Drummond, and was of a high family in Scotland: the Hanoverian Whig bore the name of Vandeput, and might perhaps be a descendant of some Dutchman who had come over in the train of King William. At all events his zeal was such that he ruined himself by a contest for the representation of London or Westminster, undertaken to support his party; and retired to this corner of the world, selected, as it had been by Drummond, for that obscurity which, since visiting the Lakes became fashionable, it has no longer retained. So much was this region considered out of the way till a late period, that persons who had fled from justice used often to resort hither for concealment; and some were so bold as to, not infrequently, make excursions from the place of their retreat, for the purpose of committing fresh offences. Such was particularly the case with two brothers of the name of Weston who took up their abode at Old Brathay, I think about seventy years ago. They were highwaymen, and lived there some time without being discovered, though it was known that they often disappeared in a way and upon errands which could not be accounted for. Their horses were noticed as being of a choice breed, and

I have heard from the Relph family, one of whom was a saddler in the town of Kendal, that they were curious in their saddles and harness and accoutrements of their horses. They, as I know, and as was universally believed, were at the end both taken and hanged.

"Tall was her stature; her complexion dark And saturnine."

This person lived at Town-end, and was almost our next neighbour. I have little to notice concerning her beyond what is said in the poem. She was a most striking instance how far a woman may surpass in talent, in knowledge, and culture of mind, those with and among whom she lives, and yet fall below them in Christian virtues of the heart and spirit. It seemed almost, and I say it with grief, that in proportion as she excelled in the one, she failed in the other. How frequently has one to observe in both sexes the same thing, and how mortifying is the reflection:

"As, on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March."

The story that follows was told to Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister by the sister of this unhappy young woman; and every particular was exactly as I have related. The party was not known to me, though she lived at Hawkshead, but it was after I left school. The clergyman, who administered comfort to her in her distress, I knew well. He was the sister who told the story was the wife of a landless yeoman in the vale of Grasmere, and they were an affectionate pair and greatly respected by every one who knew them. Neither lived to be old; and their estate—which was perhaps the most considerable then in the vale, and was esteemed to them by many remembrances of a salutary character not easily understood, or sympathised with, by those who are born to great affluence—passed to their eldest son, according to the practice of these vales, who died soon after he came into possession. He was an amiable and promising youth, but was succeeded by an only brother, a good-natured man, who fell into habits of drinking, by which he gradually reduced his property; and the other day the last acre of it was sold, and his wife and children and he himself, still surviving, have very little left to live upon, which it would not perhaps have been worth while to record here but that, through all trials, this woman has proved a model of patience, meekness, affectionate forbearance, and forgiveness. Their eldest son, who, through the virtues of his father, has thus been robbed of an ancient family inheritance, was never heard to murmur or complain against the cause of their distress, and is now (1843) deservedly the chief prop of his mother's hopes.
The clergyman and his family described at the beginning of the seventh book were, during many years, our principal associates in the vale of Grasmere, unless I were to except our very nearest neighbours. I have entered so particularly into the main points of their history, that I will barely testify in prose that—with the single exception of the particulars of their journey to Grasmere, which, however, was exactly copied from in another instance—the whole that I have said of them is as faithful to the truth as words can make it. There was much talent in the family: the eldest son was distinguished for poetical talent, of which a specimen is given in my notes to the sonnets to the Duddon. Once, when in our cottage at Town-end I was talking with him about poetry, in the course of conversation I presumed to find fault with the versification of Pope, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer: he defended him with a warmth that indicated much irritation: nevertheless I would not abandon my point, and said, "In compass and variety of sound your own versification surpasses his." Never shall I forget the change in his countenance and tone of voice: the storm was laid in a moment; he no longer disputed my judgment, and I passed immediately in his mind, no doubt, for as great a critic as ever lived. I ought to add, he was a clergyman and a well-educated man, and his verbal memory was the most remarkable of any individual I have known, except a Mr. Archer, an Irishman, who lived several years in this neighbourhood, and who, in this faculty, was a prodigy; he afterwards became deranged, and I fear continues so, if alive. Then follows the character of Robert Walker, for which see notes to the Duddon. Then that of the deaf man, whose epitaph may be seen in the churchyard at the head of Haweswater, and whose qualities of mind and heart, and their benign influence in conjunction with his privation, I had from his relatives on the spot. The blind man, next commemorated, was John Gough, of Kendal, a man known, far beyond his neighbourhood, for his talents and attainments in natural history and science. Of the Infant's grave, next noticed, I will only say, it is an exact picture of what fell under my own observation; and all persons who are intimately acquainted with cottage life must often have observed like instances of the working of the domestic affections.

"A volley thrice repeated o'er the cyme
Let down into the hollow of that grave."

This young volunteer bore the name of Dawson, and was younger brother, if I am not mistaken, to the prodigal of whose character and fortunes an account is given towards the beginning of the preceding book. The father of the family I knew well; he was a man of literary education and of experience in society much beyond what was common among the inhabitants of the vale. He had lived a good while in the Highlands of Scotland, as a manager of iron-works at Bunaw, and had acted as clerk to one of my predecessors in the office of Distributor of Stamps, when he used to travel round the country collecting and bringing home the money due to Government, in gold, which, it may be worth while to mention for the sake of my friends, was deposited in the cell or iron closet under the west window of the long room at Rydal Mount, which still exists with the iron doors that guarded the property. This of course was before the time of Bills and Notes. The two sons of this person had no doubt been led by the knowledge of their father to take more delight in scholarship, and had been accustomed in their own minds to take a wider view of social interests than was usual among their associates. The premature death of this gallant young man was much lamented, and, as an attendant at the funeral, I myself witnessed the ceremony and the effect of it as described in the poem.

"Tradition tells
That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse."

"The house is gone."

The pillars of the gateway in front of the mansion remained when we first took up our abode at Grasmere. Two or three cottages still remain, which are called Knott-houses from the name of the gentleman (I have called him a knight) concerning whom these traditions survive. He was the ancestor of the Knott family, formerly considerable proprietors in the district. What follows in the discourse of the Wanderer upon the changes he had witnessed in rural life, by the introduction of machinery, is truly described from what I myself saw during my boyhood and early youth, and from what was often told me by persons of this humble calling. Happily, most happily, for these mountains, the mischief was diverted from the banks of their beautiful streams, and transferred to open and flat countries abounding in coal, where the agency of steam was found much more effectual for carrying on those de-moralizing works. Had it not been for this invention, long before the present time every torrent and river in this district would have had its factory, large and populous in proportion to the power of the water that could there have been commanded. Parliament has interfered to prevent the night-work which was once carried on in these mills as actively as during the daytime, and by necessity still more perniciously—a sad dis-
grace to the proprietors, and to the nation which could so long tolerate such unnatural proceedings. Reviewing at this late period, 1843, what I put into the mouths of my interlocutors a few years after the commencement of the century, I grieve that so little progress has been made in diminishing the evils deplored, or promoting the benefits of education which the Wanderer anticipates. The results of Lord Ashley's labours to defer the time when children might legally be allowed to work in factories, and his endeavours to limit still farther the hours of permitted labour, have fallen far short of his own humane wishes, and those of every benevolent and right-minded man who has carefully attended to this subject: and in the present session of Parliament (1843) Sir James Graham's attempt to establish a course of religious education among the children employed in factories has been abandoned, in consequence of what might easily have been foreseen, the vehement and turbulent opposition of the Dissenters: so that, for many years to come, it may be thought expedient to leave the religious instruction of children entirely in the hands of the several denominations of Christians in the island, each body to work according to its own means and in its own way. Such is my own confidence, a confidence I share with many others of my most valued friends, in the superior advantages, both religious and social, which attend a course of instruction presided over and guided by the clergy of the Church of England, that I have no doubt that, if but once its members, lay and clerical, were duly sensible of those benefits, their church would daily gain ground, and rapidly, upon every shape and fashion of Dissent: and in that case, a great majority in Parliament being sensible of these benefits, the Ministers of the country might be emboldened, were it necessary, to apply funds of the State to the support of education on Church principles. Before I conclude, I cannot forbear noticing the strenuous efforts made at this time in Parliament, by so many persons, to extend manufacturing and commercial industry at the expense of agricultural, though we have recently had abundant proofs that the apprehensions expressed by the Wanderer were not groundless.

"I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The healthier, the securer, we become—
Delusion which a moment may destroy!"

The Chartists are well aware of this possibility, and cling to it with an ardour and perseverance which nothing but wiser and more brotherly dealing towards the many, on the part of the wealthy few, can moderate or remove.

"While, from the grassy mountain's open side,
We gazed, in silence hushed."

The point here fixed upon in my imagination is half-way up the northern side of Loughrigg Fell, from which the Pastor and his companions were supposed to look upwards to the sky and mountain-tops, and round the vale, with the lake lying immediately beneath them.

"But turned not without welcome promise made,
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, consumed
In wandering with us."

When I reported this promise of the Solitary, and long after, it was my wish, and I might say intention, that we should resume our wanderings, and pass the Borders into his native county, where, as I hoped, he might witness, in the society of the Wanderer, some religious ceremony—a sacrament, say, in the open fields, or a preaching among the mountains—which, by recalling to his mind the days of his early childhood, when he had been present on such occasions in company with his parents and nearest kindred, might have dissolved his heart into tenderness, and so have done more towards restoring the Christian faith in which he had been educated, and, with that, contentedness and even cheerfulness of mind, than all that the Wanderer and Pastor, by their several effusions and addresses, had been able to effect. An issue like this was in my intentions. But alas!

"Mid the wreck of is and was
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed!"

TO THE RIGHT HON.
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.
ETC. ETC.

Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent,
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clean
—Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, LONSDALE, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Glady would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favour; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
July 29, 1814.
PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts. — The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its Title of The Recluse. — Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work, 1 addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled, "The Recluse"; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement. — The preparatory poem 2 is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the aite-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labour bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavours to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen. — Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system; it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of Prospectus of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

[The passage referred to begins with the line, "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life," see page 343 of the present edition, and ends with, "Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!" page 345.]

BOOK FIRST

THE WANDERER

ARGUMENT

A summer forenoon — The Author reaches a ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whose education and course of life he gives an account. — The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

'TWAS summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
THE EXCURSION

In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay
in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady
beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;
To him most pleasant who on soft cool
moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling
casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dream-ing man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon the
scene,
By power of that impending covert, thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hour
Far other lot, yet with good hope that soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelier joy.
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling
With languid steps that by the slippery turf
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm
disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open moorland stood a grove,
The wished-for port to which my course
was bound.
Thither I came, and there, amid the gloom
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
Appeared a roofless Hut; four naked walls
That stared upon each other!—I looked
round,
And to my wish and to my hope espied
The Friend I sought; a Man of reverend
age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
There was he seen upon the cottage-bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side.

Him had I marked the day before—alone
And stationed in the public way, with face
Turned toward the sun then setting, while
that staff
Afforded, to the figure of the man
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support; his countenance as he
stood
Was hidden from my view, and he remained
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and
soon
A glad congratulation we exchanged
At such unthought-of meeting.—For the
night
We parted, nothing willingly; and now
He by appointment waited for me here,
Under the covert of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant
vale,
In the antique market-village where was
passed
My school-time, an apartment he had
owned,
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew.
And found a kind of home or harbour
there.
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singly out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for my
years.
As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the
woods:
We sate—we walked; he pleased me with
report
Of things which he had seen; and often
touched
Ablustrarest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward; or at my request would
sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in
time of drought.
Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-course;
How precious, when in riper days I learned
To weigh with care his words, and to
rejoice
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.
THE WANDERER

(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured Beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not left
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honoured—far as he was known;
And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his mind
Had dealt with—I will here record in verse;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor!
Pure lives were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God’s word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
But, through the inclement and the perilous days
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood
Sole building on a mountain’s dreary edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock! From that bleak tenement
He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.

So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had received
A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions he would still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attained
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lines
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child’s eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite—not this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after-day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And ’mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,
He had small need of books; for many a tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourished Imagination in her growth,
And gave the Mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things.
But eagerly he read, and read again,
Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied;
The life and death of martyrs, who sustained,
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs
Triumphantly displayed in records left
Of persecution, and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!
And there, by lucky hap, had been preserved
A straggling volume, torn and incomplete,
That left half-told the preternatural tale,
Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,
Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
With long and ghostly shanks—forms which once seen
Could never be forgotten!

In his heart,
Where Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepared,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top

Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Utterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes possessed.
O then how beautiful, bow bright, appeared
The written promise! Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe,—he saw.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was
His heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind.
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience;
Thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart.
Self-questioned where it did not understand
And with a superstitious eye of love.
THE WANDERER

So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do, then,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavours? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,
The silent stars! oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered
By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds might rage

When they were silent: far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness. From his intellect
And from the stillness of abstracted thought
He asked repose; and, falling oft to win
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist that, smitten by the sun,
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthened and branded, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life.
—But, from past liberty, and tried restraints,
He now was summoned to select the course
Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach
A village-school—but wandering thoughts were then
A misery to him; and the Youth resigned
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit, who constrains
The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
(Spirits attached to regions mountainous
Like their own stedfast clouds) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
—An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
A vagrant Merchant under a heavy load,
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rest;
Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service, deemed debasing now
Gained merited respect in simpler times;
When squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration—all dependent
Upon the pedlar's toil—supplied their
wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he
brought.
Not ignorant was the Youth that still no
few
Of his adventurous countrymen were led
By perseverance in this track of life
To competence and ease:—to him it offered
Attractions manifold;—and this he chose.
—His Parents on the enterprise bestowed
Their farewell benediction, but with hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of men,¹
Their manners, their enjoyments, and
pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the
woods,
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labour, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for, in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretchedness
With coward fears. He could afford to
suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it
came

¹ See Note.

That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
The history of many families;
How they had prospered; how they were
o'erthrown
By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan.

This active course
He followed till provision for his wants
Had been obtained;—the Wanderer then
resolved
To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship free.
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease:
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths; and, by the summer’s
warmth
Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endear’d.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirit,
undamped
By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and re-
freshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day;
Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself and
those
With whom from childhood he grew up, he
had held
The strong hand of her purity; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
This he remembered in his riper age
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
But by the native vigour of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind
works,
Whate’er, in docile childhood or in youth.
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.
—And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sport
And teasing ways of children vexed not him;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.
Plain his garb;
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For sabbath duties; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye; that, under
brows
Shaggy and grey, had meanings which it
brought.
From years of youth; which, like a Being
made
Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to
come,
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed; and such his course of
life
Who now, with no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,
His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappled his face. He had not heard the sound
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space.
At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
Had newly scooped a running stream. He rose,
And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, "'Tis," said I, "a burning day:
My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems
Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb

The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
Upon the public way. It was a plot
Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems,
In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
The broken wall. I looked around, and there,
Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.
My thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless spot
Withdraw, straightway to the shade returned
Where sate the old Man on the cottage-bench;
And, while, beside him, with uncovered head,
I yet was standing, freely to respire, And cool my temples in the fanning air,
Thus did he speak. "'Tis I see around me here
Things which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
Even of the good is no memorial left.
—The Poets, in their elegies and songs
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams, to mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside you spring
I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them
up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to
drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject
only
To the soft handling of the elements:
There let it lie—how foolish are such
thoughts!
Forgive them;—never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt
within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved
her
As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die
first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle
looks,
When she upheld the cool refreshment
drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one
came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him. She is
dead,
The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

I speak," continued he, "of One whose
stock
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lonely roof.
She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the
joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would
tell
That he was often seated at his loom,
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass,—in early spring.
Ere the last star had vanished.—They who
passed
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would
ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Had failed, and every leaf and flower were
lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were
spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in
heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there
came
Two blighting seasons, when the fields were
left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to
add
A worse affliction in the plague of war:
This happy Land was stricken to the heart.
A Wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
The hardships of that season: many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the
poor;
And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile,
abridged
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calamitous
years
With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long; and, when his strength
returned,
He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age.
Was all consumed. A second infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow; shoals of artisans
From ill-requted labour turned adrift
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children—
happier far
Could they have lived as do the little birds
That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite
THE WANDERER 423

That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks!
A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace,
This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the various tasks
Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
But this endured not; his good humour soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work—and to the town
Would turn without an errand his slack steps;
Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children, 'Every smile,'
Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
'Made my heart bleed.'"
At this the Wanderer paused;
And, looking up to those enormous elms,
He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.
At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not at rest
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
With tuneful hum is filling all the air;
Why should a tear be on an old Man's cheek?
Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,
And in the weakness of humanity,

From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears;
And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of nature with our restless thoughts?"

He spake with somewhat of a solemn tone:
But, when he ended, there was in his face
Such easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
That for a little time it stole away
All recollection; and that simple tale
Passed from my mind like a forgotten sound.
A while on trivial things we held discourse,
To me soon tasteless. In my own despite,
I thought of that poor Woman as of one
Whom I had known and loved. He had rehearsed
Her homely tale with such familiar power,
With such an active countenance, an eye
So busy, that the things of which he spake
Seemed present; and, attention now relaxed,
A heart-felt chillness crept along my veins.
I rose; and, having left the breezy shade,
Stood drinking comfort from the warmer sun,
That had not cheered me long—ere, looking round
Upon that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
And begged of the old Man that, for my sake,
He would resume his story.

He replied,
"'T were a wantonness, and would demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw
A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often found
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,
A power to virtue friendly; were 't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed
An idle dreamer! 'Tis a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form. — But without further bidding
I will proceed.
While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,
Had been a blessed home, it was my chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more appeared
What pleasant expectations lured me on
O'er the flat Common!—With quick step I reached
The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me
A little while; then turned her head away
Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
She rose from off her seat, and then,—O Sir!
I cannot tell how she pronounced my name:—

With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired
If I had seen her husband. As she spake
A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
Nor had I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared—not two months gone.
He left his house: two wretched days had past,
And on the third, as wistfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
Within her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed
To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly
She opened—found no writing, but beheld
Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the sight,'
Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his hand
That must have placed it there; and ere that day
Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned,
From one who by my husband had been sent
With the sad news, that he had joined a troop
Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
—He left me thus—he could not gather heart
To take a farewell of me; for he feared
That I should follow with my babes, and sink
Beneath the misery of that wandering life.'

This tale did Margaret tell with many tears:
And, when she ended, I had little power
To give her comfort, and was glad to take
Such words of hope from her own mouth as served
To cheer us both. But long we had not talked
Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she looked around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
We parted.—'Twas the time of early spring.
I left her busy with her garden tools;
And well remember, o'er that fence she looked,
And, while I paced along the foot-way path,
Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
With tender cheerfulness, and with a voice
That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

I roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
Through many a wood and many an open ground,
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall:
My best companions now the driving winds.
And now the 'trotting brooks' and whispering trees,
And now the music of my own sad steps,
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,
And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way.
When, in the warmth of midsummer, the wheat
Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass
Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field spread
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived.
I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
Her face was pale and thin—her figure, too,
Was changed. As she unlocked the door,
she said,
'It grieves me you have waited here so long,
But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late;
And sometimes—to my shame I speak—
have need
Of my best prayers to bring me back again.
While on the board she spread our evening meal,
She told me—interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless hands—
That she had parted with her elder child;
To a kind master on a distant farm
Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause; to-day
I have been travelling far; and many days
About the fields I wander, knowing this
Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
And to this helpless infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.
But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.'

It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
The story linger in my heart; I fear
'Tis long and tedious; but my spirit clings
To that poor Woman:—so familiarly
Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
And presence; and so deeply do I feel
Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
A momentary trance comes over me;
And to myself I seem to muse on One
By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
A human being destined to awake
To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again
For whom she suffered. Yes, it would
have grieved
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe
Had from his Mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings. I withdrew,
And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass:
No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,
No winter greenness; of her herbs and flowers,
It seemed the better part was gnawed away
Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,
Which had been twined about the slender stem
Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.
—Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,
And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again.' When to the House
We had returned together, she enquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.
And when,
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these wilds, and gained,
By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbour's boy
To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far; and, in such piteous sort
That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted then—
Our final parting; for from that time forth
Did many seasons pass ere I returned
Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;
From their first separation, nine long years,
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,
That in yon arbour oftentimes she sat
Alone, through half the vacant sabbath day;
And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its grey line;
There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girt her waist, spinning the long-drawn thread
With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed
A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
The little child who sate to turn the wheel
Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice
Made many a fond enquiry; and when they,
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,
That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully;
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut
Sank to decay; for he was gone, whose hand,
At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
Through the long winter, reckless and alone;
Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was sapped; and while she slept, the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
Have parted hence; and still that length of road,
And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend,—
In sickness she remained; and here she died;
Last human tenant of these ruined walls!"

The old Man ceased: he saw that I was moved;
From that low bench, rising instinctively
I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
To thank him for the tale which he had told,
I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and it seemed
To comfort me while with a brother's love
I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
Then towards the cottage I returned; and traced
Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
That secret spirit of humanity
Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survived.
The old Man, noting this, resumed, and said,
"'My Friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
Nor more would she have craved as due to
One
Who, in her worst distress, had oft times felt
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned, with soul
Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should
we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on
that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
So still an image of tranquility,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
That passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could main-
tain,
Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,
And walked along my road in happiness.'

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining
shot
A slant and mellow radiance, which began
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
We sate on that low bench; and now we felt,
Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien
Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;
Together casting then a farewell look
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.

BOOK SECOND

THE SOLITARY

ARGUMENT

The Author describes his travels with the Wan-
derer, whose character is further illustrated—
Morning scene, and View of a Village Wake—
Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he pur-
poses to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—A funeral proces-
sion—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book acci-
dentally discovered in a recess in the Valley—
Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solitary—
Wanderer's description of the mode of burial in
this mountainous district—Solitary contrasts with
this, that of the individual carried a few minutes
before from the cottage—The cottage entered—
Description of the Solitary's apartment—Repast there—View, from the window, of two mountain
summits; and the Solitary's description of the companship they afford him—Account of the
departed inmate of the cottage—Description of a
grand spectacle upon the mountains, with its effect
upon the Solitary's mind—Leave the house.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel wandering on from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
He walked—protected from the sword of war
By virtue of that sacred instrument
His harp, suspended at the traveller's side;
His dear companion wheresoe'er he went
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honoured Race
Drew happier, lofter, more empassioned, thoughts
From his long journeyings and eventful life,
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
To gather, ranging through the tamer ground
Of these our unimaginative days;
THE SOLITARY

Both while he trod the earth in humblest guise
Accoutered with his burden and his staff;
And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite school
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
Looked on this guide with reverential love?
Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
Our journey, under favourable skies.
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
Some way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard Accompanied those strains of apt discourse, Which nature's various objects might inspire;
And in the silence of his face I read His overflowing spirit. Birds and beasts, And the mute fish that glances in the stream, And harmless reptile coiling in the sun, And gorgeous insect hovering in the air, The fowl domestic, and the household dog— In his capacious mind, he loved them all: Their rights acknowledging he felt for all. Oft was occasion given me to perceive How the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd To happy contemplation soothed his walk; How the poor brute's condition, forced to run Its course of suffering in the public road, Sad contrast! all too often smote his heart With unavailing pity. Rich in love And sweet humanity, he was, himself, To the degree that he desired, beloved. Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew Greeted us all day long; we took our seats By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
The welcome of an Inmate from afar, And I at once forgot, I was a Stranger.—Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts, Huts where his charity was blest; his voice Heard as the voice of an experienced friend. And, sometimes—where the poor man held dispute With his own mind, unable to subdue Impatience through inaptness to perceive

General distress in his particular lot;
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men—
To him appeal was made as to a judge;
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation; listened to the plea;
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit, even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,
Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
Or both, with equal readiness of will,
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our walk,
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
We started—and he led me toward the hills,
Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
But, in the majesty of distance, now Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,
May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;
And they, if blest with health and hearts at ease,
Shall lack not their enjoyment:—but how faint
Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,
Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld; and lend the listening sense
To every grateful sound of earth and air;
Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our
thoughts
Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson
leaves.

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey
long,
By this dark hill protected from thy beams!
Such is the summer pilgrim’s frequent
wish;
But quickly from among our morning
thoughts
’Twas chased away: for, toward the western
side
Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people; wherefore met?
Blight notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising,
yield
Prompt answer; they proclaim the annual
Wake,
Which the bright season favours.—Tabor
and pipe
In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boons
Of merriment a party-coloured knot,
Already formed upon the village-green.
—Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
That gay assemblage. Round them and
above,
Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems of
trees
Half-veiled in vapoury cloud, the silver
steam
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boughs
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like a
mast
Of gold, the Maypole shines; as if the rays
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-animate
The faded garlands dangling from its sides.

Said I, “The music and the sprightly
scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and join
These festive matins?”—He replied, “Not
loth
To linger I would here with you partake,
Not one hour merely, but till evening’s
close,
The simple pastimes of the day and place.
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will be
skimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall con-
tend:
But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow when purposes are lightly changed?
A length of journey yet remains untraced:
Let us proceed.” Then, pointing with his
staff
Raised toward those craggy summits, his
intent
He thus imparted:—

“’In a spot that lies
Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day’s
toll,
From sight of One who lives secluded
there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whose
past life,
(Not to forestall such knowledge as may be
More faithfully collected from himself)
This brief communication shall suffice.

Though now sojourning there, he, like
myself,
Sprang from a stock of lowly parentage
Among the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
Where many a sheltered and well-tended
plant,
Bears, on the humblest ground of social
life,
Blossoms of piety and innocence.
Such grateful promises his youth displayed:
And, having shown in study forward zeal,
He to the Ministry was duly called;
And straight, incited by a curious mind
Filled with vague hopes, he undertook the
charge
Of Chaplain to a military troop
Cheered by the Highland bagpipe, as they
marched
In plaided vest,—his fellow-countrymen.
This office filling, yet by native power
And force of native inclination made
An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity, he walked the world,
Gay, and affecting graceful gaiety;
Lax, buoyant—less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers—lived and
roamed
Where Fortune led:—and Fortune, who
of proves
The careless wanderer’s friend, to him
made known
A blooming Lady—a conspicuous flower,
Admired for beauty, for her sweetness
praised;
Whom he had sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win.

For this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of
mind,
Nor sparingly endowed with worldly wealth,
His office he relinquished; and retired
From the world’s notice to a rural home.
Youth’s season yet with him was scarcely past,
And she was in youth’s prime. How free
their love,
How full their joy! ‘Till, pitiable doom!
In the short course of one undreaded year
Death blasted all. Death suddenly o’er-
threw
Two lovely Children—all that they pos-
sessed!
The Mother followed:—miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he
pray’d
For his dismissal, day and night, compelled
To hold communion with the grave, and
face
With pain the regions of eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his
days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.

But now,
To the wide world’s astonishment, appeared
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!
Her voice of social transport reached even
him!
He broke from his contracted bounds, re-
paired
To the great City, an emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of
hope.
Thither his popular talents he transferred;
And, from the pulpit, zealously maintained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would allow.

That righteous cause (such power hath
freedom) bound,
For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily
gained
By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment; not alone in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
An overweening trust was raised; and fear
Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose
subtle bane
The strongest did not easily escape;
And He, what wonder? took a mortal
taint.

How shall I trace the change, how bear to
tell
That he broke faith with them whom he
had laid
In earth’s dark chambers, with a Chris-
tian’s hope!
An infidel contempt of holy writ
Stole by degrees upon his mind; and hence
Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced;
Vilest hypocrisy— the laughing, gay
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but
pride.
Smooth words he had to wheedle simple
souls;
But, for disciples of the inner school,
Old freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stooped the least
To known restraints; and who most boldly
drew
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance.
His sacred function was at length re-nounced;
And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled layman’s natural liberty;
Speech, manners, morals, all without dis-guise.
I do not wish to wrong him; though the course
Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—still he retained,
‘Mid much abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind.
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,
And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He coloured objects to his own desire
As with a lover’s passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better men,
Nay keener, as his fortitude was less:
And he continued, when worse days were come,
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal
That showed like happiness. But, in despite
Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope:
For moral dignity, and strength of mind,
Were wanting; and simplicity of life;
And reverence for himself; and, last and best,
Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him
Before whose sight the troubles of this world
Are vain, as billows in a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away—
The splendour, which had given a festal air
To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled
From his own sight—this gone, he forfeited
All joy in human nature; was consumed,
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,
And fruitless indignation; galled by pride;
Made desperate by contempt of men who thrived
Before his sight in power or fame, and won,
Without desert, what he desired; weak men,
Too weak even for his envy or his hate!
Tormented thus, after a wandering course
Of discontent, and inwardly oppressed
With malady—in part, I fear, provoked
By weariness of life—he fixed his home,
Or, rather say, sate down by very chance.
Among these rugged hills; where now he dwells,
And wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not
Its own voluptuousness;—on this resolved,
With this content, that he will live and die
Forgotten,—at safe distance from ‘a world
Not moving to his mind.’”

These serious words
Closed the preparatory notices.
That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
The way, while we advanced up that wide vale.
Diverging now (as if his quest had been
Some secret of the mountains, cavern, fall
Of water, or some lofty eminence,
Renowned for splendid prospect far and wide)
We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the south
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields.
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.
—There crows the cock, single in his domain:
The small birds find in spring no thicket 
there
To shroud them; only from the neighbour-
ing vaies
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I, is 
here!
Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of heath;—full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy—no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life requires.
—In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing
world,
It could not be more quiet; peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I
lay
In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep, and
slow
The cadence, as of psalms—a funeral dirge!
We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognise
These words:—“Shall in the grave thy love
be known,
In death thy faithfulness?”—“God rest his
soul!”
Said the old man, abruptly breaking
silence,—
“He is departed, and finds peace at last!”

This scarcely spoken, and those holy
strains

Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping
side
Of that small valley, singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced,
the dirge
Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, “You
spake,
Methought, with apprehension that these
rites
Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude.”—“I did
so,
But let us hence, that we may learn the
truth:
Perhaps it is not he but some one else
For whom this pious service is performed;
Some other tenant of the solitude.”

So, to a steep and difficult descent
 Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to
crag,
Where passage could be won; and, as the
last
Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When
behold
An object that enticed my steps aside!
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform—that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall;—a cool
recess,
And fanciful! For where the rock and wall
Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, framed
By thrusting two rude staves into the wall
And overlaying them with mountain sods;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor
dread
The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by children’s
hands!
Whose skill had thronged the floor with a
proud show
Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;
Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,
I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,
Who, entering, round him threw a careless glance,
Impatient to pass on, when I exclaimed,
"Lo! what is here?" and, stooping down,
drew forth
A book, that, in the midst of stones and moss
And wreck of party-coloured earthen-ware,
Aply disposed, had lent its help to raise
One of those petty structures. "His it must be!"
Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot but be his,
And he is gone!" The book, which in my hand
Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
With searching damp, and seemingly had lain
To the injurious elements exposed
From week to week,) I found to be a work
In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,
His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"
Exclaimed my Friend: "here then has been to him
Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-place
Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,
Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,
And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,
Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,
Or sate companionless; and here the book,
Left and forgotten in his careless way,
Must by the cottage-children have been found:
Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!
To what odd purpose have the darlings turned
This sad memorial of their hapless friend!"

"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find
Such book in such a place!" — "A book it is,"
He answered, "to the Person suited well,
Though little suited to surrounding things:
'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been
To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here.
With one poor shepherd, far from all the world!—
Now, if our errand hath been thrown away.
As from these intimations I forebode,
Grieved shall I be—less for my sake than yours,
And least of all for him who is no more.

By this, the book was in the old Man's hand;
And he continued, glancing on the leaves
An eye of scorn: — "The lover," said he,
"doomed
To love when hope hath failed him—whom no depth
Of privacy is deep enough to hide.
Hath yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
And that is joy to him. When change of times
Hath summoned kings to scaffolds, do be give
The faithful servant, who must hide his head
Henceforth in whatsoever nook he may,
A kerchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
And he too hath his comforter. How poor,
Beyond all poverty how destitute,
Must that Man have been left, who, bitter
driven,
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer relique, and no better stay,
Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen.
Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened by impious pride!—I did not fear
To tax you with this journey;" — mildly said
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
Into the presence of the cheerful light—
"For I have knowledge that you do not shrink
From moving spectacles;—but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
I followed, till he made a sudden stand:
For full in view, approaching through a gate
That opened from the enclosure of green fields
Into the rough uncultivated ground,
Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead.
I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,
That it could be no other; a pale face,
A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic—dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few steps;
For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,
With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him,
weeping
As if disconsolate.—"They to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,
"To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

More might have followed—but my honoured Friend
Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
And cordial greeting.—Vivid was the light
That flashed and sparkled from the other’s eyes;
He was all fire: no shadow on his brow
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.
Hands joined he with his Visitant,—a grasp,
An eager grasp; and many moments’ space—
When the first glow of pleasure was no more,
And, of the sad appearance which at once
Had vanished, much was come and coming back—
An amicable smile retained the life
Which it had unexpectedly received,
Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind," he said,
"Nor could your coming have been better timed;
For this, you see, is in our narrow world
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge"—
And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child—
"A little mourner, whom it is my task
To comfort;—but how came ye?—if you track
(Which doth at once befriend us and betray)
Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
Ye could not miss the funeral train—they yet
Have scarcely disappeared." "This blooming Child,"
Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep
At any grave or solemn spectacle,
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore;—but the boy to-day,
Perhaps is shedding orphan’s tears; you also
Must have sustained a loss."—"The hand of Death,"
He answered, "has been here; but could not well
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
Upon myself."—The other left these words
Unnoticed, thus continuing—
"From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we dropped into
the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn sound
Heard anywhere; but in a place like this
’Tis more than human! Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,
Will last for ever. Oft on my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life,
In that one moment when the corpse is lifted
In silence, with a hush of decency;
Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
And confidential yearnings, towards its home,
Its final home on earth. What traveller—who—
(How far so’er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
A mute procession on the houseless road;
Or passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise
The monitory voice? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
Is raised from the church-aisle, and forward borne
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood;
Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist’s mournful plaint,
And that most awful scripture which declares
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!
—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have seen—
Son, husband, brothers—brothers side by side,
And son and father also side by side,
Rise from that posture:—and in concert move,
On the green turf following the vested Priest,
Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
From which they do not shrink, and under which
They faint not, but advance towards the open grave
Step after step—together, with their firm
Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,
He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
The most serene, with most undaunted eye!—
Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!

"That poor Man taken hence to-day," replied
The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
Which did not please me, "must be deemed, I fear,
Of the unblest; for he will surely sink
Into his mother earth without such pomp
Of grief, depart without occasion given
By him for such array of fortitude.
Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!
This simple Child will mourn his one short hour,
And I shall miss him: scanty tribute! yet,
This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,
If love were his sole claim upon their care,
Like a ripe date which in the desert falls
Without a hand to gather it."

At this I interposed, though loth to speak, and said,
"Can it be thus among so small a band
As ye must needs be here? in such a place
I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
Of a departing cloud."—""Twas not for love—"
Answered the sick Man with a careless voice—
"That I came hither; neither have I found
Among associates who have power of speech.
Nor in such other converse as is here,
Temptation so prevailing as to change
That mood, or undermine my first resolve."
Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said:
To my benign Companion,—""Pity 'tis
That fortune did not guide you to this house
A few days earlier; then would you have seen
What stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
Are made of; an ungracious matter this!
Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too
Of past discussions with this zealous friend
And advocate of humble life, I now
Will force upon his notice; undeterred
By the example of his own pure course,
And that respect and deference which a soul
May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
In what she most doth value, love of God
And his frail creature Man;—but ye shall hear.
I talk—and ye are standing in the sun
Without refreshment!"

Quickly had he spoken,
And, with light steps still quicker than his words,
Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot;
And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,
Had almost a forbidding nakedness;
Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair.
Than it appeared when from the beetling rock
We had looked down upon it. All within
As left by the departed company,
Was silent; save the solitory clock
That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound.—
Following our Guide we clomb the cottage-stairs
And reached a small apartment dark and low,
Which was no sooner entered than our Host
THE SOLITARY

Said gaily, "This is my domain, my cell, My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—I love it better than a snail his house. But now ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardour than an unripe girl Left oee day mistress of her mother's stores, He went about his hospitable task. My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less, And pleased I looked upon my grey-haired Friend, As if to thank him; he returned that look, Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck Had we about us! scattered was the floor, And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf, With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers, And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic tools Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod And shattered telescope, together linked By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook; And instruments of music, some half-made, Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls. But speedily the promise was fulfilled; A feast before us, and a courteous Host Inviting us in glee to sit and eat. A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board; And was itself half-covered with a store Of dainties,—oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream; And cakes of butter curiously embossed, Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers A golden hue, delicate as their own Faintly reflected in a lingering stream. Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day, Our table, small parade of garden fruits, And whortle-berries from the mountain side, The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sobs, Was now a help to his late comforter, And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid, Ministering to our need. In genial mood, While at our pastoral banquet thus we sat Fronting the window of that little cell, I could not, ever and anon, forbear To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks That from some other vale peered into this. "Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host, "if here It were your lot to dwell, would soon become Your prized companions.—Many are the notes Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores; And well those lofty brethren bear their part In the wild concert—chiefly when the storm Rides high; then all the upper air they fill With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow, Like smoke, along the level of the blast, In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails; And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon, Methinks that I have heard them echo back The thunder's greeting. Nor have nature's laws Left them ungifted with a power to yield Music of finer tone; a harmony, So do I call it, though it be the hand Of silence, though there be no voice;—the clouds, The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns, Motions of moonlight, all come thither— touch, And have an answer—thither come, and shape A language not unwelcome to sick hearts And idle spirits:—there the sun himself, At the calm close of summer's longest day, Rests his substantial orb;—between those heights And on the top of either pinnacle, More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault, Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud. Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man Than the mute agents stirring there:— alone Here do I sit and watch——"
Regretted like the nightingale’s last note,
    Had scarcely closed this high-wrought strain
    of rapture
Eré with inviting smile the Wanderer said:
    “Now for the tale with which you threatened us!”
    “In truth the threat escaped me unawares:
    Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand
For my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,
    As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
When ye looked down upon us from the crag,
    Islanders ’mid a stormy mountain sea,
We are not so;—perpetually we touch
    Upon the vulgar ordinances of the world;
And he, whom this our cottage hath to-day
    Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread
Upon the laws of public charity.
The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
As might from that occasion be distilled,
    Opened, as she before had done for me,
Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;
The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare
Which appetite required—a blind dull nook,
    Such as she had, the kennel of his rest!
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been
Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now
    The still contentedness of seventy years.
Calm did he sit under the wide-spread tree
Of his old age: and yet less calm and meek,
Winningly meek or venerably calm,
    Than slow and torpid; paying in this wise
A penalty, if penalty it were,
    For spendthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
I loved the old Man, for I pitied him! A task it was, I own, to hold discourse
    With one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
But he was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;
Mild, inoffensive, ready in his way,
    And helpful to his utmost power: and there
Our housewife knew full well what she possessed!
He was her vassal of all labour, tilled
    Her garden, from the pasture fetched her kine;
And, one among the orderly array
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
Maintained his place; or heedfully pursued
His course, on errands bound, to other vale.
Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
    Too young for any profitable task.
So moved he like a shadow that performed
    Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn
For what reward!—The moon her monthly round
Hath not completed since our dame, the queen
Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
    Into my little sanctuary rushed—
Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
    And features in deplorable dismay.
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
It is most serious: persevering rain
    Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain tops
Were hidden, and black vapours courst their sides;
This had I seen, and saw; but, till she spake,
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend—
Who at her bidding, early and alone,
    Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
For winter fuel—to his noontide meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights
Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
    ‘Inhuman!’—said I ‘was an old Man’s life
Not worth the trouble of a thought?—alas!
This notice comes too late.’ With joy I saw
Her husband enter—from a distant vale.
We sallied forth together; found the tools
Which the neglected veteran had dropped.
But through all quarters looked for him in vain.
We shouted—but no answer! Darkness fell
Without remission of the blast or shower.
And fears for our own safety drove us home.

I, who weep little, did, I will confess.
The moment I was seated here alone,
Honour my little cell with some few tears
Which anger and resentment could not dry.
All night the storm endured; and, soon as help
Had been collected from the neighbouring vale,
With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain:
Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin—almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the bleached remains
Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central height)—
We there espied the object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among tufts
Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,
To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
And there we found him breathing peaceably,
Seem as a child that hides itself in sport
Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake—he made reply, but would not stir
At our entreaty; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved.
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecey folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast—'I have been dead,'
I cried,
'And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?'
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!—
—But I forget our Charge, as utterly
I then forgot him:—there I stood and gazed:
The apparition faded not away,
And I descended.

Having reached the house,
I found its rescued inmate safely lodged,
And in serene possession of himself,
Beside a fire whose genial warmth seemed met
By a faint shining from the heart, a gleam,
Of comfort, spread over his palpit face.
Great show of joy the housewife made, and truly
Was glad to find her conscience set at ease;
And not less glad, for sake of her good name,  
That the poor Sufferer had escaped with life.  
But, though he seemed at first to have received  
No harm, and uncomplaining as before  
Went through his usual tasks, a silent change  
Soon showed itself: he lingered three short weeks;  
And from the cottage hath been borne to-day.

So ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am  
That it is ended." At these words he turned—  
And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
Brought from the cupboard wine and stouter cheer,  
Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,  
My grey-haired Friend said courteously—  
"Nay, nay,  
You have regaled us as a hermit ought;  
Now let us forth into the sun!"—Our Host Rose, though reluctantly, and forth we went.

BOOK THIRD
DESPONDENCY

ARGUMENT

Images in the Valley—Another Recess in it entered and described—Wanderer’s sensations—Solitary’s excited by the same objects—Contrast between these—Depression of the Solitary gently reprov'd—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary’s past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length—His domestic felicity—Afflictions—Dejection—Roused by the French Revolution—Disappointment and disgust—Voyage to America—Disappointment and disgust pursue him—His return—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING BEE—a little tinkling rill—  
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,  
In clamorous agitation, round the crest  
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—  
By each and all of these the pensive ear  
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,  
When through the cottage-threshold we had passed,
Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream
Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests
Fearless of winds and waves. Three
several stones
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars: and, from these
Some little space disjoined a pair were seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth:
Bare to the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did
now
Find entrance;—high or low appeared no
trace
Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep rock,
And softly creeping, like a breath of air,
Such as is sometimes seen, and hardly seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lake.

"Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy!"—Praise to this
effect
Broke from the happy old Man's reverend
lip;
Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
"In sooth, with love's familiar privilege,
You have decreed the wealth which is your
own.
Among these rocks and stones, methinks, I
see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely nature's casual work: they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,
How gracefully that slender shrub looks forth
From its fantastic birth-place! And I own,
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,

That in these shows a chronicle survives
Of purposes akin to those of Man,
But wrought with mightier arm than now
prevails.
—Voiceless the stream descends into the
gulf
With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this
strait
I stand—the chasm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through; but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide;
And whose soft gloom, and boundless
depth, might tempt
The curious eye to look for them by day.
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately
towers,
Reared by the industrious hand of human
art
To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;
From academic groves, that have for thee
 Been planted, hither come and find a lodge
To which thou mayst resort for holier
peace,—
From whose calm centre thou, through
height or depth,
Mayst penetrate, wherever truth shall lead;
Measuring through all degrees, until the
scale
Of time and conscious nature disappear,
Lost in unsearchable eternity!"  

A pause ensued; and with minuter care
We scanned the various features of the
scene:
And soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
With courteous voice thus spake—
"I should have grieved
Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,
If from my poor retirement ye had gone
Leaving this nook unvisited: but, in sooth,
Your unexpected presence had so roused
My spirits, that they were bent on enter-
prise;
And, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
Or, shall I say?—disdained, the game that
lurks
At my own door. The shapes before our
eyes
And their arrangement, doubtless must be
deemed

1 See Note.
The sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance
Rudely to mock the works of toiling Man.
And hence, this upright shaft of unhewn stone,
From Fancy, willing to set off her stores
By sounding titles, hath acquired the name
Of Pompey’s pillar; that I gravely style
My Theban obelisk; and, there, behold
A Druid cromlech!—thus I entertain
The antiquarian humour, and am pleased
To skim along the surfaces of things,
Beguiling harmlessly the listless hours.
But if the spirit be oppressed by sense
Of instability, revolt, decay,
And change, and emptiness, these freaks of Nature
And her blind helper Chance, do them suffice
To quicken, and to aggravate—to feed
Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,
Not less than that huge File (from some abyss
Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
Confines the shrill-voiced whirlwind, round and round
Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum’s naked plain—than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved—
Or Syria’s marble ruins towering high
Above the sandy desert, in the light
Of sun or moon.—Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised your minds
To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me
Fraught rather with depression than delight,
Though shame it were, could I not look around,
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than you
With your bright transports fairly may be deemed,
The wandering Herbalist,—who, clear alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing thoughts,
Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard
Of transitory interest, and peeps round
For some rare floweret of the hills, or plant
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for wins,
Or learns, at least, that ‘tis not to be won:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed hound,
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
Through wood or open field, the harmless Man
Departs, intent upon his onward quest!—
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Less to be envied, (you may trace him of
By scars which his activity has left
Beside our roads and pathways, though,
thank Heaven!
This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rock or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains or crusted o’er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied.
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And hurries on; or from the fragments picks
His specimen, if but haply interwoven
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube
Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!
Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime;
The mind is full—and free from pain their pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is near,
Who cannot but possess in your esteem
Place worthier still of envy. May I name
Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-boy?
Dame Nature’s pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of art!
Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged.
Heart, soul, and hands,—in mending the defects
Left in the fabric of a leaky dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream
To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)
For his delight—the happiest he of all!"

" Far happiest," answered the depending Man,
"If, such as now he is, he might remain!  
Ah! what avails imagination high 
Or question deep? what profits all that 
earth,  
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth 
Of impulse or allurement, for the Soul  
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar 
Far as she finds a yielding element 
In past or future; far as she can go 
Through time or space—if neither in the one,  
Nor in the other region, nor in aught 
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things, 
Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds, 
Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere 
A habitation, for consummate good, 
Or for progressive virtue, by the search 
Can be attained,—a better sanctuary 
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?"

"Is this," the grey-haired Wanderer mildly said,
"The voice, which we so lately overheard, 
To that same child, addressing tenderly 
The consolations of a hopeful mind?  
'His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.'
These were your words; and, verily, methinks 
Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop Than when we soar."—

The Other, not displeased, Promptly replied—"'My notion is the same. 
And I, without reluctance, could decline 
All act of inquisition whence we rise, 
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become. 
Here are we, in a bright and breathing world. 
Our origin, what matters it? In lack Of worship explanation, say at once 
With the American (a thought which suits The place where now we stand) that certain men 
Leapt out together from a rocky cave;  
And these were the first parents of mankind:  
Or, if a different image be recalled 
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice Of insects chirping out their careless lives 
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf, 
Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit  
As sound—blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked 
With golden grasshoppers, in sign that they Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil 
Whereon their endless generations dwelt. But stop!—these theoretic fancies jar 
On serious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw 
Their holy Ganges from a skiey found,  
Even so deduce the stream of human life 
From seats of power divine; and hope, or trust, 
That our existence winds her stately course Beneath the sun, like Ganges, to make part Of a living ocean; or, to sink engulfed, Like Niger, in impenetrable sands 
And utter darkness: thought which may be faced, 
Though comfortless!—
Not of myself I speak;  
Such acquiescence neither doth imply, In me, a meekly-bending spirit soothed By natural piety; nor a lofty mind, 
By philosophic discipline prepared 
For calm subjection to acknowledged law; 
Pleased to have been, contented not to be. Such palms I boast not;—no! to me, who find 
Reviewing my past way, much to condemn, 
Little to praise, and nothing to regret, (Save some remembrances of dream-like joys 
That scarcely seem to have belonged to me) If I must take my choice between the pair, That rule alternately the weary hours, Night is than day more acceptable; sleep Doth, in my estimate of good, appear A better state than waking; death than sleep: Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm, Though under covert of the wormy ground! Yet be it said, in justice to myself, That in more genial times, when I was free To explore the destiny of human kind (Not as an intellectual game pursued 
With curious subtility, from wish to cheat Irksome sensations; but by love of truth Urged on, or haply by intense delight In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)
To be diverted from our present theme,
I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with
yours,
Would push this censure farther;—for, if
smiles
Of scornful pity be the just reward
Of Poesy thus courteously employed
In framing models to improve the scheme
Of Man’s existence, and recast the world,
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,
Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
Establish sounder titles of esteem
For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For onset, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too
tame)
Placed, among flowery gardens curtained
round
With world-excluding groves, the brother-
hood
Of soft Epicureans, taught—if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom—to yield up their
souls
To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,”
I cried, “more worthy of regard, the
Power,
Who, for the sake of sterners quiet, closed
The Stoic’s heart against the vain approach
Of admiration, and all sense of joy?”

His countenance gave notice that my zeal
Accorded little with his present mind;
I ceased, and he resumed.—"Ah! gentle
Sir,
Slight, if you will, the means; but spare to
slight
The end of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise man’s aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cherished peaceful
days
For their own sakes, as mortal life’s chief
good,
And only reasonable felicity.
What motive drew, what impulse, I would
ask,
Through a long course of later ages, drov.
The hermit to his cell in forest wide;
Or what detained him, till his closing eyes
Took their last farewell of the sun and stars,
Fast anchored in the desert?—Not alone
Dread of the persecuting sword, remorse,
Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged
And unavenged, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affection unreturned,
Love with despair, or grief in agony;—
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure,
sighed
For independent happiness; craving peace,
The central feeling of all happiness,
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
But for its absolute self; a life of peace,
Stability without regret or fear;
That hath been, is, and shall be ever-
more!—
Such the reward he sought; and wore out
life,
There, where on few external things his
heart
Was set, and those his own; or, if not his,
Subsisting under nature's stedfast law.

What other yearning was the master tie
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aerial, or in green secluded vale,
One after one, collected from afar,
An undissolving fellowship?—What but
this,
The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:
The life where hope and memory are as
one;
Where earth is quiet and her face un-
changed
Save by the simplest toil of human hands
Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul
Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness!—
Such was their scheme: and though the
wished—for end
By multitudes was missed, perhaps attained
By none, they for the attempt, and pains
employed,
Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed
From the unqualified disdain, that once
Would have been cast upon them by my
voice
Delivering her decisions from the seat
Of forward youth—that scruples not to
solve

Doubts, and determine questions, by the
rules
Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone
To overweening faith; and is inflamed,
By courage, to demand from real life
The test of act and suffering, to provoke
Hostility—how dreadful when it comes,
Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

A child of earth, I rested, in that stage
Of my past course to which these thoughts
advert,
Upon earth's native energies; forgetting
That mine was a condition which required
Nor energy, nor fortitude—a calm
Without vicissitude; which, if the like
Had been presented to my view elsewhere,
I might have even been tempted to despise.
But no—for the serene was also bright;
Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,
With joy, and—oh! that memory should
survive
To speak the word—with rapture! Nature's
boon,
Life's genuine inspiration, happiness
Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign;
Abused, as all possessions are abused
That are not prized according to their
worth.
And yet, what worth? what good is given
to, men,
More solid than the gilded clouds of
heaven?
What joy more lasting than a vernal
flower?—
None! 'tis the general plaint of human kind
In solitude: and mutually addressed
From each to all, for wisdom's sake:—
This truth
The priest announces from his holy seat:
And, crowned with garlands in the summer
grove,
The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prosperities of love and joy
Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down for ever.
Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
signed
A course of days composing happy months,
And they as happy years; the present still
So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
For Mutability is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope will be avenged; and,
when
Ye need her favours, ye shall find her not;
But in her stead—fear—doubt—and
agony!"

This was the bitter language of the heart:
But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone of
voice,
Though discomposed and vehement, were
such
As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,
We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our
attempt
He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,
Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never
look
On the bright form of Her whom once I
loved:—
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you; else, honoured
Friend!
Your heart had borne a piteous share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the
thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.—
Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;
Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should
hang
Upon my naked branches:—lively thoughts
Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my
tongue
Too much of frailty hath already dropped;
But that too much demands still more.

You know,
Revered Compatriot—and to you, kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome
feet
To our secluded vale) it may be told—
That my demerits did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This
fair Bride—
In the devotedness of youthful love,
Preferences me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing
down
Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes.
On Devon's leafy shores;—a sheltered hold.
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty!—As our steps
Approach the embowered abode—our
chosen seat—
See, rooted in the earth, her kindly bed,
The unendangered myrtle, decked with
flowers,
Before the threshold stands to welcome us!
While, in the flowering myrtle's neighbour-
hood,
Not overlooked but courting no regard.
Those native plants, the holly and the yew,
Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would unite
With the green myrtle, to endear the hours
Of winter, and protect that pleasant place.
—Wild were the walks upon those lonely
Downs,
Track leading into track; how marked,
how worn
Into bright verdure, between fern and gorse
Winding away its never-ending line
On their smooth surface, evidence was none;
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt.
A range of unappropriated earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might move
at large;
Hence, unmolested wanderers, we beheld
The shining giver of the day diffuse
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires;
As our enjoyments, boundless.—From those heights
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan combes;
Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts
'That all the grove and all the day was ours.'

O happy time! still happier was at hand;
For Nature called my Partner to resign
Her share in the pure freedom of that life,
Enjoyed by us in common.—To my hope,
To my heart's wish, my tender Mate became
The thankful captive of maternal bonds;
And those wild paths were left to me alone.
There could I meditate on follies past;
And, like a weary voyager escaped
From risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
A course of vain delights and thoughtless guilt,
And self-indulgence—without shame pursued.
There, undisturbed, could think of and could thank
Her whose submissive spirit was to me
Ruler and restraint—my guardian—shall I say
That earthly Providence, whose guiding love
Within a port of rest had lodged me safe;
Safe from temptation, and from danger far?—
Strains followed of acknowledgment addressed
To an authority enthroned above
The reach of sight; from whom, as from their source
Proceed all visible ministers of good
That walk the earth—Father of heaven and earth,
Father, and king, and judge, adored and feared
These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,
And spirit—interrupted and relieved
By observations transient as the glance
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form
Cleaving with power inherent and intense,

As the mute insect fixed upon the plant
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose cup
It draws its nourishment imperceptibly—
Endeared my wanderings; and the mother's kiss
And infant's smile awaited my return.

In privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
Companions daily, often all day long;
Not placed by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,
The twain within our happy cottage born,
Inmates, and heirs of our united love;
Graced mutually by difference of sex,
And with no wider interval of time
Between their several births than served for one
To establish something of a leader's sway;
Yet left them joined by sympathy in age;
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.

It soothes me to perceive,
Your courtesy withholds not from my words
Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,
As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though, for a nation, times of blessedness,
Give back faint echoes from the historian's page;
So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,
Depressed I hear, how faithless is the voice
Which those most blissful days reverberate.
What special record can, or need, be given
To rules and habits, whereby much was done,
But all within the sphere of little things;
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
And precious interests? Smoothly did our life
Advance, swerving not from the path prescribed;
Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
Maintained with faithful care. And you divine
The worst effects that our condition saw
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
And in their progress unperceivable;
Not wished for; sometimes noticed with a sigh,
Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
And loveliness endeared which they removed.

Seven years of occupation undisturbed
Established seemingly a right to hold
That happiness; and use and habit gave,
To what an alien spirit had acquired,
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,
I lived and breathed; most grateful—if to enjoy
Without repining or desire for more,
For different lot, or change to higher sphere,
(Only except some impulses of pride
With no determined object, though upheld
By theories with suitable support)—
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
Else, I allow, most thankless.—But, at once,
From some dark seat of fatal power was urged
A claim that shattered all.—Our blooming girl,
Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time
To struggle in as scarcely would allow
Her cheek to change its colour, was conveyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
Of living man, though longing to pursue.
—With even as brief a warning—and how soon,
With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of—our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay—
The brother followed; and was seen no more!

Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as the sight
Communicates with heaven's ethereal orbs
Incalcubly distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too.)
While, overcome with speechless gratitude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked
On her—at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss.—O heavy change,
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounding, fell
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish,—of itself ashamed.
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, she melted from my arms;
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate!

What followed cannot be reviewed in thought;
Much less, retraced in words. If she, of life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to stand—
Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought; conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I spake
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the Heavens
If Angels traversed their cerulean floors,
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield
Of the departed spirit—what abode
It occupies—what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my soul
Turned inward,—to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters are composed; and life was put
To inquisition, long and profitless!
By pain of heart,—now checked,—and now impelled—
The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
And from those transports, and these toils abstruse,
Some trace am I enabled to retain
Of time, else lost,—existing unto me
Only by records in myself not found.

From that abstraction I was roused,—
and how?
Even as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
Of lightning startled in a gloomy cave
Of these wild hills. For, lo! the dread
Bastile,
With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fell to the ground:—by violence overthrown
Of indignation; and with shouts that
drowned
The crash it made in falling! From the
wreck
A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway. The potent
shock
I felt: the transformation I perceived,
As marvellously seized as in that moment
When, from the blind mist issuing, I
beheld
Glory,—beyond all glory ever seen,
Confusion infinite of heaven and earth,
Darling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic
harp
In every grove were ringing. 'War shall
cease;
'Did ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
'Bring garlands, bring forth choicest
flowers, to deck'
The tree of Liberty.'—My heart re-
bounded;
My melancholy voice the chorus joined;
'Be joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
'Ye that are capable of joy be glad !
'Henceforth, what'er is wanting to your
selves
'In others ye shall promptly find;—and
all,
'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
'Shall with one heart honour their common
kind.'

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children.—From the
depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things;
As they exist, in mutable array,

Upon life's surface. What, though in my
veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I
breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic
seal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should
stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers
of song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned,—a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
—With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
teem:
I felt their invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing
phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also,—with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure devout.

Scorn and contempt forbid me to pro-
ceed!
But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbandedor in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, out-
done,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots—so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to
exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
'I worshipped thee, and find thee but a
Shade!'

Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have
grieved
At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply
good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it
came;
And, by what compromise it stood, not
nice?
Enough if notions seemed to be high-
pitched,
And qualities determined.—Among men
So characterized did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every
hour;
But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my
own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely—inverteately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly
seized
All that Abstraction furnished for my needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I re-
joiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant
course,
For its own sake; but farthest from the
walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered
world,
Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of which Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was my
guide,
The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected—smiled
At others’ tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence some-
times drew
From my unguarded heart.—The tranquil
shores
Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps
I might have been entangled among deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor—
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished
Strangely the exasperation of that Land,
Which turned an angry beak against the
donw
Of her own breast; confounded into hope
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings.

But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
—In Britain, ruled a panic dread of change;
The weak were praised, rewarded, and ad-
vanced;
And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted
hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

Fresh blew the wind, when o’er the
Atlantic Main
The ship went gliding with her thoughtless
crew;
And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the busily-employed, not more
With obligation charged, with service taxed,
Than the loose pendant—to the idle wind
Upon the tall mast streaming. But, ye
Powers
Of soul and sense mysteriously allied,
Oh, never let the Wretched, if a choice
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress
To a long voyage on the silent deep! I
For, like a plague, will memory break out;
And, in the blank and solitude of things,
Upon his spirit, with a fever’s strength,
Will conscience prey.—Feebly must they
have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and
whips
The vengeful Furies. Beautiful regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I
loved;
The Wife and Mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!
Where now that boasted liberty? No
welcome
From unknown objects I received; and
those,
Known and familiar, which the vaulted sky
Did, in the placid clearness of the night,
Disclose, had accusations to prefer
Against my peace. Within the cabin stood
That volume—as a compass for the soul—
Revered among the nations. I implored
Its guidance; but the infallible support
Of faith was wanting. Tell me, why re-
fused
To One by storms annoyed and adverse
winds;
Perplexed with currents; of his weakness
sick;
Of vain endeavours tired; and by his own,
And by his nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

Long-wished—for sight, the Western
World appeared; •
And, when the ship was moored, I leaped
ashore
Indignantly—resolved to be a man,
Who, having o'er the past no power, would
live
No longer in subjection to the past,
With abject mind—from a tyrannic lord
Inviting penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may not cross
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round. — How bright
the sun,
The breeze how soft! Can anything pro-
duced
In the old World compare, thought I, for
power
And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold a
city
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these
To me, or I to them? As much at least
As he desires that they should be, whom winds
And waves have wafted to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.
Here may I roam at large; —my business is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel,
And, therefore, not to act—convinced that all
Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er
Beginning, ends in servitude—still painful,
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle

Appeared, of high pretensions,—unre-
proved
But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;
Big passions strutting on a petty stage;
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused.—But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and, to laugh
alone,
At a composing distance from the haunts
Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
For the gross spirit of mankind,—the one
That soonest fails to please, and quickestiest
turns
Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,
Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
Of her own passions; and to regions haste,
Whose shades have never felt the encroach-
ing axe,
Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
In combination, (wherefore else driven back
So far, and of his old inheritance
So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
More dignified, and stronger in himself;
Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
True, the intelligence of social art
Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
Than her destructive energies, attend
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained the top
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

1 See Note.
So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated woods
I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
(The sportive bird's companion in the grove)
Repeate'd, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,
I sympathis'd at leisure with the sound;
But that pure archetype of human greatness,
I found him not. There, in his steadfast
appeared
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure;
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

Enough is told! Here am I—ye have
heard
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek;
What from my fellow-beings I require,
And either they have not to give, or I
Lack virtue to receive; what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
Nor can regain. How languidly I look
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined—perhaps it hath been
said:—

But spare your pity, if there be in me
Aught that deserves respect: for I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless.—The tenor
Which my life holds, he readily may con-
ceive
Who'er hath stood to watch a mountain
brook
In some still passage of its course, and seen,
Within the depths of its capacious breast,
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure
sky;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward
lapse,
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature
charged
With the same pensive office; and make
known
Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and
quickly,
That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
Must he again encounter.—Such a stream

Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares
In the best quiet to her course allowed;
And such is mine,—save only for a hope
That my particular current soon will reach
The unfathomable gulf, where all is still!

BOOK FOURTH

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED

ARGUMENT

State of feeling produced by the foregoing
Narrative—A belief in a superintending Pro-
vidence the only adequate support under affliction
—Wanderer's ejaculation—Acknowledges the
difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immediate
sorrow—Exhortations—How received—Wan-
derer applies his discourse to that other cause of
depression in the Solitary's mind—Disappointment
from the French Revolution—States grounds of
hope, and insists on the necessity of patience and
fortitude with respect to the course of great
revolutions—Knowledge the source of tranquility
—Rural Solitude favourable to knowledge of the
inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and
ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exer-
tion and communion with Nature—Morbid
Solitude pitiable—Superstition better than apathy
—Apathy and destitution unknown in the infancy
of society—The various modes of Religion pre-
vented it—Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian,
Babylonian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of
belief—Solitary interposes—Wanderer points out
the influence of religious and imaginative feeling
in the humble ranks of society, illustrated from
present and past times—These principles tend to
recall exploded superstitions and popery—Wan-
derer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the
dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous
littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Re-
commends other lights and guides—Asserts the
power of the soul to regenerate herself; Solitary
asks how—Reply—Personal appeal—Exhortation
to activity of body renewed—How to commune
with Nature—Wanderer concludes with a legiti-
mate union of the imagination, affections, under-
standing, and reason—Effect of his discourse—
Evening; Return to the Cottage.

HERE closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
His mournful narrative—commenced
in
pain,
In pain commenced, and ended without
peace:
Yet tempered, not unfrequently, with strains
Of native feeling, grateful to our minds;
And yielding surely some relief to his,
While we sate listening with compassion due.

A pause of silence followed; then, with voice
That did not falter though the heart was moved,
The Wanderer said:—

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish fixed not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthy conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonour of his holy name.
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine!"

Then, as we issued from that covert nook,
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
To heaven:—"How beautiful this dome of sky;
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget thee here; where thou hast built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound
To worship, here, and everywhere—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted: wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
—Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in thee—
And let thy favour, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal?—powers depart,"
The grey-haired Wanderer stedfastly replied,
Answering the question which himself had asked,
"Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more that may not perish?—Thou, dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—thou, who didst wrap
the cloud
Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undis-  
turbed;  
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
Or from its death-like void, with punctual  
care,  
And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense  
And reason's stedfast rule—thou, thou alone  
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,  
Which thou includest, as the sea her waves:  
For adoration thou endur'st; endure  
For consciousness the motions of thy will;  
For apprehension those transcendent truths  
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws  
(Submission constituting strength and power)  
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!  
This universe shall pass away—a work  
Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,  
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.  
Ah! if the time must come, in which my  
feet  
No more shall stray where meditation leads,  
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy  
wild,  
Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned  
Mind  
May yet have scope to range among her  
own,  
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.  
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
What visionary powers of eye and soul  
In youth were mine; when, stationed on  
the top  
Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld  
The sun rise up, from distant climes re-  
turned  
Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring  
the day  
His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the  
deep  
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds  
Attended; then, my spirit was entranced  
With joy exalted to beatitude;  
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,  
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with  
light,  
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!  

Those fervent raptures are for ever flown;  
And, since their date, my soul hath under-  
gone  

Change manifold, for better or for worse:  
Yet cease I not to struggle, and aspire  
Heavenward; and chide the part of me that  
flags,  
Through sinful choice; or dread necessity  
On human nature from above imposed.  
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
Earth to despise; but, to converse with  
heaven—  
This is not easy:—to relinquish all  
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
And stand in freedom loosened from this  
world,  
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess  
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame  
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;  
And the most difficult of tasks to keep  
Heights which the soul is competent to  
gain.  
—Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,  
Which, when they should sustain themselves  
s aloft,  
Want due consistence; like a pillar of  
smoke,  
That with majestic energy from earth  
Rises; but, having reached the thinner air,  
Melts, and dissolves, and is no longer seen.  
From this infirmity of mortal kind  
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not; at  
least,  
If grief be something hallowed and ordained,  
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,  
Yet, through this weakness of the general  
heart,  
Is it enabled to maintain its hold  
In that excess which conscience disapproves.  
For who could sink and settle to that point  
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be  
As long and perseveringly to mourn  
For any object of his love, removed  
From this unstable world, if he could fix  
A satisfying view upon that state  
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,  
Which reason promises, and holy writ  
Ensures to all believers?—Yet mistrust  
Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
No natural branch; despacency far less;  
And, least of all, is absolute despair.  
—And, if there be whose tender frames  
have drooped  
Even to the dust; apparently, through  
weight  
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power  

1 See Note.
An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Deem not that proof is here of hope withheld
When wanted most; a confidence impaired
So pitiful, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning;—there—there lies
The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,
I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.

Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zel, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.

Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In all; in most, with superadded woes,

Idle temptations; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains?—
To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer—
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—conscience reverenced and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world.
—Endeavour thus to live; these rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat
Shall then be yours among the happy few
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air.

Sons of the morning. For your nobler part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chains,
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chased away;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave."

While, in this strain, the venerable Sage
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house we paced
A plot of greensward, seemingly preserved
By nature's care from wreck of scattered stones,
And from encroachment of encircling heath:
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious; as a stately deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used

1 See Note.
To tread for pastime, talking with his mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us; and the voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But, meenthought,
That he, whose fixed despondency had given
Impulse and motive to that strong discourse,
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed;
Shrinking from admonition, like a man
Who feels that to exhort is to reproach.
Yet not to be diverted from his aim,
The Sage continued:—

"For that other loss,
The loss of confidence in social man,
By the unexpected transports of our age
Carried so high, that every thought, which looked
Beyond the temporal destiny of the Kind,
To many seemed superfluous—as, no cause
Could e'er for such exalted confidence
Exist; so, none is now for fixed despair:
The two extremes are equally disowned
By reason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
You have been driven far as its opposite,
Between them seek the point wherein to build
Sound expectations. So doth he advise
Who shared at first the illusion; but was soon
Cast from the pedestal of pride by shocks
Which Nature gently gave, in woods and fields;
Nor unapproved by Providence, thus speaking
To the inattentive children of the world:
'Vainglorious Generation! what newpowers
On you have been conferred? what gifts, withheld
'From your progenitors, have ye received,
'Fit recompense of new desert? what claim
'Are ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
'For you should undergo a sudden change;
'And the weak functions of one busy day,
'Reclaiming and extirpating, perform
'What all the slowly-moving years of time,
'With their united force, have left undone?
'By nature's gradual processes be taught;
'By story be confounded! Ye aspire
'Rashly, to fall once more; and that false fruit,
'Which, to your overweening spirits, yields
'Hope of a flight celestial, will produce

'Misery and shame. But Wisdom of her sons
'Shall not the less, though late, be justified.'

'Such timely warning," said the Wanderer,
"gave
That visionary voice; and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the impious rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the good
To acts which they abhor; though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the law,
By which mankind now suffers, is most just.
For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsolated, I wait—in hope
To see the moment, when the righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which
Virtue
Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal seal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall our triumph be complete as theirs.
Yet, should this confidence prove vain, the wise
Have still the keeping of their proper peace;
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;
'Knowing the heart of man is set to be 1
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man! 2

1 See Note. 2 Daniel.
Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures,—to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
"The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unfit, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds; not merely those
That he may call his own, and which depend,
As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favour most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,
These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt; and much might recommend,
How much they might inspire and endear,
The loneliness of this sublime retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the discourse

Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the froward will and grovelling soul
Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark their placid state, who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress;
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find
Complacence there:—but wherefore this to you?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a 'feathery bunch,' seeds at your hand:
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
For the small wren to build in;—not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly; and soars,
Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers,
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Uphorne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves; and leaves the dark
Empurpled hills, conspicuously renewing
A proud communication with the sun
Low sunk beneath the horizon!—List!—I heard,
From yon huge breast of rock, a voice sent forth
As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again!"—The effect upon the soul was such
As he expressed: from out the mountain's heart
The solemn voice appeared to issue, startling
The blank air—for the region all around
Stood empty of all shape of life, and silent
Save for that single cry, the unanswered
bleat
Of a poor lamb—left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude!
He paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
Through consciousness that silence in such
place
Was best, the most affecting eloquence.
But soon his thoughts returned upon them-
selves,
And, in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
sumed.

"Ah! if the heart, too confidently raised,
Perchance too lightly occupied, or lulled
Too easily, despise or overlook
The vassalage that binds her to the earth,
Her sad dependence upon time, and all
The trepidations of mortality,
What place so destitute and void—but
there
The little flower her vanity shall check;
The trailing worm reprove her thoughtless
pride?

These craggy regions, these chaotic
wilde,
Does that benignity pervade, that warms
The mole contented with her darksome
walk
In the cold ground; and to the emmet
gives
Her foresight, and intelligence that makes
The tiny creatures strong by social league;
Supports the generations, multiplies
Their tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills—
Their labour, covered, as a lake with
waves;
Thousands of cities, in the desert place
Built up of life, and food, and means of
life!
Nor wanting here, to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
ship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?

More obviously the self-same influence rules
The feathered kinds; the fieldfare’s pensive
flock,
The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from afar,
Hovering above these inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
call
Up through the trenches of the long-drawn
valess
Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
That seek yon pool, and there prolong
their stay
In silent congress; or together roused
Take flight; while with their clang the air
resounds:
And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
Is the mute company of changeful clouds;
Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
The rainbow smiling on the fated storm;
The mild assemblage of the starry heavens;
And the great sun, earth’s universal lord:

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not
asked,
Large measure shall be dealt. Three sab-
bath-days
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
Of mere humanity, you clomb those heights;
And what a marvellous and heavenly show
Was suddenly revealed!—the swains moved
on,
And heeded not: you lingered, you per-
ceived
And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert.
You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves
Infest the thoughts: the languor of the
frame
Depresses the soul’s vigour. Quit your
couch—
Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed
from heaven
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through a
watch
Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
That run not parallel to nature's course.
Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain
Grace, be their composition what it may,
If but with hers performed; climb once again,
Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze
Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
That from your garden thither soars, to feed
On new-blown heath; let you commanding rock
Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the stone
Is thunder down the mountains; with all your might
Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer
Fly to those harbours, driven by hound and born
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit.
So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
A kindling eye:—accordant feelings rushed
Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit!—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; and while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the streams
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)

Descending from the region of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
"Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
From day to night, from night to day, pro-
longed!"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
The strain of transport, "whoso'er in youth
Has, through ambition of his soul, given way
To such desires, and grasped at such delight,
Shall feel congenial stirrings late and long,
In spite of all the weakness that life brings,
Its cares and sorrows; he, though taught to own
The tranquillising power of time, shall wake,
Wake sometimes to a noble restlessness—
Loving the sports which once he gloried in.

Compatriot, Friend, remote are Garry's hills,
The streams far distant of your native glen;
Yet is their form and image here expressed
With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
Wherever fancy leads; by day, by night,
Are various engines working, not the same
As those with which your soul in youth was moved,
But by the great Artificer endowed
With no inferior power. You dwell alone;
You walk, you live, you speculate alone;
Yet doth remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
For you a stately gallery maintain
Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,
Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
With no incurious eye; and books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will:
And music waits upon your skilful touch,
Sounds which the wandering shepherd from these heights
Hears, and forgets his purpose;—furnished thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be upraised?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man—
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours
Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
And unenlivened; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests—such a one hath need
Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
Food not unwholesome; earth and air correct
His morbid humour, with delight supplied
Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
—Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation; gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves in studied contrast—each,
For recreation, leading into each:
These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
And guard her fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,
And recognises ever and anon
The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse ' the dreadful appetite of death'? If tired with systems, each in its degree
Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
Let him build systems of his own, and smile
At the fond work, demolished with a touch;
If unreligious, let him be at once,
Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled
A pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge;
And daily lose what I desire to keep:
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch; and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my way;—
To this would rather bend than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
On outward things, with formal inference ends;
Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
At once—or, not recoiling, is perplexed—Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;
Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
On its own axis restlessly revolving,
Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth.

Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked; and when and wheresoe'er be moved,
Alone or mated, solitude was not.
He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice
Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared
Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Enkindled by the sun. He sate—and talked
With winged Messengers; who daily brought
To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love.—From those pure heights
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this sort
Have condescendingly been shadowed forth
Communications spiritually maintained,
And intuitions moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind—to banishment condemned
That flowing years repealed not: and distress
And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom
Of destitution;—solitude was not.
—Jehovah—shapeless Power above all
Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localised in heaven;
On earth, enshrined within the wandering ark;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from his throne
Between the Cherubim—on the chosen Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to dispense
Judgments, that filled the land from age to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;
And with amazement smote;—thereby to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged, sovereignty.
And when the One, ineffable of name, Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulfed; nor Man, The rational creature, left, to feel the weight
Of his own reason, without sense or thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mightier power:
Whether the Persian—zealous to reject Altar and image, and the inclusive walls
And roofs of temples built by human hands—
To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops,
With myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
Presented sacrifice to moon and stars,
And to the winds and mother elements,
And the whole circle of the heavens, for him
A sensitive existence, and a God,
With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise:
Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense
Yielding his soul, the Babylonian framed
For influence undefined a personal shape;
And, from the plain, with toil immense, upreared
Tower eight times planted on the top of tower;
That Belus, nightly to his splendid couch Descending, there might rest; upon that height
Pure and serene, diffused—to overlook Winding Euphrates, and the city vast
Of his devoted worshippers, far-stretched, With grove and field and garden interspersed;
Their town; and foodful region for support Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,
Beneath the concave of unclouded skies Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude, Looked on the polar star, as on a guide And guardian of their course, that never closed
His steadfast eye. The planetary Five With a submissive reverence they beheld; Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks, Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move
Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,
Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;
And, by their aspects, signifying works Of dim futurity, to Man revealed.
—The imaginative faculty was lord Of observations natural; and, thus Led on, those shepherds made report of stars
In set rotation passing to and fro, Between the orbs of our apparent sphere And its invisible counterpart, adorned With answering constellations, under earth, Removed from all approach of living sight But present to the dead; who, so they deemed, Like those celestial messengers beheld All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills, Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding shores,— Under a cope of sky more variable, Could find commodious place for every God, Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
From the surrounding countries, at the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,

As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;

Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show

Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite

Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt

Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a SPIRIT hung,

Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;

And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,

Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armed warrior; and in every grove

A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed, When piety more awful had relaxed.

—'Take, running river, take these locks of mine'—
Thus would the Votary say—'this severed hair,

'My vow fulfilling, do I here present,

'Thankful for my beloved child's return.

'Th'y banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod,

'Th'y murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph

'With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,

'And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields I'

And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed

Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose

Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;

That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There shall endure,—existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident;

From diminution safe and weakening age;
While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;

And countless generations of mankind Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.

But what is error?"—"Answer he who can!

The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:

"'Love, Hope, and Admiration,—are they not

Mad Fancy's favourite vassals? Does not life

Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust

Imagination's light when reason's fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?

—Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare

What error is; and, of our errors, which

Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats

Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,

With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?

"'Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,

"'That for this arduous office you possess
Some rare advantages. Your early days
A grateful recollection must supply

Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed

To dignify the humblest state.—Your voice
Hath, in my hearing, often testified
That poor men's children, they, and they alone,

By their condition taught, can understand
The wisdom of the prayer that daily asks
For daily bread. A consciousness is yours
How feelingly religion may be learned
In smoky cabins, from a mother's tongue—

Heard where the dwelling vibrates through din

Of the contiguous torrent, gathering strength,
At every moment—and, with strength, increase

Of fury; or, while snow is at the door,
Assaulting and defending, and the wind.

A sightless labourer, whistles at his work—
Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.

—The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,

On the green turf, a dial—to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
Throughout a long and lonely summer's day
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for moral things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.
Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature's wants, he knows how few they are,
And where they lie, how answered and appeared.
This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side
Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,
Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the score
Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to the heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
And those illusions, which excite the scorn
Or move the pity of unthinking minds,
Are they not mainly outward ministers
Of inward conscience? with whose service
They came and go, appeared and disappear,
Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate grief,
Or pride of heart abating: and, whence'er
For less important ends those phantoms move,
Who would forbid them, if their presence serve—
On thinly-peopled mountains and wild heaths,

Filling a space, else vacant—to exalt
The forms of Nature, and enlarge her powers?

Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
—in that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary
age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard,—
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!

The strain was aptly chosen; and I
could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noise-
less turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
stream
Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed:—
"'Tis well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth
was taught.
The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of
zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harboured them,—the souls retaining
yet
The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting
rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be
such—
How, think you, would they tolerate this
scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint
Anne;
And from long banishment recall Saint
Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinborough throne'd on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded
streets,

Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed, — "You have
turned my thoughts
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food,
Why?—for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they
moved,
A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived.
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their
hearts
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and
love;
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of
praise,
That through the desert rang. Though
favoured less,
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
Beyond their own poor natures and above
They looked; were humbly thankful for the
good
Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed; were gladsome,—and their
moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstepped the
Grave.

Now, shall our great Discoverers," he
exclaimed,
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason, less than these
obtained,
Though far misled? Shall men for whom
our age
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and work:
within,
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits—
Whom earth, at this late season, hath
produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose
pains
Have solved the elements, or analysed
The thinking principle—shall they in fact
Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
Renown, if their presumption make them
such?
Oh! there is laughter at their work in
heaven!
Inquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be unraised;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we
pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while littleness
May yet become more little; waging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls!

And if indeed there be
An all-pervading Spirit, upon whom
Our dark foundations rest, could he design
That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp which night
reveals;
That these—and that superior mystery
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it—should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised? Accuse me
not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with Nature three score
years,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men
Swayed by such motives, to such ends
employed;
Philosophers, who, though the human soul
Be of a thousand faculties composed,
And twice ten thousand interests, do yet
prize
This soul, and the transcendent universe,
No more than a mirror that reflects
To proud Self-love her own intelligence;
That one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
Of infinite Being, twinkling restlessly!

Nor higher place can be assigned to him
And his compeers—the laughing Sage of
France.—

Crowned was he, if my memory do not
err,
With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,
In sign of conquest by his wit achieved
And benefits his wisdom had conferred;
His stooping body tottered with wreaths of
flowers
Opprest, far less becoming ornaments
Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering
tree;
Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
And a most frivolous people. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we
found
Piled in a nook, through malice, as might
seem,
Among more innocent rubbish."—Speaking
thus,
With a brief notice when, and how, and
where,
We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man's
heart
Of unbenevolent aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle Friend,"
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
"You have known lights and guides better
than these.
Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatsoe'er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no
appeal
To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion? In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty.

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her
choice;

2 H
When youth's presumptuousness is mellowed down,
And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unreproved enjoyment; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air
Of meek repentance, waiting wall-flower scents
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.
O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
Who, when such good can be obtained,
would strive
To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past
For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset
With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
The vapoury phantoms of futurity?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an un-consuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporeal, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment — nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
"'But how begin? and whence?—' The Mind is free—
Resolve,' the haughty Moralist would say,
'This single act is all that we demand.'
Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
His natural wings! — To friendship let him turn
For succour; but perhaps he sits alone
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no more!
Religion tells of amity sublime
Which no condition can preclude; of One
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs.
But is that bounty absolute? — His gifts,
Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
For acts of service? Can his love extend
To hearts that own not him? Will showers of grace,
When in the sky no promise may be seen,
Fall to refresh a parched and withered land?
Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?"

In rueful tone,
With some impatience in his mien, he spake:
Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
To calm the Sufferer when his story closed;
I looked for counsel as unbending now;
But a discriminating sympathy
Stooped to this apt reply: —
"'As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-condemned.
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame;
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point, attainable by all—
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
Lies open; we have heard from you a voice
At every moment softened in its course
By tenderness of heart; have seen your eye,
Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven,
Kindle before us. — Your discourse this day.
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades
Of death and night, has caught at every turn
The colours of the sun. Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the imaginative Will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing!

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance
soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of eb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.

The estate of man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the heart.
Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
To rest upon their circumambient walls;
A temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering
air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned heights;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven, flying
Athatwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of sight—
An iron knell! with echoes from afar
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered!

But descending
From these imaginative heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
Where on the labours of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower,—and sea with ships
Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.

For, the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further; by contemplating these forms
In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern, how, through the various means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
Their duties from all forms; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps Departing not, for them shall be confirmed
The glorious habit by which sense is made Subservient still to moral purposes,

Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burthen of existence. Science then Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name:
For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch The processes of things, and serve the cause Of order and distinctness, not for this Shall it forget that its most noble use, Its most illustrious province, must be found In furnishing clear guidance, a support Not treacherous, to the mind's excursive power.
—So build we up the Being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking—in the soul of things We shall be wise perforce; and, while inspired By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled By strict necessity, along the path Of order and of good. Whate'er we see, Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine; Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength, Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
Poured forth with fervour in continuous stream,
Such as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
An Indian Chief discharges from his breast Into the hearing of assembled tribes,
In open circle seated round, and hushed As the unbreathing air, when not a leaf Stirs in the mighty woods.—So did he speak:
The words he uttered shall not pass away Dispersed, like music that the wind takes up
By snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten; No—they sank into me, the bounteous gift Of one whom time and nature had made wise,
Gracing his doctrine with authority Which hostile spirits silently allow;
Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life:
To hopes on knowledge and experience
built;
Of one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition; whence the Soul,
Though bound to earth by ties of pity and
love,
From all injurious servitude was free.

The Sun, before his place of rest were
reached,
Had yet to travel far, but unto us,
To us who stood low in that hollow dell,
He had become invisible,—a pomp
Leaving behind of yellow radiance spread
Over the mountain sides, in contrast bold
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less
Than those resplendent lights, his rich be-
quest;
A dispensation of his evening power.
—Adown the path that from the glen had
led
The funeral train, the Shepherd and his
Mate
Were seen descending:—forth to greet
them ran
Our little Page; the rustic pair approach;
And in the Matron's countenance may be
read
Plain indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong:
But we are kindly welcomed—promptly
served
With ostentatious zeal.—Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose;
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we
lay,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled
by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

BOOK FIFTH
THE PASTOR
ARGUMENT
Farewell to the Valley—Reflections—A large
and populous Vale described.—The Pastor's

Dwelling, and some account of him—Church
and Monuments.—The Solitary musing, and
where—Roused—In the Churchyard the Solitary
communicates the thoughts which had recently
passed through his mind—Lofty tone of the
Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to—
Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompany-
ing it, contrasted with the real state of human
life—Apology for the Rite—Inconsistency of the
best men—Acknowledgment that practice falls
far below the injunctions of duty as existing in
the mind—General complaint of a falling-off in
the value of life after the time of youth—Outward
appearances of content and happiness in degree
illusive—Pastor approaches—Appeal made to
him—His answer—Wanderer in sympathy with
him—Suggestion that the least ambitious en-
quirers may be most free from error—The Pastor
is desired to give some portraits of the living or
dead from his own observation of life among these
Mountains—And for what purpose—Pastor con-
sents—Mountain cottage—Excellent qualities of
its Inhabitants—Solitary expresses his pleasure;
but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this
kind—Feelings of the Priest before he enters
upon his account of persons interred in the
Churchyard— Graves of unbaptized Infants—
Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence—
Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived—
Profession of belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one
rude House,
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive
seat!
To the still influx of the morning light
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but
veiled
From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with
dark
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quietness profound!"

Upon the side
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of boldest stranger would
attempt,
Linger ing behind my comrades, thus I
breathed
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes;
The chain that would not slacken, was at
length
Snapt,—and, pursuing leisurely my way,  
How vain, thought I, is it by change of place  
To seek that comfort which the mind denies;  
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned  
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold  
Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate  
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint  
Might, by the promise that is here, be won  
To steal from active duties, and embrace  
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.  
—Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,  
Should be allowed a privilege to have  
Her anchorites, like piety of old;  
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained  
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside  
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few  
Living to God and nature, and content  
With that communion. Consecrated be  
The spots where such abide! But happier still  
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends  
That meditation and research may guide  
His privacy to principles and powers  
Discovered or invented; or set forth,  
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,  
In lucid order; so that, when his course  
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,  
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,  
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere  
Accompanied these musings; fervent thanks  
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;  
A choice that from the passions of the world  
Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat;  
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,  
Secluded, but not buried; and with song  
Cheering my days, and with industrious thought;  
With the ever-welcome company of books;  
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,  
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,  
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel  
Worn in the moorland, till I overtook  
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine  
Halting together on a rocky knoll,  
Whence the bare road descended rapidly  
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand  
In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man said,  
"The fragrant air its coolness still retains:  
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop  
The dewy grass; you cannot leave us now,  
We must not part at this inviting hour."  
He yielded, though reluctant; for his mind  
Instinctively disposed him to retire  
To his own covert; as a billow, heaved  
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.  
So we descend: and winding round a rock  
Attain a point that showed the valley—stretched  
In length before us; and, not distant far,  
Upon a rising ground a grey church-tower,  
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees.  
And towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond  
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed  
A copious stream with boldly-winding course;  
Here traceable, there hidden—there again  
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.  
On the stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared  
Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots;  
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,"  
Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,  
Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
Destroyed their unoffending commonwealth.  
A popular equality reigns here,  
Save for yon stately House beneath whose roof  
A rural lord might dwell."—"No feudal pomp,
Or power," replied the Wanderer, "to that House
Belongs, but there in his allotted Home Abides, from year to year, a genuine Priest, The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king Is styled, when most affectionately praised, The father of his people. Such is he; And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
To me some portion of a kind regard; And something also of his inner mind Hath he imparted—but I speak of him As he is known to all.

The calm delights Of unambitious piety he chose, And learning's solid dignity; though born Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends. Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew From academic bowers. He loved the spot—
Who does not love his native soil?—he prized The ancient rural character, composed Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed And undisguised, and strong and serious thought A character reflected in himself, With such embellishment as well beseems His rank and sacred function. This deep vale Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight, And one a turreted manorial hall Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors Have dwelt through ages, Patrons of this Cure.

To them, and to his own judicious pains, The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain, Ows that presiding aspect which might well Attract your notice; statelier than could else Have been bestowed, through course of common chance, On an unworthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way; Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen

Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile Stood open; and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the servile air, A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike The heart, in concert with that temperate awe And natural reverence which the place inspired.

Not raised in nice proportions was the pile, But large and massy; for duration built; With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld By naked rafters intricately crossed, Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,
All withered by the depth of shade above. Admonitory texts inscribed the walls, Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed; Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair
Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise, Was occupied by oaken benches ranged In seemly rows; the chancel only showed Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state By immemorial privilege allowed; Though with the Encirclement's special sanctity But ill according. An heraldic shield, Varying its tincture with the changeful light,

Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft A faded hatchment hung, and one by time Yet undiscoloured. A capacious pew Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;

And marble monuments were here displayed Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small

And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,
Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion—all
Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-
church,
And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honour was begun
In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crossed the
seas
His royal state to show, and prove his
strength
In tournament, upon the fields of France.
Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of a Knight
Tried in the sea-fights of the second Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay en-
tombed;
And, to the silent language giving voice,
I read,—how in his manhood's earlier day
He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found
One only solace—that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved
For her benign perfections; and yet more
Endeared to him, for this, that, in her state
Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's
regard,
She with a numerous issue filled his house,
Who threw, like plants, uninjured by the
storm
That laid their country waste. No need to
speak
Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their time,
And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old;
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed
In modest panegyric.

"These dim lines,
What would they tell?" said I,—but, from
the task
Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me; and, looking down the dark-
some aisle,
I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart; with curved arm reclined
On the baptismal font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost
In some abstraction;—gracefully he stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured form
That leans upon a monumental urn
In peace, from morn to night, from year to
year.

Him from that posture did the Sexton
rouse;
Who entered, humming carelessly a tune,
Continuation haply of the notes
That had beguiled the work from which he
came,
With spade and mattock o'er his shoulder
hung;
To be deposited, for future need,
In their appointed place. The pale Recline
Withdrew; and straight we followed,—to
a spot
Where sun and shade were intermixed; for
there
A broad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
From an adjoining pasture, overhung
Small space of that green churchyard with
a light
And pleasant awning. On the moss-grown
wall
My ancient Friend and I together took
Our seats; and thus the Solitary spake,
Standing before us:—

"Did you note the mien
Of that self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
Death's hireling, who scoops out his neigh-
bour's grave,
Or wraps an old acquaintance up in clay,
All unconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
Or plant a tree. And did you hear his
voice?
I was abruptly summoned by the sound
From some affecting images and thoughts,
Which then were silent; but crave utter-
ance now.

Much," he continued, with dejected look.
"Much, yesterday, was said in glowing
phrase,
Of our sublime dependencies, and hopes
For future states of being; and the wings
Of speculation, joyfully outspread,
Hovered above our destiny on earth:
But stoop, and place the prospect of the soul
In sober contrast with reality,
And man's substantial life. If this mute
earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every
grave
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoil, stricken with sorrow and shame,
To see disclosed, by such dread proof, how ill
That which is done accords with what is known
To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.
Mark the babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing world;
One that hath barely learned to shape a smile,
Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger—to let fall a tear;
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep dissolves,
To stretch his limbs, bemoaning, as might seem,
The outward functions of intelligent man;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
His expectations, and announce his claims
To that inheritance which millions rue
That they were ever born to! In due time
A day of solemn ceremonial comes;
When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintily adorned,
At the baptismal font. And when the pure
And consecrating element hath cleansed
The original stain, the child is there received
Into the second ark, Christ's church, with trust
That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float
Over the billows of this troublesome world
To the fair land of everlasting life.
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced; high as the thought of man
Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;
A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unremitting progress to ensure
In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"
Here interposing fervently I said,
"Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn
Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erstwhile in majesty
He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 'tis given him to descry;
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
May be, through pains and persevering hope,
Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered
—"no;"
The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue prove,
Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But, oh!
If to be weak is to be wretched—miserable,
As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,
Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive power,—
That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps
And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;
That tempts, emboldens—for a time sustains,
And then betrays; accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment; and so retreads
The inevitable circle: better far
Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,
By foresight or remembrance, undisturbed!

Philosophy! and thou more vaunted name
Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity—from the visible world
Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find
Of safest guidance or of firmest trust—
The torch, the star, the anchor; nor except
The cross itself, at whose unconscious feet
The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears,
And through that conflict seeking rest—of
you,
High-titled Powers, am I constrained to
ask,
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky
In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet
A subterranean magazine of bones,
In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be
laid,
Where are your triumphs? your dominion
where?
And in what age admitted and confirmed?
—Not for a happy land do I enquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
To your serene authorities conform;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion’s crooked
ways,
Inspired, and thoroughly fortified?—If the
heart
Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,
Who shall be named—in the resplendent
line
Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
Whom the best might of faith, wherever
fixed,
For one day’s little compass, has preserved
From painful and discreditable shocks
Of contradiction, from some vague desire
Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse
To some unsanctioned fear?"

"If this be so,
And Man," said I, "be in his noblest
shape
Thus pitiably infirm; then, he who made,
And who shall judge the creature, will
forgive.
—Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint
Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:
For, from this pregnant spot of ground,
such thoughts
Rise to the notice of a serious mind
By natural exhalation. With the dead
In their repose, the living in their mirth,
Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round
Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,
Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
As if the sunshine of the day were met
With answering brightness in the hearts
of all
Who walk this favoured ground. But
chance-regards,
And notice forced upon incurious ears;
These, if these only, acting in despite
Of the encomiums by my Friend pronounced
On humble life, forbid the judging mind
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
And noiseless commonwealth. The simple
race
Of mountaineers (by nature’s self removed
From foul temptations, and by constant
care
Of a good shepherd tended as themselves
Do tend their flocks) partake man’s general
lot
With little mitigation. They escape,
Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt; feel
not
The tedium of fantastic idleness:
Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;
That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,
And pleasant interests—for the sequel
leaving
Old things repeated with diminished grace;
And all the laboured novelties at best
Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
Evince the want and weakness whence they
spring:"

While in this serious mood we held dis-
course,
The reverend Pastor toward the church-
yard gate
Approached; and, with a mild respectful air
Of native cordialty, our Friend
Advanced to greet him. With a gracious
mien
Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
Awhile they stood in conference, and I
guess
That he, who now upon the mossy wall
Sat by my side, had vanished, if a wish
Could have transferred him to the flying
clouds,
Or the least penetrable hiding-place
In his own valley’s rocky guardianship.
—For me, I looked upon the pair, well
pleased:

Nature had framed them both, and both
were marked
By circumstance, with intermixture fine
Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
Though somewhat past the fulness of his
prime,
The other—like a stately sycamore,
That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied
shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and
soon
The Pastor learned that his approach had
given
A welcome interruption to discourse
Grave, and in truth too often sad.—“Is Man
A child of hope? Do generations press
On generations, without progress made?
Halts the individual, ere his hairs be grey,
Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good
Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
Acknowledge reason’s law? A living
power
Is virtue, or no better than a name,
Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
So that the only substance which remains,
(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
Among so many shadows, are the pains
And penalties of miserable life,
Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
—Our cogitations, this way have been
drawn,
These are the points,” the Wanderer said,
“on which
Our inquest turns.—Accord, good Sir!
the light
Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
That frets, or languishes, be stilled and
cheered:"

“Our nature,” said the Priest, in mild
reply,
“Angels may weigh and fathom: they
perceive,
With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
That speculative height we may not reach.
The good and evil are our own; and we
Are that which we would contemplate from
far.
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain—
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep—
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these alone
Are capable to notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest boast,
Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man
An effort only, and a noble aim;
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,
Still to be courted—never to be won.
—Look forth, or each man dive into himself;
What sees he but a creature too perturbed;
That is transported to excess; that yearns,
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?
Thus comprehension fails, and truth is missed;
Thus darkness and delusion round our path
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
Within the very faculty of sight.

Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason's law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths,
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too inffim to reach. But, waiving this,
And our regards confining within bounds
Of less exalted consciousness, through which
The very multitude are free to range,
We safely may affirm that human life
Is either fair and tempting, a soft scene
Grateful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
Or a forbidden tract of cheerless view;
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.
Thus, when in changeful April fields are white
With new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
Hath gained his noontide height, this churchyard, filled
With mounds transversely lying side by side
From east to west, before you will appear
An unillumined, blank, and dreary plain.
With more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye.
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
—This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its two-fold aspect! wintry—one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring."

"'We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus
With a complacent animation spake.
"'And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's repose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives.
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere
I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect
To outward argument; the passive will
Meek to admit; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and
f
To keep and cherish? how shall man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul?
Wise in that union, and without it blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not obtain
The ingenuous mind, apt to be set aright;
This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
Declared at large; and by what exercise
From visible nature, or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation brought
To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is sought so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?
The natural roof of that dark house in which
His soul is pent! How little can be known—
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err—
This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!
And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
Whom a benign necessity compels
To follow reason's least ambitious course;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And unmindful of a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread."

"'Yes," buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Rechuse—"praise to the sturdy plough,
And patient spade; praise to the simple crook,
And ponderous loom—resounding while it holds
Body and mind in one captivity;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honour; which, encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart! —Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that
force,
By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance; you would I extol,
Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude—in those
Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest con-
tent.
—Would I had ne'er renounced it!"

A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek; but, at this closing turn
Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
"'That which we feel we utter; as we think
So have we argued; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
"Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help? The mine of real life
Dig for us; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of airy alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There lies
Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner heart:
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what man
He is who cultivates yon hanging field;
What qualities of mind she bears, who comes,
For morn and evening service, with her pail,
To that green pasture; place before our sight
The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel; or in that
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends.
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,¹
And have the dead around us, take from them
Your instances; for they are both best known,
And by frail man most equitably judged.
Epitomise the life; pronounce, you can,
Authentic epitaphs on some of these

¹ See Note.
Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,
Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet:
So, by your records, may our doubts be solved;
And so, not searching higher we may learn
To prize the breath we share with human kind;
And look upon the dust of man with awe."

The Priest replied—"An office you impose
For which peculiar requisites are mine;
Yet much, I feel, is wanting—else the task
Would be most grateful. True indeed it is
That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with these
The future cannot contradict the past:
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone; the transit made that shows
The very Soul, revealed as she departs.
Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,
Ere we descend into these silent vaults,
One picture from the living.
You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain,
dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck
Bright as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;
And such it might be deemed—a sleeping sunbeam;
But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,
Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;
And that attractive brightness is its own.
The lofty site, by nature framed to tempt
Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones
The tiller's hand, a hermit might have chosen,
For opportunity presented, thence
Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land
And ocean, and look down upon the works,
The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon green fields;
And no such visionary views belong
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long have dwelt
A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in front.
Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top;
A rough abode—in colour, shape, and size,
Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and contrived
to elude
The eye of roving plunderer—for their need
Suffices; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong South-west.
In anger blowing from the distant sea.
—Alone within her solitary hut;
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found.
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it. She beguiles
By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's; with success
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,
Until the expected hour at which her Mate
From the far-distant quarry's vault returns;
And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind,
In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair.
But true humility descends from heaven;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen on them;
Abundant recompense for every want.
—Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!
Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear
The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace;
And recommending for their mutual need
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!"

"Much was I pleased," the grey-haired Wanderer said,
"When to those shining fields our notice first
You turned; and yet more pleased have
from your lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement; whither, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A tried way-faring man, once I was brought
While traversing alone yon mountain pass.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell,
And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
So hazardous that feet and hands became
Guides better than mine eyes—until a
light
High in the gloom appeared, too high,
methought,
For human habitation; but I longed
To reach it, destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadiness as sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower’s distant lamp,
And saw the light—now fixed—and shifting now—
Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.
It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
Thought I—some friendly covert must be
near.
With this persuasion thitherward my steps
I turn, and reach at last the guiding light;
Joy to myself! but to the heart of her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue
hath praised)
Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
Cased, when she learned through what
mishap I came,
And by what help had gained those distant fields.
Drawn from her cottage, on that aéry height,
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home,
By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whensoe’er untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground. ‘But
come,
Come,’ said the Matron, ‘to our poor
abode;
Those dark rocks hide it!’ Entering, I
beheld
A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down; and to her office, with leave
asked,
The Dame returned.
Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder’s hand
Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, made the evening’s
treat:
Need a bewildered traveller wish for more?
But more was given; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man’s form, and face
Not less than beautiful; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honoured once, those features and that
mien
May have descended, though I see them
here.
In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless mind
Cannot but notice among men and things)
Went with me to the place of my repose.

Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of
day,
I yet had risen too late to interchange
A morning salutation with my Host,
Gone forth already to the far-off seat
Of his day’s work. ‘Three dark mid-winter
months
‘Pass,’ said the Matron ‘and I never see,
‘Save when the sabbath brings its kind
release,
‘My Helpmate’s face by light of day. He
quits
‘His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
‘And, through Heaven’s blessing, thus we
gain the bread
For which we pray; and for the wants provide
Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.
Companions have I many; many friends,
Dependants, comforters—my wheel, my fire,
All day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
The cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
And the wild birds that gather round my porch.
This honest sheep-dog's countenance I read;
With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word.
On creatures less intelligent and shrewd.
And if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
Care not for me, he lingers round my door,
And makes me pastime when our tempers suit;—
But, above all, my thoughts are my support,
My comfort,—would that they were oftener fixed
On what, for guidance in the way that leads
To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught.
The Matron ended—nor could I forbear
To exclaim—'O happy! yielding to the law
Of these privations, richer in the main!—
While thankless thousands are opprest and clogged
By ease and leisure; by the very wealth
And pride of opportunity made poor;
While tens of thousands falter in their path,
And sink, through utter want of cheering light;
For you the hours of labour do not flag;
For you each evening hath its shining star,
And every sabbath-day its golden sun.'"

"Yes!" said the Solitary with a smile
That seemed to break from an expanding heart,
"The untutored bird may found, and so construct,
And with such soft materials line, her nest
Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.
Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
Shares with her species, nature's grace sometimes
Upon the individual doth confer,
Among her higher creatures born and trained
To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
Of the ostentatious world—a swelling stage
With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
And from the private struggles of mankind
Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
Far less than once I trusted and believed—
I love to hear of those, who, not contending
Nor summoned to contend for virtue's prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,
Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
Into their contraries the petty plagues
And hindrances with which they stand beset.
In early youth, among my native hills,
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about under the mouldering walls
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance.
As if the moon had showered them down in spite.
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones
'A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,
'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding dews
'And damps, through all the droughty summer day
'From out their substance issuing, maintain
'Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up
'So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!' But thinly sown these natures; rare, at least,
The mutual aptitude of seed and soil
That yields such kindly product. He
Whose bed
Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner
THE PASTOR

Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
If living now, could otherwise report
Of rustic loneliness: that grey-haired
Orphan—
So call him, for humanity to him
No parent was—feelingly could have told,
In life, in death, what solitude can breed
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
—But your compliance, Sir! with our
request
My words too long have hindered.”

Undeterred,
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition, given
To the confiding spirit of his own
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor
said,
Around him looking; “Where shall I
begin?
Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
He passed—and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down
again
Upon the earth beneath his feet; and
spake:—

“To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to faith
In him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reasoning mandates: and the hopes
divine
Of pure imagination;—above all,
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this
hollow vale,
Whether their course be turbulent or
smooth,
Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

And blest are they who sleep; and we
that know,

While in a spot like this we breathe and
walk,
That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-
field,
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange
spectacle!
A dismal prospect yields the wild shore
strewn
With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and
old
Wandering about in miserable search
Of friends or kindred, whom the angry sea
Restores not to their prayer! Ah! who
would think
That all the scattered subjects which com-
pose
Earth’s melancholy vision through the space
Of all her climes—these wretched, these
deprieved,
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the oppressor and the oppressed;
Tyrrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be destroyed—
Were of one species with the sheltered few,
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,
Lodged, in a dear appropriated spot,
This file of infants; some that never breathed
The vital air; others, which, though allowed
That privilege, did yet expire too soon,
Or with too brief a warning, to admit
Administration of the holy rite
That lovingly consigns the babe to the arms
Of Jesus, and his everlasting care.
These that in trembling hope are laid apart;
And the besprinkled nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering little-one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless, school-boy; the
bold youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her; those of middle
age,
Cast down while confident in strength they
stand,
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem,

21
And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the de-
cayed
And burthensome; and lastly, that poor few
Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest
spared—
Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one
should die;' 1
Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke—and blessed.

And whence that tribute? wherefore these
regards? 1
Not from the naked Heart alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon
earth,
As the sole spring and fountain-head of
tears,
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness)—No," the philosophic Priest
Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and
pure;
With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his
sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look to
heaven;
The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which
the WORD,
To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail:
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus
maintained;
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the
shocks
The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high truths
In solemn institutions:—men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element,
There lies the channel, and original bed,

From the beginning, hollowed out and
scopped
For Man's affections—else betrayed and
lost,
And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and per-
verse.
The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained.
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless
joy."

BOOK SIXTH
THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE
MOUNTAINS

ARGUMENT
Poet's Address to the State and Church of
England—The Pastor not inferior to the ancient
Worshippers of the Church—He begins his Narra-
tives with an instance of unrequited Love—
Anguish of mind subdued, and how—The lonely
Miner—An instance of perseverance—Which
leads by contrast to an example of abused talents,
irresolution, and weakness—Solitary, applying
this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance
of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have
led him to end his days here—Pastor, in answer,
gives an account of the harmonising influence of
Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who
had encountered agitations in public life—The
rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed,
and where—Solitary hints at an overpowering
Fatality—Answer of the Pastor—What subjects
he will exclude from his Narratives—Conversa-
tion upon this—Instance of an unamiable char-
acter, a Female, and why given—Contrasted with
this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and
betrayed love—Instance of heavier guilt, and its
consequences to the Offender—With this instance
of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one
of a Widow, evidencing his faithful affection
towards his deceased wife by his care of their
female Children.

HAIL to the crown by Freedom shaped—
to gird
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the
throne
THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom cemented;
By the hands of Wisdom reared in beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent and unrequited. The voice, that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This Favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose silent finger points to heaven; 1
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may never
That true succession fall of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit;
Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

The Poet, fostering for his native land
Such hope, entreats that servants may abound

1 See Note.

Of those pure altars worthy; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
Superior, insusceptible of pride;
And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
Men, whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day
Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
Which makes the sabbath lovely in the sight
Of blessed angels, pitying human cares.
—And, as on earth it is the doom of truth
To be perpetually attacked by foes
Open or covert, be that priesthood still,
For her defence, replenished with a band
Of strenuous champions, in scholastic arts
Thoroughly disciplined; nor (if in course
Of the revolving world's disturbances
Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!
To meet such trial) from their spiritual stres
Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
With hostile din, and combating in sight
Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;
And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,
So to declare the conscience satisfied:
Nor for their bodies would accept release;
But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed
With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
The faith which they by diligence had earned,
Or, through illuminating grace, received,
For their dear countrymen, and all mankind.
O high example, constancy divine!

Even such a Man (inheriting the zeal
And from the sanctity of elder times
Not deviating,—a priest, the like of whom
If multiplied, and in their stations set,
Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)
Before me stood that day; on holy ground
Fraught with the relics of mortality,
Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;
The head and mighty paramount of truths,—
Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
Announced, as a preparatory act
Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;
Not, as before, like one oppressed with awe
But with a mild and social cheerfulness;
Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"'At morn or eve, in your retired domain,
Perchance you not unfrequently have marked
A Visitor—in quest of herbs and flowers;
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mien,
Had yet from nature's kindliness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labour bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed
Each other's path; but, as the Intruder seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadows. I have heard,
From my good Host, that being crazed in brain
By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted woods,
In hope to find some virtuous herb of power
To cure his malady!"

"'Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here: for him
That open grave is destined.'

"Died he then
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,
"Do not believe it; never could that be!"

"'He loved,'" the Vicar answered,
"deeply loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;
Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty wears
In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to kick
Humiliation, when no longer free.
That he could brook, and glory in;—but when
The tidings came that she whom he had wooed
Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth
An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer
Say
That in the act of preference he had been
Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!
Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils—ah no!
She lives another's wishes to complete.—
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
'His lot and hers, as misery must be mine'

Such was that strong concussion; but the Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge oak
By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
The stedfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements, circumspect and slow.
To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had loved
To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,
Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth
With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign appeared
Till a betraying sickness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept
With slow mutation unconcealable;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove,
Discoloured, then divested.
'Tis affirmed
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery;—and the good Man lacked not friends
Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,
A mind in all heart-mysteries universed.
'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while
'This baneful diligence:—at early morn
'Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods;
'And, leaving it to others to foretell,
'By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
'Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,
'Do you, for your own benefit, construct
'A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow
'Where health abides, and cheerfulness,
and peace.'
The attempt was made;—'tis needless to report
How hopelessly; but innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven;
That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace divine;
And doth commend their weakness and disease
To Nature's care, assisted in her office
By all the elements, that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to restore;
And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above; or pure
Delight exhal ing from the ground they tread.'

"Impute it not to impatience, if," exclaimed
The Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed
By perseverance in the course prescribed."

'You do not err: the powers, that had been lost
By slow degrees, were gradually regained;
The fluttering nerves composed; the beating heart
In rest established; and the jarring thoughts
To harmony restored.—But you dark mould
Will cover him, in the fulness of his strength,
Hastily smitten by a fever's force;
Yet not with stroke so sudden as refused
Time to look back with tenderness on her
Whom he had loved in passion; and to send
Some farewell words—with one, but one, request;
That, from his dying hand, she would accept
Of his possessions that which most he prized;
A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants,
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved;
Mute register, to him, of time and place,
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To her, a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained!

Close to his destined habitation, lies
One who achieved a humbler victory,
Though marvellous in its kind. A place there is
High in these mountains, that allured a band
Of keen adventurers to unite their pains
In search of precious ore: they tried, were failed—
And all desisted, all, save him alone.
He, taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
And trusting only to his own weak hands,
Urged unremittingly the stubborn work,
Unsecon ded, uncountenanced; then, as time
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found
No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind;
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound;
Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
—But when the lord of seasons had matured
The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,
The mountain's entrails offered to his view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.
Not with more transport did Columbus greet
A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked
With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight walked
Giddy and restless; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;
And truly might be said to die of joy!
He vanished; but conspicuous to this day
The path remains that linked his cottage-door
To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting track,
Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The darksome centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
And it is named, in memory of the event,
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom
Man has his strength," exclaimed the Wanderer, "oh!
Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of hope;
That, like this Labourer, such may dig
their way,
'Unshaken, unsecured, unterrified,'
Grant to the wise his firmness of resolve!"

"That prayer were not superfluous," said the Priest,
"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds
Within the bosom of her awful pile,
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due
to all,
Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark; a sigh of pain
If to the opposite extreme they sank.
How would you pity her who yonder rests;
Him, farther off; the pair, who here are laid;
But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould
Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind
Recalls!
He lived not till his locks were nipped
By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Polly hath usurped
The natural crown that sage Experience wears.
Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise—
Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth put on;
And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
That writes and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth
and still
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
And not a flower, that droops in the green
shade,
More winningly reserved! If ye enquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice;
'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes undertakes,
For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
Hence, for this Favourite—lavishly endowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctive wit,
While both, embellishing each other, stood
Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanour, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters—every fancy shaped
Fair expectations; nor, when to the world's
Capeacious field forth went the Adventurer, there
Were he and his attainments overlooked,
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes, Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,
Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked land
Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drops
That sparkling decked the morning grass;
or aught
That was attractive, and hath ceased to be!

Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites
Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,
Who, by humiliation undeterred,
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates.—Whence came he?—clothed
In tattered garb, from hovels where abides
Necessity, the stationary host  
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns  
Where no one dwells but the wide-staring  
owl  
And the owl’s prey; from these bare haunts,  
to which  
He had descended from the proud saloon,  
He came, the ghost of beauty and of health,  
The wreck of gaiety! But soon revived  
In strength, in power refitted, he renewed  
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again  
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,  
Thrice sank as willingly. For he—whose  
nerve  
Were used to thrill with pleasure, while his  
voice  
Softly accompanied the tuneful harp,  
By the nice finger of fair ladies touched  
In glittering halls—was able to derive  
No less enjoyment from an abject choice.  
Who happier for the moment—who more  
blest  
Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary  
holds  
His talents lending to exalt the freaks  
Of merry-making beggars,—nor provoked  
To laughter multiplied in louder peals  
By his malicious wit; then, all enchained  
With mute astonishment, themselves to see  
In their own arts outdone, their fame  
eclipsed,  
As by the very presence of the Fiend  
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,  
For knavish purposes! The city, too,  
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers  
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect  
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,  
Hired ministrs of voluptuous blamishment;  
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,  
Listen who would, be wrought upon who  
might,  
Sincerely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.  
—Such the too frequent tenor of his boast  
In ears that relished the report;—but all  
Was from his Parents happily concealed;  
Who saw enough for blame and pitying  
love,  
They also were permitted to receive  
His last, repentant breath; and closed his  
eyes,  
No more to open on that irksome world  
Where he had long existed in the state  
Of a young fowl beneath one mother  
hatched,  

Though from another sprung, different in  
kind:  
Where he had lived, and could not cease  
to live,  
Distracted in propensity; content  
With neither element of good or ill;  
And yet in both rejoicing; man unblest;  
Of contradictions infinite the slave,  
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made him  
One with himself, and one with them that  
sleep.”  

"'Tis strange," observed the Solitary,  
"strange  
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,  
That in a land where charity provides  
For all that can no longer feed themselves,  
A man like this should choose to bring his  
shame  
To the parental door; and with his sighs  
Inflict the air which he had freely breathed  
In happy infancy. He could not pine,  
Through lack of converse; no—he must  
have found  
Abundant exercise for thought and speech,  
In his dividual being, self-reviewed,  
Self-catechised, self-punished.—Some there  
are  
Who, drawing near their final home, and  
much  
And daily longing that the same were  
reached,  
Would rather shun than seek the fellowship  
Of kindred mould.—Such haply here are  
laid?"  

"Yes," said the Priest, "'the Genius of  
our hills—  
Who seems, by these stupendous barriers  
cast  
Round his domain, desirous not alone  
To keep his own, but also to exclude  
All other progeny—doth sometimes lure,  
Even by his studied depth of privacy,  
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain  
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,  
In place from outward molestation free,  
Helps to internal ease. Of many such  
Could I discourse; but as their stay was  
brief,  
So their departure only left behind  
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other  
trace  
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several fates,
Meeting as strangers, in a petty town
Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust
To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unescutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the family vault.—A Chieftain one
By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed
The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,
With his brave sword endeavoured to prevent
Culloden’s fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
For his obscure condition, an obscure Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain’s southern tract,
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where they placed them who in conscience prized
The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of papacy
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
On the distempered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
Or late, a perilous master. He—who oft,
Beneath the battlements and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralised on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied—
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune’s bitterness,

When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain’s senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
And while the uproar of that desperate strife
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,
(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) sunk from the world
To the deep shade of those untravelled
Wilds;
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they met,
Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sustained,
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause; no,—I have heard
My reverend Father tell that, ‘mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus, they filled,
Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife;
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church;
And vexed the market-place. But in the breasts
Of these opponents gradually was wrought,
With little change of general sentiment.
Such leaning towards each other, that their days
By choice were spent in constant fellowship; And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love it more.

A favourite boundary to their lengthened walks
This Churchyard was. And, whether they had come
Treading their path in sympathy and linked
In social converse, or by some short space
Discreetly parted to preserve the peace,
One spirit seldom failed to extend its sway
Over both minds, when they awhile had marked
The visible quiet of this holy ground, 
And breathed its soothing air:—the spirit 
of hope 
And saintly magnanimity; that—spurning 
The field of selfish difference and dispute, 
And every care which transitory things, 
Earth and the kingdoms of the earth, 
create—
Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness, 
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred, 
Which else the Christian virtue might have 
claimed.

There live who yet remember here to 
have seen 
Their courtly figures, seated on the stump 
Of an old yew, their favourite resting-place. 
But as the remnant of the long-lived tree 
Was disappearing by a swift decay, 
They, with joint care, determined to erect, 
Upon its site, a dial, that might stand 
For public use preserved, and thus survive 
As their own private monument: for this 
Was the particular spot, in which they wished 
(And Heaven was pleased to accomplish 
the desire) 
That, undivided, their remains should lie. 
So, where the moulder'd tree had stood, 
was raised 
Yon structure, framing, with the ascent of 
steps 
That to the decorated pillar lead, 
A work of art more sumptuous than might seem 
To suit this place; yet built in no proud 
scorn 
Of rustic homeliness; they only aimed 
To ensure for it respectful guardianship. 
Around the margin of the plate, whereon 
The shadow falls to note the stealthy hours, 
Winds an inscriptive legend."—At these 
words 
Thither we turned; and gathered, as we read, 
The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers 
couched:
'Time flies; it is his melancholy task, 
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes, 
And reproduce the troubles he destroys. 
But, while his blindness thus is occupied, 
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will 
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace, 
Which the world wants, shall be for thee 
confirmed!'

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered 
Muse,"
Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of 
thought 
Accords with nature's language;—the soft 
voice 
Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks 
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect. 
If, then, their blended influence be not lost 
Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant, 
Even upon mine, the more are we required 
To feel for those among our fellow-men, 
Who, offering no obesiance to the world, 
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a 
sense 
Of constant infelicity,' cut off 
From peace like exiles on some barren rock, 
Their life's appointed prison; not more free 
Than sentinels, between two armies, set, 
With nothing better, in the chill night air, 
Than their own thoughts to comfort them. 
Say why 
That ancient story of Prometheus chained 
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus; 
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast 
Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant 
the woes 
By Tantalus entailed upon his race, 
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes? 
Fictions in form, but in their substance 
truths, 
Tremendous truths! familiar to the men 
Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours. 
Exchange the shepherd's frock of native 
grey 
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert 
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp 
Of circumstance; and here the tragic Muse 
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art. 
Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills, 
The generations are prepared; the pangs, 
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread 
strife 
Of poor humanity's afflicted will 
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer, 
"these be terms 
Which a divine philosophy rejects, 
We, whose established and unfailing trust 
Is in controlling Providence, admit
That, through all stations, human life abounds
With mysteries;—for, if Faith were left untried,
How could the might, that lurks within her, then
Be shown? her glorious excellence—that ranks
Among the first of Powers and Virtues—proved?
Our system is not fashioned to preclude
That sympathy which you for others ask;
And I could tell, not travelling for my theme
Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes
And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.
—Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
Of Man degraded in his Maker’s sight
By the deformities of brutish vice:
For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face
And a coarse outside of repulsive life
And unassuming manners might at once
Be recognised by all” — “Ah! do not think,“
The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,
“Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,
(Gain shall I call it?—gain of what?—for whom?)
Should breathe a word tending to violate
Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for
In slight of that forbearance and reserve
Which common human-heartedness inspires,
And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.”

“True,” said the Solitary, “be it far From us to infringe the laws of charity.
Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced; This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this
Wisdom enjoins; but if the thing we seek Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind How, from his lofty throne, the sun can sling
Colours as bright on exhalations bred By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs, Or the pellucid lake.”

“Small risk,” said I.
“Of such illusion do we here incur; Temptation here is none to exceed the truth;
No evidence appears that they who rest Within this ground, were covetous of praise, Or of remembrance even, desired or not. Green is the Churchyard, beautiful and green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge. A heaving surface, almost wholly free From interruption of sepulchral stones, And mantled o’er with aboriginal turf And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen trust
The lingering gleam of their departed lives To oral record, and the silent heart; Depositories faithful and more kind Than fondest epitaph: for, if those fail, What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame, Who rather would not envy, men that fed This mutual confidence; if, from such source, The practice flow,—if thence, or from a deep And general humility in death?
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring From disregard of time’s destructive power, As only capable to prey on things Of earth, and human nature’s mortal part.
Yet—in less simple districts, where we see Stone lift its forehead emulous of stone In courting notice; and the ground all paved With commendations of departed worth: Reading, wherever we turn, of innocent lives, Of each domestic charity fulfilled, And sufferings weekly borne—I, for my part, Though with the silence pleased that here prevails, Among those fair recitals also range, Soothing by the natural spirit which they breathe. And, in the centre of a world whose soil Is rank with all unkindness, compassed round With such memorials, I have sometimes felt,
THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

It was no momentary happiness
To have one Enclosure where the voice that speaks
In envy or detraction is not heard;
Which malice may not enter; where the traces
Of evil inclinations are unknown;
Where love and pity tenderly unite
With resignation; and no jarring tone
Intrudes, the peaceful concert to disturb
Of amity and gratitude."

"Thus sanctioned," The Pastor said, "I willingly confine
My narratives to subjects that excite
Feelings with these accordant; love, esteeem,
And admiration; lifting up a veil,
A sunbeam introducing among hearts
Retrod and covert; so that ye shall have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature’s unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade.
And when
I speak of such among my flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.

And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not leave
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel—
These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul—
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course:
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the grey cottage by the murmuring stream
Than in fantastic conqueror’s roving camp,
Or ‘mid the factions senate, unappalled
Whose’er may sink, or rise—to sink again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

There," said the Vicar, pointing as he spake,
"A woman rests in peace; surpassed by few
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest towards earth,
But in projection carried, as she walked
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of one
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare
Of overpowering light.—While yet a child,
She, ‘mid the humble flowerets of the vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking
To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign queen,
Over her comrades; else their simple sports,
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.

—Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,
That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
Those brighter images by books impressed
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
That occupy their places, and, though oft Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honour, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious thirst;
And a strange thralldom of maternal love,
That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound—by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed—
To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.
—Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence. What could she perform
To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt.
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven’s blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
In ceaseless pains—and strictest parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared,
From each day’s need, out of each day’s least gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pile
Constructed, that sufficed for every end,
Save the contentment of the builder’s mind;
A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart deplored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now and lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained;
But never to be charmed to gentleness:
Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

A sudden illness seized her in the strength
Of life’s autumnal season.—Shall I tell
How on her bed of death the Matron lay,
To Providence submissive, so she thought;
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon, almost
To anger, by the malady that gripped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxing power,
As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb?
She prayed, she moaned;—her husband’s sister watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her needs;
And yet the very sound of that kind foot
Was anguish to her ears! ‘And must she rule,’
This was the death-doomed Woman heard to say
In bitterness, ‘and must she rule and reign,
‘Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone?’

‘Tend what I tended, calling it her own!’
Enough;—I fear, too much.—Oneernal evening,
While she was yet in prime of health and strength,
I well remember, while I passed her door
Alone, with loitering step, and upward eye
Turned towards the planet Jupiter that hung
Above the centre of the Vale, a voice
Roused me, her voice; it said, ‘That glorious star
‘In its untroubled element will shine
‘As now it shines, when we are laid in earth
‘And safe from all our sorrows.’ With a sigh
She spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
By faith in glory that shall far transcend
Aught by these perishable heavens disclosed
To sight or mind. Nor less than care divine
Is divine mercy. She, who had rebelled
Was into meekness softened and subdued;
Did, after trials not in vain prolonged,
With resignation sink into the grave;
And her uncharitable acts, I trust,
And harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven.
‘Tho’, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe.”

THE Vicar paused; and toward a seat advanced,
A long stone-seat, fixed in the Churchyard wall;
Part shaded by cool sycamore, and part
Offering a sunny resting-place to them
Who seek the House of worship, while the bells
Yet ring with all their voices, or before
The last hath ceased its solitary knoll.
Beneath the shade we all sate down; and there,
His office, uninvited, he resumed.

“As on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
Lurks in safe shelter from the winds of March,
Screened by its parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
Speaks for itself; an Infant there doth rest.
The sheltering hillock is the Mother’s grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that con-
ferred
A natural dignity on humblest rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and
distained
The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall
brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless
man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of
earth,
Shew to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an
echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby's precious
grave,
And on the very turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalen.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's
tears
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had
moved
In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning
dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind;
and yet,
By reconciliation exquisite and rare,
The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-
girl
Were such as might have quickened and
inspired
A Titan's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunter's earliest horn is
heard
Startling the golden hills.

A wide-spread elm
Stands in our valley, named The Joyful
Tree;
From dateless usage which our peasants
hold
Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk.—And if the sky
 Permit, like honours, dance and song, are
paid
To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty
stars
Or the clear moon. The queen of these
gay sports,
If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the
ground
So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were braided;—but this
praise,
Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself
beloved.
—The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.
Such fate was hers.—The last time Ellen
danced,
Among her equals, round The Joyful
Tree,
She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow,—
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.
It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost
length,
And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening
power
Winds pipe through fading woods; but
those blithe notes
Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.
—Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost
twig
A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked
perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with
leaves,
A time-beguilling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.
—'Ah why,' said Ellen, sighing to herself,
'Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn
pledge;
'And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
'And reason that in man is wise and good,
'And fear of him who is a righteous judge;
'Why do not these prevail for human life,
'To keep two hearts together, that began
'Their spring-time with one love, and that
have need
'Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
'To grant, or be received; while that poor
bird—
'O come and hear him! Thou who hast
to me
'Been faithless, bear him, though a lowly
creature,
'One of God's simple children that yet know
not
'The universal Parent, how he sings
'As if he wished the firmament of heaven
'Should listen, and give back to him the
voice
'Of his triumphant constancy and love;
'The proclamation that he makes, how far
'His darkness doth transcend our fickle
light!'

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Beddropped with tears. 'Twill please you to be told
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet
In lonely reading found a meek resource:
How thankful for the warmth of summer
days,
When she could slip into the cottage-barn,
And find a secret oratory there;
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book
By the last lingering help of the open sky
Until dark night dismissed her to her bed!
Thus did a wakening fancy sometimes lose
The unconquerable pang of despised love.

A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon
its face

She gazed as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of.
—joy
Far livelier than bewildered traveller feels.
Amid a perilous waste that all night long
Hath harassed him toiling through fearful
storm,
When he beholds the first pale speck rise
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, revealed,
And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Til this
hour,'
Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spoke:
'There was a stony region in my heart;
'But He, at whose command the parched
rock
'Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching
stream,
'Hath softened that obduracy, and made
'Unlooked-for gladness in the desert
place,
'To save the perishing; and, henceforth,
I breathe
'The air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
'My infant! and for that good Mother
dear,
'Who bore me; and hath prayed for me
in vain;—
'Yet not in vain; it shall not be in vain.'
She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled;
And if heart-rending thoughts would of
return,
They stayed not long.—The blameless
Infant grew
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
loved
They soon were proud of; tended it and
nursed;
A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant
lands;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may observe
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.

Through four months' space the Infant
drew its food
From the maternal breast; then scruples
rose;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
came and crossed
The fond affection. She no more could bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means: so, to that parent's care
Trusting her child, she left their common home,
And undertook with dutiful content
A foster-mother's office.

'Tis, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpair'd;
Yet, though such service be, with us, removed
From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungentle mind can easily find means
To impose severe restraints and laws unjust,
Which hapless Ellen now was doomed to feel:
For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
Of such excitement and divided thought
As with her office would but ill accord)
The pair, whose infant she was bound to nurse,
Forbade her all communion with her own:
Week after week, the mandate they enforced.

—So near! yet not allowed, upon that sight
To fix her eyes—alas! 'twas hard to bear!
But worse affliction must be borne—far worse;
For 'tis Heaven's will—that, after a disease
Begun and ended within three days' space,
Her child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,
Her own—deserted child!—Once, only once,
She saw it in that mortal malady;
And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
Permission to attend its obsequies.
She reached the house, last of the funeral train;
And some one, as she entered, having chanced
To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,
'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a spirit
Of anger never seen in her before,
'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down she sat,
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat

Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

You see the Infant's Grave; and to this spot,
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
On whatsoever errand, urged her steps:
Hither she came; here stood, and sometimes knelt
In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene!
So call her; for not only she bewailed
A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness
Her own transgression; penitent sincere
As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye?
—At length the parents of the foster-child,
Noting that in despite of their commands
She still renewed and could not but renew
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth;
Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined.
I failed not to remind them that they erred;
For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,
Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain I pleaded—
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped,
And the flower drooped; as every eye could see,
It hung its head in mortal languishment.
—Aided by this appearance, I at length
Prevailed; and, from those bonds released,
she went
Home to her mother's house.

The Youth was fled;
The rash betrayer could not face the shame
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had caused;
And little would his presence, or proof given
Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
For, like a shadow, he was passed away
From Ellen's thoughts; had perished to her mind
For all concerns of fear, or hope, or love,
Save only those which to their common shame,
And to his moral being appertained:
Hope from that quarter would, I know, have brought
A heavenly comfort; there she recognised
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;
There, and, as seemed, there only.
She had built,  
Her fond maternal heart had built, a nest  
In blindness all too near the river's edge;  
That work a summer flood with hasty swell  
Had swept away; and now her Spirit longed  
For its last flight to heaven's security.  
—The bodily frame wasted from day to day;  
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other cares,  
Her mind she strictly tutored to find peace  
And pleasure in endurance. Much she  
thought,  
And much she read; and brooded feelingly  
Upon her own unworthiness. To me,  
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,  
Her heart she opened; and no pains were  
spared  
To mitigate, as gently as I could,  
The sting of self-reproach, with healing  
words.  
Meek Saint! through patience glorified on  
earth!  
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,  
The ghastly face of cold decay put on  
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!  
May I not mention—that, within those  
walls,  
In due observance of her pious wish,  
The congregation joined with me in prayer  
For her soul's good? Nor was that office  
vain.  
—Much did she suffer; but, if any friend,  
Beholding her condition, at the sight  
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,  
She stilled them with a prompt reproof,  
and said,  
' He who afflicts me knows what I can bear;  
' And, when I fail, and can endure no more,  
' Will mercifully take me to himself.'  
So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit  
passed  
Into that pure and unknown world of love  
Where injury cannot come;—and here is  
laid  
The mortal Body by her Infant's side.'"  

The Vicar ceased; and downcast looks  
made known  
That each had listened with his inmost  
heart.  
For me, the emotion scarcely was less  
strong  
Or less benign than that which I had felt  
When seated near my venerable Friend,  
Under those shady elms, from him I heard  
The story that retraced the slow decline  
Of Margaret, sinking on the lonely heath  
With the neglected house to which she  
clung.  
—I noted that the Solitary's cheek  
Confessed the power of nature.—Pleased  
though sad,  
More pleased than sad, the grey-haired  
Wanderer sate;  
Thanks to his pure imaginative soul  
Capacious and serene; his blameless life,  
His knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and  
love  
Of human kind! He was it who first broke  
The pensive silence, saying:—  
"Blest are they  
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong  
Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have  
erred.  
This tale gives proof that Heaven most  
gently deals  
With such, in their affliction.—Ellen's fate,  
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart.  
Call to my mind dark hints which I have  
heard  
Of one who died within this vale, by doom  
Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.  
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the  
bones  
Of Wilfrid Armmathwaite?"

The Vicar answered,  
"In that green nook, close by the Church-  
yard wall,  
Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
In memory and for warning, and in sign  
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been  
known,  
Of reconciliation after deep offence—  
There doth be rest. No theme his fate  
supplies  
For the smooth gleanings of the indulgent  
world;  
Nor need the windings of his dexterous course  
Be here retraced;—enough that, by mishap  
And venial error, robbed of competence,  
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind.  
He craved a substitute in troubled joy;  
Against his conscience rose in arms, and  
braving  
Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-row.  
That which he had been weak enough to do  
Was misery in remembrance; he was stung.  
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the  
smiles
Of wife and children stung to agony.
Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;
Ranged through the mountains, slept upon
the earth,
asked comfort of the open air, and found
No quiet in the darkness of the night,
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
His flock he slighted: his paternal fields
Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
To fly—but whither? And this gracious
Church,
That wears a look so full of peace and hope
And love, benignant mother of the vale,
How fair amid her brood of cottages!
She was to him a sickness and reproach.
Much to the last remained unknown: but
this
Is sure, that through remorse and grief he
died;
Though pitied among men, absolved by
God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own
shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I
turn
And from her grave,—Behold—upon that
ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain
side,
Caries into the centre of the vale
its rocks and woods—the Cottage where
she dwelt
And where yet dwells her faithful Partner,
left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy family.
—Bright garland form they for the pensive
brow
Of their undrooping Father’s widowhood,
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet—
not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious
fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands as-
 sured,
That God, who takes away, yet takes not
half
Of what he seems to take; or gives it back,
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our
prayer;
He gives it—the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,
And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these
truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth,
or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorned
By nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover, then, a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.
Brought from the woods the honeysuckle
twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim
place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will
be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the
garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled
stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of
the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the
year,
A hardy Girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearless among the rocky heights,
Her Father’s prompt attendant, does for
him
All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath
she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a
space,
By sacred charter, holden for her use.
—These, and whatever else the garden
bears
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the
hums
Of bees around their range of sheltered
hives
Busy in that enclosure; while the rill,
That sparkling thrids the rocks, attunes
his voice
To the pure course of human life which
there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then
most
This Dwelling charms me; often I stop
short,
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth
my sight
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window:—
there
I see the eldest Daughter at her wheel
Spinning amain, as if to overtake
The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
Teaching some Novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work,
Which, from her Father’s honoured hand,
herself,
While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
Mild Man! be he not gay, but they are
gay;
And the whole house seems filled with
gaiety.
—Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be
deemed,
The Wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turned, that ye in mind might witness
where,
And how, her Spirit yet survives on earth!"

BOOK SEVENTH
THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE
MOUNTAINS—(continued)

ARGUMENT

Impression of these Narratives upon the Author’s
mind—Pastor invited to give account of certain
Graves that lie apart—Clergyman and his Family
—Fortunate influence of change of situation—
Activity in extreme old age—Another Clergyman,
a character of resolute Virtue—Lamentations over
misdirected applause—Instance of less exalted
excellence in a deaf man—Elevated character of
a blind man—Reflection upon Blindness—Inter-
rupted by a Peasant who passes—His animal
cheerfulness and careless vivacity—He occasions
a digression on the fall of beautiful and interesting
Trees—A female Infant’s Grave—Joy at her
Birth—Sorrow at her Departure—A youthful
Peasant—His patriotic enthusiasm and disas-
guished qualities—His untimely death—Exa-
tuation of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Part
—Solitary how affected—Monument of a Knight
—Traditions concerning him—Peroration of the
Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the
revolutions of society—Hints at his own past
Calling—Thanks the Pastor.

WHILE thus from theme to theme the
Historian passed,
The words he uttered, and the scene that lay
Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
Vivid remembrance of those long-past
hours;
When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,
(What time the splendour of the setting
sun
Lay beautiful on Snowdon’s sovereign brow.
On Cader Idris, or huge Penmaenmawr)
A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
To pastoral melody or warlike air,
Drawn from the chords of the ancient British
harp
By some accomplished Master, while he sat
Amid the quiet of the green recess,
And there did inexhaustibly dispense
An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
Tender or blithe; now, as the varying
mood
Of his own spirit urged,—now, as a voice
From youth or maiden, or some honoured
chief
Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
Around him, drinking in the impassioned
notes
Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
For their heart’s ease or pleasure. Strain
of power
Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;
But to a higher mark than song can reach
Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the
stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed
away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts.
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

“‘These grassy heaps lie amicably close,”
Said I, ‘‘like surges heaving in the wind
Along the surface of a mountain pool:
Whence comes it, then, that yonder we
behold
Five graves, and only five, that rise to-gether
Unsocially sequestered, and encroaching
On the smooth playground of the village-school?"

The Vicar answered,—"No disdainful pride
In them who rest beneath, nor any course
Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
—Once more look forth, and follow with your sight
The length of road that from yon mountain's base
Through bare enclosures stretches, 'till its line
Is lost within a little tuft of trees;
Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
The cultured fields; and up the weathy waste,
Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
By which the road is hidden, also hides
A cottage from our view; though I discern
(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
The smokeless chimney-top.—
All unembowered
And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
(For such in truth it is, and appertains
To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
When hither came its last Inhabitant,
Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads
By which our northern wilds could then be crossed;
And into most of these secluded vales
Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
So, at his dwelling-place the Priest arrived
With store of household goods, in panniers slung
On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,
And on the back of more ignoble beast;
That, with like burthen of effects most prized
Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight years;
But still, methinks, I see them as they passed
In order, drawing toward their wished-for home.
—Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass

Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised freight,
Each in his basket nodding drowsily:
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,
Which told it was the pleasant month of June;
And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,
A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
And with a lady's mien.—From far they came,
Even from Northumbrian hills; yet theirs had been
A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest;
And freak put on, and arch word dropped
—to swell
The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
That gathered round the slowly-moving train.
—'Whence do they come? and with what errand charged?'
'Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
'Who pitch their tents under the greenwood tree?'
'Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
'Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,'
'And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set forth
'The lucky venture of sage Whittington,
'When the next village hears the show announced
'By blast of trumpet?' Plenteous was the growth
Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen
On many a staring countenance portrayed
Of boor or burgher, as they marched along.
And more than once their steadiness of face
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And questions in authoritative tone,
From some staid guardian of the public peace,
Checking the sober steed on which he rode,
In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still,
By notice indirect, or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despite,
A simple curiosity to ease:
Of which adventures, that beguiled and cheered
Their grave migration, the good pair would tell,
With undiminished glee, in hoary age.
A Priest he was by function; but his course
From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,
(The hour of life to which he then was brought)
Had been irregular, I might say, wild;
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
Too little checked. An active, ardent mind;
A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;
A generous spirit, and a body strong
To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl—

Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights
Of a prized visitant, in the jolly hall
Of country 'squire; or at the statelier board
Of duke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
Withdrawn,—to while away the summer hours
In condescension among rural guests.

With these high comrades he had revelled long,
Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled
Till the heart sickened. So, each loftier aim
Abandoning and all his showy friends,
For a life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
He turned to this secluded chapelry;
That had been offered to his doubtful choice
By an unthought-of patron. Bleak and bare
They found the cottage, their allotted home;
Naked without, and rude within; a spot
With which the Cure not long had been endowed:
And far remote the chapel stood,—remote,
And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening
Shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers
Frequented, and beset with howling winds. Yet cause was none, what'er regret might hang

On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
Or the necessity that fixed him here;
Apart from old temptations, and constricted
To punctual labour in his sacred charge.
See him a constant preacher to the poor!
And visiting, though not with saintly zeal.
Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will.
The sick in body, or distress in mind;
And, by a salutary change, compelled
To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud

Or splendid than his garden could afford,
His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock ranged
Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned
Contented to partake the quiet meal
Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
And three fair Children, plentifully fed
Though simply, from their little household farm;
Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
By nature yielded to his practised hand:—
To help the small but certain comings-in
Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
A charitable door.

So days and years passed on;—the inside of that rugged house
Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,
And gradually enriched with things of price,
Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
What, though no soft and costly sofa there
Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls.
Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fended, which at once
Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.

There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,
That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,
Were nicely braided; and composed a work
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool
But tinctured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festival days,
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-stone
With which the parlour-floor, in simplest guise
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid,

Those pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced:
Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
Was busier with his task—to rid, to plant,
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed
In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
Restored me to my native valley, here
To tend my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountainside,
Screened from assault of every bitter blast;
While the dark shadows of the summer leaves
Danced in the breeze, chequer ing its mossy roof.

Time, which had thus afforded willing help
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

But how could I say, gently? for he still
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures lost;
Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
And still his harsher passions kept their hold—
Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked in glee
Of long-past banquetings with high-born friends:
Then, from those hollering fits of vain delight
Upraised by recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully,—and oft in bitterness, and with a threatening eye
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow.

—Those transports, with staid looks of pure good-will,
And with soft smile, his consort would reprove.
She, far behind him in the race of years,
Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound,
Him might we liken to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from the west
With an inconstant and unmellowed light;
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hung
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray
Of pleasing lustre.—But no more of this;
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather say,
That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew,
Without reserve descending upon both.

Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of the Vale!
And, to his unmolested mansion, death
Had never come, through space of forty years;
Sparing both old and young in that abode.
Suddenly then they disappeared: not twice
Had summer scorched the fields; not twice had fallen,
On those high peaks, the first autumnal snow,
Before the greedy visiting was closed,
And the long-privileged house left empty—swept
As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
Had been among them; all was gentle death,
One after one, with intervals of peace.
A happy consummation! an accord
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for! I save that here
Was something which to mortal sense might sound
Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed Sire,
The oldest, he was taken last; survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-priced gift,
His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.
'All gone! all vanished! he deprived and bare,
'How will he face the remnant of his life?
'What will become of him?' we said, and mused.
In sad conjectures—'Shall we meet him now?
'Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?
'Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,
'Striving to entertain the lonely hours
'With music?' (for he had not ceased to touch
The harp or viol which himself had framed,
For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill.)
'What titles will he keep? will he remain
'Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,
'A planter, and a reaper from the seed?
'A man of hope and forward-looking mind
'Even to the last!'—Such was he, unsubdued. §

But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while,
And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng
Of open projects, and his inward hoard
Of unsuited griefs, too many and too keen,
Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay
For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,
Their lenient term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there behold)
By yet a higher privilege once more
Were gathered to each other.'"

Calm of mind
And silence waited on these closing words;
Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear
Lest in those passages of life were some
That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend
Too nearly, or intent to reinforce
His own firm spirit in degree deprest
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
Thrice silence broke:—'Behold a thoughtless Man
From vice and premature decay preserved
By useful habits, to a fitter soil
Transplanted ere too late. —The hermit, lodged
Amid the untrodden desert, tells his beads,
With each repeating its allotted prayer,
And thus divides and thus relieves the time;
Smooth task, with his compared, whose mind could string,
Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile
A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
Till gentlest death released him.

Far from us
Be the desire—too curiously to ask
How much of this is but the blind result
Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
And what to higher powers is justly due.
But you, Sir, know that in a neighbouring vale
A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature
Retired from notice, lost in attributes
Of reason, honourably effaced by debts
Which her poor treasure-house is content
to owe,
And conquest over her dominion gained.
To which her frowardness must needs submit.
In this one Man is shown a temperance—proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought;
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
—Preaching, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said.
"for whom
This portraiture is sketched. The great,
the good,
The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise.—
These titles emperors and chiefs have borne.
Honour assumed or given: and him, the
WONDERFUL,
Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled. —From his abode
In a dependant chapelcy that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never quit;
Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple stone
May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounced,
With images attendant on the sound;
Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilight close
In utter night; and of his course remain
No cognizable vestiges, no more
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words
To speak of him, and instantly dissolves.”

The Pastor, pressed by thoughts which round his theme
Still lingered, after a brief pause, resumed;
“Noise is there not enough in doleful war;
But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minstrel of the rural shade
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurse
The perturbation in the suffering breast,
And propagate its kind, far as he may?
—Ah who (and with such rapture as befits
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate
The good man’s purposes and deeds; retrace
His struggles, his discomfitures deplore,
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end;
That virtue, like the fumes and vapoury clouds
Through fancy’s heat redounding in the brain,
And like the soft infections of the heart,
By charm of measured words may spread o’er field,
Hamlet, and town; and piety survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or bower;
Not for reproof, but high and warm delight,
And grave encouragement, by song inspired?
—Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or repine?
The memory of the just survives in heaven:
And, without sorrow, will the ground receive
That venerable clay. Meanwhile the best
Of what lies here confines us to degrees
In excellence less difficult to reach,
And milder worth: nor need we travel far
From those to whom our last regards were paid,
For such example.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain-valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this Cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
Theernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe’er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
All watchful and industrious as he was,
He wrought not: neither field nor flock he owned:
No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
Nor husband’s love, nor father’s hope or care.
Though born a younger brother, need
was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well
pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family;
The fellow-labourer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
—Nor deem that his mild presence was a
weight
That pressed upon his brother’s house; for
books
Were ready comrades whom he could not
tire;
Of whose society the blameless Man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his
thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter
night,
The stormy day, each had its own resource;
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of just men
Made perfect, and from injury secure.
—Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the
field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
No languor, peevishness, nor vain com-
plaint:
And they, who were about him, did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners: and his peaceful
smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying counte-
enance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were
told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed
The powers of nature: and a few short
steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his
home

(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
—Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful
grief;
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now that monumental stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward
aids,
And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.
—And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing
sound
Was wasted on the good Man’s living ear.
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
And, at the touch of every wandering
breeze,
Murmurs, not idly, o’er his peaceful grave.

Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of
things!
Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!
Whose sacred influence, spread through
earth and heaven,
We all too thanklessly participate,
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he com-
plained;
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined, course.
What terror doth it strike into the mind
To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
Straight toward some precipice’s airy brink?
But, timely warned, He would have stayed
his steps,
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
And on the very edge of vacancy
Not more endangered than a man whose
eye
Beholds the gulf beneath.—No floweret
blooms
Throughout the lofty range of these rough
hills,
Nor in the woods, that could from him
conceal
Its birth-place; none whose figure did not
live
Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth
Enriched with knowledge his industrious
mind;
The ocean paid him tribute from the stores
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led.
His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.
—Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls
rolled,
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness
 paired,—
But each instinct with spirit; and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with
thought,
Fancy, and understanding; while the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth
With eloquence, and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge
stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,
A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer
said,
"Beings like these present! But proof
abounds
Upon the earth that faculties, which seem
Extinguished, do not, therefore, cease to be.
And to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted,—not alone
That the bereft their recompense may win;
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity; nor last nor least for this,
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth;
How, likewise, under sufferance divine,
Darkness is banished from the realms of
death,
By man’s imperishable spirit, quelled.
Unto the men who see not as we see
Futurity was thought, in ancient times,
To be laid open, and they prophesied.
And know we not that from the blind have
flowed
The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet
Lying insensible to human praise,
Love, or regret,—whose lineaments would
next
Have been portrayed, I guess not; but it
chanced
That, near the quiet churchyard where we
sate,
A team of horses, with a ponderous freight
Pressing behind, adown a rugged slope,
Whose sharp descent confounded their
array,
Came at that moment, ringing noisily.

"Here," said the Pastor, "do we muse,
and mourn
The waste of death; and lo! the giant oak
Stretched on his bier—that massy timber
wain;
Nor fail to note the Man who guides the
team."

He was a peasant of the lowest class:
Grey locks profusely round his temples hung
In clustering curls, like ivy, which the bite
Of winter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
Within his cheek, as light within a cloud;
And he returned our greeting with a smile.
When he had passed, the Solitary spake;
"A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows; with a face
Not worldly-minded, for it bears too much
Of Nature’s impress,—gaity and health,
Freedom and hope; but keen, withal, and
shrewd.
His gestures note,—and hark! his tones of
voice
Are all vivacious as his mien and looks."

The Pastor answered: "You have read
him well.
Year after year is added to his store
With silent increase: summers, winters—
past,
Past or to come; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life’s ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigour cannot fix
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose;
Possessed like outskirts of some large
domain,
By any one more sought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless
lord!
Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight; bears, too, every sabbath
day,
The christian promise with attentive ear;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds
present
In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall down
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious even, than his!
This qualified respect, the old Man's due,
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-smile)
"I feel at times a motion of despite
Towards one, whose bold contrivances and
skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
part
In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours
nursed,
In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noontide dew were
damped,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.—Many a ship
Launched into Morecambe-bay to him hath
owed
Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that
bears
The loftiest of her pendants; He, from park
Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
That whirls (how slow itself!): ten thousand
spindles:
And the vast engine labouring in the mine,
Content with meaner prowess, must have
lacked
The trunk and body of its marvellous
strength,
If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.

Yon household sir,
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot—
That sycamore, which annually holds 1
Within its shade, as in a stately tent
On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
The fleece-encumbered flock—the joyful
elm,
Around whose trunk the maidens dance in
May—
And the Lord's oak—would plead their
several rights
In vain, if he were master of their fate;
His sentence to the axe would doom them
all.
But, green in age and lusty as he is,

And promising to keep his hold on earth
Less, as might seem, in rivalship with men
Than with the forest's more enduring
growth,
His own appointed hour will come at last;
And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,
This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

Now from the living pass we once again:
From Age," the Priest continued, "turn
your thoughts;
From Age, that often unainted drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans
long!
—Seven lusty Sons sate daily round the
board
Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope had
ceased
Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of the
whole;
And so acknowledged with a tremulous joy
Felt to the centre of that heavenly calm
With which by nature every mother's soul
Is stricken in the moment when her threes
Are ended, and her ears have heard the cry
Which tells her that a living child is born:
And she lies conscious, in a blissful rest,
That the dread storm is weathered by them
both.

The Father—him at this unlooked-for
gift
A bolder transport seizes. From the side
Of his bright hearth, and from his open
doors,
Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, almost to all that pass;
Invited, summoned, to partake the cheer
Spread on the never-empty board, and drink
Health and good wishes to his new-born
girl,
From cups replenished by his joyous hand.
—Those seven fair brothers variously were
moved
Each by the thoughts best suited to his
years:
But most of all and with most thankful
mind
The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched:
A happiness that ebbed not, but remained
To fill the total measure of his soul!
—From the low tenement, his own abode
Whither, as to a little private cell,
He had withdrawn from bustle, care, and noise,
To spend the sabbath of old age in peace,
Once every day he dutiously repaired
To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe:
For in that female infant's name he heard
The silent name of his departed wife;
Heart-stirring music! hourly heard that name;
Full blest he was, 'Another Margaret Green,'
Oft did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill side.'

Oh! pang unthought of, as the precious boon
Itself had been unluck-for; oh! dire stroke
Of desolating anguish for them all!
—Just as the Child could totter on the floor,
And, by some friendly finger's help up-stayed,
Range round the garden walk, while she perchance
Was catching at some novelty of spring,
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell
Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful season
The winds of March, smiting insidiously, Raised in the tender passage of the throat
Viewless obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,
The household lost their pride and soul's delight.
—But time hath power to soften all regrets,
And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress
Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears
Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye
Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,
Yet this departed Little-one, too long
The innocent trouble of their quiet, sleeps In what may now be called a peaceful bed.

On a bright day—so calm and bright, it seemed
To us, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair—
These mountains echoed to an unknown sound;
A volley, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave,
Whose shelving sides are red with naked mould.
It rains of April, duly wet this earth!

Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these sods,
That they may knit together, and therewith Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.
Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,
To me as precious as my own!—Green herbs
May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)
Over thy last abode, and we may pass,
Reminded less imperiously of thee;—
The ridge itself may sink into the breast
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;
Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,
Thy image disappear!

The Mountain-ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley.—How the quoth Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak.
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glaid;
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe;
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere;
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,
And lived by his forbearance.

From the coast
Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats;
Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile forces; and she called—with voice
That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,
And in remotest vales was heard—to arms!
—Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
The shepherd's grey to martial scarlet changed,
That flashed uncooly through the woods and fields.
Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,
From this lone valley, to a central spot
Where, in assemblage with the flower and choice
Of the surrounding district, they might learn
The rudiments of war; ten—hardy, strong,
And valiant; but young Oswald, like a chief
And yet a modest comrade, led them forth
From their shy solitude, to face the world,
With a gay confidence and seemly pride;
Measuring the soil beneath their happy feet
Like Youths released from labour, and yet bound
To most laborious service, though to them

A festival of unencumbered ease;
The inner spirit keeping holiday,
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshine left.

Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in the shade,
Among his fellows, while an ample map
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,
From which the gallant teacher would discourse,
Now pointing this way, and now that—
'Here flows,'
Thus would he say, 'the Rhine, that famous stream!
'Eastward, the Danube toward this inland sea,
'A mightier river, winds from realm to realm;
'And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back
'Bespotted—with innumerable isles:
'Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk; observe
'His capital city!' Thence, along a tract
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots
Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged;
NOR left unstigmatized those fatal fields
On which the sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a base submission.—'Here behold
'A nobler race, the Switzers, and their land,
'Vales deeper far than these of ours, bright woods,
'And mountains white with everlasting snow!'
—And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow,
Was a true patriot, hopeful as the best
Of that young peasantry, who, in our days,
Have fought and perished for Helvetia's rights—
Ah, not in vain!—or those who, in old time,
For work of happier issue, to the side
Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth
Descended from Judean heights, to march
With righteous Joshua; nor appeared in arms
The Churchyard Among the Mountains

When grove was felled, and altar was cast down, And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed, And strong in hatred of idolatry."

The Pastor, even as if by these last words Raised from his seat within the chosen shade, Moved toward the grave;—instinctively his steps We followed; and my voice with joy exclaimed: "Power to the Oppressors of the world is given, A might of which they dream not. Oh! the curse, To be the awakener of divinest thoughts, Father and founder of exalted deeds; And, to whole nations bound in servile straits, The liberal donor of capacities More than heroic! this to be, nor yet Have sense of one connalatural wish, nor yet Deserve the least return of human thanks; Winning no recompense but deadly hate With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!"

When this involuntary strain had ceased, The Pastor said: "So Providence is served; The forked weapon of the skies can send Illumination into deep, dark holds, Which the mild sunbeam hath not power to pierce. Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and cast Pity away, soon shall ye quake with fear! For, not unconscious of the mighty debt Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer owes, Europe, through all her habitable bounds, Is thirsting for their overthrow, who yet Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore, By horror of their impious rites, preserved; Are still permitted to extend their pride, Like cedars on the top of Lebanon Darkening the sun.

But less impatient thoughts, And love 'all hoping and expecting all,' This hallowed grave demands, where rests in peace A humble champion of the better cause, A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked No higher name; in whom our country showed, As in a favourite son, most beautiful. In spite of vice, and misery, and disease, Spread with the spreading of her wealthy arts, England, the ancient and the free, appeared In him to stand before my swimming eyes, Unconquerably virtuous and secure. —No more of this, lest I offend his dust; Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One day—a summer's day of annual pomp And solemn chase—from morn to sultry noon His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet, The red-deer driven along its native heights With cry of hound and horn; and, from that toil Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed, This generous Youth, too negligent of self, Plunged—'mid a gay and busy throng convened To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock— Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire Seized him, that self-same night; and through the space Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched, Till nature rested from her work in death. To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue— A golden lustre slept upon the hills; And if by chance a stranger, wandering there, From some commanding eminence had looked Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen A glittering spectacle; but every face Was pallid: seldom hath that eye been moist With tears, that wept not then; nor were the few, Who from their dwellings came not forth to join In this sad service, less disturbed than we. They started at the tributary peel Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,
Through the still air, the closing of the
Grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation, never heard before!"

The Pastor ceased.—My venerable Friend
Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its aweful power,
Its rights and virtues—by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure heart
With patriotic confidence and joy.
And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside;
Whether through manly instinct to conceal
Tender emotions spreading from the heart
To his worn cheek; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humours of habitual spleen
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes
urged
To self-abuse a not inelegant tongue.
—Right toward the sacred Edifice his steps
Had been directed; and we saw him now
Intent upon a monumental stone,
Whose uncouth form was grafted on the
wall,
Or rather seemed to have grown into the
side
Of the rude pile; as oft-times trunks of
trees,
Where nature works in wild and ragged
spots,
Are seen incorporate with the living rock—
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking note
Of his employment, with a courteous smile
Exclaimed—
"The sagest Antiquarian's eye
That task would foil;" then, letting fall his
voice
While he advanced, thus spake: "Tradition
tells
That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired,
And fixed his home in this sequestered vale.
'Tis left untold if here he first drew breath,
Or as a stranger reached this deep recess,
Unknowing and unknown: A pleasing
thought
I sometimes entertain, that haply bound
To Scotland's court in service of his Queen.
Or sent on mission to some northern Chief
Of England's realm, this vale he might
have seen
With transient observation; and these
caught
An image fair, which, brightening in his
soul
When joy of war and pride of chivalry
Languished beneath accumulated years,
Had power to draw him from the world
resolved
To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned.

Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief
may rest
Upon unwritten story fondly traced
From sire to son, in this obscure retreat
The Knight arrived, with spear and shield,
and borne
Upon a Charger gorgeously bedecked
With brodered housings. And the lofty
Steed—
His sole companion, and his faithful friend:
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range
In fertile pastures—was beheld with eyes
Of admiration and delightful awe;
By those untravelled Dalesmen. With less
pride,
Yet free from touch of envious discontent:
They saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
Like a bright star, amid the lowly band
Of their rude homesteads. Here the
Warrior dwelt;
And, in that mansion, children of his own
Or kindred, gathered round him. As a
Tree
That falls and disappears, the home is
gone;
And, through improvidence or want of love
For ancient worth and honourable things
The spear and shield are vanished, when
the Knight
Hung in his rustic hall. One ivied arch
Myself have seen, a gateway, last remains
Of that foundation in domestic care
Raised by his hands. And now no trace
is left
Of the mild-hearted Champion, save this
stone,
Faithless memorial! and his family name
Borne by yon clustering cottages, that
sprang
From out the ruins of his stately lodge:
These, and the name and title at full
length,—
Sir Alfred Irving, with appropriate
words
Accompanied, still extant, in a wreath
Or posy, girding round the several fronts
Of three clear-sounding and harmonious
bells,
That in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and
dies,"
The grey-haired Wanderer pensively ex-
claimed,
"All that this world is proud of. From
their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,¹
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and
palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man him-
self
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heap ing high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a
smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden over-
throw:
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and nature's pleasant robe of
green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. The
vast Frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at
need,—
And by this law the mighty whole sub-
sists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds!

The courteous Knight, whose bones are
here interred,
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of
men;
Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age!
Which did to him assign a pensive lot—
To linger 'mid the last of those bright
clouds
That, on the steady breeze of honour, sailed
In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright order
fade,
And its devotion gradually decline,
(While war, relinquishing the lance and
shield,
Her temper changed, and bowed to other
laws)
Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn
roof,
And old religious house—pile after pile;
And shook their tenants out into the fields,
Like wild beasts without home! Their hour
was come;
But why no softening thought of gratitude,
No just remembrance, scruple, or wise
doubt?
Benevolence is mild; nor borrows help,
Save at worst need, from bold impetuous
force,
Fittest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might
Of mutability; and airy hopes,
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feed
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened nations at the
sight
Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

Even," said the Wanderer, "as that
courteous Knight,
Bound by his vow to labour for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
THE EXCURSION

(If I may venture of myself to speak,
  Trusting that not incongruously I blend
Low things with lofty) I too shall be
doomed
To outline the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my youth
embraced
With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
—Thoughts crowd upon me—and 'twere
seemlier now
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher
thanks
For the pathetic records which his voice
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt
truth,
Tending to patience when affliction strikes;
To hope and love; to confident repose
In God; and reverence for the dust of
Man."

BOOK EIGHTH

THE PARSONAGE

ARGUMENT

Pastor's 'apology and apprehensions' that he
might have detained his Auditors too long, with
the Pastor's invitation to his house—Solitary
disinclined to comply—Rallies the Wanderer—And
playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant
profession and that of the Knight-errant—Which
leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes
in the Country from the manufacturing spirit—
Favourable effects—The other side of the picture,
and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes—
Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national
grandeur if unsupported by moral worth—Physical
science unable to support itself—Lamentations
over an excess of manufacturing industry among
the humbler Classes of Society—Picture of a
Child employed in a Cotton-mill—Ignorance and
degradation of Children among the agricultural
Population reviewed—Conversation broken off by
a renewed Invitation from the Pastor—Path
leading to his House—Its appearance described—
His Daughter—His Wife—His Son (a Boy) enters
with his Companion—Their happy appearance—
The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
To those acknowledgments subscribed his
own,
With a sedate compliance, which the
Priest

| Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and
| said:—
| "If ye, by whom invited I began
| These narratives of calm and humble life
| Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;
| And, in return for sympathy bestowed
| And patient listening, thanks accept from
| me.
| —Life, death; eternity! momentous themes
| Are they—and might demand a seraph's
tongue,
| Were they not equal to their own support;
| And therefore no incompetence of mine
| Could do them wrong. The universal
| forms
| Of human nature, in a spot like this,
| Present themselves at once to all men's
| view:
| Ye wished for act and circumstance, that
| make
| The individual known and understood:
| And such as my best judgment could
| select
| From what the place afforded, have been
given;
| Though apprehensions crossed me that
| zeal
| To his might well be likened, who unlocks
| A cabinet stored with gems and pictures—
draws
| His treasures forth, soliciting regard
| To this, and this, as worthier than the
| last,
| Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased
| More than the exhibitor himself, becomes
| Weary and faint, and longs to be released
| —But let us hence! my dwelling is in
| sight,
| And there—"

At this the Solitary shrunk
With backward will; but, wanting not
address
That inward motion to disguise, he said
To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake;
—"The peaceable remains of this godly
Knight
Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful
scorn,
If consciousness could reach him where he
lies
That one, albeit of these degenerate times.
Deploiring changes past, or dreading change
Foreseen, had dared to couple, even in
thought,
The fine vocation of the sword and lance
With the gross aims and body-bending toil
Of a poor brotherhood who walk the earth
Pitied, and, where they are not known, despised.

Yet, by the good Knight’s leave, the two estates
Are graced with some resemblance. Errant those,
Knights and wanderers—and the like are these;
Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and dale,
Carrying relief for nature’s simple wants.
—What though no higher recompense be sought
Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil
Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,
Among the intelligent, for what this course Enables them to be and to perform.
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
While solitude permits the mind to feel;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects
By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse: and to these poor men
Nature (I but repeat your favourite boast)
Is bountiful—go wheresoe’er they may;
Kind nature’s various wealth is all their own.
Versed in the characters of men; and bound,
By ties of daily interest, to maintain
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
Such have been, and still are in their degree,
Examples efficacious to refine
Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
By importation of unlooked-for arts,
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
Raising, through just gradation, savage life
To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
—Within their moving magazines is lodged
Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt
Affections seated in the mother’s breast,
And in the lover’s fancy; and to feed
The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
—By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
Counsel is given; contention they appease
With gentle language; in remotest wilds,
Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring;
Could the proud quest of chivalry do more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, "they who gain
A panegyrick from your generous tongue!
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
Their purer service, in this realm at least,
Is past for ever.—An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues. I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labours of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of war, which rests not night or day,
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me now visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe’er he came—
Among the tenantry of thorp and vill;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
Or easier links connecting place with place)
Have vanished—swallowed up by stately roads
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain’s farthest glens. The Earth has lent

Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenned from far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry’s command,
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ

1 See Note.
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and compact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests,—spread through spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreaths
Of vapour glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns his steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaims
How much the mild Directress of the plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts!
—Hence is the wide sea peopled,—hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the world
With the world's choicest produce. Hence that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowded ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to and fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
Hence a dread arm of floating power, a voice
Of thunder daunting those who would approach
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care
And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!
With you I grieve, when on the darker side
Of this great change I look; and there behold
Such outrage done to nature as compels
The indignant power to justify herself;
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,
For England's bane.—When soothing dark-
ness spreads
O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus ex-
pressed
His recollections, "and the punctual stars,
While all things else are gathering to their homes,
Advance, and in the firmament of heaven
Glitter—but undisturbing, undisturbed;
As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all beholding Man, earth's thoughtful lord;
Then, in full many a region, once like the
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eye;
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge:
And at the appointed hour a bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the curfew-knell;
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest—
A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorge are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illuminated post,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded door—
And in the courts—and where the rumbling stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, maidens,
youths,
Mother and little children, boys and girls
Enter, and each the wondert task resumes
Within this temple, where is offered up
To Gain, the master idol of the realm.
Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
Our ancestors, within the still domain
Of vast cathedral or conventual church,
Their vigils kept; where tapers day and night
On the dim altar burned continually.
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were they;
Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the year,
When in their land the Almighty's service ceased.

Triumph who will in these profane wars
Which we, a generation self-exulted,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted—to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic
powers
That, by the thinking mind, have been
compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by
the might
Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory
rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been
raised.

—Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments;—how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if un-
propped
By virtue.—He, sighing with pensive grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit
That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,
I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted Arts
Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-life
A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept

With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace
Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"'Fled!' was the Wanderer's passionate response,
"'Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;
Which I behold with trembling, when I think
What lamentable change, a year—a month—
May bring; that brook converting as it runs
Into an instrument of deadly bane
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their sires,
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
With lip almost as pure.—Domestic bliss
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
Nothing to praise to teach, or to com-
mand!

The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or wood,
No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in his sight;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth:
'Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birthright now is lost.
Economists will tell you that the State
Thrives by the forfeiture—unfeeling thought,  
And false as monstrous! Can the mother thrive  
By the destruction of her innocent sons  
In whom a premature necessity  
Blocks out the forms of nature, precon- 
sumes  
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts up  
The infant Being in itself, and makes  
Its very spring a season of decay!  
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,  
Whether a pining discontent survive,  
And thirst for change; or habit hath sub-
dued  
The soul deprest, dejected—even to love  
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns  
A native Briton to these inward chains,  
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;  
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!  
He is a slave to whom release comes not,  
And cannot come. The boy, where'er he turns,  
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up  
Among the clouds, and roars through the ancient woods;  
Or when the sun is shining in the east,  
Quiet and calm. Behold him—in the school  
Of his attainments? no; but with the air  
Fanning his temples under heaven's blue arch.  
His raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-flakes  
Or locks of wool, announces whence he comes.  
Creeping his gait and cowering, his lip pale,  
His respiration quick and audible;  
And scarcely could you fancy that a gleam  
Could break from out those languid eyes, or a blush  
Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,  
Is that the countenance, and such the port,  
Of no mean Being? One who should be clothed  
With dignity befitting his proud hope;  
Who, in his very childhood, should appear  
Sublime from present purity and joy!  
The limbs increase; but liberty of mind  
Is gone for ever; and this organic frame,  
So joyful in its motions, is become  
Dull, to the joy of her own motions dead;  
And even the touch, so exquisitely poured
Through the whole body, with a larg'd will
Performs its functions; rarely competent
To impress a vivid feeling on the mind
Of what there is delightful in the breeze.
The gentle visitations of the sun,
Or lapse of liquid element—by hand,
Or foot, or lip, in summer's warmth—per-
ceived.
—Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
On such foundations?"

"Hope is none for him:"
The pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed.
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong so deep.
Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
If there were not, before those arts appeared,
These structures rose, commingling old and young,
And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint:
If there were not, then, in our far-famed Isle,
Multitudes, who from infancy had breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large.
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human shape,
As abject, as degraded? At this day.
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
A ragged Offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear.
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that wild growth
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their scor-
burnt brows,
By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their lips,
Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they drew
Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,
From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire.
Are leagued to strike dismay; but out-
stretched hand
And whining voice denote them suppliants
For the least boon that pity can bestow.
Such on the breast of darksome hearts are found;
And with their parents occupy the skirts
Of furze-clad commons; such are born and
rear'd
At the mine's mouth under impending
rocks;
Or dwell in chambers of some natural cave;
Or where their ancestors erected huts,
For the convenience of unlawful gain,
In forest purlieus; and the like are bred,
All England through, where nooks and
sips of ground
Purloined, in times less jealous than our
own,
From the green margin of the public way,
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
And gaiety of cultivated fields.
Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
Do I remember oft-times to have seen
'Mid Burton's dreary heights. In earnest
watch,
Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;
Then, following closely with the cloud of
dust,
An unwholesome visitant, and are gone
Heads over head, like tumblers on a stage.
—Up from the ground they snatch the
copper coin,
And, on the freight of merry passengers
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed;
And spin—and pant—and overhead again,
Wild pursuivants I until their breath is lost,
Or bounty tires—and every face, that smiled
Encouragement, hath ceased to look that
way.
—But, like the vagrants of the gipsy tribe,
These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,
Are profitless to others.

Turn we then
To Britons born and bred within the pale
Of civil polity, and early trained
To earn, by wholesome labour in the field,
The bread they eat. A sample should I
give
Of what this stock hath long produced to
enrich
The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose
shrill notes
Impart new gladness to the morning air!'
Forgive me if I venture to suspect
That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
Beneath a cumbersome frock, that to the knees
Eavest the thriving churl, his legs appear,
Fellows to those that lustily upheld
The wooden stools for everlasting use,
Whereon our fathers sate. And mark his
brow
Under whose shaggy canopy are set
Two eyes—not dim, but of a healthy
stare—
Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and
strange—
Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
A look or motion of intelligence
From infant-connu of the Christ-crossrow,
Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,
Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last.
—What kindly warmth from touch of
fostering hand,
What penetrating power of sun or breeze,
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein his soul
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ice?
This torpor is no pitiable work
Of modern ingenuity; no town
Nor crowded city can be taxed with aught
Of scottish vice or desperate breach of law,
To which (and who can tell where or how
soon?)
He may be roused. This Boy the fields
produce:
His spade and hoe, mattock and glittering
scythe,
The carter's whip that on his shoulder rests
In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,
The sceptre of his sway; his country's
name,
Her equal rights, her churches and her
schools—
What have they done for him? And, let
me ask,
For tens of thousands uninformed as he?
In brief, what liberty of mind is here?

This ardent Sally pleased the mild good
Man,
To whom the appeal couched in its closing
words
Was pointedly addressed; and to the
thoughts
That, in assent or opposition, rose
Within his mind, he seemed prepared to
give
Prompt utterance; but the Vicar Interposed
With invitation urgently renewed.
—We followed, taking as he led, a path
Along a hedge of hollies dark and tall,
Whose flexile boughs low bending with a weight
Of leafy spray, concealed the stems and roots
That gave them nourishment. When frosty winds
Howl from the north, what kindly warmth, methought,
Is here—how grateful this impervious screen!
—Not shaped by simple wearing of the foot
On rural business passing to and fro
Was the commodious walk: a careful hand
Had marked the line, and strewn its surface o'er
With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights
Fetched by a neighbouring brook.—Across the vale
The stately fence accompanied our steps;
And thus the pathway, by perennial green
Guarded and graced, seemed fashioned to unite,
As by a beautiful yet solemn chain,
The Pastor's mansion with the house of prayer.

Like image of solemnity, conjoined
With feminine allurement soft and fair,
The mansion's self displayed;—a reverend pile
With bold projections and recesses deep;
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
Fronting the noontide sun. We paused to admire
The pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
The low wide windows with their mullions old;
The cornice, richly fretted, of grey stone;
And that smooth slope from which the dwelling rose,
By beds and banks Arcadian of gay flowers
And flowering shrubs, protected and adorned:
Profusion bright! and every flower assuming
A more than natural vividness of hue,
From unaffected contrast with the gloom
Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces, here
Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy. From behind the roof
Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbour of delight

For wren and redbreast,—where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare
Nor must I leave untouched (the picture else
Were incomplete) a relique of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of nicest workmanship; that once had held
The sculptured image of some patron-saint,
Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden mount
Crowned by its antique summer-house—descends,
Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
For she hath recognised her honoured friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt kiss
The gladsome Child bestows at his request;
And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
Hangs on the old Man with a happy look.
And with a pretty restless hand of love.
—We enter—by the Lady of the place Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port;
A lofty stature undepressed by time,
Whose visitation had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face;
To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in
And wisdom loves.—But when a stately ship
Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast
On homeward voyage, what—if wind and wave,
And hardship undergone in various climes.
Have caused her to abate the virgin pride;
And that full trim of inexperienced hope.
With which she left her haven—not for this
Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze
Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
Brightness and touching beauty of her own.
That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair
Appeared
This goodly Matron, shining in the beam
Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk:
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose
And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier days;
And in the various conversation bore
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
Yet with the grace of one who in the world
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had
now
Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steadfast vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,
In softened perspective; and more than once
Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance, diffused
Around the mansion and its whole domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care,—"A blessed lot is yours!"
The words escaped his lip, with a tender sigh
Breathed over them: but suddenly the door
Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
Appeared, confusion checking their delight.
—Not brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river's margin—whence they come,
Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The boy of plainer garb, whose blush survives
More deeply tinged. Twin might the other be
To that fair girl who from the garden-mount
Bounded;—triumphant entry this for him!
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
On whose capacious surface see outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts;
Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich freight; their number he proclaims;
Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged;
And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his comrade too) a look of pride:
And, verily, the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But oh, the animation in the mien
Of those two boys! yea in the very words
With which the young narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,
His looks, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold brook that splits for better speed,
And at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and re-united: his compeer
To the still lake, whose stillness is to sight
As beautiful—as grateful to the mind.
—But to what object shall the lovely Girl
Be likened? She whose countenance and air
Unite the graceful qualities of both,
Even as she shares the pride and joy of both.

My grey-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye
Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I knew,
Was full; and had, I doubted not, returned,
Upon this impulse, to the theme—erewhile
Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys
Withdraw, on summons to their well-earned meal;
And He—to whom all tongues resigned
their rights
With willingness, to whom the general ear
Listened with readier patience than to strain
Of music, lute or harp, a long delight
That ceased not when his voice had ceased
—as One
Who from truth's central point serenely views
The compass of his argument—began
Mildly, and with a clear and steady tone.
BOOK NINTH
DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND
AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE

ARGUMENT

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human soul—How lively this principle is in Childhood—Hence the delight in old Age of looking back upon Childhood—The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted—These not to be looked for generally but under a just government—Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument—The condition of multitudes deplored—Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light—Truth placed within reach of the humblest—Equality—Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to—Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government—Glorious effects of this foretold—Walk to the Lake—Grand spectacle from the side of a hill—Address of Priest to the Supreme Being—In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him—The change ascribed to Christianity—Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead—Gratitude to the Almighty—Return over the Lake—Parting with the Solitary—Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An active Principle: however removed From sense and observation, it subsists In all things, in all natures; in the stars Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds, In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air. Whate'er exists hath properties that spread Beyond itself, communicating good, A simple blessing, or with evil mixed; Spirit that knows no insulated spot, No chasm, no solitude; from link to link It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds. This is the freedom of the universe; Unfolded still the more, more visible, The more we know; and yet is reverenced least,
And least respected in the human Mind, Its most apparent home. The food of hope,

Is meditated action; robbed of this Her sole support, she languishes and dies. We perish also; for we live by hope And by desire; we see by the glad light And breathe the sweet air of futurity; And so we live, or else we have no life. To-morrow—nay perchance this very hour (For every moment hath its own to-mor- row!)

Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick
With present triumph, will be sure to find A field before them freshened with the dew Of other expectations;—in which course Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys A like glad impulse; and so moves the man 'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears,— Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age Do we revert so fondly to the walks Of childhood—but that there the Soul discerns

The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired Of her own native vigour; thence can hear Reverberations; and a choral song, Commingling with the incense that ascends,

Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
From her own lonely altar?

That good and wise ever will be allowed, Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate As shall divide them wholly from the stir Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said That Man descends into the VALE of years:
Yet have I thought that we might also speak, And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age, As of a final EMINENCE; though bare In aspect and forbidding, yet a point On which 'tis not impossible to sit In awful sovereignty; a place of power. A throne, that may be likened unto his, Who, in some placid day of summer, looks Down from a mountain-top,—say one of those

High peaks, that bound the vale where now we are. Faint, and diminished to the grazing eye. Forest and field, and hill and dale appear.
With all the shapes over their surface
spread:
But, while the gross and visible frame of
things
Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yeas almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantialized,—how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending! For on that superior height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur of the
leaves
Many and idle, visits not his ear:
This he is freed from, and from thousand
notes
(Not less unceasing, not less vain than
these.)
By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that would
incline
To listen, is prevented or deterred.

And may it not be hoped, that, placed
by age
In like removal, tranquil though severe,
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favour, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should
confer
Fresh power to commune with the invisible
world,
And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Utering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it is
To run the giddy round of vain delight,
Or fret and labour on the Plain below.

But, if to such sublime ascent the hopes
Of Man may rise, as to a welcome close
And termination of his mortal course;
Them only can such hope inspire whose
minds
Have not been starved by absolute neglect;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may
afford
Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may
ensure.

For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope
And Reason's sway predominates; even so
far,
Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever-constant love,
That tires not, nor betrays. Our life is
turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil? Hence an after-call
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
And the sole guardian in whose hands we
dare
Entrust the future. —Not for these sad
issues
Was Man created; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis
known
That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves
become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities:
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being
moves
In beauty through the world; and all who
see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood."

"'Then,'" said the Solitary, "'by what
force
Of language shall a feeling heart express
Her sorrow for that multitude in whom
We look for health from seeds that have
been sown
In sickness, and for increase in a power
That works but by extinction? On them-

selves
They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts
To know what they must do; their wisdom is
To look into the eyes of others, thence
To be instructed what they must avoid:
Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
How with most quiet and most silent death,
With the least taint and injury to the air
The oppressor breathes, their human form divine,
And their immortal soul, may waste away.''

The Sage rejoined, 'I thank you—you have spared
My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
A wide compassion which with you I share.
When, heretofore, I placed before your sight
A Little-one, subjected to the arts
Of modern ingenuity, and made
The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;
Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:
Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,
Through which I struggled, not without distress
And sometimes injury, like a lamb enthralled
'Mid thorns and brambles; or a bird that breaks
Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls
Should open while they range the richer fields
Of merry England, are obstructed less
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt
That tens of thousands at this day exist
Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs
Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees
Which it sustained. But no one takes delight

In this oppression; none are proud of it;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My thoughts
Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
A bondage lurking under shape of good,—
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far:—
To victims, which the merciful can see
Nor think that they are victims—turned to wrongs.
By women, who have children of their own.
Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The healthier, the securer, we become;
Delusion which a moment may destroy!
Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen
Corrupted and cast down, on favoured ground,
Where circumstance and nature had combined
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind;
Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence that difference? whence but from himself?
For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form!—The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye:
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears:
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet.
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all; Reason, and, with that reason, smiles and tears; Imagination, freedom in the will; Conscience to guide and check; and death to be Foretasted, immortality conceived By all,—a blissful immortality, To them whose holiness on earth shall make The Spirit capable of heaven, assured. Strange, then, nor less than monstrous, might be deemed The failure, if the Almighty, to this point Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide The excellence of moral qualities From common understanding; leaving truth And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark; Hard to be won, and only by a few; Strange, should He deal herein with no respects, And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not: The primal duties shine aloft—like stars; The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers. The generous inclination, the just rule, Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts— No mystery is here! Here is no boon For high,—yet not for low; for proudly graced— Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soulonders this true equality, may walk The fields of earth with gratitude and hope; Yet, in that meditation, will he find Motive to sadder grief, as we have found; Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown, And for the injustice grieving, that hath made So wide a difference between man and man. Then let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts Upon the brighter scene. How blest that pair Of blooming Boys (whom we beheld even now) Blest in their several and their common lot!
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that
none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A servile band among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy—who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use—by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
—This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to meet the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good—which, England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

Look! and behold, from Calpe's sun-burnt cliffs
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles
Remains entire and indivisible:
And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds
Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possesst,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and trained.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an Inheritance, from age to age.

With such foundations laid, ayeant the fear
Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for joy.
—For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees
Fraught with their burthens; and a way as smooth
For those ordained to take their sounding flight
From the thronged hive, and settle where they list
In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;
So the wide waters, open to the power,
The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send them forth;
Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours hope
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.

Yes," he continued, kindling as he spake,
"Change wide, and deep, and silently performed,
This Land shall witness; and as days roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect;
Even till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the songs
Of humanised society; and bloom
With civil arts, that shall breathe forth
their fragrance,
A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
From culture, unexclusively bestowed
On Albion’s noble Race in freedom born,
Expect these mighty issues: from the pains
And faithful care of unambitious schools
Instructing simple childhood’s ready ear:
Thence look for these magnificent results!
—Vast the circumference of hope—and ye
Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;
Ah! sleep not there in shame! Shall
Wisdom’s voice
From out the bosom of these troubled times
Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
And shall the venerable halls ye fill
Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
Trust not to partial care a general good;
Transfer not to futurity a work
Of urgent need.—Your Country must com-
plete
Her glorious destiny. Begin even now,
Now, when oppression, like the Egyptian
plague
Of darkness, stretched o’er guilty Europe,
makes
The brightness more conspicuous that
invests
The happy Island where ye think and act;
Now, when destruction is a prime pursuit,
Show to the wretched nations for what end
The powers of civil polity were given."

Abruptly here, but with a graceful air,
The Sage broke off. No sooner had he
ceased
Than, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
‘‘Behold the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope; and see—be-
yond—
The silvery lake is streaked with placid
blue;
As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How temptingly the landscape shines!
The air
Breathes invitation; easy is the walk
To the lake’s margin, where a boat lies
moored
Under a sheltering tree.”—Upon this hint
We rose together; all were pleased; but most

The beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed
with joy.
Light as a sunbeam glides along the hills
She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
To her loved brother and his shy compeer.
—Now was there bustle in the Vicar’s
house
And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,
And down the vale along the streamlet’s
edge
Pursued our way, a broken company,
Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
Thus having reached a bridge, that over-
arched
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns
superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counter-
part.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his
sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair
world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

“Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!”

These few words
The Lady whispered, while we stood and
gazed
Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on,
she said
In like low voice to my particular ear,
‘‘I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descent
On human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of
things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
While he is speaking, I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath
ceased,
Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sunbeam’s gift, whose peace,
The sufferance only of a breath of air!

More had she said—but sportive shouts were heard
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after us.
With caution we embarked; and now the pair
For prouder service were addrest; but each,
Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
Dropped the light oar his eager hand had seized.
Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took—and for a grateful office
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or ’mid a crew
Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy marge
Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
Free from obstruction; and the boat advanced
Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves
With correspondent wings the abyss of air.
—"Observe," the Vicar said, "’yon rocky isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide the helm,
While thitherward we shape our course; or while
We seek that other, on the western shore;
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a massy dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"’Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot err
In this delicious region."
—Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of place
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.
—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks
Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance;
As if some friendly Genius had ordained
That, as the day thus far had been enriched
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
A gipsy-fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed—and there,
Merrily seated in a ring, partook
A choice repast—served by our young companions
With rival earnestness and kindred glee.
Launched from our hands the smooth stone
Skimmed the lake;
With shouts we raised the echoes:—stillier sounds
The lovely Girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
To be repeated thence, but gently sank
Into our hearts; and charmed the peaceful flood.
Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
And court the wind; and leaves of that shy plant,
DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER. &c. 527

(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun
withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her
sweets.

Such product, and such pastime, did
the place
And season yield; but, as we re-embarked,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
“The fire, that burned so brightly to our
wish,
Where is it now?—Deserted on the beach—
Dying, or dead! Nor shall the fanning
breeze
Rerive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem
here
Of one day’s pleasure, and all mortal joys!
And, in this unpremeditated slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude!”

This plaintive note disturbed not the
repose
Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnacle moves; then, coasting creek
and bay,
Glades we behold, and into thickets peep,
Where couch the spotted deer; or raised
our eyes
To shaggy steepes on which the careless goat
Browsed by the side of dancing waterfalls;
And thus the bark, meandering with the
shore,
Pursued her voyage, till a natural pier
Of jutting rock invited us to land.

Alert to follow as the Pastor led,
We climb a green hill’s side; and, as we
climb,
The Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
Fair prospect, intercepted less and less,
O’er the flat meadows and indented coast
Of the smooth lake, in compass seen:—
far off,
And yet conspicuous, stood the old Church-
tower.
In majesty presiding over fields
And habitations seemingly preserved
From all intrusion of the restless world
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
And choice of moss-clad stones, whereon
we couched
Or sate reclined; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries; or to favourite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment never shall I forget
When these particular interests were effaced
From every mind!—Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of
light—
Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft, and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced—ere
we,
Who saw, of change were conscious—had
become
Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised,—
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid
deep
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain’s open
side
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes
intent
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,
The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed:
“Eternal Spirit! universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast
deigned
To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest
heaven,
The radiant Cherubim;—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble Creatures, here
convened,
Presume to offer; we, who—from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face—
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour, cleansed from mortal
stain.
—Accomplish, then, their number; and
conclude
Time’s weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
The consumption that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the
law,
As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
—Father of good! this prayer in bounty
grant,
In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, not till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples
meet
The sacred truth to knowledge, linger
still;
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

So fare the many; and the thoughtful
few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but
ask,
Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their
seed;
And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,

And ne'er to fail? Shall that best day
arrive
When they, whose choice or lot it is to
dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall live
Studious of mutual benefit; and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews and
flowers
Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself?—The law of faith
Working through love, such conquest shall
it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And with that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy
praise
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy.

Once," and with mild demeanour, as he
spake,
On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised to
Heaven,
"Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was a
sound
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bowed the
head
To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds;
Gods which themselves had fashioned, to
promote
Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cove.
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnised; and
there—
Amid impeding rocks and gloomy woods—
Of those terrific Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voice
Of the swoln cataracts (which now are
heard
Soft murmuring) was too weak to overcome.
Though aided by wild winds, the groans
and shrieks
Of human victims, offered up to appease
Or to propitiate. And, if living eyes
Had visionary faculties to see
The thing that hath been as the thing
that is,
Aghast we might behold this crystal Mere
Bedimmed with smoke, in wreaths volumi-
nous,
Flung from the body of devouring fires,
To Taranis erected on the heights
By priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
Exultingly, in view of open day
And full assemblage of a barbarous host;
Or to Andates, female Power I who gave
(For so they fancied) glorious victory.
—A few rude monuments of mountain-
Survive; all else is swept away.—How bright
The appearances of things! From such,
how changed
The existing worship; and with those com-
pared,
The worshippers how innocent and blest!
So wide the difference, a willing mind
Might almost think, at this affecting hour,
That paradise, the lost abode of man,
Was raised again: and to a happy few,
In its original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and
only God,
And from the faith derived through Him
who bled
Upon the cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil; as if one extreme
Were left, the other gained.—O ye, who
come
To kneel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
Called to such office by the peaceful sound
Of sabbath bells; and ye, who sleep in
earth,
All cares forgotten, round its hallowed
walls!
For you, in presence of this little band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,
Your Pastor is emboldened to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose com-
mands, have made
Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and him, who is en-
dowed
With scantiest knowledge, master of all
truth.
Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favour showered
On you, the children of my humble care,
And this dear land, our country, while on
earth
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude,
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
These fertile fields, that recompense your
pains;
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-
top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters and the
still—
They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present their sacrifice.
They know if I be silent, mourn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full
heart
Will find a vent; and thought is praise to
him,
Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all blessings
flow!"

This vesper-service closed, without delay,
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward
course,
In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendours; grey the
vault—
Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve
Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and
some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained
Her mooring-place; where, to the shelter-
ing tree,
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This
done, we paced
The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his
steps;
Then, intermingling thanks, on each be-
stowed
A farewell salutation; and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one cottage in the lonely dell:
But turned not without welcome promise
made
That he would share the pleasures and
pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, not loth
To wander with us through the fertile vales,
And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another
sun,''
Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part;
Another sun, and peradventure more;  
If time, with free consent, be yours to give,  
And season favours."

To enfeebled Power,  
From this communion with uninjured Minds,  
What renovation had been brought; and what  
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,  
Dejected, and habitually disposed  
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,  
Excuse and solace for her own defects;  
How far those erring notions were reformed;  
And whether aught, of tendency as good  
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;  
This—if delightful hopes, as heretofore,  
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts,  
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past—  
My future labours may not leave untold.  

1795-1814.

— LAODAMIA

Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it. It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn  
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in-inspired;  
And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required:  
Celestial pity I again implore;—  
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;  
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;  
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!

What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?  
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—tis He!  
And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand  
That calms all fear; "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,  
Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:  
He comes to tarry with thee three hours space;  
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;  
Again that consummation she essayed:  
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne:  
Speak, and the floor that tread'st on shall rejoice.

Not to appall me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.

"Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive:  
But in reward of thy fidelity,  
And something also did my worth obtain:  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Tru-jan strand  
Should die; but me the threat could not withhold:  
A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain:  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more.  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found’st—and I forgive thee—here
thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
declared
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the
grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air.

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow
this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial
kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Love frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcae threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is
past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if
the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the
soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by
force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb
Acestis, a reanimated corpse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?
Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Jason stood a youth ’mid youthful
peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble
woman’s breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace!"
he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien,
appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and
pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revised, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imag’ed there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man’s existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my
eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were de-
tained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.
The wished-for wind was given:—I then
revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovéd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these foun-
tains, flowers
My new-planned cities, and unfinished
towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble!—haughty their
array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?'
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty
thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all
too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath symp-
thatised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that
end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage
prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love."——

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-
appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have
clung—'tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they
been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:

Swift, toward the realms that know not
earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way
And on the palace-floor a lifeless core She
lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorned and reproved.
She perished; and, as for a wilfull crime.
By the just Gods whom no weak pity
moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed
time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather
flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died;
And ever, when such stature they had
 gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the
sight;
A constant interchange of growth and
blight."

— DION

(SEE PLUTARCH)

This poem was first introduced by a note
that I have since transferred to the Notes.
Reasons there given, and I cannot comply
with the request expressed by some of my friends
that the rejected stanzas should be restored. I hop
they will be content if it be, hereafter, immediately
attached to the poem, instead of its being relegated
to a place in the Notes."

1 For the account of these long-lived see
Pliny's Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 14
and for the features in the character of Proteus
see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. It
places the Shade of Laodamia in a most
region, among unhappy Lovers,

"——— His Laodamia,
It comes."

2 See N.
I

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princeely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage then did wait
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,
Or rather weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad!
Free transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or best procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

III

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)
Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight;—
But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound.
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scourrs the snow
That skims the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Meenalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt,"
Exclaimed the Chieftain—"let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

V
But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall.
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement
Obeyes a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VI
Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shuddered the walls—the marble city slept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require

That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Released from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his Fate;
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

1814.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

1814

In this tour, my wife and her sister Sara were my companions. The account of the "Brownie's Cell" and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock, by the side of which, we were told, preachings were often held in the open air. The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking. How much is it to be regretted that, instead of writing such Poems as the "Holy Fair" and others, in which the religious observances of his country are treated with so much levity and too often with indecency, Burns had not employed his genius in describing religion under the serious and affecting aspects it must so frequently take.

I
SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

I
To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

World-weary Men withdrew of yore;
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found,
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised.

II

High lodged the Warrior, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild Ruin is no ghost
Of his devices—buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succour, though the tomb
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook;—it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
He, struggling in the net of pride,
The future scorned, the past defied,
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
 Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearsome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare’s bourn, its travel’s belt!

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose
smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling;

Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change; who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan!

VII

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,
And stars that in their courses fought;
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible;
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad,
Inheritors of his abode;
The otter crouching undisturbed,
In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,
O froward Fancy! ’mid a scene
Of aspect winning and serene;
For those offensive creatures shun
The inquisition of the sun!
And in this region flowers delight,
And all is lovely to the sight.

IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
When she applies her annual test
To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
His soul into the briar-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen
spot
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage,
glowed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,
IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

I had seen this celebrated Waterfall twice be-
fore; but the feelings, to which it had given
birth, were not expressed till they occurred in
presence of the object on this occasion.

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty."—See p. 458.

LORD of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam.
A Champion worthy of the stream.
Yon grey tower's living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully described:—
Their transient mission o'er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untridden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn.
And this the valleys show;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrud the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land.
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

III

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS
OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD

I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion
was ever seen by the owner of the place. He
might be disposed to pay little attention to it,
but were it to prove otherwise I should be glad
for the whole exhibition is distressingly poore.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us
when we must expect it. We were first, however,
conducted into a small apartment, where the
Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Osian,
which, while he was telling the history of the
young Artist who executed the work, disappeared
parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the
touch of magic—and lo! we are at the equane
of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."—Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.

What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!
What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive catalects 1 of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor use
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Excited by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

1 The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—stern sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-ewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the Living, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering Nid is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize what'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All servour to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;

1 On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
For ever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder—to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?
Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced
With baubles of theatric taste,
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers
On motley bands of alien flowers
In stiff confusion set or sown,
Till Nature cannot find her own,
Or keep a remnant of the sod
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)
I mused; and, thirsting for redress,
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER 1874

(See page 195.)

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us and also Dr. Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets, who was on a visit at the Manse. Dr. A. walked with us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and, being advanced in life, he then turned back.

The old Man was passionately fond of poetry, though with not much of a discriminating judgment, as the Volumes he edited sufficiently show. But I was much pleased to meet with him, and to acknowledge my obligation to his collection, which had been my brother John's companion in more than one voyage to India, and which he gave me before his departure from Grasmere, never to return. Through these Volumes I became first familiar with Chaucer, and so little money had I then to spare for books, that, in all probability, but for this same work, I should have known little of Drayton, Daniel, and other distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age, and their immediate successors, till a much later period of my life. I am glad to record this, not from any importance of its own, but as a tribute of gratitude to this simple-hearted old man, whom I never again had the pleasure of meeting. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem on the occasion.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was on smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.
Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loneliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature:
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shatteréd front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For mankind to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what, if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

"FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED"

Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scotch tour with Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister Miss Hutchinson, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicancy being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house.

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise; the gales of youth
shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct.—Then
droop not thou,
Erroinely renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

1814.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF
THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCUR-
SION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong,
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;
ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
read;—
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful
heart—
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
Unweeting that to him the joy was given
Which good men take with them from
earth to heaven. 1814.

TO B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure dis-
tress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
ness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard! 1815.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFREY OF
MONMOUTH AND MILTON’S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND)

This was written at Rydal Mount, as a token
of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton.
"I have determined," says he, in his preface to
his History of England, "to bestow the telling
over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing
else but in favour of our English Poets and Rho-
toricians, who by their wit will know how to use
them judiciously."

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain’s
Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,
They sank, delivered o’er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever
been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion’s giants quelled,
A brood whom no civility could melt,
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness
ne’er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land imbued
With goodly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
towers,
And pleasure’s sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of home and
home,
Friendships that will not break, and love
that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
But, intermingled with the generous seed
Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its
birth
From human care, or grows upon the
breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of re-
vengeance waged
By Guendolen against her faithless lord;
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
Had slain his paramour with ruthless
sword:
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should
bear
That name through every age, her hatred
to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword
Which yet be brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?

Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artega! succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of that sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,
He towards his native country cast a long- ing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
"Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troyovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear;
And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegaal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost:—forgive the wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:
I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegaal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe
again.

And what if o'er thy bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune
past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's
shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the
groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened
mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how passing
clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than
before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore
to shore;
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune,
pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native
right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may'st
know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and
slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly
wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon
be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose,—and, to consummate this just
intent,
Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your
lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful
king restored!"

The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic
deed,
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage
freed
Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died,
the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier,
Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath
set
Discord in hearts of men till they have
braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love,
did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And, from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "pious
Elidure."

SEPTEMBER 1815

"For me who under kindlier laws." This con-
clusion has more than once, to my great regret, ex-
cited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young
persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by
contrast of their feeble and declining health with
that state of robust constitution which prompted
me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as
more favourable to the Muses than summer itself.

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter
wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers
beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest
shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature’s tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystal-
line sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
‘Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of
song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

NOVEMBER 1

Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the
sight of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to re-
member these moments of far-distant days, which
probably would have been forgotten if the im-
pression had not been transferred to verse. The
same observation applies to the next.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain’s head,
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain’s glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality’s earth-sullying wing,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aërial
Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome
flowers.

1 This and the following eight sonnets between the years 1810-15.

Epistle to Sir George Beaumont” as that from
which the female peasant hailed us on our morning
journey. The musician mentioned in the Sonnet was
the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook of Peter-le-Bos.
Cambridge, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at
Rydal after he had purchased it.

THE FAIREST, BRIGHTEST, HUES OF ETHER FADE

Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy
ridge that rises between the two Langdales and
looks towards Windermere. The Cottage of
Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time
when this Sonnet was written, and long after,
was occupied by the husband and wife described in
the “Excursion,” where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the
dwelling with a light to guide her husband home
at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the

WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN
HIS JUDGMENT BLIND

Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe,—and joy, for human-kind
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might he paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind.
And colour life’s dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
’Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer’s temple
bind
Wreaths that endure affliction’s heavier shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow’s keenest wind.

“HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN
OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR”

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscrimining Night,
"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID"

But studious only to remove from sight
Day’s mutable distinctions. — Ancient
Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains
lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him
was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power!
brought forth
These mighty barriers, and the gulf be-
tween;
The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING
EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID"

Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they
sing.
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

"MARK THE CONCENTRED
HAZELS THAT ENCLOSE"

Suggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of
Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others
of like form and character, though much of the
wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been
felled. This beautiful ground was lately purchased
by our friend Mrs. Fletcher, the ancient owners,
most respected persons, being obliged to part with
it in consequence of the imprudence of a son. It
is gratifying to mention that, instead of murmuring
and repining at this change of fortune, they
offered their services to Mrs. Fletcher, the husband
as an out-door labourer, and the wife as a domestic
servant. I have witnessed the pride and pleasure
with which the man worked at improvements of
the ground round the house. Indeed he expressed
those feelings to me himself, and the countenance
and manner of his wife always denoted feelings of
the same character. I believe a similar disposition
to contentment under change of fortune is
common among the class to which these good
people belong. Yet, in proof that to part with
their patrimony is most painful to them, I may
refer to those stanzas entitled "Repentance," no
inconsiderable part of which was taken verbatim
from the language of the speaker herself.

MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns:—and even the beams
that play
And glance, while wantonly the rough
wind blows,
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds re-
pose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye
trees!
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness
keep
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time’s forlorn humanities.

"EVEN AS A DRAGON’S EYE THAT
FEELS THE STRESS"

Even as a dragon’s eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper ’mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
The lake below reflects it not; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing

2 N
BROOK I whose society the Poet seeks,  

Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  

And whom the curious Painter doth pursue  

Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks.  

And tracks the dancing down the water,  

All in their green attire, and with waving locks,  

In fields of silver flowery roses.  

They, and not thee thyself, would not do  

Chains for tears; no Naiad shouldst thou be—  

No Grecian Artist, give thee human cheeks,  

No Nymphs, nor haunts, nor halts;  

But for tears, for joy, for present bliss.  

And fail not to renew thy wasted spirits;  

Of cold neglect the leaves thy head unstriped;  

And still and long the Shepherd's sweet strains  

Still stir the soul; the love by modes may stay;  

Long as the thorn shall pipe on Grongar Hill!
ODE

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell!
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains
That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights
has poured
Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!
Right be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

II

Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the throats
Of birds, in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,
That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But He who fixed immovably the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,
A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise
The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III

Have we not conquered?—by the vengeful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curbed the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,
Along a track of most unnatural years;
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV

And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive  
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.  
The very humblest are too proud of heart;  
And one brief day is rightly set apart  
For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;  
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
Say not that we have vanquished—but that  
we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the im-pure!  
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim  
That less than power unbounded could not  
tame  
That soul of Evil—which, from hell let  
loose,  
Had filled the astonished world with such  
abuse  
As boundless patience only could endure?  
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in  
flame—  
Who sees, may lift a streaming eye  
To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a  
sigh;  
But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,  
When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
Are but the avowed attire  
Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
Against the life of virtue in mankind;  
Assaulting without ruth  
The citadels of truth;  
While the fair gardens of civility,  
By ignorance defaced,  
By violence laid waste,  
Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—  
Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn,  
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn  
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;  
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient  
skill,  
And to celerities of lawless force;  
Which, spurning God, had flung away re-
morse—  
What could they gain but shadows of re-
dress?  
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;  
And discipline was passion’s dire excess.  
1 See Note.

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,  
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.  
When will your trials teach you to be wise?  
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

No more—the guilt is banished,  
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;  
And, with the guilt and shame, the Wo—  
hath vanished,  
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!  
—No more—these lingerings of distress  
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.  
What robe can Gratitude employ  
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?  
What steps so suitable as those that move  
In prompt obedience to spontaneous mea-
 sures  
Of glory, and felicity, and love,  
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred  
pleasures?

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,  
If one there be  
Of all thy progeny  
Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.  
As springs the lion from his den,  
As from a forest-brake  
Upstarts a glistening snake,  
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again  
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast  
With all her armed Powers,  
On that offensive soil, like waves upon  
a thousand shores.

The trumpet blew a universal blast!  
But Thou art foremost in the field:—there  
stand:  
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand  
All States have glorified themselves;—their  
claims  
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even.  
And now, in preference to the mightiest  
names,  
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.  
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained  
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts  
The memory of thy favour,
ODE

That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savour!
Lodge it within us!—as the power of light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!
What offering, what transcendent monument
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
—Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul;
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each,
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay
The outward service of this day;
Whether the worshippers entreat
Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat;
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend
That He has brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!—
Ha! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or 'er shall be;
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit!
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one
of pure delight;
Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For thy protecting care,
Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
For tyranny subdued,
And for the sway of equity renewed,
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

X

But hark—the summons!—down the placid lake
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams
Would wake
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake
The drops that tip the melting icicles.

O enter now his temple gate!
Inviting words—perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim;—
Awake! the majesty of God revere!

Go—and with forehead meekly bowed
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—
The Holy One will hear!
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—
Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right;
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution,—
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high Day of Thanks, before the Throne of Grace!

ODE

1

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stoo ped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.
—Fly, ministers of Fame,
With every help that ye from earth and
heaven may claim!
Bear through the world these tidings of
delight!
—Hours, Days, and Months, have borne
them in the sight
Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning’s splendours to devour;
But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sadden-
ing power.
—The shock is given—the Adversaries
bleed—
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
North—
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its
bridge—
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia ’tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West!—
—Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars
appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where’er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful
seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades
of night—
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory’s deathless
meed:
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty
feats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose dis-
tracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, humbled France, amid her wild
disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare.
That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,
And utter England’s name with sadly-
plausible voice.

II
O genuine glory, pure renown!
And well might it be seem that mighty
Town
Into whose bosom earth’s best treasures
flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple lift her votive brow
High on the shore of silver Thames—to
meet
The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within!—there
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can
trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

III
But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be paid
Where their serene progenitors are laid;
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-
like sages,
England’s illustrious sons of long, long
ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals;
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence,—
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;
While the white-robbed choir attend-
ant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
For them who bravely stood unhurt, or
bled
INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

With medicable wounds, or found their graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove,
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
His drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is
Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
' For these, and mourning for our errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

V

Forbear:—to Thee—
Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue

But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
To Thee—To Thee—
Just God of christianised Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will. 1816.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY 1816

Composed immediately after the "Thanksgiving Ode," to which it may be considered as a second part.

I

"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind:
"From regions where no evil thing has birth
I come—thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims un lamented!
But not on high, where madness is resented,
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.
II

"False Parent of Mankind!
Obdurate, proud, and blind,
I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
my wings,
Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs.
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious;—may the like return no
more!

May Discord—for a Seraph’s care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
May she, who once disturbed the seats of
bliss
These mortal spheres above,
Be chained for ever to the black abyss.
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness
infinite.

ODE

Carmina possessus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
claris indiciant
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. ——— HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

WHEN

When the soft hand of sleep had closed
the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping reluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest
skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer
rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright;
And, here and there, between the pastoral
downs,
The azure sea upswell’d upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that, in deep
repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till—through a portal in the
sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a
storm,
Opening before the sun’s triumphant eye—
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!—
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant must
be;
And, ere a thought could ask on what
intent
He sought the regions of Humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—

"Though from my celestial home,
Like a Champion, armed I come;
On my helm the dragon crest,
And the red cross on my breast;
I, the Guardian of this Land,
Speak not now of toilsome duty:
Well obeyed was that command—
Whence bright days of festive beauty;
Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which
summer gave
Have perished in the field;
But the green thickets plenteously shall
yield
Fit garlands for the brave,
That will be welcome, if by you entwined:
Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye
Matrons grave,
Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind.
And gather what ye find
Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
To deck your stern Defenders’ modest
bows!
Such simple gifts prepare,
Though they have gained a worthier
meed;
And in due time shall share
Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
In realms where everlasting freshness
breathes!"
II
And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, sight
In robes of dazzling white;
While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;
And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III
Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
Ability like splendour to endure:
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heavens of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonised affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV
But garlands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound—
(Albeit of effect profound)
It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those high achievements; even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;
So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture’s patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

V
And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debairsted
From your first mansions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul’s desires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
Of Britain’s acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
The whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile.
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

ODE

I

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But she through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an arméd creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;

Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbed shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast.
Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.
Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens, how long?
—Infirm ejaculation from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might,
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
That Man may be accomplished for a task
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?
If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and lie
Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived him.
THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A sacred reflection of an own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Popped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooped mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirnly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
To consume in Manhood's firmest hold;—
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleet showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—He hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

"BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE"

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
"Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

A BRuptLY paused the strife;—the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thouwert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
—Fly, wretched Gauls! ere thev they charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY
JOHN SOBIESKI
FEBRUARY 1816

Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these: 'Up, Voice of song! proclaim

Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo

THE BARD—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteousness severe,
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear.
1 See Filicaia's ode.
As recognising one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—
Assaulted from all encumbrance of our time,¹
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime
Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG

Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
Peace is sprung;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!
Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reversing, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIE N

Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old

1 "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assuage."—Spenser.

But Cytherea, studious to invent
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face
To young Ascanius, should assume his place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;
She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour stung;
The calm of night is powerless to remove
These cares, and thus she speaks to winged Love:
"O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his course,
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is known;
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.
Him now the generous Dido by soft chains
Of bland entreaty at her court detains;
Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the queen
With passion for Æneas, such strong love
That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.
Hear, and assist;—the father's mandate calls
His young Ascarius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest things
Preserved from fire and flood for presents brings.
Him will I take, and in close covert keep,
'Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sleep,
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep,
That he may neither know what hope is mine,
Nor by his presence traverse the design.
Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!
And when enraptured Dido shall receive Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,
And goblets crown the proud festivity,
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,
At every touch, an unsuspected fire."

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,
Like young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
The true Ascarius steeped in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
Where he on soft amaranthus is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.
But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
And, as the hall he entered, there, between
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen
Reclined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
The Trojans, too (Æneas at their head),
On couches lie, with purple overspread:
Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread.
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,
And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.
Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare
As they in order stand, the dainty fare;
And fume the household deities with store
Of odorous incense; while a hundred more
Matched with an equal number of like age,
But each of manly sex, a docile page,
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace
To cup or viand its appointed place.
The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band.
Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.
They look with wonder on the gifts—they gaze
Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays
That from his ardent countenance are flung,
And charmed to hear his simulating tongue;
Nor pass unpraised the robe and veil divine,
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns
Insatiable looks, and gazes burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him chung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes.
Clasps in her arms, nor weans (O lot unblest!) How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees
Blois out Sichaeus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn,
and ceased
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine;
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly—till, at the queen's command,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand:
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;
Sence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer,
Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choice favours wait
Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the board;
Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught;
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings;
When human kind, and brute; what natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling showers.
He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain

The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught with rain;
—Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights
Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights.
The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws
Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the applause.
—But, lengthening out the night with converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam asked, of Hector—o'er and o'er—
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore;—
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host.
How looked Achilles, their dread paramount—
"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends?—your wandering course;
For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged." 1816.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEASHORE

The first and last fourteen lines of this poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such; but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's History of England.

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that share
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was the Sea;
Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree
Less than they heed a breath of wanton
air.
—Then Canute, rising from the invaded
throne,
Said to his servile Courtiers,—"Poor the
reach,
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the billows
preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and
heaven, obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew, from the influx of the main,
For some whose rugged northern mouths
would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (fact more worthy to be
known)
From that time forth did for his brows
disown
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemnible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
Her darling Alfred, might have spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but with mind
unbroken:
"My faithful followers, lo! the tide is
spent
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's
will
Among the mazy streams that backward
went,
And in the sluggish pools where ships are
pent:
And now, his task performed, the flood
stands still,
At the green base of many an inland hill,
In placid beauty and sublime content!
Such the repose that sage and hero find;
Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name; whose souls do, like
the flood
Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven
assigned."

TO DORA

The complaint in my eyes which gave occasion
to this address to my daughter first showed itself
as a consequence of inflammation, caught at the
top of Kirkstone, when I was over-heated by
having carried up the ascent my eldest son, a
lusty infant. Frequently has the disease recurred
since, leaving my eyes in a state which has often
prevented my reading for months, and makes me
at this day incapable of bearing without injury
any strong light by day or night. My acquaint-
ance with books has therefore been far short of
my wishes; and on this account, to acknowledge
the services daily and hourly done me by my
family and friends, this note is written.

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on!"
—What trick of memory to my voice hath
brought
This mournful iteration? For though
Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on
this brow
Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent
To run before him—hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced, among those who
lean
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my own Dora, my beloved child!
Should that day come—but hark! the
birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the
east;
For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to
curb
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er
the lawn,
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Come forth; and, while the morning air is
yet
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy
way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink pre-
cipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld

1816.
From this corporeal frame; whereon who
stands,
Is seized with strong incitement to push
forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—
dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the "abrupt
abyss,"—
Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at
ease!
And yet more gladly thee would I con-
duct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to
behold
There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and
erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-
arched roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such
schools
Of Reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of
light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness,
espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into
shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in
hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care! To
calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.
1816.

TO ———

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
OF HELVELLYN

Written at Rydal Mount: The lady was Miss
Bickett, then residing with Mr. Montagu Bur-
goyne at Fox-Ghyll. We were tempted to remain
too long upon the mountain; and I, imprudently,
with the hope of shortening the way, led her
among the crags and down a steep slope which
entangled us in difficulties that were met by her
with much spirit and courage.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether’s arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning’s roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates’ top invited,
Whitber spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty! 1816.
VERNAL ODE

Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.

Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in

I

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green
were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to the
sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and
bare,
Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the
noontide breeze.
Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter’s power,
Where nothing was; and firm as some old
Tower
Of Britain’s realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming
shower!

II

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the
strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

"No wintry desolations,
Scorching bight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man’s inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
Profound of night’s ethereal blue;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid
curb!

But wandering star and fixed, to mortals
Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their morn
hour,
Her darkness splendour gave, her silent
power
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

III

"What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass away.
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand
bestows,
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.

—And though to every draught of vital
breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe’er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty’s ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or death.
Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the
sky
The foliage head in cloud-like majesty.
The shadow-casting race of trees survive;
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun’s glad ray;
Where’er the subtle waters stray;
Wherever sportive breezes bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change.
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to
range!"

IV

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the care
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral muse
ODE TO LYCORIS

That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
Prefer 'st a garland culled from purple heath,
Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews;
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me?
And was it granted to the simple ear
Of thy contented Votary
Such melody to hear!
How rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,
To lie and listen—till o'er-drows'd sense
Sits, hardly conscious of the influence—
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
—A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doh to the Soul exalt it with the chime
Of all his years;—a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping,
But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She—a statistic prudent to confer
Upon the common weal; a warrior bold,
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
And armed with living spear for mortal fight;

A cunning forager
That spreads no waste; a social builder;
One in whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight—
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwellings!

And is She brought within the power
Of vision?—'o'er this tempting flower
Hovering until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away!—
Observe each wing!—a tiny van!
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man;
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curved beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane

Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles.—Humming Bee!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
—Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth and even;
We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men;
And earth and stars composed a universal heaven!

ODE TO LYCORIS. MAY 1817

The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of Ellen Irwin I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt—may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the subaqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which—with some readers who think my theology and classical allusion too far-fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected—will tend to unrealise the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets. Before I read Virgil I was so strongly attached to Ovid, whose Metamorphoses I read at school, that I was quite in a passion whenever I found him, in books of criticism, placed below Virgil. As to Homer, I was never weary of travelling over the scenes through which he led me. Classical literature affected me by its own beauty. But the truths of scripture having been entrusted to the dead languages, and these fountains having been recently laid open at the Reformation, an importance and a sanctity were at that period attached to classical literature.
ODE TO LYCORIS

that extended, as is obvious in Milton's Lycidas, for example, both to its spirit and form in a degree that can never be revived. No doubt the hackneyed and lifeless use into which mythology fell towards the close of the 17th century, and which continued through the 18th, disgusted the general reader with all allusion to it in modern verse; and though, in deference to this disgust, and also in a measure participating in it, I abstained in my earlier writings from all introduction of pagan fable, surely, even in its humble form, it may ally itself with real sentiment, as I can truly affirm it did in the present case.

I
An age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.
Who then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
—Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this horned bay;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II
In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owlet's wing;
Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Lycoris (if such name beft
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

III
But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an art
To which our souls must bend;
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the流动的 foule be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast:
May pensive Autumn not ere present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

TO THE SAME

This as well as the preceding and the two that follow were composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood. Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air: and here let me repeat what I believe has already appeared in print. One day a stranger having walked round the garden and grounds of Rydal Mount asked one of the female servants, who happened to be at the door, permission to see her master's study. "This," said she, leading him forward, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." After a long absence from home it has more than once happened that some one of my cottage neighbours has said—"Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him booing about again." Once more, in excuse for so much egotism, let me say, these notes are written for my familiar friends, and at their earnest request. Another time a gentleman whom James had conducted through the grounds asked him what kind of plants throne best there: after a little consideration he answered—"Laurels." "That is," said the stranger, "as it should be; don't you know that the laurel is the emblem of poetry, and that poets used on public occasions to be crowned with it?" James stared when the question was first put, but was doubtless much pleased with the information.

ENOUGH of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,
Or slippery even to peril! and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompence
Mount toward the empire of the—fickle
clouds,
Each weary step, dwarfing the world
below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be
tied,
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!
—Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this
life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing
shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspred,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.
The umbrageous woods are left—how far
beneath!
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the
mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are
fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless.
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to
compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian
grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his
wish,
He gained whate'er a regal mind might
ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips
divine.
Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim
cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time
His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those
sighs creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity:
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood

Of gentler thought, protracted till thine
eye
Be calm as water when the winds are
gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest
Friend!
We two have known such happy hours
together
That, were power granted to replace them
(fetched
From out the pensive shadows where they
lie)
In the first warmth of their original sun-
shine,
Loth should I be to use it; passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory!

THE LONGEST DAY

ADRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER

Suggested by the sight of my daughter (Dora)
playing in front of Rydal Mount; and composed
in a great measure the same afternoon. I have
often wished to pair this poem upon the longest
with one upon the shortest, day, and regret even
now that it has not been done.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by;
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career:
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow's song
On her pinions swift and strong?
HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the mazy stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS
FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS

Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeling
About in the wind as here described. The
Particular bunch that suggested these verses
Noted in the Pass of Dunmail Rais. The verses
Were composed in 1817, but the applicate
Is for all times and places.

"Who but slants the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was he as such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward maze;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!"—

ANSWER

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
'Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations
Like yon tuft of fern;
"Such it is; the aspiring creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(So you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!" 1817.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved friends.

I

Within the mind strong fancies work.
A deep delight the bosom thrills
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handywork to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—
On which four thousand years have gazed!

II

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III

List to those shriller notes!—that march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed!
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and yon, whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV

My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy;
And who is she?—Can that be Joy?
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked
dare,
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion,
fair!"

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR

This arose out of a flash of moonlight that
struck the ground when I was approaching the
steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount
to the front of the house. "From her sunk eye a
stagnant tear stole forth" is taken, with some loss,
from a discarded poem, "The Convict," in which
occurred, when he was discovered lying in the
cell, these lines:

"But now he upraises the deep-sunken eye,
The motion unsettles a tear;
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply
And asks of me—why I am here."

I

SMILE of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

II

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

III

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

IV

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wild realms a festive peal,
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime.
The most resplendent hair.

VII

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress.
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

IX

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.
X
Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Sole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland’s Queen
Reposed upon the block! 1817.

SEQUEL TO THE “BEGGARS,” 1802
COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER

Where are they now, those wanton Boys?
For whose free range the drear earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth;
With tools for ready wit to guide;
And ornaments of semblier pride,
More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;
For what one moment flung aside,
Another could repair;
What good or evil have they seen
Since I their pastime witnessed here,
Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?
I ask—but all is dark between!
They met me in a genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower,—
A time to overrule the power
Of discontent, and check the birth
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
The most familiar bane of life
Since parting Innocence bequathed
Mortality to Earth!
Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the budded groves resounding;
And to my heart they still were dear.
The thoughts with which it then was cheered;
The faith which saw that gladsome pair
Walk through the fire with unsinged hair.
Or, if such faith must needs deceive—
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favourite seat of empire find—
Kind Spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the care
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of deadly injury?
Destined what’er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!

THE PILGRIM’S DREAM
OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM

I distinctly recollect the evening when these verses were suggested in 1818. It was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Glow-worms abound. A Star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite. I remember a critic, in some review or other, crying out against this piece. “What so monstrous,” said he, “as to make a star talk to a glow-worm!” Poor fellow! we know from this sage observation what the “primrose on the river’s brim was to him.”

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle’s roof;
But him the haughty Warder spurned;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
Induced a soft and slumberous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds
He recognised the earth-born Star,
And That which glittered from afar;
And (strange to witness!) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,
A very reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalship with One
Who sate a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
Thou shrink'st as momently thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glories;—No!
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
What favours do attend me here,
Till, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged: and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth:
And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode,
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree. 1818.

INSCRIPTIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A
HERMIT'S CELL

1818

I

HOPES what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—in the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride?—a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected;
Duty?—an unwelcome clog;
Joy?—a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing—
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy—as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!) 
Age?—a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell!
II

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK

The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.

PAUSE. Traveller! whoso’er thou be Whom chance may lead to this retreat, Where silence yields reluctantly Even to the fleecy straggler’s bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace, And fear not lest an idle sound Of words unsuited to the place Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air Kew softly o’er the russet heath, Upheld a Monument as fair As church or abbey furnisbeth.

Unsullied did it meet the day, Like marble, white, like ether, pure; As if, beneath, some hero lay, Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed; And, ever as the sun shone forth, The flattered structure glistened, blazed, And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile Casuald as those which Fortune builds— To undermine with secret guile, Sapped by the very gilds that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock Fell the whole Fabric to the ground; And naked left this dripping Rock, With shapeless ruin spread around!

III

Where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road, on the right hand. I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant, Bubbles gliding under ice, Bodied forth and evanescent, No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept meadow Mimicking a troubled sea, Such is life; and death a shadow From the rock eternity!

IV

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

TROUBLED long with warring notions Long impatient of thy rod, I resign my soul’s emotions Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter Yielded by this craggy rent, If my spirit toss and welter On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant To consume this crystal Well; Rains, that make each rill a torrent, Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station, Would my Life present to Thee, Gracious God, the pure oblation Of divine tranquillity!

V

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest, Deceitfully goes forth the Morn; Not seldom Evening in the west Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove, To the confiding Bark, untrue; And, if she trust the stars above, They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread Full o’ft, when storms the welkin rend, Draws lightning down upon the head It promised to defend.
But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchesafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY

Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In concluding my notices of this class of poems it may be as well to observe that among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" are a few alluding to morning impressions which might be read with mutual benefit in connection with these "Evening Voluntaries." See, for example, that one on Westminster Bridge, that composed on a May morning, the one on the song of the Thrush, and that beginning—"While beams of orient light shoot wide and high."

I

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment;  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see—  
What is?—ah no, but what can be!  
Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove;  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimer transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—  
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  

The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades.  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues,  
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
Herds range along the mountain side;  
And glistening antlers are descried;  
And gilded flocks appear.  
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
—From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won;  
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III

And, if there be whom broken ties  
Afflict, or injuries assail,  
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
Present a glorious scale,  
Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
To stop—no record hath told where!  
And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
And with immortal Spirits blend!  
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;  
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.  
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!  
And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
And wake him with such gentle heed  
As may attune his soul to meet the dawn  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
Were wont to stream before mine eye.  
Where'er it wandered in the morn  
Of blissful infancy.

1 See Note.
COMPOSED DURING A STORM

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness
serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From Thee if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking
sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
—Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
And night approaches with her shades.
1818.

Note.—The multiplication of mountain-ridges,
described at the commencement of the third Stanza
of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading
up to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours,
or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the
latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "In-
timations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza
of the foregoing Poem.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a
torrent.

One who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the
care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings
prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers,
tear
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with dark-
essness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest
sky,
An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!
1819.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED BY MR.
W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN YORKSHIRE

Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-
bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear;
And, through the sunny portion of the
year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursui-
vants:
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
And hart and hind and hunter with his
spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt
In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits
pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs
melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet
songs with thine. 1 1819.

MALHAM COVE

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky
ground,
Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!)—
Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausive
smile
Of all-beholding Phoebus! But, alas,
Vain earth! false world! Foundations
must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and
was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic
glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.
1819.

1 Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the
letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are
invariably found to flow through these caverns.
The wished-for wind was given:—I then
revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
The paths which we had trod—these foun-
tains, flowers
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
‘Behold they tremble!—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?’
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympa-
thised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”—

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-
appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—’tis vain:
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:

Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse he lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet ‘mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o’erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium’s walls were subject to their view,
The trees’ tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight!  

— DION

(SEE PLUTARCH)

This poem was first introduced by a sta-
that I have since transferred to the Notes,
reasons there given, and I cannot comply with
the request expressed by some of my friends to
the rejected stanza should be restored. I be
they will be content if it be, heretofore, imme-
attached to the poem, instead of its being de-
to a place in the Notes.

1 For the account of these long-lived trees see Pliny’s Natural History, lib. xvi. cap. 49.
and for the features in the character of Proteus see the Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. This
places the Shade of Laodamia in a more
region, among unhappy Lovers,

“His Laodamia.”

It comes."

2 See N. 16.
I

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage then did wait
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous
day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed
with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might
yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious people
see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad!
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each
hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled
with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits
bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from
prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

III

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and
mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit
dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks
and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom
dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway
paved with stars)
Which Dion learned to measure with sub-
lime delight;—
But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no
consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal
element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with
blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and
wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful
start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and
round!
A woman's garb the Phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Maenalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

IV

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avowed!  
"Avant, inexplicable Guest!—avant,"  
Exclaimed the Chieftain—"let me rather see  
The coronal that coiling vipers make;  
The torch that flames with many a lurid flame,  
And the long train of doleful pageantry  
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;  
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,  
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

V

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,  
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;  
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,  
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fail!  
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement  
Obeys a mystical intent!  
Your Minister would brush away  
The spots that to my soul adhere;  
But should she labour night and day,  
They will not, cannot disappear;  
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look  
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VI

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built  
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;  
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!  
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust  
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,  
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
The noble Syracusean low in dust!  
Shuddered the walls—the marble city wept—  
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;  
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
As he had fallen in magnanimity;  
Of spirit too capacious to require

That Destiny her course should change;  
too just  
To his own native greatness to desire  
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.  
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.  
Released from life and cares of princely state,  
He left this mortal grafted on his Fate;  
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends.  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."  
1814.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

In this tour, my wife and her sister Sara were my companions. The account of the "Brownies' Cell" and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock, by the side of which, we were told, preachings were often held in the open air. The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking. How much is it to be regretted that, instead of writing such Poems as the "Holy Fair" and others, in which the religious observances of his country are treated with so much levity and too often with indelicacy, Burns had not employed his genius in describing scenes under the serious and affecting aspects it must so frequently take.

I

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND  
A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE'S CELL

I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;  
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found,  
Or with a new ambition raised;  
That God might suitably be praised.

II
High lodged the Warrior, like a bird of prey;  
Or where broad waters round him lay:  
But this wild Ruin is no ghost  
Of his devices—buried, lost!  
Within this little lonely isle  
There stood a consecrated Pile;  
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung.  
For them whose timid Spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom!

III
Upon those servants of another world  
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,  
Their habitations shook;—it fell,  
And perished, save one narrow cell;  
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired  
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:  
He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied;  
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV
Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills;—but Crime,  
Hasting the stern decrees of Time,  
Brought low a Power, which from its home  
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;  
And, taking impulse from the sword,  
And, mocking its own pledged word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V
All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile  
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade;  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling;

Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change; who heard a claim  
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI
From year to year this shaggy Mortal went  
(As seemed it) down a strange descent:  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;  
Him, free from all malicious taint,  
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,  
A pen unwearied—to indite,  
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;  
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
The faded glories of his Clan!

VII
Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,  
And stars that in their courses fought;  
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,  
Lands deluged by unbridled floods;  
And beast and bird that from the spell  
Of sleep took import terrible;—  
These types mysterious (if the show  
Of battle and the routed foe  
Had failed) would furnish an array  
Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII
How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad,  
Inheritors of his abode;  
The otter crouching undisturbed,  
In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbed,  
O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene  
Of aspect winning and serene;  
For those offensive creatures shun  
The inquisition of the sun!  
And in this region flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight.

IX
Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living; when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the withered heath;—  
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws  
His soul into the briar-rose;  
Or calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the Brownie’s Den.

X

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen spot
In Nysa’s isle, the embellished grot;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea’s eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colours,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,
IN SIGHT OF WALLACE’S TOWER

I had seen this celebrated Waterfall twice before; but the feelings, to which it had given birth, were not expressed till they recurred in presence of the object on this occasion.

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty."—See p. 238.

LORD of the vale! astounding Flood;
The dullest leaf in this thick wood
Quakes—conscious of thy power;
The caves reply with hollow moan;
And vibrates, to its central stone,
Yon time-cemented Tower!

And yet how fair the rural scene!
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong;
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
The little trembling flowers that peep
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love
To look on thee—delight to rove
Where they thy voice can hear;
And, to the patriot-warrior’s Shade,
Lord of the vale! to Heroes laid
In dust, that voice is dear!

Along thy banks, at dead of night
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
Or stands, in warlike vest,
Aloft, beneath the moon’s pale beam,
A Champion worthy of the stream,
Yon grey tower’s living crest!

But clouds and envious darkness hide
A Form not doubtfully descried:—
Their transient mission o’er,
O say to what blind region flee
These Shapes of awful phantasy?
To what untrodden shore?

Less than divine command they spurn;
But this we from the mountains learn.
And this the valleys show;
That never will they deign to hold
Communion where the heart is cold
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian Pass,
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri’s lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
Heaven’s Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

III

EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD

I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it; but were it to prove otherwise I should be glad for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo! we are at the entrance..."
of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy
and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all
directions; the great cascade, opposite the win-
dow, which faced us, being reflected in innumera-
table mirrors upon the ceiling and against the
walls."—Extract from the Journal of my Fel-
len-Traveller.

What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim—twinkling through their
forms!

What! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve—an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow—
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam
As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts 1 of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundered adown a rocky wood,
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of colour, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that
roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favoured Spot;
Recalled some feeling—to set free
The Bard from such indignity!

1 The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath—spear sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the Living, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim
Defeating, put the monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering Nid is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.

Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man—
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran!—
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.

What though the Granite would deny
All servour to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian strain;

1 On the banks of the River Nid, near Knares-
borough.
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp, 
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp 
To utter melancholy moans 
Not unconnected with the tones 
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones; 
While grove and river notes would lend, 
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!

Vain pleasures of luxurious life, 
For ever with yourselves at strife; 
Through town and country both deranged 
By affectations interchanged, 
And all the perishable gauds 
That heaven-deserted man applauds; 
When will your hapless patrons learn 
To watch and ponder—to discern 
The freshness, the everlasting youth, 
Of admiration sprung from truth; 
From beauty infinitely growing 
Upon a mind with love overflowing—
To sound the depths of every Art 
That seeks its wisdom through the heart?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced 
With baubles of theatric taste, 
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers 
On motley bands of alien flowers 
In stiff confusion set or sown, 
Till Nature cannot find her own, 
Or keep a remnant of the sod 
Which Caledonian Heroes trod) 
I mused; and, thirsting for redress, 
Recoiled into the wilderness.

IV

YARROW VISITED

SEPTEMBER 1814

(See page 195.)

As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in his company. We had lodged the night before at Traquhair, where Hogg had joined us and also Dr. Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets, who was on a visit at the Mause. Dr. A. walked with us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow, and, being advanced in life, he then turned back. The old Man was passionately fond of poetry, though with not much of a discriminating judgment, as the Volumes he edited sufficiently show. But I was much pleased to meet with him, and to acknowledge my obligation to his collection, which had been my brother John's companion in more than one voyage to India, and which he gave me before his departure from Grasmere, never to return. Through these Volumes I became first familiar with Chaucer, and so little money had I then to spare for books, that, in all probability, but for this same work, I should have known little of Drayton, Daniel, and other distinguished poets of the Elizabethan age, and their immediate successors, till a much later period of my life. I am glad to record this, not from my importance of its own, but as a tribute of gratitude to this simple-hearted old man, whom I never again had the pleasure of meeting. I seldom read or think of this poem without regretting that my dear Sister was not of the party, as she would have had so much delight in recalling the time when, travelling together in Scotland, we declined going in search of this celebrated stream, not altogether, I will frankly confess, for the reasons assigned in the poem of the occasion.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream 
Of which my fancy cherished, 
So faithfully, a waking dream? 
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near, 
To utter notes of gladness, 
And chase this silence from the air, 
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows 
With uncontrolled meanderings; 
Nor have these eyes by greener hills 
Been soothed, in all my wanderings. 
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake 
Is visibly delighted; 
For not a feature of those hills 
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale, 
Save where that pearly whiteness 
Is round the rising sun diffused, 
A tender hazy brightness; 
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes 
All profitless dejection; 
Though not unwilling here to admit 
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower 
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding? 
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound 
On which the herd is feeding: 
And haply from this crystal pool, 
Now peaceful as the morning, 
The Water-wraith ascended thrice— 
And gave his doleful warning.
Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature:
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

"FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED"

Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scotch tour with Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister Miss Hutchinson, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicancy being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house.

From the dark chambers of dejection freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, Gillies, rise; the gaies of youth
Shall bear
Thy genius forward like a winged steed.
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air, Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare, If sought be in them of immortal seed, And reason govern that audacious flight Which heavenward they direct.—Then
Droop not thou, Erroneously renewing a sad vow In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove: A cheerful life is what the Muses love, A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

1814.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF
THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCURSION,"
UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong, Did I deliver this unfinished Song;
Yet for one happy issue;—and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and
read;—
Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He conned the new-born Lay with grateful
heart—
Foreboding not how soon he must depart;
Unweeting that to him the joy was given
Which good men take with them from
earth to heaven. 1814.

TO B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to
desert.
And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure dis-
tress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-minded-
ness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard! 1815.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE
(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF
MONMOUTH AND MILTON’S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND)

This was written at Rydal Mount, as a token
of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton.
"I have determined," says he, in his preface to
his History of England, "to bestow the telling
over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing
else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhet-	oricians, who by their wit will know how to use
them judiciously."

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain’s
Isle,
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

ERE Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore.
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever
been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled,
A brood whom no civility could melt,
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness
ne'er had felt."

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land imbued
With goodly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
towers,
And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house and
home,
Friendships that will not break, and love
that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
But, intermingled with the generous seed.
Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its
birth
From human care, or grows upon the
breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of ven-
geance waged
By Guendolen against her faithless lord:
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
Had slain his paramour with ruthless
sword:
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should
bear
That name through every age, her hatred
to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword
Which yet he brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of that sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dread poverty assaulted;
And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,
He towards his native country cast a long-looked for wind—the voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
"Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troyovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless King
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear;
And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Eldure, who leads the chase,
Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazes rejoicing, and again he gazes,
Confounded and amazed—
"It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegaal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Eldure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

"By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost;—forgive the wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:
I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been held in trust."

A while the astonished Artegaal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Eldure replied;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

"Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp.
The British sceptre, here would I to the
The symbol yield; and would undo this clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegaal thus spake: "I only sought: Within this realm a place of safe retreat; Beware of rousing an ambitious thought: Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet: Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind Art pitifully blind:
Full soon this generous purpose thou mayst rue,
When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head, Would balance claim with claim, and right with right? But thou—I know not how inspired, how led— Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate:
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored, He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord;

"Lifted in magnanimity above Aught that my feeble nature could perform.
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm,
I, Brother! only should be king in name
And govern to my shame;
A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."
"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect awaits on virtuous life, and ever most attends on goodness with dominion decked, Which stands the universal empire's boast; This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

"And what if o'er thy bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
It veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the groves,
And repudiation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gadding the people's heart from shore to shore;
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may'st know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, and slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

The Story tells what courses were pursued,
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose, —and, to consummate this just intent,

Did place upon his brother's head the crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!"
The people answered with a loud acclaim:
Yet more;—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,
The reinstated Artegael became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondage freed
Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died, the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.
Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
Discord in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And, from this triumph of affection pure,
He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure." 1815.

"For me who under kindlier laws." This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition, by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself.

While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
November 1

Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten if the impression had not been transferred to verse. The same observation applies to the next.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from yon distant mountain’s head,
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain’s glittering head—
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality’s earth-siling wing,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

"The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade"

Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales and looks towards Windermere. The Cottage of Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time when this Sonnet was written, and long after, was occupied by the husband and wife described in the "Excursion," where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the dwelling with a light to guide her husband home at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the

1 This and the following eight sonnets between the years 1810-15.

"Epistle to Sir George Beaumont" as that from which the female peasant hailed us on our morning journey. The musician mentioned in the Sonnet was the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook of Peterhouse, Cambridge, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at Rydal after he had purchased it.

The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture as the Genius played
In his still haunt on Bagdad’s summit high;
He who stood visible to Mirza’s eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread!
The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas;
Yet sacred is to me this Mountain’s head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted, on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

"Weak is the Will of Man,
His Judgment Blind"

"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human-kind.
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might he paint our lot of mortal day;
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And colour life’s dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
’Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer’s temple bind
Wreaths that endure affliction’s heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow’s keenest wind.

"Hail, Twilight, Sovereign Of One Peaceful Hour"

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
2 See the Vision of Mirza in the Spectator.
But studious only to remove from sight
Day’s mutable distinctions. — Ancient
Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
I looked ere his eyes were closed. By him
was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! —
brought forth
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between;
The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID"

The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder’s sight
As if to vindicate her beauty’s right
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
Went floating from her, darkening as it went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament;
Whoe'er meekly yields, is obscured—content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

"EVEN AS A DRAGON’S EYE THAT FEELS THE STRESS"

Even as a dragon’s eye that feels the stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,
So burns yon Taper ’mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:
The lake below reflects it not; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhappes seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they sing,
While hearts and voices in the song unite.

"MARK THE CONCENTRED HAZELS THAT ENCLOSE"

Suggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of
Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others
Of like form and character, though much of the
wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been
felled. This beautiful ground was lately purchased
by our friend Mrs. Fletcher, the ancient owners,
most respected persons, being obliged to part with
it in consequence of the prudence of a son. It
is gratifying to mention that, instead of murmur-
ing and repining at this change of fortune, they
offered their services to Mrs. Fletcher, the husband
as an out-door labourer, and the wife as a domestic
servant. I have witnessed the pride and pleasure
with which the man worked at improvements of
the ground round the house. Indeed he expressed
those feelings to me himself, and the countenance
and manner of his wife always denoted feelings of
the same character. I believe a similar disposition
to contentment under change of fortune is
common among the class to which these good
people belong. Yet, in proof that to part with
their patrimony is most painful to them, I may
refer to those stanzas entitled "Repentance," no
inconsiderable part of which was taken verbatim
from the language of the speaker herself.

MARK the concentrated hazels that enclose
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
Of noontide suns:—and even the beams
That play
And glance, while wantonly the rough
Wind blows,
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,
The very image framing of a Tomb,
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye
trees!
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness
Keep
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
For more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time’s forlorn humanities.
TO THE POET, JOHN DYER

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled;"
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!

"BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET SEEKS"

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad should'st thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

"SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS THE WIND"

This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catharine long after her death.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss?—That thought return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn.
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unbor.
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

ODE

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.
JANUARY 18, 1816

The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extemporaneously, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning as is precisely described here. The view taken by the character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference, and trust that this series of poems, infinite below the subject as they are, will survive to counteract, in unsophisticated minds, the pernicious and degrading tendency of those views and doctrines that lead to the idolatry of power, of power, and, in that false splendour to lose sight of its real nature and constitution as it affects for the gratification of its possessor with reference to a beneficial end—an infirmity it has characterised men of all ages, classes, and employments, since Nimrod became a mighty hunter before the Lord.

I

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou canst shed the bliss of gratitude

1 See Note.
ODE

On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's
cell!
Not unregarded see thee climb the sky
In naked splendour, clear from mist or
haze;
Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,
Which even in deepest winter testify
Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze,
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that modest pace
Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God
ordains
That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass
away
Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,
Rear utter stillness, and the silent grace
Of yeon ethereal summits white with snow,
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest Object which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights
has poured
Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's universal
mould,
And for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;
Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee
hail!
Bright be thy course to-day, let not this
promise fail!

II
Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,
All nature seems to hear me while I speak,
By feelings urged that do not vainly seek
Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes
That stream in blithe succession from the
throats
Of birds, in leafy bower,
Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
—There is a radiant though a short-lived
flame,
That burns for Poets in the dawning east;
And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
When the captivity of sleep had ceased;
But He who fixed immovable the frame
Of the round world, and built, by laws as
strong,
A solid refuge for distress—
The towers of righteousness;
He knows that from a holier altar came
The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
Knows that the source is nobler whence
doth rise
The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
Than aught dependent on theickle skies.

III
Have we not conquered?—by the venge-
ful sword?
Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity;
That curb'd the baser passions, and left free
A loyal band to follow their liege Lord
Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Com-
peers,
Along a track of most unnatural years;
In execution of heroic deeds
Whose memory, spotless as the crystal
beads
Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,
Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.
He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that 'mid the falling never failed —
Who paints how Britain struggled and
prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV
And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart;
And one brief day is rightly set apart
For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished—but that
we survive.

V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure!
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could not tame
That soul of Evil—which, from hell let loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such abuse
As boundless patience only could endure?
—Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—
Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven;—who never saw, may heave a sigh;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,
When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the fair gardens of civility,
By ignorance defaced,
By violence laid waste,
Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

VI

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—
Opposed to hopes that batten upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to celerities of lawless force;
Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—
What could they gain but shadows of redress?
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess. 1

VII

Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies.

No more—the guilt is banished,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Wight hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
—No more—these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What rob can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

VIII

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear.
If one there be
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never more
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar?
As springs the lion from his den,
As from a forest-brake
Upstarts a glistening snake,
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast.
With all her armed Powers,
On that offensive soil, like waves upon
a thousand shores.
The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art foremost in the field:—there stand:
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
All States have glorified themselves:—their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is given.
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

IX

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of thy favour,
That else insensibly departs,  
And loses its sweet savour!  
Lodge it within us!—as the power of light  
Lives inexcusably in precious gems,  
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,  
So shine our thankfulness for ever bright!  
What offering, what transcendent monument  
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?  
Not work of hands; but trophies that may reach  
To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul;  
That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,  
Upon the internal conquests made by each,  
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.  
Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay  
The outward service of this day;  
Whether the worshippers entreat  
Forgiveness from God’s mercy-seat;  
Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend  
That He has brought our warfare to an end,  
And that we need no second victory!——  
'Hail! what a ghastly sight for man to see;  
And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,  
For a brief moment, terrible;  
But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,  
Before whom all things are, that were,  
All judgments that have been, or ever shall be;  
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!  
Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,  
Give us, this day, a vital undulation!  
Let all who do this land inherit  
Be conscious of thy moving spirit!  
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,  
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;  
Hear Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,  
When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,  
And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive  
With lip and heart to tell their gratitude  
For thy protecting care,  
Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord  
For tyranny subdued,  
And for the sway of equity renewed,  
For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

x

But hark—the summons!—down the placid lake  
Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake  
The tender insects sleeping in their cells;  
Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake  
The drops that tip the melting icicles.  
O, enter now his temple gate!  
Inviting words—perchance already flung  
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle  
Of some old Minster’s venerable pile)  
From voices into zealous passion stung,  
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,  
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast  
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,  
As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await;  
But in the bosom, with devout respect  
The banner of our joy we will erect,  
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:  
For to a few collected in his name,  
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear  
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim;—  
Awake! the majesty of God revere!  
Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed  
Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—

The Holy One will hear!  
And what, ’mid silence deep, with faith sincere,  
Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
Shall simply feel and purely meditate—  
Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,  
Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed;  
And of more arduous duties thence imposed  
Upon the future advocates of right;  
Of mysteries revealed,  
And judgments unrepealed,  
Of earthly revolution,  
And final retribution,—  
To his omniscience will appear  
An offering not unworthy to find place,  
On this high Day of Thanks, before the Throne of Grace!

ODE

1

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,  
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present—
Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.
—Fly, ministers of Fame,
With every help that ye from earth and
heaven may claim!
Bear through the world these tidings of
delight!
—Hours, Days, and Months, have borne
them in the sight
Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendours to devour;
But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sadden-
ing power.
—The shock is given—the Adversaries
bleed—
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Joyful annunciation!—it went forth—
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish
North—
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its
bridge—
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—
Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West!—
—Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars
appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful
seed—
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades
of night—
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its
flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless
meed:
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty
feats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose dis-
tracted borders
This messenger of good was launched in air,
France, humbled France, amid her wild
disorders,
INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

With medicable wounds, or found their
graves
Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves;
Or were conducted home in single state,
And long procession—there to lie,
Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,
Unheard by them, their deeds shall cele-
brate!

IV

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence—the cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
HIs drought consumes, his mildew taints
with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's
mine,
He puts the Earthquake on her still design,
Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink
Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is
Thine!—
The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy
courts—
He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
For Thou art angry with thine enemies!
' For these, and mourning for our
errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
We bow our heads before Thee, and we
laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instru-
ment,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling
mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail;
Thine arm from peril guards the
coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful
fight,
Terrific God of battles, Lord of
Hosts!

V

Forbear:—to Thee—
Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue

But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—
To Thee—To Thee—
Just God of christianised Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks
ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an
end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall
rest,
And all the Nations labour to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in
pure good will.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY 1816

Composed immediately after the "Thanksgiv-
ing Ode," to which it may be considered as a
second part.

1

"Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Man-
kind!"

A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than
the wind:
"From regions where no evil thing has
birth
I come—thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder
day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs
that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan
With tens of thousands rent from off the
tree
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims un lamented!
But not on high, where madness is resent ed,
And murder causes some sad tears to
flow,
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphant ly
augmented.
II

"False Parent of Mankind!
Obdurate, proud, and blind,
I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from
my wings,
Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious;—may the like return no
more!
May Discord—for a Seraph's care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—
May she, who once disturbed the seats of
bliss
These mortal spheres above,
Be chained for ever to the black abyss.
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"

The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness
infinite.

ODE

——— Carmina possumus
    Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incissa notis marmora publicis,
Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
——— clarus indicant
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.—HOR. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

I

When the soft hand of sleep had closed
the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping reluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense;
I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest
skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City, and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer
rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright.
And, here and there, between the pastoral
downs,
The azure sea upswept upon the sight.
Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows!
But not a living creature could be seen
Through its wide circuit, that, in deep
repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,
Lay hushed; till,—through a portal in the
sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a
storm,
Opening before the sun's triumphant eye—
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Form!
Earthward it glided with a swift descent:
Saint George himself this Visitant must
be;
And, ere a thought could ask on what
intent
He sought the regions of Humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified
City and field and flood;—aloud it cried—

"Though from my celestial home,
"Like a Champion, armed I come;
"On my helm the dragon crest,
"And the red cross on my breast;
"I, the Guardian of this Land,
"Speak not now of toilsome duty;
"Well obeyed was that command—
"Whencebright days of festive beauty:
"Haste, Virgins, haste!—the flowers which
summer gave
"Have perished in the field;
"But the green thickets plenteously shall
yield
"Fit garlands for the brave,
"That will be welcome, if by you entwine;
"Haste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye
Matrons grave,
"Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
"And gather what ye find
"Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—
"To deck your stern Defenders' brows!
"Such simple gifts prepare,
"Though they have gained a worthier
meed;
"And in due time shall share
"Those palms and amaranthine wreaths
"Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
"In realms where everlasting freshness
breathes!"
ODE

II

And lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
And upright weapons innocently gleaming,
Along the surface of a spacious plain
Advance in order the redoubted Bands,
And there receive green chaplets from the hands

Of a fair female train—
Maids and Matrons, sight
In robes of dazzling white;
While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;
And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,
Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,
Thus strives a grateful Country to display
The mighty debt which nothing can repay!

(Albeit of effect profound)
It was—and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those high achievements; even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;
So may she labour for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture’s patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life;—
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

III

Anon before my sight a palace rose
Built of all precious substances,—so pure
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
A vitality like splendour to endure:
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonised affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV

But garlands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound—

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarr’d
From your first mansions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul’s desires!
That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
Of Britain’s acts,—may catch it with rapier,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man’s heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—
That not in vain they laboured to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

ODE

I

Who rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the civic wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mien!
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general air
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
—Melt, Principalities, before her melt!
Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!
But She through many a change of form hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an armed creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous nature;
That, having forced its way from birth to birth,
Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear;
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,
Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbéd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!
And, wheresoe’er she spread her sovereignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pure.
—Have we not known—and live we not to tell—
That Justice seemed to hear her final knell
Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast
Her stores, and sighed to find them secure!
And Hope was maddened by the drop that fell
From shades, her chosen place of short lived rest.
Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show:
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye powers of Heavens, how long?
—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong
Up to the measure of accorded might.
And daring not to feel the majesty of right

IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask
Upon the pressure of a painful thing.
The lion’s sinews, or the eagle’s wing;
Or let their wishes loose, in forest glade;
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—
That Man may be accomplished for a woe:
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?
If, when that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
In worse than former helplessness—and is
Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish.
The same weak wish returns, that has
Before deceived him.
V

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
The course of things, and change the creed
Which hath been held aloft before men's sight
Since the first framing of societies,
Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong.

1816.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA

1812-13

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propred on a staff, and, through the sullen day.
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirnly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Fringing round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why—unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home—ah! why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reiessile steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,
And bade the Snow their ample backs stride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and desery,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!

1816.

ON THE SAME OCCASION

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter—He hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

1816.

"BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE"

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice;—to quell that Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,
"Finish the strife by deadliest victory!"

1816.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS
OF HOCHHEIM

ABRUPTLY paused the strife;—the field throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
—Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.¹

1816.

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY
JOHN SOBIESKI

FEBRUARY 1816

Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame
Which ministered, meanwhile, to a sacrifice
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,
In words like these: 'Up, Voice of song! proclaim

¹ See Note.

'Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
'For lo! the Imperial City stands released
'From bondage threatened by the embattled East,
'And Christendom expires; from guilt and shame
'Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
'By one day's seat, one mighty victory.
'---Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!
'The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim;
'He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,
'He conquering through God, and God by Him.'¹

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO

(When the last six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY 1816

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you
Is life despised; ah no, the spacious earth
Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,
So many objects to which love is due:
Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true;
But death, becoming death, is dearer far
When duty bids you bleed in open war:
Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.
Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent
'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—
To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared
To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,
Your Country rears this sacred Monument.'

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO

FEBRUARY 1816

The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day,
Yet trained to judgments righteously severe.
Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
¹ See Filicaia's ode.
TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID 557

As recognising one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array
Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—

Assoiled from all encumbrance of our time,¹
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hall, which from their peaceful cline
Angels might welcome with a choral shout!

"EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG"

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn!

How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!

Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
Peace is sprung;

In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve!

Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!

The power of retribution once was given:
But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

1816.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be printed in the Philological Museum, was not very acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment—for it was nothing more—an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced that a spiced translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request. W. W.

But Cytheria, studious to invent
Arts yet untired, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face
To young Ascanius, should assume his place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue;
She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour stung;
The calm of night is powerless to remove
These cares, and thus she speaks to wingèd Love:

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

DEAR RELIQUES! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;
And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old

¹ "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoit."—Spenser.
man, however infirm, was able to card the wool,
as he sate in the corner by the fireside; and
often, when a boy, have I admired the cylinders
of carded wool which were softly laid upon each
other by his side. Two wheels were often at
work on the same floor; and others of the family,
chiefly little children, were occupied in teasing
and cleaning the wool to fit it for the hand of the
carder. So that all, except the smallest infants,
were contributing to mutual support. Such was
the employment that prevailed in the pastoral
vales. Where wool was not at hand, in the small
rural towns, the wheel for spinning flax was
almost in as constant use, if knitting was not
preferred; which latter occupation has the ad-
vantage (in some cases disadvantage) that, not
being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gos-
sipping about from house to house, which good
housewives reckoned an idle thing.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is
mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer’s voice, that used to
lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to com-
pose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without
end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and
rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

"I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE
WATCHED, WITH CALM REGRET"

Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky
parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell
opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times,
have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened
by the same objects seen from the same place.

I watch, and long have watched, with
calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering
quire!

Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and
yet;
But now the horizon’s rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright
attire,
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no
more.

Angels and gods! We struggle with our
fate,
While health, power, glory, from their
height decline,
Depressed; and then extinguished; and
our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore!

"I HEARD (ALAS! ’TWAS ONLY
IN A DREAM)"

I HEARD (alas! ’twas only in a dream)
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been re-
ceived
Wafted down the wind from lake or
stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O’er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial
Hollow
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal
quire?
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in
vain to follow.

THE HAUNTED TREE

TO ———

This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I
have often listened to its creaking as described.

Those silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming
less

1 See the Phaedon of Plato, by which this
Sonnet was suggested.
Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn,
and ceased
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown
the wine;
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly—till, at the queen's command,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand:
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer,
Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choicest favours wait
Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"
She spake and shed an offering on the board;
Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught;
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings;
When human kind, and brute; what natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling showers.
He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain

The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught
with rain;
—Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights
Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights.
The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws
Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the applause.
—But, lengthening out the night with converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam asked, of Hector—o'er and o'er—
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore;—
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host.
How looked Achilles, their dread paramount—
"But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends?—your wandering course;
For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged." 1816.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION
OR,
CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEASHORE

The first and last fourteen lines of this poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such; but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's History of England.

The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Musterling a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that share
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was the Sea;
Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion’s feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain’s earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingéd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

DOGmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing burr;
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool;—and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arrowy gleams
From this corporeal frame; whereon who
stands,
Is seized with strong incitement to push
forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—
dread thought,
For pastime plunge—into the "abrupt
abyss,"
Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at
ease!
And yet more gladly thee would I con-
duct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to
behold
There, bow the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and
erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-
arched roof;
And storms the pillars rock. But we such
schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of
light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness,
espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into
shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in
hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

TO ———

1816.

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
OF HELVELLYN

Written at Rydal Mount: ‘The lady was Miss
Rackett, then residing with Mr. Montagu Bur-

goyne at Fox-Ghyll. We were tempted to remain
too long upon the mountain; and I, imprudently,
with the hope of shortening the way, led her
among the crags and down a steep slope which
entangled us in difficulties that were met by her
with much spirit and courage.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether’s arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantage of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning’s roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphates’ top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty! 1816.
VERNAL ODE

Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature.

Rerum Natura tota est minus quam magis quam in

 Beneath the concave of an April sky,
When all the fields with freshest green
were light,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye
That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance to
the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pure light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air
He hung,—then floated with angelic ease
(softening that bright effulgence by degrees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp and
bare,
Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the
moontide breeze.
Upon the apex of that lofty cone
Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone;
Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,
Where nothing was; and firm as some old
Tower
Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest
Waves high, embellished by a gleaming
shower!

II

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings
Rested a golden harp;—he touched the
strings;
And, after prelude of unearthly sound
Poured through the echoing hills around,
He sang—

"No wintry desolations,
Scorching blight or noxious dew,
Affect my native habitations;
Buried in glory, far beyond the scope
Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
Imaged, though faintly, in the hue
Profound of night's ethereal blue;
And in the aspect of each radiant orb;—
Some fixed, some wandering with no timid
curb;

But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye
Blended in absolute serenity,
And free from semblance of decline;—
Fresh as if Evening brought their natal
hour,
Her darkness splendour gave, her silent
power
To testify of Love and Grace divine.

III

"What if those bright fires
Shine subject to decay,
Sons haply of extinguished sires,
Themselves to lose their light, or pass away
Like clouds before the wind,
Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,
Nightly, on human kind
That vision of endurance and repose.
—And though to every draught of vital
breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Hoeve'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreative vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or death.
Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the
sky
The foliated head in cloud-like majesty.
The shadow-casting race of trees survive.
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads?—endlessly renewed.
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;
Wherever sportive breezes bend
Their course, or genial showers descend:
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change.
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to
range!"

IV

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the care
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse
DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS.,
TO ———)

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
as on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. WORDSWORTH.

RVDAL MOUNT, Nov. 1821.

I

FISH-WOMEN—ON LANDING AT CALAIS

"Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath
rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening
waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted
caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it not:
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs
dwell! 1

II

BRUGÈS

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of
power:
The splendour fled; and now the sunless
hour,

1 See Note.

That, slowly making way for peaceful
night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not—spare to
hide,
O gentle Power of darkness! these mild
hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion,
glide!

III

BRUGÈS

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet
song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to the seat of grace within the
mind:
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease
along,
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
throng,
To an harmonious decency confined:
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple, dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions
freed;
A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture
wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was
bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it
brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished; leaving prospect blank and
cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled
In dreary billows; wood, and meagre oot,
And monuments that soon must disappear:
Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-seal.
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men should feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

V

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

The scenery on the Meuse pleases me more, upon the whole, than that of the Rhine, though the river itself is much inferior in grandeur. The rocks both in form and colour, especially between Namur and Liege, surpass any upon the Rhine, though they are in several places disfigured by quarries, whence stones were taken for the new fortifications. This is much to be regretted, for they are useless, and the scars will remain perhaps for thousands of years. A like injury to a still greater degree has been inflicted, in my memory, upon the beautiful rocks of Clifton on the banks of the Avon. There is probably in existence a very long letter of mine to Sir Uvedale Price, in which was given a description of the landscapes on the Meuse as compared with those on the Rhine.

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs. Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the re-perusal of them has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,

Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

VI

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew!
Why does this puny Church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair?
This sword that one of our weak times might wear!
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labour left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach. 1

VII

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

O FOR the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,
Studious that HE might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat

1 See Note.
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

VIII
IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS
OF THE RHINE

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—that still is mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

IX
HYMN
FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH
THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF
HEIDELBERG

JESU! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!  

X
THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life!  
The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encirclement of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

1 See Note.
Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

Summer ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In his providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to dawdlen
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number;
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the year's successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
When his light returns from far.

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled
Toward the mighty gulf of things,
And the many stream unravelled
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS
FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS

Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeled
About in the wind as here described. The particular bunch that suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The verses were composed in 1817, but the applicability is for all times and places.

"Who but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;

But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward maze:
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!"—

ANSWER

"Stranger, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
'Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations
Like yon Tuft of Fern;
"Such it is; the aspiring creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(So you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!"

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and
feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day
and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved
friends.

I
Within the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills
Of as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handywork to mock.
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit;
But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—
On which four thousand years have gazed!

II
Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fail
To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
Laws, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shelters;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III
List to those shriller notes!—that march
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed!
—They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and yon, whose church-like
frame
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV
My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd-boy;
And who is she?—Can that be Joy?
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"What'er the weak may dread, the wicked
dare,
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion,

1817.

IV

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wild realms a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confounding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime.
The most resplendent hair.

VII

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee.
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress.
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

IX

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed.
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of deadly injury?
Destined whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!

1817.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM

I distinctly recollect the evening when these verses were suggested in 1818. It was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Glow-worms abound. A Star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite. I remember a critic, in some review or other, crying out against this piece. "What so monstrous," said he, "as to make a star talk to a glow-worm!"
Poor fellow! we know from this sage observation what the "primrose on the river's brim was to him."

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof;
But him the haughty Warder spurned;
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve for
Couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kindred look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighbouring stream
Induced a soft and slumberous dream,
A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds
He recognised the earth-born Star,
And That which glittered from afar;
And (strange to witness!) from the frame
Of the ethereal Orb, there came
Intelligible sounds.

Much did it taunt the humble Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,
A very reptile could presume
To show her taper in the gloom,
As if in rivalry with One
Who sate a ruler on his throne
Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star!" the Worm replied,
"Abate this unbecoming pride,
Or with a less uneasy lustre shine;
Thou shrivest as momently thy rays
Are mastered by the breathing haze;
While neither mist, nor thickest cloud
That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
Hath power to injure mine.

But not for this do I aspire
To match the spark of local fire,
That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
With thy acknowledged glories;—No!
Yet, thus upbraided, I may show
What favours do attend me here,
Till, like thyself, I disappear
Before the purple dawn."

When this in modest guise was said,
Across the welkin seemed to spread
A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!
Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran;
That Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
And reeled with visionary stir
In the blue depth, like Lucifer
Cast headlong to the pit!

Fire raged: and, when the spangled floor
Of ancient ether was no more,
New heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth:
And all the happy Souls that rode
Transfigured through that fresh abode,
Had heretofore, in humble trust,
Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,
The Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree. 1818.
INSCRIPTIONS

II

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK

The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe’er thou be Whom chance may lead to this retreat, Where silence yields reluctantly Even to the fleecy straggler’s bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace, And fear not lest an idle sound Of words unsuited to the place Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air Flew softly o’er the russet heath, Uphold a Monument as fair As church or abbey furnishest.

Unsullied did it meet the day, Like marble, white, like ether, pure; As if, beneath, some hero lay, Honoured with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed; And, ever as the sun shone forth, The flattered structure glistened, blazed, And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile Unsound as those which Fortune builds— To undermine with secret guile, Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock Fell the whole Fabric to the ground; And naked left this dripping Rock, With shapeless ruin spread around!

III

where the second quarry now is, as you pass from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerly a length of smooth rock that sloped towards the road, on the right hand. I used to call it Tadpole Slope, from having frequently observed there the water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly in the shape of that creature.

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, Bubbles gliding under ice, Bodied forth and evanescent, No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts!—A wind-swept meadow Mimicking a troubled sea, Such is life; and death a shadow From the rock eternity!

IV

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

TROUBLED long with warring notions Long impatient of thy rod, I resign my soul’s emotions Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter Yielded by this craggy rent, If my spirit toss and waver On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant To consume this crystal Well; Rains, that make each rill a torrent, Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonouring not her station, Would my Life present to Thee, Gracious God, the pure oblation Of divine tranquillity!

V

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest, Deceitfully goes forth the Morn; Not seldom Evening in the west Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove, To the confiding Bark, untrue; And, if she trust the stars above, They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread Full oft, when storms the welkin rend, Draws lightning down upon the head It promised to defend.
But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee;  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy!

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY

Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In concluding my notices of this class of poems it may be as well to observe that among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" are a few alluding to morning impressions which might be read with mutual benefit in connection with these "Evening Voluntaries." See, for example, that one on Westminster Bridge, that composed on a May morning, the one on the song of the Thrush, and that beginning—"While beams of orient light shoot wide and high."

I

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment;  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see—  
What is?—ah no, but what can be!  
Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove;  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both. —Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimer transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle—thegleam—  
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  

The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades,  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beany radiance, that imbues,  
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!  
In vision exquisitely clear;  
Hers range along the mountain side;  
And glistening antlers are descried;  
And gilded flocks appear.  
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal  
Eve!  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
—From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won;  
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III

And, if there be whom broken ties  
Afflict, or injuries assail,  
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
Present a glorious scale,  
Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
To stop—no record hath told where!  
And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
And with immortal Spirits blend!  
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;  
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.  
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!  
And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
Hath slept since noon-tide on the gravelly ground,  
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
And wake him with such gentle heed  
As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
Where'er it wandered in the morn  
Of blissful infancy.

1 See Note.
COMPOSED DURING A STORM

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitute;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If taught unworthy be my choice,
From thee if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
And night approaches with her shades.

1818.

Note.—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny base;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Institutions of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM

Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent.

One who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth—his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prow'l
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, roar
The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his eye
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did appear
Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,
An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity;
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!

1819.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOWING, WERE SUGGESTED BY MR. W. WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES, ETC., IN YORKSHIRE

Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear:
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants:
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants;
And hart and hind and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benign;
And, haply, far within the marble belt
Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt
Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine.¹

1819.

MALHAM COVE

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
Tier under tier, this semicirque profound?
(Giants—the same who built in Erin's isle
That Causeway with incomparable toil!)—
Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound
With finished sweep into a perfect round,
No mightier work had gained the plausible smile
Of all-beholding Phæbus! But, alas,
Vain earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of is and was,
Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
Make sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

¹ Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.
GORDALE

At early dawn, or rather when the air
Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy
Eve
Is busiest to confer and to bereave;
Then, pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
Where the young lions couch; for so, by
leave
Of the propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
The local Deity, with oozly hair
And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,
Recumbent: Him thou may'st behold, who
hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt-sea
tides! 1819.

"AERIAL ROCK—WHOSE
SOLITARY BROW"

A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in
front of Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it,
you are struck with the boldness of its aspect;
but walking under it, you admire the beauty of
its details. It is vulgarly called Holme-scar,
probably from the insulated pasture by the
waterside below it.

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my
sight;
When I step forth to hail the morning light;
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell
—how
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?
—By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring
stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a
gleam
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die. 1819.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

I observed this beautiful nest on the largest
island of Rydal Water.
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cel:
With emerald floored, and with purpureal
shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a
thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of
Spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant
swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to
dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brood-
ing wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-
tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing,
sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous
pride! 1819.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF
IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage
benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and
line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline.
He found the longest summer day too
short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee.
Or down the tempting mire of Shawford
brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book.
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from
every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety! 1819.
TO A SNOWDROP

CAPTIVITY—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with
deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glimmering with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late!—
0 be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow,
blind!"

1819.

TO A SNOWDROP

LIKE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,
waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Claste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

1819.

ON SEEING A TUFT OF SNOWDROPS IN A STORM

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;

Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;
And so the bright immortal Theban band,
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's com-
mand,
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

1819.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY

With each recurrence of this glorious morn
That saw the Saviour in his human frame
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-
dame
Put on fresh raiment— till that hour un-
born:
Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,
And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,
In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,
Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn.
A blest estate when piety sublime
These humble props disdained not! O green dales!
Sad may I be who heard your sabbath chime
When Art's abused inventions were un-
known;
Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own;
And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

1819.

"GRIEF, THOU HAST LOST AN EVER-READY FRIEND"

I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the changes brought about among the cottages of Westmoreland by the silence of the spinning-wheal. During long winter nights and wet days, the wheel upon which wool was spun gave employment to a great part of a family. The old
Than the fair Forms, that in long order
glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes
aloft descried.
Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou
miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's
dark abyss!

XXXII

ELEGIAIC STANZAS

The lamented Youth whose untimely death
gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Fre-
derick William Goddard, from Boston in North
America. He was in his twentieth year, and had
resided for some time with a clergyman in the
neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of
his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil,
a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a
Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in
with a Friend of mine who was hastening to join
our party. The travellers, after spending a day
together on the road from Berne and at Soleure,
took leave of each other at night, the young men
having intended to proceed directly to Zurich.
But early in the morning my friend found his
new acquaintances, who were informed of the
object of his journey, and the friends he was in
pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met
at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G.
and his fellow-student became in consequence our
travelling companions for a couple of days. We
ascended the Righi together; and, after contem-
plating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we
separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to
the parting of those who were to meet no more.
Our party descended through the valley of our
Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to
Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at
Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the
21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being
overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich.
His companion saved himself by swimming, and
was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss
gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern
coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard
was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentle-
man, who generously performed all the rites of
hospitality which could be rendered to the dead
as well as to the living. He caused a handsome
mural monument to be erected in the Church of
Kilsnacht, which records the premature fate of
the young American, and on the shores too of the
lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing
out the spot where the body was deposited by the
waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;
Free were the streams and green the
bowers;
As if, to rough assaults unknown,
The genial spot had ever shown
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease;
With pleasure dancing through the frame
We journeyed; all we knew of care—
Our path that straggled here and there;
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze;
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil
Of three short days—but hush—no more!
Calm is the grave, and calmer none
Than that to which thy cares are gone,
Thou Victim of the stormy gale;
Asleep on ZURICH's shore!

O GODDARD! what art thou?—a name—
A sunbeam followed by a shade!
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,
The great, the experienced, and the wise:
Too much from this frail earth we claim,
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,
A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undaunted,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;

1 Mount Righi—Regina Montium.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

XXXIII

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion’s shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades;
Meek Nature’s evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXIV

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o’er?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror!—
Enough: my Country’s cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne’er can clow;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXV

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER

Nov. 1820

Where be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where?
That passed

1 The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son’s memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.
Through Europe, echoing from the news-
man’s blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for Eng-
land’s shame.
Peace greets us;—rambling on without an
aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminate,¹ couchèd on the grassy lea;
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim
The Season’s harmless pastime. Ruder
sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange
delight,
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
And makes this rural stillness more pro-
found.

XXXVI

AT DOVER

For the impressions on which this sonnet turns,
I am indebted to the experience of my daughter,
during her residence at Dover with our dear
friend, Miss Fenwick.

FROM the Pier’s head, musing, and with
increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side
town,
Under the white cliff’s battlemented crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath
peace:
The streets and quays are thronged, but
why disown?
Their natural utterance: whence this
strange release
From social noise—silence elsewhere un-
known?—
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease;
Ocean’s o’erpowering murmurs have set
free
Thy sense from pressure of life’s common
din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from out the
sea
Of God’s eternal Word, the Voice of
Time
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of
crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of
sin." ¹ See Note.

XXXVII

DESLUTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS
FROM THE PRESS

Is then the final page before me spread,
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be
read,
How can I give thee licence to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings start
Forth from their coverts; slighted objects
rise;
My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
Visibly leading on the thunder’s harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,
All that I heard comes back upon my ear.
All that I felt this moment doth renew;
And where the foot with no unmanly fear
Recollèd—and wings alone could travel—
there
I move at ease; and meet contending themes
That press upon me, crossing the career
Of recollections vivid as the dreams
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and
mighty streams.

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
Who triumphed o’er diluvian power!—and
yet
What are they but a wreck and residue,
Whose only business is to perish?—true
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons
of Time
Labour their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
Arch that here rests upon the granite ridge
Of Monte Rosa—there on trailer stone
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau’s cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the
Vale
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn’s purple crown, and Winter’s
icy mail!
That o'er the pavement of the surging streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detain
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetched themes!

Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

---

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY
(GEORGE THE THIRD)

WARD of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmering
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's doom,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

---

THE STARS ARE MANSIONS
BUILT BY NATURE'S HAND

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring

---

TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER

With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar character from other Writers; transcribed by a female friend.

LADY! I rифed a Parnassian Cave
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
Dim shades—for relics, upon Lethe's shore,
Cast up at random by the sullen wave.
To female hands the treasures were resigned;
And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and clear
From stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined
To holy musing, it may enter her.

---

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM

See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

A BOOK came forth of late, called Peter Bell;
Not negligent the style;—the matter?—good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well,
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their
blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy
brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath
and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy
choice,
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and
rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

Yea sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's
Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal
hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have ye suffered from Time’s gnaw-
ing tooth;
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and
towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence ove-
powers
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold ex-
change,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious
street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;
Take from her brow the withering flowers
of eve,
And to that brow life’s morning wreath
restore;
Let her be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.

JUNE 1820

FAERTE tells of groves—from England far
away—
1 Groves that inspire the Nightingale to
trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-variety lay:
Such bold report I venture to gainsay:
For I have heard the quire of Richmond
hill
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day:
When, haply under shade of that same
wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing can
Plied steadily between those willowy shores.
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons
stood—
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous
mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

SHAME on this faithless heart! that could
allow
Such transport, though but for a moment’s
space;
Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—
The crescent moon clove with its glittering
prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady
bough;
But in plain daylight:—She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart’s experience satisfied,

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON
THE CONTINENT

1820

I set out in company with my Wife and Sister,
and Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, then just married,
and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters,
we left at Berne, while Mr. Monkhouse took the
opportunity of making an excursion with us
among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr. H. C.
Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this
ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the
two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to
Paris, where Mr. Monkhouse and H. C. R. left
us, and where we spent five weeks, of which
there is not a record in these poems.

1 Wallachia is the country alluded to.
DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS.,
TO ——)

Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no—though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul to pierce!"

W. Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, Nov. 1821.

I

FISH-WOMEN—ON LANDING AT CALAIS

'Is said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen;
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,
Above whose heads the tide so long hath
rolled,
The Darnes resemble whom we here behold,
How fearful were it down through opening
waves
To sink, and meet them in their fretted
caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
And shrill and fierce in accent!—Fear it
not:
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs
dwell!

II

BRUGES\(^1\)

BRUGES I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of
power:
The splendour fled; and now the sunless
hour,
\(^1\) See Note.

That, slowly making way for peaceful
night,
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of time, the spite
Of fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future war. Advance not—spare to
hide,
O gentle Power of darkness! these mild
hues;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms
Of nun-like females, with soft motion,
glide!

III

BRUGES

The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet
song,
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Mounts to the seat of grace within the
mind:
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease
along,
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar
throng,
To an harmonious decency confined:
As if the streets were consecrated ground,
The city one vast temple, dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions
freed;
A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

IV

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

A wingèd Goddess—clothed in vesture
wrought
Of rainbow colours; One whose port was
bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which it
brought—
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished; leaving prospect blank and
cold
III

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;
Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gaze's eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake,
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

V

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound

Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI

FLOWERS

Err yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

VII

"Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws

1 See Note.
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose
gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect, ye embazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal
ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

VIII
IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS
OF THE RHINE

And this dance of objects sadness steals
On the defrauded heart—while sweeping
by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green
Earth reeks:
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
The venerable pageantry of Time,
Each beetling rampart, and each tower
Sublime,
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees
Espied
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why
Repeine?
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—
Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the
pride,
Her summer's faithful joy—that still is
mine,
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

IX
HYMN
FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH
THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF
HEIDELBERG

Jesus! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy Supplicants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine! 1

X
THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life! 1 The wander-
ing Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent’s
gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with Infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment’s
flight
Hath reached the encirclement of that gloomy
sea.
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to
meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot
their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden
Fleece—
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with
stars.

1 See Note.
XI

ON APPROACHING THE STAUB-BACH,
LAUTERBRUNNEN

Uttered by whom, or how inspired—
designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!

'Mid fields familiarized to human speech?—
No Mermaid’s warble—to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—
More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Alas! that from the lips of abjectWant
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born,
WATERFALL! 1

XII

THE FALL OF THE AAR—HANDEC

From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
His giant body o’er the steep rock’s brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature’s God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

1 See Note.

XIII

MEMORIAL
NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN

"DEM ANDEHNKEN MEINES FREUNDES ALOYS REDING MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway leading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed it there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

XIV

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!
Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
What'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity!—to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

XV
AFTER-THOUGHT

Oh! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For meekness be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or where could virtue flow?

Pain entered through a ghastly breach—
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease;
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast;
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,
Mercy has placed within our reach
A portion of God's peace.

XVI
SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ

"What know we of the Blest above,
But that they sing and that they love?"
Yet, if they ever did inspire
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
Now, where those harvest Damsels float
Homeward in their rugged Boat,
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
Been felt, that influence is displayed.
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
The rustic Maidens, every hand
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—
To chant, as glides the boat along,
A simple, but a touching, song;
To chant, as Angels do above,
The melodies of Peace in love!

XVII
ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS!

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;
And such a beautiful creation makes
As renders needless spells and magic wands,
And for the boldest tale belief commands.
When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill,
The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
With intermingling motions soft and still,
Hung round its top, on wings that changed
their hues at will.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they were
The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,
Made known the spot where piety should raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirbled
to detain.

XVIII
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain, set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and senseless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succour—all who sigh
And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,

1 See Note.

2 Mount Righi.
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many
a shock.
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

XXI
WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper from
the heart,
That told of days long past; when here I
roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more, beneath the kind Earth's
tranquil light;
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and
free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII
TRADITION
A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant
time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths
surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from
the prime
Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or
climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could
dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep
rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

XXIII
SHEEP-WASHING
SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their
blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of
rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth
and clear
As this we look on. Distant Mountains
hear,
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and beatings from strange
fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need we blame the
licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

XXIV
THE RESTING-PLACE
MID-NOON is past;—upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow
throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook—with woodbine hung and
straggling weed
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half harbour—proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile
exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may
tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV
METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
ON HEARING THE "RANZ DES VACHES" ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD

I listen—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion; leaving him to pine
(As fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breathed kine
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous. —Here while I recline,
Mindful how others by this simple Strain are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
Yield to the Music's touching influence;
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

FORT FUENTES

The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Vale of the, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favoured with a distinct view of those Alpine heights; not, as we had expected from the breaking up of the storm, steeped in celestial glory, yet in communion with clouds floating or stationary—scatterings from heaven. The Ruin is interesting both in mass and in detail. An Inscription, upon elaborately sculptured marble lying on the ground, records that the Fort had been erected by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, during the reign of Philip the Third; and the Chapel, about twenty years after, by one of his Descendants. Marble pillars of gateways are yet standing, and a considerable part of the Chapel walls: a smooth green turf has taken place of the pavement, and we could see no trace of altar or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendour, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!"—Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.—*Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!) When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,
Some bird (like our own honoured red-breast) may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves.

Fuentes once harbourd the good and the brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent;—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away!
THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR
SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 5000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sealiike extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomp of this frail "spot
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,

Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.1

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT AND THE SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I

I

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound—to trill
Thy mountain notes with simple skill;
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white Steel,
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight
For him who bore the world!
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
The wages of thy travel, joy!

II

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free
Though serving sage philosophy)
Wilt ramble over hill and dale,
A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,
Whose sentient tube instructs to time
A purpose to a fickle clime:
Whether thou choose this useful part,
Or minister to finer art,

1 Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.
XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!—
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.¹

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

This Parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones, and is particularly described in another note.

Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, wheresoe’er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

¹ See Note. 1820.

TO ENTERPRISE

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that chalky cliff of Britain’s Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe’s fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter’s arrow first defied
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thou winged Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates’ palmy shore,
And where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther’s skin,
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o’er the plain;
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion’s mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820

HIGH on her speculative tower
Stood Science waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue,
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noontide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock, and curved shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,
Lugano on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of Figures human and divine, ¹
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees—that might from heaven
have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings
Each narrowing above each;—the wings
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips
The starry zone of sovereign height?—
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Thronges of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun:
The cypress waves her sombre plume
More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive-bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far-distant lands we roam,
What countenance hath this Day put
for you?
While we looked round with favoured eye
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?

Or was it given you to behold
Like vision, pensive though not cold,
From the smooth breast of gay Windermere?
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,
Helvellyn's brow severe?

I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling power.

¹ Above the highest circle of figures is a xvi
of metallic stars.
THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS

I

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
From Love's uneasy sovereignty—
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify;
Whom Labour, never urged to toll,
 Hath cherished on a healthful soil;
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf;
Whose heaviest sin it is to look
Askance upon her pretty Self
Reflected in some crystal brook;
Whose grief hath spared—who sheds no tear
But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II

Sach (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable strain,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To sullen mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'ertorn,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Sach, haply, you ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votarress,
Bathing beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
 Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
festal band.

III

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder eye)
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
—Say whence that modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
Resounded—but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

IV

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;

Her steps the elastic greensward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blisthe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious
cares!

V

1 "Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit?
Was joy, in following joy, as keen
As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
When youth had flown did hope still bless
Thy goings—or the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI

But from our course why turn—to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladdest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive?
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground,
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votarress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
descried!

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONA-
PARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE
IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE
WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLOM PASS

AMBITION—following down this far-famed
slope

1 See address to a Highland Girl, p. 192.
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its
course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II
CONJECTURES
If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can
tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through
the west,
Did holy Paul 1 a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream
invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose
prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild
shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of
woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to
guard
The precious Current they had taught to
flow?

III
TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS
Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the
seamew 2—white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic
ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future question-
ing,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,

1 See Note.
2 This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an
emblem of those traditions connected with the
Deluge that made an important part of their
mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad
omen.

That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines
blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman
chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the
suffering, bear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV
DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION
Mercy and Love have met thee on thy
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of
fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to
God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with presence of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were
shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal
truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V
UNCERTAINTY
Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are
lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian
coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost;
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy

piles
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

XXXI

PROCESSIONS

SGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to
yield;
Or to solicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true
intents
Feelingly told by living monuments—
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring
eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from
the brook,
Marched round the altar—to commemorate
How, when their course they through the
desert took,
Guided by signs which ne’er the sky for-
sook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the
blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from
lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, ’mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damsel of Ammonian Jove
Proved in the shrill cantricles;
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the horned God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells

Altoft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains over-
flowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomp? the haughty
claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal
Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
The dancing Salii—on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybelé was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared—to govern Christian pageant;
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft
Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the
breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments
fair
Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpne
trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of
prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our
eyes!

Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a
living Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted
Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird with motion
slow,
A product of that awful Mountain seem,
Poured from its vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin lilles marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy
tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show

1 See Note.
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft described.
Trembling, I looked upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

XXXII

ELEGIAIC STANZAS

The lamented Youth whose untimely death
gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. He was in his twentieth year, and had resided for some time with a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Geneva for the completion of his education. Accompanied by a fellow-pupil, a native of Scotland, he had just set out on a Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to fall in with a Friend of mine who was hastening to join our party. The travellers, after spending a day together on the road from Berne and at Soleure, took leave of each other at night, the young men having intended to proceed directly to Zurich. But early in the morning my friend found his new acquaintances, who were informed of the object of his journey, and the friends he was in pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr. G. and his fellow-student became in consequence our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished, being overseas in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich. His companion saved himself by swimming, and was hospitably received in the mansion of a Swiss gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the eastern coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Goddard was cast ashore on the estate of the same gentleman, who generously performed all the rites of hospitality which could be rendered to the dead as well as to the living. He caused a handsome mural monument to be erected in the Church of Kismacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LUelled by the sound of pastoral bells,
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Queen Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells "Our Lady of the Snow."
The sky was blue, the air was mild; Free were the streams and green the bowers; As if, to rough assaults unknown, The genial spot had ever shown A countenance that as sweetly smiled— The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease; With pleasure dancing through the frame We journeyed; all we knew of care— Our path that straggled here and there; Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze; Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil Of three short days—but hush—no more Calm is the grave, and calmer none Than that to which thy cares are gone. Thou Victim of the stormy gale; Asleep on ZURICH's shore!

O GODDARD! what art thou?—a name— A sunbeam followed by a shade! Nor more, for aught that time supplies. The great, the experienced, and the wise Too much from this frail earth we claim. And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild, Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn, Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave, A sea-green river, proud to live, With current swift and undefiled, The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;

1 Mount Righi—Regina Montium.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

XXXIII

SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

XXXIV

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned; his pleasant travel o'er?
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Hautly shake, a dreaming Conqueror!—
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!

XXXV

AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER

Nov. 1820

Where be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where?
That passed

1 The persuasion here expressed was not
groundless. The first human consolation that the
afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this
tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the
author learned, at his own residence, from her
Daughter, who visited Europe some years after-
wards.—Goldau is one of the villages desolated
by the fall of part of the Mountain Rosberg.

2 See Note.
XVIII

APOLOGY

Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and who the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

XIX

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

1 See Note.
Far as St. MAURICE, from you eastern FORKS,
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents;—to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange;—
But list! the avalanche—the hush profound
That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound!

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
—Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount, 3 there judge of fit and right,
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—
the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned
LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge 8—that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
As uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake
Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, yet voiceless as a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free;

1 At the head of the Valais. See Note.
2 See Note.
3 See Note.

His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.
Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetic skill,
'Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!
No more; Time halts not in his noiseless march—
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay.

THE RIVER DUDDON 3
A SERIES OF SONNETS
1820.

It is with the little river Duddon as it is with most other rivers, Ganges and Nile not excepted, —many springs might claim the honour of being its head. In my own fancy I have fixed its rise near the noted Shire-stones placed at the meeting-point of the counties, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. They stand by the wayside on the top of the Wrynose Pass, and it used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, by touching them at the same time with feet and hands, one had been in the three counties at once. At what point of its course the stream takes the name of Duddon I do not know. I first became acquainted with the Duddon, as I have good reason to remember, in early boyhood. Upon
the banks of the Derwent I had learnt to be very fond of angling. Fish abound in that large river; not so in the small streams in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead; and I fell into the common delusion that the farther from home the better sport would be had. Accordingly, one day I attached myself to a person living in the neighbourhood of Hawkshead, who was going to try his fortune as an angler near the source of the Duddon. We fished a great part of the day with very sorry success, the rain pouring torrents, and long before we got home I was worn out with fatigue; and, if the good man had not carried me on his back, I must have lain down under the best shelter I could find. Little did I think then it would be my lot to celebrate, in a strain of love and admiration, the stream which for many years I never thought of without recollections of disappointment and distress.

During my college vacation, and two or three years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor's degree, I was several times resident in the house of a near relative who lived in the small town of Broughton. I passed many delightful hours upon the banks of this river, which becomes an estuary about a mile from that place. The remembrances of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet. The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from a tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which once stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and woody hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal to Ambleside, and was deserted from the superstitious fear here described, and the present site fortunately chosen instead. The present Hall was erected by Sir Michael le Fleming, and it may be hoped that at some future time there will be an edifice more worthy of so beautiful a position. With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd enough that this imagination was realised in the year 1840, when I made a tour through that district with my wife and daughter, Miss Fenwick and her niece, and Mr. and Miss Quillinan. Before our return from Seathwaite chapel the party separated. Mrs. Wordsworth, while most of us went further up the stream, chose an opposite direction, having told us that we should overtake her on our way to Ulpha. But she was tempted out of the main road to ascend a rocky eminence near it, thinking it impossible we should pass without seeing her. This, however, unfortunately happened, and then ensued vexation and distress, especially to me, which I should be ashamed to have recorded, for I lost my temper entirely. Neither I nor those that were with me saw her again till we reached the Inn at Broughton, seven miles. This may perhaps in some degree excuse my irritability on the occasion, for I could not but think she had been much to blame. It appeared, however, on explanation, that she had remained on the rock, calling out and waving her handkerchief as we were passing, in order that we also might ascend and enjoy a prospect which had much charmed her. "But on we went, her signals proving vain." How then could she reach Broughton before us? When we found she had not gone on before to Ulpha Kirk, Mr. Quillinan went back in one of the carriages in search of her. He met her on the road, took her up, and by a shorter way conveyed her to Broughton, where we were all reunited and spent a happy evening.

I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream. Those I forbear to mention; especially things that occurred on its banks during the later part of that visit to the seashore of which the former part is detailed in my "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Milham.

To

THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER VERSES IN THIS COLLECTION, 1800)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened—till was paid
Respect to every Innate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.
Ye, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread throughout ours.

For pleasure hast not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, 'tis wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That sighs this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

NOT envying Latian shades—if yet they throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal
Spring,
Bhandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow;
I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!
Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green;
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

1 The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.
III

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monu-
ment,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,
No sign of hoar Antiquity’s esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune’s
care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a
gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness
rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother,
Earth!

IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain,
take
This parting glance, no negligent adieu!
A Protean change seems wrought while I
pursue
The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth
make;
Or rather thou appear’st a glistening snake,
Silent, and to the gazer’s eye untrue,
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,
through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted
Rill
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white
foam;
And laughing dares the Adventurer, who
hath clomb
So high, a rival purpose to fulfil;
Else let the dastard backward wend, and
roam,
Seeking less bold achievement, where he
will!

V

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that
played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful
sound
Wafted o’er sullen moss and craggy
mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a
shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
‘Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude
and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother’s eye
Carelessly watched, sport through the sum-
mer day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as careless
May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

VI

FLOWERS

ERE yet our course was graced with social
trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their pain
mours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
bees
I saw them ply their harmless robberies.
And caught the fragrance which the sun
flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual
showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder
ness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire
blue,1
The thyme her purple, like the blush of
Even;
And if the breath of some to no cares
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view.
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heav-

VII

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breath-
ing rose!"

The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs.
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura’s breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that thro’

1 See Note.
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph
bestows;
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an unculled floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

VIII

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst? What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
In bodeous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies;—both air and earth are mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

IX

THE STEPPING-STONES

The struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swollen Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

X

THE SAME SUBJECT

Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance;
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;
She ventures once again—another pause!
His outstretched hand He tauntlingly withdraws—
She sues for help with piteous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel, when he reneweth the wished-aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.
The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

XI

THE FAERY CHASM

No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very footmarks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—happily after theft
Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might!—But, where, oh! where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in character?
Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where
floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?

XII
HINTS FOR THE FANCY

On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream
chides us—on!
Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure
Objects immense portrayed in miniature,
Wild shapes for many a strange comparison!
Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon
Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless
skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust!—
The Bard who walks with Duddon for his
guide,
Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set:
Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—
we must;
And, if thou canst, leave them without
regret!

XIII
OPEN PROSPECT

Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled
o'er,
And one small hamlet, under a green hill
Clustering, with barn and byre, and spotting
mill!
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,
Gay June would scorn us. But when bleak
winds roar
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard
ash,
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts
that lash
The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitted—then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm heart exults the mantling
ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

XIV

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and
his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths re-
newed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to
leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and
few;
And through this wilderness a passage
cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way
pursue!

XV

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering
sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and
cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray,
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire ajar,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled.
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves.
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge
passed?

XVI
AMERICAN TRADITION

SUCH fruitless questions may not long be-
guile
Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured
shows
Conspicuous yet where Oronoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the
while,
The Great Waters telling how they rose,
Loved the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Plunged through every intricate defile,
Triumphant—Inundation wide and deep,
Yer which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
She mappreaciable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
What'er they sought, shunned, loved, or delied! ¹

XVII
RETURN

A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
Alas, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moisten'd each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Set amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,²
Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars:
Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came!

XVIII
SEATHWAITE CHAPEL

Sacred Religion! 'mother of form and fear,'
Dread arbiter of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
¹ See Humboldt's Personal Narrative.
² See Note.

Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here)
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile ³ a Gospel Teacher knew,
Whose good works formed an endless re-continue:
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

XIX
TRIBUTARY STREAM

My frame hath often trembled with delight
When hope presented some far-distant good,
That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their airy height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;
Who, 'mid a world of images, impress
On the calm depth of his transparent breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,
The fairest, softest, liveliest of all!
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swoll'n by that voice,—whose murmur musical
Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

XX
THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE

The old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains—
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,
Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
³ See Note.
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and, with many
a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

XXI

WHENCE that low voice?—A whisper from
the heart,
That told of days long past; when here I
roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more, beneath the kind Earth's
tranquil light;
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and
free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

XXII

TRADITION

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant
time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths
surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from
the prime
Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She longed to ravish;—shall she plunge, or
climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could
care
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep
rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renew its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom

XXIII

SHEEP-WASHING

SAD thoughts, avoant!—partake we the
blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn foe
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of
rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth
and clear
As this we look on. Distant Mounett
hear,
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange
fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood resp;
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive

XXIV

THE RESTING-PLACE

MID-MOON is past;—upon the sultry me;
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shade
throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose.
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook—with woodbine hung as
straggling weed
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose.
Half grot, half arbour—proffers to ends
Body and mind, from molestation freed.
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhil
exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task.
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that no
tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

XXV

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair.
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat
A'ween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!
Rough ways my steps have trod;—too rough and long
For her companionship; here dwells soft ease:
With sweets that she partakes not some distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong;
Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste
Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

XXVI

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
Through tangled woods, impeding rocks between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—
Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and truant joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
Nature Fancy owes to their rough noise
Intentious thoughts that brook not servile reins.

XXVII

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
In that embattled House, whose massy
Keep,

Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold;
Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
Of winds—though winds were silent—struck a deep
And lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
Its line of Warriors fled;—they shrunk when tried
By ghostly power:—but Time's unspARING hand
Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land;
And now, if men with men in peace abide,
All other strength the weakest may withstand,
All worse assaults may safely be defied.

XXVIII

JOURNEY RENEWED

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppressed,
Crowded together under rustling trees
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze;
And for their sakes, and love of all that rest,
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink
Into his coverts, and each fearless link
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast;
For these, and hopes and recollections worn
Close to the vital seat of human clay;
Glad meetings, tender partings, that up-stay
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

XXIX

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance.
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurped; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.

XXX

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:
Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride;
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

XXXI

The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more

Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.

XXXII

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Linger ing no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
Held; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget heir nature—now expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

XXXIII

Conclusion

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour: lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free—
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee;
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!
XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!—
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know. 1

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE

This Parsonage was the residence of my friend Joso, and is particularly described in another note.

Where holy ground begins, unshalled ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, whereas' er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Wait fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

1 See Note. 1820.

TO ENTERPRISE

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
A slender volume grasping in thy hand—
(Perchance the pages that relate
The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—
Ah, spare the exulting smile,
And drop thy pointing finger bright
As the first flash of beacon light;
But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
Nor turn thy face away
From One who, in the evening of his day,
To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove
Among the starry courts of Jove,
And oft in splendour dost appear
Embody'd to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favourite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defied
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
The wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,
And where the mightier Waters burst
From caves of Indian mountains hoar!
She wrapped thee in a panther's skin;
And Thou, thy favourite food to win,
The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variably thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne’er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to sever discipline;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean’s dismal breast
A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;
‘Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide between
Or through the clouds, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they, in bells of crystal, dive—
Where winds and waters cease to strive—
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slaclenning voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, sighted sails and scorching cars,
Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speakest,—and lo! the polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.
—But oh! what transports, what sublime
reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou
prepare
For philosophic Sage; or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely
woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the
air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves—tho’ doomed thro’ silent night
to bear
The domination of his glorious themes.
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams

III
If there be movements in the Patriot’s soul
From source still deeper, and of higher
worth,
’Tis thine the quickening impulse to control
And in due season send the mandate forth
Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore.
When but a single Mind resolves to crouch
no more.

IV
Dread Minister of wrath!
Who to their destined punishment dost urge
The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of
hardened heart!
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
Thou strew’st temptation o’er the path
When they in pomp depart
With trampling horses and refugent cars—
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown
strands;
Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—
An Army now, and now a living hill!
That a brief while heaves with convulsions
throes—
Then all is still;
Or, to forget their madness and their woes
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows

V
Back flows the willing current of my Song
If to provoke such doom the Impious dare
Why should it daunt a blameless prayer?
—Bold Goddess! range our Youth among
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran Few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes them
sweet;
In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine tree’s northern side;
When fields are naked far and wide.
And withered leaves, from earth’s cold
breast
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find
rest. 1 See Note.
ECClesiastical sonnets

VI

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,
One rarely absent from thy train
More humble favours may obtain
For thy contented votary.
She, who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous nymph
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn;
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy
Whose sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,
Fours forth in shady groves, shall plead
for me;
And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

VII

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide earth's store-house fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile!—
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be
If torn from thy society;
And Love, when worthiest of his name,
Is proud to walk the earth with Thee! 1820.

1 Ecclesiastical Sonnets

IN SERIES

1821–22.

My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before ecclesiastical history and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently engaged into and discussed. The former particular was mentioned as an excuse for my having fallen into error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the third at Venice is described as setting his foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority. Substitute for it an undeniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, namely, the penance inflicted by Gregory the Seventh upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

Before I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, let me observe that the opinion I pronounced in favour of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract movement) and which had brought censure upon me from several quarters, is not in the least changed. Omitting here to examine into his conduct in respect to the persecuting spirit with which he has been charged, I am persuaded that most of his aims to restore ritual practices which had been abandoned were good and wise, whatever errors he might commit in the manner he sometimes attempted to enforce them. I further believe that, had not he, and others who shared his opinions and felt as he did, stood up in opposition to the reformers of that period, it is questionable whether the Church would ever have recovered its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it.

PART I

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

1

INTRODUCTION

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring.
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausive string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a Holy River, on whose banks are found

1 See Note.
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its
course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II
CONJECTURES
If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can
tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred
well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island
blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through
the west,
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream
invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose
prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild
shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of
woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to
guard
The precious Current they had taught to
flow?

III
TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS
Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the
seamew—a white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic
ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future question-
ing,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,

1 See Note.
2 This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an
emblem of those traditions connected with the
Deluge that made an important part of their
mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad
omen.

That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'n
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines
blight
His transports? wither his heroic strain?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spa
A way first opened; and, with Roman
chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the
suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV
DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION
Mercy and Love have met thee on the
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of
fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire.
From every sympathy that Man bestowed
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sun
These jealous Ministers of law aspire.
As to the one sole fount whence wise
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escape
As if with prescience of the coming storm
That intimation when the stars were
shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the prim
truth
Glimmers through many a superstition
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V
UNCERTAINTY
Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are
lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantes
coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, cross
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those piles
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast,
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led;
Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
In rain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI
PERSECUTION
LAMENT for Diocletian's fiery sword
Worls busy as the lightning; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked
Which God's etereal store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
Rages; some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through the inefficual shield
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.

VII
RECOVERY
As when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII
TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS
Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
As humanising graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX
DISSENSIONS
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are supplicant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell.
For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS

RISE!—they have risen: of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain;—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI

SAXON CONQUEST

Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs 1 lost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains;
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth; 1
Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,

1 See Note.

Will build their savage fortunes only there;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

XII

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall mourn
The unarmed Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII

CASUAL INCITEMENT

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,
His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;

9 See Note.
DE-IRIANS—he would save them from
God's ire;
Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing
Glad Halle-lujahs to the eternal King!

XIV
GLAD TIDINGS
For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Best be the unconscious shore on which
ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without
dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful
prayer—
Sing for themselves, and those whom they
would free!
Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestuous
sea
Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing
swords,
These good men humble by a few bare
words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV
PAULINUS
But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the
school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature
tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre
cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch
leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate pro-
pounds
Repeated his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI
PERSUASION
"Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty
King!
"That—while at banquet with your Chiefs
you sit
"Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to
fit
"Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
"Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
"Flies out, and passes on from cold to
cold;
"But whence it came we know not, nor
behold
"Whither it goes. Even such, that
transient Thing,
"The human Soul; not utterly unknown
"While in the Body lodged, her warm
abode;
"But from what world She came, what
woe or weal
"On her departure waits, no tongue hath
shown;
"This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
"His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"

XVII
CONVERSION
PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a
spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and
Thor
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was
achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no
more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. "O come to me,
Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams; and thousands,
who rejoice
In the new Rite, the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

1 See Note.

2 See Note.
XVIII

APOLOGY

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits may our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be good Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and who the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

XX

OTHER INFLUENCES

Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth
For Power that travels with the human heart;
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware!

XXI

SECLUSION

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes: within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII

CONTINUED

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage
to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My night-watch: nor should e’er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII

REPROOF

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard’st at the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath!

XXIV

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a general blessing; timely rains

1 He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John’s Gospel.  
2 See Note.

Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains,
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS

Not sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with jealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
To their beloved cells:—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI

ALFRED

Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to his deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.

3 See Note.
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her widespread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

**XXVII**

**HIS DESCENDANTS**

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through degenerate veins.
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains
When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

**XXVIII**

**INFLUENCE ABUSED**

Urged by Ambition, who with subtler skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such DUNSTAN:—from its Benedictine coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fall swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

**XXIX**

**DANISH CONQUESTS**

Wor to the Crown that doth the Cow obey! 1
Dissension, checking arms that would restrain
The incessant Rovers of the northern main.
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway.
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is breath'd, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

**XXX**

**CANUTE**

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere
From Monks in Ely chanting service high.
While as Canute the King is rowing by:
"'My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King,"
'draw near,
"'That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
He listens (all past conquests, and all schemes
Of future, vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still.
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme:
O suffering Earth! be thankful: sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

1 See Note. 2 Which is still extant.
XXXI

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line,
Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars
Shine;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Took not the tapers of the sacred quires;
Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to de-range,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home devour'd
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels that can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

XXXIII

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
Have chased far off by righteous victory
These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"
"God willeth it," the whole assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!
The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice resounds. 1

XXXIV

CRUSADES

The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

1 The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.
XXXV
RICHARD I

REDoubted King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy
ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the
press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthousiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal
sway.

XXXVI
AN INTERDICT

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbitress
of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth
the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's
embrace
All sacred things are covered: cheerful
morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is
worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells are
dumb;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied;
And in the churchyard he must take his
bride
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly
come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII
PAPAL ABUSES

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourg'd at Becket's
shrine?
Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:
crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid
down
At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that
line
Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII
SCENE IN VENICE

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
head,
To Caesar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy
neck
"Levelled with earth this foot of mine may
tread."
Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not
check,
He, who had held the Soldan at his beck.
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man!—
Amazement strikes the crowd: while many
turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of
most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX
PAPAL DOMINION

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to
blow,
What further empire would it have? for
now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to
unbind!—
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch
—rebuff
Shall be thy recompence! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether
rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his
hand!

PART II
TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE
REIGN OF CHARLES I

I

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty:—woeful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perverseness did the Church
abjure
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye
endure,
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed
her sign.
0 Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept
free;
He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II

From false assumption rose, and, fondly
hailed
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
She daunts, forth-thundering from her
spiritual tower,
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their
claims;
And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.

Realm there is none that if controlled or
swayed
By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners arts and arms,
diffused:
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Thou' miserably, oft monstrosely, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY

''Here Man more purely lives, less oft
doth fall,
''More promptly rises, walks with stricter
heed,
''More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
''Earliest from cleansing fires, and gains
withal
''A brighter crown.''
—On yon Cisterian wall

That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have
fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's
desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV

DEFLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;
But mark how gladly, through their own
domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice,
a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, **Ye Chiefs,
abate
These legalized oppressions! Man—whose
name
And nature God disdained not; Man—
whose soul

1 See Note.
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V
MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear.
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With many boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI
OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;
From the collegiate pomp on Windsor’s height
Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight
And his retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII
CONTINUED

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail!

And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on this River’s margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—
Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride:
The lamb is couching by the lion’s side.
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII
CRUSADERS

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy ours
Through these bright regions, casting many a glance
Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie.
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unites
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good,
And Wise, for their high guerdon not in vain have painted!

IX

As faith thus sanctified the warrior’s crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feeblest means had failed to give, one aim
Diffused thro’ all the regions of the West:
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which we shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe' er awake,
Pilions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X

Where long and deeply hath been fixed
the root
In the best soil of gospel truth, the 'Tree,'
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft-times, with
effect
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine,
When such good work is doomed to be
undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly
won:—
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will
shine
In light confirmed while years their course
shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

Enough! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
And all the people bow their heads, like
reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of
Rhine
He taught, till persecution chased him
thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy
throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII

THE VAUDOIS

But whence came they who for the Saviour
Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures
Teach?—
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though
summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut
wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that
brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles be-
strown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that
daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their moun-
tain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners
here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled
wings!"
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's
ear—
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes
drear,
Their own creation. Such glad welcom-
ings
As Po was heard to give where Venice
rose
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure
repose,
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to
shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred
Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at
large!
XIV

WALDENSES

Those had given earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.—
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:1
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o' er limitary floods;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELEY TO HENRY V

"What beast in wilderness or cultured field
"The lively beauty of the leopard shows?
"What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
"That to the towering lily doth not yield?
"Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
"Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
"Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
"Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to wield,
"And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

Thus is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poictiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as Hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XVII

WYCLIFFE

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wycliffe disinhumned:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
"Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
"Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
"Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
"An emblem yields to friends and enemies
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
"By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

XVIII

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
"And cumbersome wealth—the shame of your estate;"
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
'Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
'Who will be served by others on their knees,
'Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
'Pastors who neither take nor point the way
'To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
'Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
'And speak the word——” Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER

And what is Penance with her knotted thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If coistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?

Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS

Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unbanned threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher

Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burthen is—'‘Our King-

XXI

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice aver, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.¹
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her bead before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathian Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII

THE SAME SUBJECT

The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due
To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's gate to open view

¹ See Note.
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Softly she glides, another home to seek,
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII
CONTINUED

Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager glee
The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alms (alas!
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV
SAINTS

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:

And rapt Cecilia seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV
THE VIRGIN

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Rurer than foam on central ocean toss'd;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not un forgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI
APOLOGY

Not utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aerial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
"Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
"Upon his throne;" uns softened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear: and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

XXVII

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS

Deep is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers: and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Rews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII

REFLECTIONS

Grant, that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display—
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey—
Upwirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd,
And airy bonds are hardest to disown;
Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
Assumes the accents of our native tongue;
And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song,
And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX

THE POINT AT ISSUE

For what contend the wise?—for nothing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;—
For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;—
For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI

EDWARD VI

"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay
By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit
tonight dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the
mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he kneeled
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius,
skilled
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT

The tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts
of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, coeval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows
crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs
driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

XXXIII

REVIVAL OF POPERY

The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, dis-
crowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always
green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!

Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass
is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative.
Runs through blind channels of an unknown
tongue.

XXXIV

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight
One (like those prophets whom God sent
of old)
Transfigured,¹ from this kindling hath for
told
A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's spite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime
Are glorified while this once-mired pair
Of saintly Friends the "murth'rer's death partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake:
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV

CRANMER

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upraised hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude.
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:

¹ See Note.
ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS

Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous
attestation.\footnote{1}

XXXVI

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF
THE REFORMATION

Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of
light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven’s de-
crees are just:
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev’n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the
brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartaran flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall
pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
rest!

XXXVII

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE

Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler’s
net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign
strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country’s woes. But scarcely have
they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thank-
fulness,
Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poison-
ous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their pas-
sions, steeds

1 For the belief in this fact, see the contem-
orary Historians.

That master them. How enviably best
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII

ELIZABETH

Hail, Virgin Queen! o’er many an envious
bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a
treacherous wile!
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant
aim;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments
claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly
on;
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,
while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXXIX

EMINENT REFORMERS

METHINKS that I could trip o’er heaviest
soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that \textit{Jewel}
gave
To youthful Hooker, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile:\footnote{2}
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor’s farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of
toil?—
More sweet than odours caught by him
who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or
bowers wherein they rest.

2 See Note.
XL

THE SAME

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their Church reformed! labouring with
earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's
seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest
prayer!—
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have
sought
Firmly between the extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot—
To trace right courses for the stubborn
blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI

DISTRACTIONS

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon
defy,
Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed,
and split
With morbid restlessness;—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries
multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new-born Church
is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII

GUNPOWDER PLOT

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is
one

(Xnor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant
to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the
sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling
power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal
night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-
shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris
streamed.

XLIII

ILLUSTRATION

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN

The Virgin Mountain,² wearing like a
Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and
green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more
keen;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils
breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith
he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment
writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

Even such the contrast that, where'er we
move,

¹ See Note.

² The Jung-frau.
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;  
Now with her own deep quietness content;  
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above  
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove  
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood  
Recalls the transformation of the flood,  
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove;  
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?  
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;  
And scourges England struggling to be free:  
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!  
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

XLV

LAUD

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,  
As old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,  
Land, "in the painful art of dying" tried,  
Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied  
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,  
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,  
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey  
(Want time a State with madding faction reels  
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,  
The faintest note to echo which the blast  
Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed  

1 See Note.

O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,  
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
Of dread Jehovah; then, should wood and waste  
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
Off to the mountains, like a covering  
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,  
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest  
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise  
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast  
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:  
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES

When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grassmere to Ambleside: it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal. I wish I could say the same of the five or six hundred I have written; most of them were frequently retouched in the course of composition, and, not a few, laboriously.

I have only further to observe that the intended Church which prompted these Sonnets was erected on Coleorton Moor towards the centre of a very populous parish between three and four miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to Loughborough, and has proved, I believe, a great benefit to the neighbourhood.

I

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid  
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,  
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy  
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.  
No Spirit was she; that my heart betrayed,  
For she was one I loved exceedingly;  
But while I gazed in tender reverie  
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)  
The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist; — at length the golden
hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keep-
ing pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II
Patriotic Sympathies

Last night, without a voice, that Vision
spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might
seem
Wholly disavowed from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved Country! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit off my midnight
dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven
restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is
renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III
Charles the Second

Who comes — with rapture greeted, and
cssed
With frantic love — his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness. — Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? If England soon must
sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels —
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood:
— misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians
shrink!
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect.
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
On a wild coast how destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause
of God.

And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech
—in vain!
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
Small reverence for the mitre’s offices,
And to Religion’s self no friendly will,
A Prelate’s blessing ask on bended knees.

VII
PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
The Majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England’s shame, O Sister Realm!

from wood,
Mountains, and moor, and crowded street,
where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Skin by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion casued in adamant.

VIII
ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
CALM as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world’s commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e’er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with stedfast hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye.

X
OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e’er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russel’s milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear, 
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support, 
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by 
nature clings,
And, if disjoined hence, its course is 
short.

XI
SACHEVEREL
A sudden conflict rises from the swell 
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained 
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned, 
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the 
Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell, 
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female 
eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries 
Lavished on Him—that England may rebel 
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and 
Low, 
Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are 
riple; 
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, 
must owe 
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,— 
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow 
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII
DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold 
design 
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart 
Than his who sees, borne forward by the 
Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and 
depart;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start! 
And strives the towers to number, that 
recline 
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon 
line 
Striding with shattered crests his eye 
athwart,
So have we hurried on with troubled plea-
sure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream 
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery 
gleam,

We, nothing loth a lingering course to 
measure, 
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at 
leisure 
How widely spread the interests of our 
theme.

XIII
ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN 
AMERICA
I. THE PILGRIM FATHERS 1.
WELL worthy to be magnified are they 
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and 
country took 
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook 
And hallowed ground in which their fathers 
lay; 
Then to the new-found World explored 
their way, 
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to 
brook 
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering 
nook 
Her Lord might worship and his word obey 
In freedom. Men they were who could not 
bend; 
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for 
guide 
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified; 
Blest while their Spirits from the woods 
ascent 
Along a Galaxy that knows no end, 
But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV
II. CONTINUED
FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled 
To Wilds where both were utterly unknown; 
But not to them had Providence foreshown 
What benefits are missed, what evils bred, 
In worship neither raised nor limited 
Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant 
shore, 
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led 
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of 
yore, 
Led by her own free choice. So Truth 
and Love 
By Conscience governed do their steps 
retrace.—
1 This and the two following were added in 
1842. See Note.
Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
Concord and Charity in circies move.

**XV**

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY

Patriots informed with Apostolic light
Were they, who, when their Country had been freed,
Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
Fond on the frame of England’s Church their sight,
And strove in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
Of Christian unity, and won a meed
Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly White,
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
As one who drew from out Faith’s holiest turn
The purest stream of patient Energy.

**XVI**

Bishops and Priests, bless’d are ye, if deep
(As yours above all offices is high)
Deepest in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep:
Labouring as ever in your Master’s sight,
Making your hardest task your best delight,
What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap—
But, in the solemn Office which ye sought
And undertook premonished, if unsound
Your practice prove, faithless’ though but in thought,

Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
Awaits you, then, if they were rightly taught
Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

**XVII**

PLACES OF WORSHIP

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up and love;
As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

**XVIII**

PASTORAL CHARACTER

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword;
Though pride’s least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ’s authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

1 See Note.
XIX
THE LITURGY
Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set
career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England’s Church; stupendous mys-
teries!
Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that Others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XX
BAPTISM
Dear be the Church, that, watching o’er
the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature’s bed of
weeds!—
Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from
above
As the high service pledges now, now
pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread
their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that
brief cry,
The Infant’s notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet
fears from Earth.

XXI
SPONSORS
Father!—to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual
care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may
thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether, loss it would
supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII
CATECHISING
From Little down to Least, in due degree.
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought
vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast.
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee.
Some spake, by thought—perplexing fears
betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for
me,
Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful
tie:
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth now
appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII
CONFIRMATION
The Young-ones gathered in from hill and
dale,
With holiday delight on every brow:
’Tis passed away; far other thoughts pre
vail;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own lips
speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail
And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robbed Servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with His
regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners died.
Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls, come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXIV
CONFIRMATION CONTINUED

I saw a Mother’s eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse,
or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration through the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given
Part of her lost One’s glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus She knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXV
SACRAMENT

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
The Offspring, haply, at the Parent’s side;
But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony make;"
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the other’s sake;
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII
THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH

Woman! the Power who left his throne
on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
The Power that thro’ the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People’s eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth’s perilous throes. And should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII

VISITATION OF THE SICK

The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed, Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

XXIX

THE COMMINATION SERVICE

Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the Lord;
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;
Who knows not that?—yet would this delicate age
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;
So shall the fearful words of Commination Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA

To kneeling Worchippers no earthly floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck
(When all that Man could do availed no more)
By him who raised the Tempest and restrains:
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will they implore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give birth
To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship
Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
Supplicants! the God to whom your case ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

XXXI

FUNERAL SERVICE

From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed.
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word
That follows—striking on some kindred chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn.
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth.
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
At Jesu's bidding. "We rejoice, "O Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory?"
XXXII
RURAL CEREMONY

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o’ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent procession softly moves:—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven’s pure clime,
And Hooker’s voice the spectacle approves!

XXXIII
REGRETS

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope!—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o’er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV
MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV
OLD ABBEYS

MONASTIC Domes I following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life’s declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive. ¹
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time’s charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!

XXXVI
EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled

¹ See Note.
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and
test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral tempest
roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our
shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII
CONGRATULATION

Thus all things lead to Charity secured
By them who blessed the soft and happy
gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer’s
sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !
Propitious hour!—had we, like them, en-
dured
Sore stress of apprehension,¹ with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse
designed,
From month to month trembling and
unassured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we have
felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we
have seen;
A State whose generous will through earth
is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

XXXVIII
NEW CHURCHES

But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laureled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)
¹ See Note.

Forbear to shape due channels which the
Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O’er the wide realm, as o’er the Egyptian
plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the
time
Is conscious of her want; through England’s
bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
I hear their sabbath bells’ harmonious
chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all
sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX
CHURCH TO BE ERECTED

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to
God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the
rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, ’mid
this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand
For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the
Land.

CONTINUED

Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk sub-
dued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas
bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled
the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly
viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling
rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might Of simple truth with grace divine imbued; Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross, Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile: And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn Shall woefully embrace it; and green moss Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

**XL I**

**NEW CHURCHYARD**

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed, Is now by solemn consecration given To social interests, and to favouring Heaven; And where the rugged colts their gambols played, And wild deer bounded through the forest glade, Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven, Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even; And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small, But infinite its grasp of weal and woe! Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow:— The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust," The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

**XLII**

**CATHEDRALS, ETC.**

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles! Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared; Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles To kneel, or thrd your intricate defiles, Or down the nave to pace in motion slow; Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow

And mount, at every step, with living wiles Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will By a bright ladder to the world above. Open your gates, ye Monuments of love Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill! Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splen- dours cheer Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

**XLIII**

**INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE**

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned— Albeit labouring for a scantly band Of white robed Scholars only—this immense And glorious Work of fine intelligence! Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore Of nicely-calculated less or more; So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, Where light and shade repose, where music dwells Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die; Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof That they were born for immortality.

**XLIV**

**THE SAME**

What awful perspective! while from our sight With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide Their Portraiture, their stone-work glimmers, dyed In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light. Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremitic, Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen, Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,

---

1 See Note.
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in many strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV
CONTINUED

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam!
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI
EJACULATION

GLORY to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!1

1 See Note.

Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustrae won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII
CONCLUSION

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirit of the just!

MEMORY

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;
TO THE LADY FLEMING

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

Oh! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

TO THE LADY FLEMING

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING
FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL,
WESTMORELAND

After thanking Lady Fleming in prose for the service she had done to her neighbourhood by erecting this Chapel, I have nothing to say beyond the expression of regret that the architect did not furnish an elevation better suited to the site in a narrow mountain-pass, and, what is of more consequence, better constructed in the interior for the purposes of worship. It has no chancel; the altar is unbecomingly confined; the pews are so narrow as to preclude the possibility of kneeling with comfort; there is no vestry; and what ought to have been first mentioned, the font, instead of standing at its proper place at the entrance, is thrust into the farther end of a pew. When these defects shall be pointed out to the munificent Patroness, they will, it is hoped, be corrected.

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far-heard)—our only citadels.

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade¹ haply yet may tell;) Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,
For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated—that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

¹ Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.
VI

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun bles setting shrouds.

VII

A soul so pitiable forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest—compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground!
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound
From champions of the desperate law
Which from their own blind hearts they draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX

But turn we from these "bold bad" men;
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapours glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,
Should move the tenor of his song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and word.

X

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation, fall,
Through its meek influence, from above,
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their God!

1823.

ON THE SAME OCCASION

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perfors must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

Our churches, invariably perhaps, stand east
and west, but why is by few persons exactly
known; nor, that the degree of deviation from
due east often noticeable in the ancient ones
was determined, in each particular case, by the point
in the horizon, at which the sun rose upon
the day of the saint to whom the church was dedi-
cated. These observances of our ancestors, and
the causes of them, are the subject of the follow-
ing stanzas.

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear
And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
Came ministers of peace, intent to rear
The Mother Church in yon sequestered
vale;

Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
Resounded with deep swell and solemn
close,
Through unremitting vigils of the night,
Till from his couch the wished-for Sun up-
rose.

He rose, and straight—as by divine com-
mand,
They, who had waited for that sign to trace
Their work's foundation, gave with careful
hand
To the high altar its determined place;

Mindful of Him who in the Orient born
There lived, and on the cross his life re-
signed,
And who, from out the regions of the morn,  
Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

So taught their creed;—nor failed the eastern sky,  
'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse  
The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,  
Long as the sun his gladsome course renews.

For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased;  
Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
Our christian altar faithful to the east,  
Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
That symbol of the dayspring from on high,  
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave. 1823.

"A VOLANT TRIBE OF BARDS ON EARTH ARE FOUND"  
A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
On "coignes of vantage" hang their nests of clay;  
How quickly from that airy hold unbound,  
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;  
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay  
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,  
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;  
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye  
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;  
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing  
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky. 1823.

"NOT LOVE, NOT WAR, NOR THE TUMULTUOUS SWELL"  
Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell,  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—  
Not these alone inspire the tuneful shell;  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,  
And sage content, and placid melancholy;  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—  
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly. 1823.

TO ———
Written at Rydal Mount. On Mrs. Wordsworth.

LET other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair;  
So, Mary, let it be  
If nought in loveliness compare  
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
Whose veil is unremoved  
Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
And the lover is beloved. 1824.

TO ———
Written at Rydal Mount. To Mrs. W.

O Dearer far than light and life are dear,  
Full oft our human foresight I deplore;  
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!
Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;
Yet bear me up—else faltering in the rear
Of a steep march: support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
And Love is dutiful in thought and deed;
Through Thee communion with that Love I seek:
The faith Heaven strengthens where He moulds the Creed. 1824.

"HOW RICH THAT FOREHEAD'S CALM EXPANSE"

Written at Rydal Mount. Mrs. Wordsworth's impression is that the Poem was written at Coleorton: it was certainly suggested by a Print at Coleorton Hall.

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!
—Waft her to glory, winged Powers,
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!
So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station;
So looked; not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration!
But hand and voice alike are still;
No sound here sweeps away the will
That gave it birth: in service meek
One upright arm sustains the cheek,
And one across the bosom lies—
That rose, and now forgets to rise,
Subdued by breathless harmonies
Of meditative feeling;
Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,
Through the pure light of female eyes,
Their sanctity revealing! 1824.

A FLOWER GARDEN

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE

Planned by my friend, Lady Beaumont, in connection with the garden at Coleorton.

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
Pinions that fanned the teeming mould
Of Eden's blissful wilderness,
Did only softly-stealing hours
There close the peaceful lives of flowers?
TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Say, when the moving creatures saw
All kinds commingled without fear,
Prevailed a like indulgent law
For the still growths that prosper here?
Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
The half-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A blossom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It fails not here on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
So softly are our eyes beguiled
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air—or crost
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the ministers of hope
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing
 Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Memento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age

When Fancy was Truth’s willing Page;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy’s Shade.
1824

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd,
near Llangollen, 1824.

In this Vale of Meditation my friend Jones
resided, having been allowed by his diocesan to
fix himself there without resigning his Living in
Oxfordshire. He was with my wife and daughter
and me when we visited these celebrated ladies
who had retired, as one may say, into notice in
this vale. Their cottage lay directly in the road
between London and Dublin, and they were of
course visited by their Irish friends as well as
innumerable strangers. They took much delight
in passing jokes on our friend Jones’s plumpness,
ruddy cheeks, and smiling countenance, as little
suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation.
We all thought there was ample room for retort
on his part, so curious was the appearance of
these ladies, so elaborately sentimental about
themselves and their Casa Albergia, as they named
it in an inscription on a tree that stood opposite,
the endearing epithet being preceded by the word
Ecco! calling upon the suanter to look about
him. So oddly was one of these ladies attired
that we took her, at a little distance, for a Roman
Catholic priest, with a crucifix and relics hung at
his neck. They were without caps, their hair
bushy and white as snow, which contributed to
the mistake.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite
Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature’s face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian
tongue,
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let this
spot
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed
Cot,
On Deva’s banks, ye have abode so long;

1 Glyn Myrwy.
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of
Time!

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL’S
BRIDGE, NORTH WALES, 1824

How art thou named? In search of what
strange land
From what huge height, descending? Can
such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with
hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the incess-
ant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites the
throbbing rocks
Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
As in life’s morn; permitted to behold,
From the dread chasm, woods climbing
above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
And skies that ne’er relinquish their repose;
Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS
OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES

THROUGH shattered galleries, ‘mid roofless
halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft be-
trayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the
Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and
walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of
shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time loves Thee! at his call the Seasons
twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can
restore,
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!

1824

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B., UPON THE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW

On Mrs. Fermor. This lady had been a widow
long before I knew her. Her husband was of the
family of the lady celebrated in the “Rape of the
Lock,” and was, I believe, a Roman Catholic.
The sorrow which his death caused her was fear-
ful in its character as described in this poem, but
was subdued in course of time by the strength of
her religious faith. I have been, for many weeks
at a time, an inmate with her at Coleorton Hall,
as were also Mrs. Wordsworth and my Sister.
The truth in the sketch of her character here
given was acknowledged with gratitude by her
nearest relatives. She was eloquent in conversa-
tion, energetic upon public matters, open in
respect to those, but slow to communicate her
personal feelings; upon these she never touched
in her intercourse with me, so that I could not
regard myself as her confidential friend, and was
accordingly surprised when I learnt she had left
me a legacy of £100, as a token of her esteem.
See, in further illustration, the second stanza
inscribed upon her Cenotaph in Coleorton church.

O for a dirge! But why complain?
Ask rather a triumphal strain
When FERMOR’s race is run;
A garland of immortal boughs
To twine around the Christian’s brows,
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt;
No tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay;
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When Saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at Sorrow’s shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear!
Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
Faith had refined; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given;
Calm as the dew-drop’s, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose’s breast
Till it exhales to Heaven.
Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously?—that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne?—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathed had felt a wound;
Sach look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From oart the bitterness of things;
Her quiet is secure;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure—

As snowdrop on an infant’s grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou striketh—absence percheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore. 1824.

CENOTAPH

See "Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the death of his Sister-in-Law."
In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world’s broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
That ever feared the tempting sun,
Did Fermor live and die.
This Tablet, hallowed by her name,

One heart-relieving tear may claim;
But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice,
Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb!


EPITAPH

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE,
WESTMORELAND

Owen Lloyd, the subject of this epitaph, was born at Old Brathay, near Ambleside, and was the son of Charles Lloyd and his wife Sophia (née Pemberton), both of Birmingham, who came to reside in this part of the country soon after their marriage. They had many children, both sons and daughters, of whom the most remarkable was the subject of this epitaph. He was educated under Mr. Dawes, at Ambleside, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, and lastly at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would have been greatly distinguished as a scholar but for inherited infirmities of bodily constitution, which, from early childhood, affected his mind. His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in the epitaph.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
A sad heart’s sunshine, by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity.
Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God’s chastening love,
Here, brought from far, his corse found rest,—
Fulfilment of his own request:—
Urged less for this Yew’s shade, though he
Planted with such fond hope the tree;
Less for the love of stream and rock,
Dear as they were, than that his Flock,
THE CONTRAST

THE PARROT AND THE WREN

The Parrot belonged to Mrs. Luff while living at Fox-Ghyll. The Wren was one that haunted for many years the summer-house between the two terraces at Rydal Mount.

I

Within her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is Non-pareil.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curved bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendour that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powers,
Or mocks each casual note.

No more of pity for regrets
With which she may have striven!
Now but in wantonness she frets,
Or spite, if cause be given;

Arch, volatile, a sportive bird
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired.

II

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,
Harbours a self-contented Wren,
Not shunning man's abode, though shy,
Almost as thought itself, of human ken.

Strange places, coverts unendeared,
She never tried; the very nest
In which this Child of Spring was reared,
Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathery breast.

To the bleak winds she sometimes gives
A slender unexpected strain;
Proof that the hermitess still lives,
Though she appear not, and be sought in vain.

Say, Dora! tell me, by yon placid moon,
If called to choose between the favoured pair,
Which would you be,—the bird of the saloon
By lady-fingers tended with nice care,
Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
Or Nature's Darkling of this mossy shed?

TO A SKY-LARK

Written at Rydal Mount.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

1824.
"ERE WITH COLD BEADS OF MIDNIGHT DEW"

Written at Rydal Mount. Suggested by the condition of a friend.

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst sue
To haughty Geraldine.

Immovable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take
Its own wild liberties;
And, every day, the imprisoned lake
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave! 1826.

ODE

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING

This and the following poem originated in the see "How delicate the leafy veil," etc.—My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish the month of May 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little chapel gleaming through the veil of half-opened leaves; and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza referred to above. As in the case of " Liberty" and "Humanity," my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.

WHILE from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.

A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy:
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honour thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky,
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
The soul to love the more;
TO MAY

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorned;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul’s desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter’s dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
If thy ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours;"
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth’s sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
"Choose from the bowers of virgins earth
"The happiest for your home;
"Heaven’s bounteous love through me spread
"From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves
"Drops on the mouldering turret’s head,
"And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that must fade,
Or "he the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken" in the shade!
Vernal fruition and desires
Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
Mishap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung
Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain’s side.
How delicate the leafy veil
Through which youn house of God
Gleams, mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part! 1826-1834.

"ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE’ER SERENE THE SKY)"

"No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms inbounds."

Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I
wandered at this, and the more so because, like
most children, I had been in the habit of watching
the moon through all her changes, and had often
continued to gaze at it when at the full, till half
blinded.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi’ the auld moone in hir arme."

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
Percy’s Reliques.

ONCE I could hail (howe’er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,
No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms inbounds,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor’s
ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me
shone,
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to One
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to
skim;
In speculations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted
truth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless
flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian’s when it threw
Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;
But not a hint from under-ground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian’s self that seemed to move
Before me?—nothing blemished the fair
sight;
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the little stars to flight,
And by that thinning magnifies the great,
For exaltation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;
Such happy privilege hath life’s gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet’st
my glance,
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or
sterne;
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to
gain
Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;
A mournful change, should Reason fail to
bring
The timely insight that can temper fears,
And from vicissitude remove its sting;
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor
wane. 1826.

"THE MASSY WAYS, CARRIED
ACROSS THESE HEIGHTS"

The walk is what we call the Far-terrace,
beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The
lines were written when we were afraid of being
obliged to quit the place to which we were so
much attached.

THE massy Ways, carried across these heights
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping
worms.
How venture then to hope that Time will
spare
This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain’s
side
A Poet’s hand first shaped it; and the
steps
Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight
skies
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—
Forbade the weeds to creep o’er its grey
line.
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent these precincts; locked
no more
In earnest converse with beloved Friends,
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,
As from the beds and borders of a garden
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if
Power may spring
Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets—the Exile would con-
sign
This Walk, his loved possession, to the
care
Of those pure Minds that reverence the
Muse. 1826.

Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive Column, spared by fire and
flood:—
And, though the passions of man’s fretful
race
Have never ceased to eddy round its base.
Not injured more by touch of meddling
hands
Than a lone obelisk, ’mid Nubian sands,
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save
From death the memory of the good and
brave.
Historic figures round the shaft embospt
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost:
Still as he turns, the charmed spectator
sees
Group winding after group with dream-like
ease;
Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed.
Or softly stealing into modest shade.
—So, pleased with purple clusters to
entwine
Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring
vine;
The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and
breathes
Wide-spreading odours from her flowery
wreaths.
Borne by the Muse from rills in shepherds’
ears
Murmuring but one smooth story for all
years,
I gladly commune with the mind and
heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
Behold how fought the Chief whose
conquering sword
Stretched far as earth might own a single
lord;
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign
ruled;
Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.
Memorial Pillar! ’mid the wrecks of
Time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sub-
lime—
The exultations, poms, and cares of
Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received
its doom;

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

These verses perhaps had better be transferred
to the class of “Italian Poema.” I had observed
in the Newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was
given as a subject for a prize-poem in English
verse. I had a wish perhaps that my son, who
was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try
his fortune, and I told him so; but he, not
having been accustomed to write verse, wisely
deprecated to enter on the task; whereupon I
showed him these lines as a proof of what might,
without difficulty, be done on such a subject.

WHERE towers are crushed, and unfor-
bidden weeds
O’er mutilated arches shed their seeds;
And temples, doomed to milder change,
unfold
A new magnificence that vies with old;
ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP

THE WORK OF E.M.S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,
Reproaches from their lips are sent,
That mimicry should thus disgrace
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
Needles for strings in apt gradation!
Minerva's self would stigmatize
The unclassic profanation.

Even her own needle that subdued
Arachne's rival spirit,
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
Such honour could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
A living lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voice,
"Bard! moderate your ire;
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
In presence of the lyre.

The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving Fays,
Have shells to fit their tiny hands
And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,
Have lutes (believe my words)
Whose framework is of gossamer,
While sunbeams are the chords.

Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,
Made vocal by their brushing wings,
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport
Around its polished strings;

Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,
While in her lonely bower she tries
To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,
By fanciful embroideries.

Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprite,
Nor think the Harp her lot deprecates!
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,
Love stoops as fondly as she soars."

---

Things that recoil from language; that, if shown
By apter pencil, from the light had flown,
A Pontiff, Trajan here the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian shores;
Lo! he harangues his cohorts—there the storm
Of battle meets him in authentic form!
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse
Sweep to the charge; more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed;—yet, high or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe;
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
Is Roman dignity inviolate;
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honoured Instruments that round him wait;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.
—Alas! that One thus disciplined could toil
To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his aim,
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs:
O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!
Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfin'd,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

1 See Note.

1826.

1827.
TO ———

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one afternoon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of Milton. I had long been well acquainted with them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakspeare’s fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly remember is “I grieved for Buonaparte.” One was never written down: the third, which was, I believe, preserved, I cannot particularise.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air;
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam alone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
O chief of Friends! such feelings I present,
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content!  

“HER ONLY PILOT THE SOFT BREEZE”

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float Gently along; regardless who shall chide
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,
Happy Associates breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with you

And others of your kind, ideal crew! While here sits One whose brightness one
its hues To flesh and blood; no Goddess for above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true love?

"WHY, MINSTREL, THESE UN TUNEFUL MURMURINGS"

"WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurs—
Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar?"
"Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far From its own country, and forgive the strings."
A simple answer! but even so forth spring From the Castilian fountain of the heart, The Poetry of Life, and all that Art Divine of words quickening insensate things From the submissive necks of guiltlessiae Stretched on the block, the glittering ax recoils;
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils
Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then That the poor Harp distempered musi yields
To its sad Lord, far from his native fields

TO S. H.

EXCUSE is needless when with love sincere Of occupation, not by fashion led, Thou turn’st the Wheel that slept with dust o’erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,— tho’ near,
Soft as the Dorhawke’s to a distant ear, When twilight shades darken the mountain head.
Even She who toils to spin our vital thread Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear To household virtues. Venerable Art, Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Heaven protect
Its own; though Rulers, with undue respect, Trusting to crowded factory and mart And proud discoveries of the intellect, Heed not the pillage of man’s ancient heart.
DECAY OF PIETY

Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and Holidays, received a shock at the Revolution. It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this Sonnet were among the last of that pious class. May we hope that the practice, now in some degree renewed, will continue to spread.

OFT have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek,
Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the house of Prayer
would seek:
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds,
Is ancient Piety for ever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky,
have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

1827.

"SCORN NOT THE SONNET"

Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's
wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-
land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a
damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he
blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

1827.

"FAIR PRIME OF LIFE! WERE IT ENOUGH TO GILD"

Suggested by observation of the way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, misspent his time and misapplied his talents. He took afterwards a better course, and became a useful member of society, respected, I believe, wherever he has been known.

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild
With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build
For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields
half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled.
Ah! show that worthier honours are thy due;
Fair Prime of life! arouse the deeper heart;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim;
And, if there be a joy that slight the claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.

1827.

RETIREMENT

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling blend
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal;
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount end;
A truth which they alone shall comprehend
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss:
Here, with no thirst but what the stream
can slake,
And startled only by the rustling brake,
Cool air I breathe; while the unincumbered Mind
By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss.

1827.
"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS"

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know;—'twas rightly said;
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

The imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments 'brodered with barbaric pride:
And lo! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-described.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate!

"WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE LEMNIAN ISLE"

When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile.
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent.
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment:
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round
move,
Grieves to allay which Reason cannot heal:
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love.
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

"WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD"

This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this Sonnet is based.

While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired companion,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,
Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.

TO THE CUCKOO

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search may perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from house-build perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!

1827.

THE INFANT M—— M——

The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of my friend and cousin Thomas Monkhouse.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
And sought untunes that Infant's voice; no trace
Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enraptured gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence of death
Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)
Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,
The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light;
A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.

1827.

TO ROTH A Q——

Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr. Gillman.

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred font for thee I stood;
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
For stedfast hope the contract to fulfill;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodyed in the music of this Lay.
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream
Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her throe, this Stream of name more dear
Since thou dost bear it, a memorial theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.

1827.

TO ———, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR

Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; when ever thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

1827.

"IN MY MIND'S EYE A TEMPLE, LIKE A CLOUD"

In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,

1 The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.
IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

Rose out of darkness: the bright Work stood still:
And might of its own beauty have been proud,
But it was fashioned and to God was vowed
By Virtues that diffused, in every part,
Spirit divine through forms of human art:
Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,
Into the consciousness of safety thrilled;
And Love her towers of dread foundation laid
Under the grave of things; Hope had her spire
Star-high, and pointing still to something higher
Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,
"Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when we build."

"GO BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES, IF THINE EYES"

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
The genuine mien and character would trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aery name to immortalize:
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious colouring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—
To chase mankind, with men in armies packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked!

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima’s lip
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dews; but hallowed is the clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose head is grey,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;

Nor could I let one thought—one notion slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground?
Who gives his Angels wings to spec through air,
And rolls the planets through the vast profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.

CONCLUSION

TO ——

If these brief Records, by the Muses’ art Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life
Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part:
And if these Transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears;
Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity; for, as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!
So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

A MORNING EXERCISE

Written at Rydal Mount. I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the skylark.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw:
Sending sad shadows after things not sad.
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe:
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man’s misery.

1 See Note.
2 This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.
Blithe the ravens croak of death; and when
the owl
Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—
Tu-whit—Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain;
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "Work away!"
And, in thy iteration, "Whip poor will!" 1
Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave.

What wonder? at her bidding, ancient lays
Stood in dire grief the voice of Philomel;
And that fleet messenger of summer days,
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark
To melancholy service—hark! O hark!

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed;
But He is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glistening and twinkling near on rosy cloud;
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the
Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to
build
On such forbearance as the deep may show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the
meeke dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee;
So constant with thy downward eye of love,
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearyed voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
1 See Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

"Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege
To sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
The harmony thy notes most gladly make
Where earth resembles most his own domain!
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the
stars
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and
mute;
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline
Wert thou among them, singing as they
shine!

THE TRIAD


SHOW me the noblest Youth of present
time,
Whose trembling fancy would to love give
birth;
Some God or Hero, from the Olympian
clime
Returned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
Or, in no doubtful prospect, let me see
The brightest star of ages yet to be,
And I will mate and match him blissfully.
I will not fetch a Naiad from a flood
Pure as herself—(song lacks not mightier
power)
Nor leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless
wood,
Nor Sea-nymph glistening from her coral
bower;
Mere Mortals bodied forth in vision still,
Shall with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
The chaster coverts of a British hill.
"Appear!—obey my lyre's command!"
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;
Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
Presume those interweavings to reprove
In you, which that fair progeny of Jove,
Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union, earth and sea above."
—I sing in vain; the pines have hushed
their waving:
A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to
chide,
Asks of the clouds what occupants they
hide:—
But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall
be done.
"'Fear not a constraining spell,
—Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucid! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
—Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aery,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
—She comes!—behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white
sail!
Nearer she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendour—when his veering
gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.
"'O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest
throne!"
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic, where grandeur is unknown;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou
near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear?
—Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively
cares,

And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares
O Thou, against whose lip, without a
smile
And in its silence even, no heart is prod;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would
reconcile
The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-trees
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves dry
Wallace—
Who that hath seen thy beauty could cu
tent
His soul with but a glimpse of heaven
day?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it we
bent
To take thee in thy majesty away?
Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here;)
That mossy slope, o'er which the woods
throws
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!'
—Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Pheons
out,
Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine;—
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph
call.
"Come, if the notes thine ear may
pierce,
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than Thee!"
—I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazling
sheen;
But mark her glowing cheek, her vest
green!
And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringéd lute of old roman
er
That cheered the trellised arbour's privacy.
And soothed war-wearied knights in a
tered hall.
THE TRIAD

How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
So tripped the Muse, inventress of the dance;
So, reining in waste woods, the blithe Euphrosyne!
But the ringlets of that head
Why are they ungarlanded?
Why bedeck her temples less
Than the simplest shepherdess?
Is it not a brow inviting
Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Idalian rose enwreathed?
But her humility is well content
With one wild floweret (call it not forlorn)
FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath her bosom worn—
Yet more for love than ornament.
Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height!
For she, to all but those who love her,
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight;
Though where she is beloved and loves,
Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That riffs blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.
Alas! bow little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go!
—She stops—is fastened to that rivulet's side;
And there (while, with sedater mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely left
Their birthplace in the rocky cleft
She bends) at leisure may be seen
Features to old ideal grace allied,
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth;
The bland composure of eternal youth!
What more changeful than the sea?
But over his great tides
Fidelity presides;
And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:

Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.
O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law!
If from what her hand would do,
Her voice would utter, aught ensue
Untoward or unfit;
She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
A light unknown to tutored elegance:
Her's is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushed;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter-loving gaiety,
And kindle sportive wit—
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains free
As if she knew that Oberon king of Faery
Had crossed her purpose with some quaint vagary,
And heard his viewless bands
Over their mirthful triumph clapping hands.
"Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive Morn
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.
—Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age."
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e’er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon
to melt
On the flower’s breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, what’er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens
true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps
on—
And without wrong are cropped the marble
tomb to strew.
The Charm is over; the mute Phantoms
gone,
Nor will return—but droop not, favoured
Youth;
The apparition that before thee shone
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.
From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will
guide
To bowers in which thy fortune may be
tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy
happy Bride. 1828.

THE WISHING-GATE

Written at Rydal Mount. See also “Wishing-
gate Destroyed.”

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old
high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which,
time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-
gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged
there have a favourable issue.

H O P E rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart
Ye superstitions of the Heart,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faery race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature’s finest care,
And in her fondest love—
Peace to embosom and content—
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknown, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved—who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne’er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favoured scene,
At Nature’s call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.
The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loth such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;
Or when the church-clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity. 1828.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED
Tis gone—with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting scheme
Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

Bear witness ye who seldom passed
That opening—but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
What spirit-stirring power it gained
From faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

Rest is that ground, where, o'er the springs
Of history, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear;
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook
Unheard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

It was in sooth a happy thought
That crafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
Of coming good;—the charm is fled,
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

Alas! for him who gave the word;
Could be no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed;
Their very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
Will now so readily be found
A balm of expectation?

Anxious for far-off children, where
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss
'Tmid trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
Though the most easily beguiled
Were oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,
A reconciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
Ere judgment prompted from within
Fit aims, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Not Fortune's slave is Man: our state
Enjoins, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise.
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell! 1 1828.

A JEWISH FAMILY
IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR,
UPON THE RHINE

Coleridge, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed
a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally
under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders of
Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at
St. Goar in rambles among the neighbouring
valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish
family here described. Though exceedingly poor,
and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I
have endeavoured to make them appear. We

1 See Note.
had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day; adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances. But the lower classes of the German peasantry have, here at least, the air of people grievously oppressed. Nursing mothers, at the age of seven or eight and twenty often look haggard and far more decayed and withered than women of Cumberland and Westmoreland twice their age. This comes from being underfed and overworked in their vineyards in a hot and glaring sun.

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou would'st forgo the neighbouring
Rhine,
And all his majesty—
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give—
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

THE GLEANER
SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE

This poem was first printed in the Annual called the Keepsake. The painter's name I am not sure of, but I think it was Holmes.

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care,
And happiness that never flies—
(How can it where love never dies?)
Whispering of promise, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace.
And mingle colours, that should breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed;
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers.
The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.
Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
ON THE POWER OF SOUND

Written at Rydal Mount. I have often regretted that my tour in Ireland, chiefly performed in the short days of October in a Carriage-and-
for (I was with Mr. Marshall), supplied my memory with so few images that were new, and with so little motive to write. The lines however in this poem, “Thou too be heard, lone eagle!” were suggested near the Giant’s Causeway, or rather at the promontory of Fairhead, where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and darted as if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun.

ARGUMENT

The Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony—Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza)—The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—How produced (to the middle of 12th Stanza)—The mind called to sounds acting casually and severally—Wish altered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation—(Stanza 12th) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—Imaginations consonant with such a theory—Wish expressed (in 12th Stanza) realised, to some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator—(Last Stanza) the destruction of earth and the planetary system—The survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

I

The functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
Inform the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
Intimate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,
And requiem answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life’s last retreats!

II

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They hag perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.

That roar, the prowling lion’s Here I am,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That beat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!

At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to man’s faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor’s prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow’s cottage-lullaby.

III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky’s blue caves, reborn—
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV
Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man’s gloom, exalts the veteran’s
mirth;
Unscorned the peasant’s whistling breath,
that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green
earth.
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid
oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral Ave Maria shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glistens with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear
breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V
When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial pageant, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unwielded crowd with
plumeless heads?—
Even she whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI
How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
brood!
O Thou, through whom the temple rang
with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak o
God,
Betray not by the censure of sense
Thy votaries, woollyingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience,—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending isse
needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII
As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The moulder vaults of the dull idiot’s brain
Transmute him to a wretch from quire
hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell
dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty,
Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII
Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.
Orphean Insight! truth’s undaunted lover.
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb
When Music deigned within this greater
sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature’s self could mould.
Yet strenuous was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipoise
Of rapt imagination sped her march
ON THE POWER OF SOUND

Through the realms of woe and weal:
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX

The Girt to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Wafer belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant;—the dulcet sound
Seals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One docile as a managed horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Mænetian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence,—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.

To life, to life give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell;
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

XI

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:

From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS

This occurred at Bruges in 1828. Mr. Coleridge, my Daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.

IN Brugè town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Plung from a Convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for English words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing Stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the Maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN
A VASE

They were a present from Miss Jewsbury, to whom mention is made in the note at the end of the next poem. The fish were healthy to all appearance in their confinement for a long time, but at last, for some cause we could not make out, they languished, and, one of them being all but dead, they were taken to the pool under the old Pollard-oak. The apparently dying one lay on its side unable to move. I used to watch it, and about the tenth day it began to right itself, and in a few days more was able to swim about with its companions. For many months they continued to prosper in their new place of abode; but one night by an unusually great flood they
LIBERTY

were swept out of the pool, and perished to our great regret.

The soaring lark is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;
The roving bee proclaims aloud
Her flight by vocal wings;
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,
Your silent lives employ
For something more than dull content,
Though haply less than joy.

Yet might your glassy prison seem
A place where joy is known,
Where golden flash and silver gleam
Have meanings of their own;
While, high and low, and all about,
Your motions, glittering Elves!
Ye weave—no danger from without,
And peace among yourselves.

Type of a sunny human breast
Is your transparent cell;
Where Fear is but a transient guest,
No sullen Humours dwell;
Where, sensitive of every ray
That smites this tiny sea,
Your scaly panoplies repay
The loan with usury.

How beautiful!—Yet none knows why
This ever-graceful change,
Renewed—renewed incessantly—
Within your quiet range.
Is it that ye with conscious skill
For mutual pleasure glide;
And sometimes, not without your will,
Are dwarfed, or magnified?

Fays, Genii of gigantic size!
And now, in twilight dim,
Clustering like constellated eyes,
In wings of Cherubim,
When the fierce orbs abate their glare;—
Whate'er your forms express,
Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—
All leads to gentleness.

Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure,
Your birthright is a fence
From all that haunteth kinds endure
Through tyranny of sense.
Ah! not alone by colours bright
Are Ye to heaven allied,
When, like essential Forms of light,
Ye mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
For moonlight fascinations mild,
Your gift, ere shutters close—
Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise
Delight resembling love.

LIBERTY

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE)

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND; THE GOLD AND SILVER FISHES HAVING BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL MOUNT.

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse."

—Cowley.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard;
Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling
In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well—
An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb; the mirror of whose breast
Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small
A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
—There swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,
That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpassed;
And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;
Dissevered both from all the mysteries.
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
Alas! they pined, they languished while they shone;
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?
But if the change restore his birthright, then,
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?
O yield him back his privilege!—No sea
Swell the bosom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
Your independence in the fathomless Deep!
Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!

If unreprieved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its haunt,
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,
(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught—disporting at their ease,
Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell;
To wheel with languid motion round and round,
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred;
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near.

When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,
They wore away the night in starless gloom;
And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,
How faint their portion of his vital beams!

Thus, and unable to complain, they fare
While not one joy of ours by them was shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture no
To snatch a sprig from Chancer's reverend brow)—
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage.
Though sure of plaudits on his costly say
Though fed with dainties from the sun's white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land.

But gladly would escape; and, if need be
Scatter the colours from the planes they bear
The emancipated captive through blithe
Into strange woods, where he at large is live

On best or worst which they and Nature give?

The beetle loves his unperturbing track,
The snail the house he carries on his back.
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown
The bed we give him, though of soft and down;
A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,
If doomed to breathe against his lawful
An element that flatters him—to kill.
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can bestow.

But most the Bard is true to inborn right
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night.
Exults in freedom, can with rapture wax
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch.
A natural meal—days, months, in
Nature's hand;

Time, place, and business, all at his command!—

Who bends to happier duties, who more wise
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncurst
By cares in which simplicity is lost?
That life—the flowery path that winds in stealth—

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health,
Sighed for, in heart and genius, overthrown
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome.

And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome?—

Let easy mirth his social hours inspire.
And fiction animate his sportive lyre.
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress
With garlands, cheats her into happiness;
Give me the humblest note of those sad strains
Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,
As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell
Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well;
Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring
Haunted his ear—he only listening—
He, proud to please, above all rivals, fit
To win the palm of gaiety and wit;
He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,
By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head!
In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Such earnest longings and regrets as keen
Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid
Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade;
A dolorous bower for penitential song,
Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong;
While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,
Citadels dear to studious privacy.
But Fortune, who had long been used to sport
With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,
Relenting met his wishes; and to you
The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best;
You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest!
Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim
On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still aspire;
Upheld by warnings heed not too late
Stoke the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate!
Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow
That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep thy vow;
With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the winged mind!
Then, with a blessing granted from above
To every act, word, thought, and look of love,
Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.¹

HUMANITY

These verses and those entitled "Liberty" were composed as one piece, which Mrs. Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill-proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal
To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand—
To take his sentence from the balanced Block,
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more

¹ There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realised: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz. quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.
The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;  
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
Do still perform mysterious offices!  
And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway  
The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,  
Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes  
To watch for undelusive auguries:—  
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;  
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—  
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;  
And to fallen man their innocence is dear.  
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs  
Streams that reflect the poetry of things!  
Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,  
That, might a wish avail, would never fade;  
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm  
Shed round the altar a celestial calm;  
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove  
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending  
Of right affections climbing or descending  
Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;  
Descending to the worm in charity; ¹  
Like those good Angels whom a dream of night  
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight  
All, while as slept, treading the pendent stairs  
Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,  
That, with a perfect will in one accord  
Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;  
And with untired humility forbore  
To speed their errand by the wings they wore.  
What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,  
If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!  
Opinion bow before the naked sense  
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;  
Merciful over all his creatures, just  
To the least particle of sentient dust:  
But, fixing by immutable decrees,  
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!  
Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;  
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds  
That into breezes sink; impetuous minds  
By discipline endeavour to grow meek  
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.  
Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,  
Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side;  
Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;  
And not alone harsh tyranny would cease,  
But unoffending creatures find release  
From qualified oppression, whose defence  
Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;  
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect  
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.  
Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn  
The kindness that would make him less forlorn;  
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
His look of pitiable gratitude!  
Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—  
To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;  
A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats  
Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there  
To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.  
Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.  
Shall man assume a property in man?  
Lay on the moral will a withering ban?  
Shame that our laws at distance still protect  
Enormities, which they at home reject!  
"Slaves cannot breathe in England"—yet that boast  
Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,  
Though fettered slave be none, her floors and soil.
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
For the poor many, measured out by rules  
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,  
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen  
Is ever urging on the vast machine  
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels  
The Power least prized is that which thinks  
and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,  
And all the heavy or light vassalage  
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,  
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
Not from his fellows only may learn  
Rights to compare and duties to discern!  
All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
Are friends and patrons of humanity.  
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,  
"Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;  
Who would not lightly violate the grace  
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;  
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
Which nothing less than Infinite Power  
could give."

"THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALL ALIVE"

This Lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundreds of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs. What a contrast between this and the cabbages and onions and carrots that used to grow there on a piece of ugly-shaped unsightly ground! No reflection, however, either upon cabbages or onions; the latter we know were worshipped by the Egyptians, and he must have a poor eye for beauty who has not observed how much of it there is in the form and colour which cabbages and plants of that genus exhibit through the various stages of their growth and decay. A richer display of colour in vegetable nature can scarcely be conceived than Coleridge, my Sister, and I saw in a bed of potato-plants in blossom near a hut upon the moor between Invernessyd and Loch Katrine. These blossoms were of such extraordinary beauty and richness that no one could have passed them without notice. But the sense must be cultivated through the mind before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of Nature, for such they really are, without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the laws whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analysing, decomposing, and anatomising is inevitably unfavourable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural Philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A Servant who is not also a poet in soul and a religious in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS

Written at Rydal Mount.

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
From every hurtful blast,  
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,  
Her loveliest and her last.

2 X
Less fair is summer riding high
   In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
   Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
   The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
   All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
   Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
   The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
    So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
    Through heaven-born hope, her end!

1829.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR
   IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

"Miserimius." Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone. Nothing appears to be known for a certainty. Query—The Rev. Mr. Morris, a nonconformist, a sufferer for conscience-sake; a worthy man who, having been deprived of his benefice after the accession of William III., lived to an old age in extreme destitution, on the aims of charitable Jacobites.

"Miserimius," and neither name nor date, Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone; Nought but that word assigned to the unknown, That solitary word—to separate From all, and cast a cloud around the fate Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,

Who chose his epitaph?—Himself alone Could thus have dared the grave to agitate, And claim, among the dead, this awful crown;

Nor doubt that He marked also for his own Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place, That every foot might fall with heavier tread, Trampling upon his visibleness. Stranger, pass Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

1829.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN
   DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE

This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sat while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story.

"Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face, Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still Or feed, each planted on that lofty place A chosen Tree; then, eager to fulfil Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they In opposite directions urged their way Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill Or blight that fond memorial;—the trees grew, And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain; Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew Until their spirits mingled in the sea That to itself takes all, Eternity. 1829.

THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE

Written at Rydal Mount.
The subject of the following poem is from the Orlandus of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby; and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time.

I

You have heard "a Spanish Lady
How she woed an English man;" 1
Hear now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldán;
How she loved a Christian slave, and told her pain
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

1 See, in Percy's Reliques, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love," from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted.
THE ARmenian Lady's LOVE

II
"Phruck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Phruck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may
not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even
for your sake!"

III
"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate."
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could
not bear
Lif, which to every one that breathes is
full of care."

IV
"Worse than idle is compassion
If it end in tears and sighs;
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high
degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to
set thee free."

V
"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage:
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked
with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from whom
it came."

VI
"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure:
If almighty grace through me thy chains
unbind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave
in mind."

VII
"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"
"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion I that gilded dome,
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his
worst home."

VIII
"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess,
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like
mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too
wide apart
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes
could see the heart!"

IX
"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts
widowed hours."

X
"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you can, say no!
Blessèd is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished—let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my
purpose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

XI
"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no
return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but can-
not burn."

XII
"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
   Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in
   heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt?
   where am I? where?"

XIII
Here broke off the dangerous converse:
   Less impassioned words might tell
How the pair escaped together,
   Tears not wanting, nor a knell
Of sorrow in her heart while through her
   father's door,
And from her narrow world, she passed for
   evermore.

XIV
But affections higher, holier,
   Urged her steps; she shrunk from
trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
   Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder them, the blame be
   none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such bold-
   ness on.

XV
Judge both Fugitives with knowledge:
   In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's commandments
   To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, snakes
   rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves had
   they to fear.

XVI
Thought infrm ne'er came between them,
   Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gathering
   Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in the
   cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a
   crystal stream.

XVII
On a friendly deck reposing
   They at length for Venice steer;
There, when they had closed their
   voyage
   One, who daily on the pier
Watched for tidings from the East, behold his Lord,
   Fell down and clasped his knees for joy,
   not uttering word.

XVIII
Mutual was the sudden transport;
   Breathless questions followed fast.
Years contracting to a moment.
   Each word greedier than the last:
"Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return
   with speed,
And of this Stranger speak by whom he
   lord was freed.

XIX
Say that I, who might have languished
   Drooped and pined till life was spent
Now before the gates of Stolberg
   My Deliverer would present
For a crowning recompense, the precious
   grace
Of her who in my heart still holds an
   ancient place.

XX
Make it known that my Companion
   Is of royal eastern blood,
Thirsting after all perfection,
   Innocent, and meek, and good.
Though with misbelievers bred; but the
   dark night
Will holy Church disperse by means of
   gospel-light."

XXI
Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant
   Soon returned a trusty Page
Charged with greetings, benedictions
   Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's
   way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fear
   allay.

XXII
And how blest the Reunited,
   While beneath their castle-walls
Runs a deafening noise of welcome;
   Blest, though every tear that falls
Of cheek that with carnação vie,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
Stepped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappled east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
Or berries of the wood;
At length, in darkness travelling on,
When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
I come," said she, "from far;
For I have left my Father's roof,
In terror of the Czar."

No answer did the Matron give,
No second look she cast,
But hung upon the Fugitive,
Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
Prevented each desire:—
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposed,
Now rests her weary head.

When she, whose couch had been the sod,
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to God,
Who comforts the forlorn;
While over her the Matron bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spent,
And trouble from the soul.
Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at morn,
And soon again was dight
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight;
And "O beloved Nurse," she said,
"My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been paid:
Now listen to my fears!

"Have you forgot"—and here she smiled—
"The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
Disporting round your knees?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower;
Light words, that were more lightly heard
In many a cloudless hour!

The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;
A mighty One upon me gazed;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath:
You, Foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity."—
"Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say not so!
For you we both would die."
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance feigned
And cheek embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you, flee?
A poor Man's counsel take;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
And soon shall you be led
Forth to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

**PART II**

**THE dwelling of this faithful pair**
In a straggling village stood,
For One who breathed unquiet air
A dangerous neighbourhood;
But wide around lay forest ground
With thickets rough and blind;
And pine-trees made a heavy shade
Impervious to the wind.

And there, sequestered from the sight,
Was spread a treacherous swamp,
On which the noonday sun shed light
As from a lonely lamp;
And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single Island rose
Of firm dry ground, with heathful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs.

The Woodman knew, for such the craft
This Russian vassal plied,
That never fowler's gun, nor shaft
Of archer, there was tried;
A sanctuary seemed the spot
From all intrusion free;
And there he planned an artful Cot
For perfect secrecy.

With earnest pains unchecked by dread
Of Power's far-stretching hand,
The bold good Man his labour sped
At nature's pure command;
Heart-soothed, and busy as a wren,
While, in a hollow nook,
She moulds her sight-eluding den
Above a murmuring brook.

His task accomplished to his mind,
The twain ere break of day
Creep forth, and through the forest wind
Their solitary way;
Few words they speak, nor dare to slack
Their pace from mile to mile,
Till they have crossed the quaking marsh
And reached the lonely Isle.

The sun above the pine-trees showed
A bright and cheerful face;
And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window;—all seemed wid
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour.
The front with such nice care
Is masked, "if house it be or bower;"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof.
And delicately lined:
And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch—all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate:
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!"—such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray I

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face
Resolves devotedly serene;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason should control;
And shows in the untrembling frame
A statue of the soul.

PART III

Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phoebus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound

The bay; and conquerors thanked the
Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
More mild doth Heaven ordain
Upon her Island desolate;
And words, not breathed in vain,
Might tell what intercourse she found,
Her silence to endear;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
Her soothed affections clung,
A picture on the cabin wall
By Russian usage hung—
The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright
With love abridged the day;
And, communed with by taper light,
Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
The joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame,
So high their hearts would beat;
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents thought,
The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not enwrought,
That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic Daughter feared
The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
Into a safer sea—
Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
And set her Spirit free
From the altar of this sacrifice,
In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
The white swans southward passed,
High as the pitch of their swift plumes
Her fancy rode the blast;
And bore her toward the fields of France
Her Father's native land,
To mingle in the rustic dance,
The happiest of the band!

Of those beloved fields she oft
Had heard her Father tell
In phrase that now with echoes soft
Haunted her lonely cell;
She saw the hereditary bowers,
She heard the ancestral stream;
The Kremlin and its haughty towers
Forgotten like a dream!

THE ever-changing Moon had traced
Twelve times her monthly round,
When through the unfrequented Waste
Was heard a startling sound;
A shout thrice sent from one who chased
At speed a wounded deer,
Bounding through branches interlaced,
And where the wood was clear.

The fainting creature took the marsh,
And toward the Island fled,
While plovers screamed with tumult harsh
Above his antlered head;
This, Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
Shrunk to her citadel;
The desperate deer rushed on, and near
The tangled covert fell.

Across the marsh, the game in view,
The Hunter followed fast,
Nor paused, till o'er the stag he blew
A death-proclaiming blast;
Then, resting on her upright mind,
Came forth the Maid—"In me
Behold," she said, "a stricken Hind
Pursued by destiny!

From your deportment, Sir! I deem
That you have worn a sword,
And will not hold in light esteem
A suffering woman's word;
There is my covert, there perchance
I might have lain concealed,
My fortunes hid, my countenance
Not even to you revealed.

Tears might be shed, and I might pray,
Crouching and terrified,
That what has been unveiled to day,
You would in mystery hide;
But I will not defile with dust
The knee that bends to adore
The God in heaven;—attend, be just;
This ask I, and no more!

I speak not of the winter's cold,
For summer's heat exchanged,
While I have lodged in this rough hold,
From social life estranged;
Nor yet of trouble and alarms:
High Heaven is my defence;
And every season has soft arms
For injured Innocence.

From Moscow to the Wilderness
It was my choice to come,
Lest virtue should be harbourless,
And honour want a home;
And happy were I, if the Czar
Retain his lawless will,
To end life here like this poor deer,
Or a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumoured wide,
Sad theme for every tongue;
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between:
He loved, he hoped,—a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.
"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Czar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
His violence is stilled.

Leave open to my wish the course,
And I to her will go;
From that humane and heavenly source,
"Good, only good, can flow."
Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
Was eager to depart,
Though question followed question, dear,
To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step,—his hopes, more light,
Kept pace with his desires;
And the fifth morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.
He sued:—heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And joy's excess produced a fear
Of something void and vain;
'Twas when the Parents, who had
Sown long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast;
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridals garments drest;
Mek Catherine had her own reward;
The Czar bestowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewn the ground; the nuptial feast
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sat;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honour high
To them and nature paid!

THE EGYPTIAN MAID

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY

For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

In addition to the short notice prefixed to this poem it may be worth while here to say that it rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the Water Lily. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake; and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanzas is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is not perhaps well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.

While Merlin paced the Cornish sands,
Forth-looking toward the rocks of Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was aware
Of a bright Ship that seemed to hang in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hands,
And took from men her name—The Water Lily.

Soft was the wind, that landward blew;
And, as the Moon, o'er some dark hill ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnacle bright
Became, as nearer to the coast she drew,
More glorious, with spread sail and stream- ing pendant.

Upon this winged Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiration:
Her lineaments, thought he, surpass
Aught that was ever shown in magic
glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by happiest trans-
formation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose skill
Shames the degenerate grasp of modern
science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the more
For practising occult and perilous lore)
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or scared them
with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he cast
An altered look upon the advancing
Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and
cried,
"My Art shall help to tame her pride—"
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky portended
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent sign
Traced on the beach, his work the Sor-
cerer urges;
The clouds in blacker clouds are lost,
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crossed
By Fiends of aspect more malign;
And the winds roused the Deep with fiercer
scourges.

But worthy of the name she bore
Was this Sea-flower, this buoyant
Galley;
Supreme in loveliness and grace
Of motion, whether in the embrace
Of trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
The main flood roughened into hill and
valley.

Behold, how wantonly she laves
Her sides, the Wizard's craft confound-
ing;
Like something out of Ocean sprung
To be for ever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and rebound-
ing!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing be cher-
ished:
Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and demonain?
The storm has stripped her of all
leaves;
The Lily floats no longer!—She has
perished.

Grieve for her,—she deserves no less;
So like, yet so unlike, a living Creature
No heart had she, no busy brain;
Though loved, she could not love again.
Though pitted, feel her own distress;
Nor aught that troubles us, the fools of
Nature.

Yet is there cause for gushing tears;
So richly was this Galley laden,
A fairer than herself she bore,
And, in her struggles, cast ashore;
A lovely One, who nothing hears
Of wind or wave—a meek and guileless
Maiden.

Into a cave had Merlin fled
From mischief, caused by spells himself
had muttered;
And while, repentant all too late,
In moody posture there he sate,
He heard a voice, and saw, with half
raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were
uttered;

"On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under
high protection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathy
power
Was carved—a Goddess with a Lil
flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand;
Her freight, it was a DamSEL peeress;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheek-
less.
And to Caerleon’s loftiest tower  
Soon will the Knights of Arthur’s Table  
A cry of lamentation send;  
And all will weep who there attend,  
To grace that Stranger’s bridal hour,  
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line  
Die through the blindness of thy  
malice?"  
Thus to the Necromancer spake  
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,  
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,  
Who ne’er embittered any good man’s  
chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to  
mourn?  
To expiate thy sin endeavour:  
From the bleak isle where she is laid,  
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid  
May yet to Arthur’s court be borne  
Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever.

My pearly Boat, a shining Light,  
That brought me down that sunless river,  
Will bear me on from wave to wave,  
And back with her to this sea-cave;—  
Then Merlin! for a rapid flight  
Through air, to thee my Charge will I  
deliver.

The very swiftest of thy cars  
Must, when my part is done, be ready;  
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look  
Into thy own prophetic book;  
And, if that fail, consult the Stars  
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt  
and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again  
Was seated In her gleaming shallop,  
That, o’er the yet-distempered Deep,  
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,  
Or like a steed, without a rein,  
Urged o’er the wilderness in sportive  
gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach  
That Isle without a house or haven;  
Landing, she found not what she sought,  
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught  
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach  
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble  
graven.

Sad relic, but how fair the while!  
For gently each from each retreating  
With backward curve, the leaves revealed  
The bosom half, and half concealed,  
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile  
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful  
greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,  
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;  
Following the margin of a bay,  
She spied the lonely Castaway,  
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,  
But with closed eyes,—of breath and bloom  
forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,  
With tenderness and mild emotion,  
The Damself, in that trance embound;  
And, while she raised her from the  
ground,  
And in the pearly shallop placed,  
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial springs  
Of music opened, and there came a  
blending  
Of fragrance, undervived from earth,  
With gleams that owed not to the sun  
their birth,  
And that soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which Angels make, on works of love  
descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice  
Than if the Goddess of the flower had  
spoken:  
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame! what  
none  
Less pure in spirit could have done;  
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!  
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, success  
betoken."

So cheered, she left that Island bleak,  
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;  
And, as they traversed the smooth brine,  
The self-illumined Brigantine  
Shed, on the Slumberer’s cold wan cheek  
And pallid brow, a melancholy lustre.

Fleet was their course, and when they  
came  
To the dim cavern, whence the river
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he stood,
Was thus accosted by the Dame;
"Behold to thee my Charge I now deliver!
But where attends thy chariot—where?"—
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bidden,
So have I done; as trusty as thy barge
My vehicle shall prove—O precious Charge!
If this be sleep, how soft! if death, how fair!
Much have my books disclosed, but the end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's dimmest chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose plumes of dusky white
Changed, as the pair approached the light,
Drawing an ebon car, their hue
(Like clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

Once more did gentle Nina lift
The Princess, passive to all changes:
The car received her:—then up-went
Into the ethereal element
The Birds with progress smooth and swift
As thought, when through bright regions memory ranges.

Sage Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
Instructs the Swans their way to measure;
And soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
And notes of minstrelsy were heard
From rich pavilions spreading wide,
For some high day of long-expected pleasure.

Awe-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
Ere on firm ground the car alighted;
Eftsoons astonishment was past,
For in that face they saw the last
Last lingering look of clay, that tames
All pride; by which all happiness is blighted.

Said Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
Away with feast and tilt and tourney!
Ye saw, throughout this royal House,
Ye heard, a rocking marvellous
Of turrets, and a clash of swords
Self-shaken, as I closed my airy journey.

Lo! by a destiny well known
To mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
This is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Of Egypt, from a rock conveyed
Where she by shipwreck had been thrown,
Ill sight! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

"Though vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
Exclaimed the King, "a mockery hateful;
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!
Is this her piety's reward?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek
O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent him of his troth;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbours
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord.
And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labours.

Her birth was beathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hooped:
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true!
She was reserved by me her life's be
trayer;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corpse: then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."
"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet, earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping:
Here must a high attest be given,
What Bridegroom was for her ordained
by Heaven.
And in my glass signifiants there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this
weeping.

For this, approaching, One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand
of the Virgin;
So, for the favoured One, the Flower
may bloom
Once more: but, if unchangeable her
doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall
endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall
cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-
prises."

"So be it," said the King;—"anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin the
trial;
Knights each in order as ye stand
Step forth."—To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaire advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth;—Sir Kaye had like
denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions, ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel
lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek
composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled—
The wishes, peradventure the desipes
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights;
And all the thoughts that lengthened out
a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus assembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car Sir
Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his beaver vailed,
And softly touched; but, to his princely
cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was granted.

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands as a
brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved that there
ensued
No change;—the fair Izonda he had
wooed
With love too true, a love with pangs too
sharp,
From hope too distant, not to dread another.

Not so Sir Launcelot;—from Heaven's
grace
A sign he craved, tired slave of vain
contrition;
The royal Guenever looked passing glad
When his touch failed.—Next came Sir
Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that
still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide
vision.

For late, as near a murmuring stream
He rested 'mid an arbour green and
shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian Lady.

Now, while his bright-haired front he
bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred
with ermine,
As o'er the insensate Body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.

Nor deem it strange; the Youth had
worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that match-
less feat,
The marvel of the Perilous Seat,
Which whoso'er approached of strength
was shorn,
Though King or Knight the most renowned
in story.

He touched with hesitating hand—
And lo! those Birds, far-famed through
Love's dominions,
The Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden's happy
land;—
"Mine is she," cried the Knight;—again
they clapped their pinions.

"Mine was she—mine she is, though
dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in
sorrow;"
Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the Damsel's
cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain
red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to
borrow.

Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread
entwining,
When, to the mouth, relenting Death
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,
To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

In silence did King Arthur gaze
Upon the signs that pass away or tarry;
In silence watched the gentle strife
Of Nature leading back to life;
Then eased his soul at length by praise
Of God, and Heaven's pure Queen—the
blissful Mary.

Then said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,

Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that
liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearsest
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed
verses;—

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers,
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower the Form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her—
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band;
And, billow favouring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befal you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!
THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

Written at Rydal Mount. This dove was one of a pair that had been given to my daughter by our excellent friend, Miss Jewsbury, who went to India with her husband, Mr. Fletcher, where she died of cholera. The dove survived its mate many years, and was killed, to our great sorrow, by a neighbour's cat that got in at the window and dragged it partly out of the cage. These verses were composed extempore, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer-house before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses.

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near,
The Turtledove replies:
Though silent as a leaf before,
The captive promptly coos,
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
Is murmuring a reproof,
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
Have carolled, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale,
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song:
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre—
That coo again!—'tis not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire. 1830.

PRESENTIMENTS

Written at Rydal Mount.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear of shame;

All heaven-born Instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,
Were mine in early days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good,
Too potent over nerve and blood,
Lurk near you—and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse;
This hides not from the moral Muse
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
Builds castles, not of air:
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist: and, where it lay,
The spirits at your bidding play
In gaiety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not raised
above
Prognostics that ye rule;
The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments?
A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo, or a dream.

The laughter of the Christmas hearth
With signs of self-exhausted mirth
Ye feelingly reprove;
And daily, in the conscious breast,
Your visitations are a test
And exercise of love.
When some great change gives boundless scope
To an exulting Nation’s hope,
Oft, startled and made wise
By your low-breathed interpretations,
The simply-meek foretaste the springs
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,
Pervade the lonely ocean far
As sail hath been unfurled;
For dancers in the festive hall
What ghastly partners hath your call
Fetched from the shadowy world.

’Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,
Emboldened by a keener sense;
That men have lived for whom,
With dread precision, ye made clear
The hour that in a distant year
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are,
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds, she stands,
Sage Spirits! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent
All changes of the element,
Whose wisdom fixed the scale
Of natures, for our wants provides
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,
When lights of reason fail. 1830.

"IN THESE FAIR VALES HATH MANY A TREE."

Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a brass plate inserted in the Stone.

In these fair vales hath many a Tree
At Wordsworth’s suit been spared;
And from the builder’s hand this Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard:
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed. 1830.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL
THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
BEAUMONT, BART.

These verses were, in part composed on horseback during a storm, while I was on my way from Coleorton to Cambridge: they are alluded to elsewhere.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words:—"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!"

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time,
Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man dies:
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and for-bade,
A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
Yet are at least—though few have numbered days
That shunned so modestly the light of praise—
His graceful manners, and the temperate ray
Of that arch fancy which would round him play,
Brightening a converse never known to swerve
From courtesy and delicate reserve;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife—
Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,
Might have their record among sylvan bowers.
Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed;—
Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter’s eye,
A poet’s heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine;—
Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal
rights;—
Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured
page
Lit by that evening lamp which loved to
shed
Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye,
voice, mien,
More than theatric force to Shakspeare's
dream—
If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their
pleasures flow;
If things in our remembrance held so
dear,
And thoughts and projects fondly cherished
here,
To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's
dream—
Rebuke us not!—The mandate is obeyed
That said, 'Let praise be mute where I
am laid;'
The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine
grief
From silent admiration wins relief.
Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
That doth 'within itself its sweetness
close;'
A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut
up.
Within these groves, where still are flitting
Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a
sigh,
Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
When towers and temples fall, to speak of
Thee!
If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom
Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,
Will fringe the lettered stone; and herbs
spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain
unbound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfil,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where Thou
wert known;
Thy virtues He must judge, and He alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are
thrown.  

"CHATSWORTH! THY STATELY
MANSION, AND THE PRIDE"

I have reason to remember the day that gave
rise to this Sonnet, the 6th of November 1830.
Having undertaken, a great feat for me, to ride
my daughter's pony from Westmoreland to Cam-
bridge, that she might have the use of it while on
a visit to her uncle at Trinity Lodge, on my way
from Bakewell to Matlock I turned aside to
Chatsworth, and had scarcely gratified my
curiosity by the sight of that celebrated place
before there came on a severe storm of wind and
rain which continued till I reached Derby, both
man and pony in a pitiable plight. For myself,
I went to bed at noon-day. In the course of that
journey I had to encounter a storm, worse if
possible, in which the pony could (or would) only
make his way slantwise. I mention this merely
to add that notwithstanding this battering I
composed, on horseback, the lines to the memory
of Sir George Beaumont, suggested during my
recent visit to Coleorton.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion, and
the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present
To house and home in many a craggy rent
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters
glide
Through fields whose thrifty occupants
abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire content;
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her
truth
To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest
farms,
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his
growth,
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath
charms;
And, strenuous to protect from lawless
harms
The extremes of favoured life, may honour
both.

2 Y
TO THE AUTHOR’S PORTRAIT

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill, Esq., for St. John’s College, Cambridge.

The six last lines of this Sonnet are not written for poetical effect, but as a matter of fact, which, in more than one instance, could not escape my notice in the servants of the house.

Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt
Margaret, the Saintly Foundress, take thy place;
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,
And think and feel as once the Poet felt.
Whate’er thy fate, those features have not grown
Unrecognised through many a household tear
More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew
By morning shed around a flower half-blown;
Tears of delight, that testified how true
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear!

1830.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK

Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains.

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slighteth;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites.
What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in Nature’s chain
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fail;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were clear
The sunny vale looked gay;
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied;—mightier far,
Than tremblings that reproved
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God’s redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan disease
For sorrow that had bent
O’er hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning Sons of Men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven.
A court for Deity.

1831.
YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

IMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set out from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes till we found that the time appointed for his leaving would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless we proceeded and reached Abbotsford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paternale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quilliam: "I mean to live till I am eighty, and shall live as long as I live." But to return to Abbotsford, the inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Liddell, his Lady and Brother, and Mr. Allan the painter, and Mr. videog, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had sadly expressed his regret that he could not wait my arrival, a regret that I may truly say was mutual. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chanted old ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, hanging over the back of the chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition of his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was much amused, as indeed were we all as far as circumstances would allow. But what is most worthy of mention is the admirable demeanour of Major Scott during the following evening, when the Liddells were gone and only ourselves and Mr. Allan were present. He had much to suffer from the sight of his father's infirmities and from the great change that was about to take place at his residence he had built, and where he had lived in so much prosperity and happiness. But what struck me most was the patient kindness with which he supported himself under the many unfavourable expressions that his sister Anne addressed to him or uttered in his hearing. She, too, thing, as mistress of that house, had been object, after her mother's death, to a heavier and of care and responsibility and greater sacri-

ices of time than one of such a constitution of body and mind was able to bear. Of this, Doris and I were made so sensible, that, as soon as we had crossed the Tweed on our departure, we gave vent at the same moment to our apprehensions that her brain would fail and she would go out of her mind, or that she would sink under the trials she had passed and those which awaited her. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter Scott accompanied us and most of the party to Newark Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted from the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and had great pleasure in revisiting those his favourite haunts. Of that excursion the verses "Yarrow revisited" are a memorial. Notwithstanding the romance that pervades Sir Walter's works and attaches to many of his habits, there is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonise as much as I could wish with other poems. On our return in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a purple than a golden hue was spread over the Eildon hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning—"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain." At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford, and in the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation tête-à-tête, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which upon the whole he had led. He had written in my daughter's Album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her, and, while putting the book into her hand, in his own study, standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence—"I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father's sake: they are probably the last verses I shall ever write." They show how much his mind was impaired, not by the strain of thought but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes: one letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name. In this interview also it was that, upon my expressing a hope of his health being benefited by the climate of the country to which he was going, and by the interest he would take in the classic remembrances of Italy, he made use of the quotation from "Yarrow unvisited" as recorded by me in the "Musings at Aquapendente," six years afterwards. Mr. Lockhart has mentioned in his Life of him what I heard from several quarters while abroad, both at Rome and elsewhere, that little seemed to interest him but what he could collect.
or heard of the fugitive Stuarts and their adherents who had followed them into exile. Both the "Yarrow revisited" and the "Sonnet" were sent him before his departure from England. Some further particulars of the conversations which occurred during this visit I should have set down had they not been already accurately recorded by Mr. Lockhart. I first became acquainted with this great and amiable man—Sir Walter Scott—in the year 1803, when my sister and I, making a tour in Scotland, were hospitably received by him in Lasswade upon the banks of the Esk, where he was then living. We saw a good deal of him in the course of the following week; the particulars are given in my sister's Journal of that tour.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.,
AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,
THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1834.

I

The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples.

The title Yarrow Revisited will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warden,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling.
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing,
If, then, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Son
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturesome brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!
For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Wherever they invite Thee,  
In parent Nature’s grateful call,  
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine;  
Such looks of love and honour  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her;  
Shed what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer?  
For, what were mighty Nature’s self?  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unbowed by the poet’s voice  
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance  
Plays false with our affections;  
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections:  
Ah, no! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow’s groves were centred;  
Who through the silent portal arch  
of mouldering Newark entered;  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the “last Minstrel,” (not the last!)  
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty;  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory’s shadowy moonshine!

II

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT  
FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A Trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun’s pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o’er Eilidon’s triple height:  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a  
Blight strain,  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might  
Of the whole world’s good wishes with him goes;  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Waiting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

III

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland. The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholm. Mickle, who, as it appears from his poem on Sir Martin, was not without genuine poetic feelings, was born and passed his boyhood in this neighbourhood, under his father, who was a minister of the Scotch Kirk. The Esk, both above and below Langholm, flows through a beautiful country, and the two streams of the Wauchope and the Ewes, which join it near that place, are such as a pastoral poet would delight in.

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep  
That curbs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies;  
The hare’s best couching-place for fearless sleep;  
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,  
Enter in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smiles
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With jubilant from the choirs of spring!

IV
ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

The manses in Scotland and the gardens and grounds about them have seldom that attractive appearance which is common about our English parsonages, even when the clergyman’s income falls below the average of the Scotch minister’s. This is not merely owing to the one country being poor in comparison with the other, but arises rather out of the equality of their benefits, so that no one has enough to spare for decorations that might serve as an example for others; whereas, with us, the taste of the richer incumbent extends its influence more or less to the poorest. After all, in these observations the surface only of the matter is touched. I once heard a conversation in which the Roman Catholic Religion was defied on account of its abuses. “You cannot deny, however,” said a lady of the party, repeating an expression used by Charles II., “that it is the religion of a gentleman.” It may be left to the Scotch themselves to determine how far this observation applies to their Kirk, while it cannot be denied, if it is wanting in that characteristic quality, the aspect of common life, so far as concerns its beauty, must suffer. Sincere Christian pieties may be thought not to stand in need of refinement or studied ornament; but assuredly it is ever ready to adopt them, when they fall within its notice, as means allow; and this observation applies not only to manners, but to everything a Christian (truly so in spirit) cultivates and gathers round him, however humble his social condition.

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
Among the happiest-looking homes of men

Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o’er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet’s pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

V
COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM

We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin. Here this Sonnet was composed. If it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner. A painter delineating the interior of the chapel and its minute features under such circumstances would have, no doubt, found his time agreeably shortened. But the movements of the mind must be more free while dealing with words than with lines and colours; such at least was then and has been on many other occasions my belief, and, as it is allotted to few to follow both arts with success, I am grateful to my own calling for this and a thousand other recommendations which are denied to that of the painter.

The wind is now thy organist;—a clank (We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting! From
what bank
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

VI

THE TROSACHS

As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot; but this and some other sonnets that follow were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going.

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes Feed it mid Nature's old felicities, Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest, If from a golden perch of aspen spray (October's workmanship to rival May) The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lall ing the year, with all its cares, to rest!

VII

The piproch's note, discountenanced or mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target mouldering like un gathered fruit;
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit, As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread To weather-fend the Celtic herdsmen's head— All speak of manners withering to the root, And of old honours, too, and passions high: Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should range Among the conquests of civility, Survives imagination—to the change Superior? Help to virtue does she give? If not, O Mortals, better cease to live!

VIII

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE

"That make the Patriot-spirit." It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlanders to their superiors; love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope.

"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls, Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists— Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests— Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls— Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests— Proud be this Land! whose poorest huts are halls Where Fancy entertains becoming guests; While native song the heroic Past recalls." Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught, The Muse exclaimed; but Story now must hide Her trophies, Fancy crouch; the course of pride Has been diverted, other lessons taught, That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread.

IX

EAGLES

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN

"The last I saw was on the wing," off the promontory of Fairhead, county of Antrim. I men-

tion this because, though my tour in Ireland with
Mr. Marshall and his son was made many years ago,
this allusion to the eagle is the only image
supplied by it to the poetry I have since written.
We travelled through that country in October,
and to the shortness of the days and the speed
with which we travelled (in a carriage and four)
may be ascribed this want of notices, in my verse,
of a country so interesting. The deficiency I am
somewhat ashamed of, and it is the more remark-
able as contrasted with my Scotch and Conti-
nental tours, of which are to be found in this
volume so many memorials.

DISHONOURED Rock and Ruin! that, by
law
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarrèd
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last
I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with
awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a consort
paired,
From a bold headland, their loved aery’s
guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when
his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank ‘mong freeborn creatures that live
free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

X

IN THE SOUND OF MULL

Touring late in the season in Scotland is an
uncertain speculation. We were detained a week
by rain at Bunaw on Loch Etive in a vain hope
that the weather would clear up and allow me to
show my daughter the beauties of Glencoe. Two
days we were at the isle of Mull, on a visit to
Major Campbell; but it rained incessantly, and
we were obliged to give up our intention of going
to Staffa. The rain pursued us to Tyndrum,
where the Eleventh Sonnet was composed in a
storm.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw
Thy veil in mercy o’er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by
the ancient tongue

On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—
Spots where a word, ghostlike, survives to
show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love,
have sprung;
From honour misconceived, or fancied
wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by
mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, we
named
By civil arts and labours of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those hero
Men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed
For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Enn
Glen?" 1

XI

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian
crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among;
Ours couch on naked rocks,—will cross
brook
Sworn with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be
brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what they learn? Up, and
Mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature’s privy council, as thou art.
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and
hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his part.
On earth, who works in the heaven of
heavens, alone.

XII

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE’S RUIN
MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE
NEAR KILLIN

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave
in strains

1 In Gaelic, Bealachnil Eite.
**YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS**

Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house."
No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he
detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How
reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked
remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that new
Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they
stand
Together,—mid trim walks and arful
bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, prompt
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

**XIII**

REST AND BE THANKFUL!"

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE

Doubling and doubling with laborious
walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-
for Height,
This brief this simple wayside Call can
slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether cheered
by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen
hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams
that shine,
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and
stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs
repose,
Will we forget that, as the sowl can
keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's
sweep,—
So may the Soul, through powers that
Faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss
that Angels share.

**XIV**

HIGHLAND HUT

See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-
built Cot,
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and
how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or
blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained
and bred,
Humanity is humble, finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to
tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery
roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart
wrong-proof,
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials
fewer,
Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!

**XV**

THE BROWNIE

Upon a small island, not far from the head of
Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient
building, which was for several years the abode
of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors
of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that
neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite
this island in the year 1814, the Author learned
these particulars, and that this person then living
there had acquired the appellation of "The
Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 534, to
which the following is a sequel.

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt
and toad;
Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell
How he was found, cold as an icicle,
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;
Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering
flood
Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, pre-
pared to try
Privation's worst extremities, and die
With no one near save the omnipresent God.

1 See Note.
Verily so to live was an awful choice—
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom;
But in the mould of mercy all is cast
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
And this forgotten Taper to the last
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

XVI

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR
COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely—who that looks on thee,
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is bright;
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

XVII

BOTHWELL CASTLE

PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER

In my Sister’s Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time.

IMMURED in Bothwell’s towers, at times the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps I roamed at large,
and have
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me wave;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave
Needless renewal of an old delight?
Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give

XVIII

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS’ DEN.
AT HAMILTON PALACE

AMID a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did it become
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange brotherhood
(Couched in their den) with those that roam at large
Over the burning wilderness, and charge
The wind with terror while they roar for food.
Satiate are these; and still to eye and ear;
Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear!
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave
Daunt him—if his Companions, now be-drowsed
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused:
Man placed him here, and God, he knows,
can save.

XIX

THE AVON

A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN

"Yet is it one that other rivulets bear." There is the Shakespeare Avon, the Bristol Avon; the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name; Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river.

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear
Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:
For great and sacred is the modest claim

\[1\] See Note.
Of Streams to Nature’s love, where’er they flow;  
And ne’er did Genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame.  
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
Anguish, and death: full oft where innocent blood  
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:  
Never for like distinction may the good Shrink from My name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears.

XX

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST

The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory. I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state. The Hart’s-horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was one of its remarkable objects, as well as another tree that grew upon an eminence not far from Penrith: it was single and conspicuous; and being of a round shape, though it was universally known to be a Sycamore, it was always called the "Round Thorn," so difficult is it to chain fancy down to fact.

The forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,  
That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood:  
On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone;  
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,  
Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign  
With Clym o’ the Clough, were they alive again,  
To kill for merry feast their venison.  
Nor wants the holy Abbot’s gliding Shade  
His church with monumental wreck bestrown;  
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost un laid,  
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
Of power that perishes, and rights that fade,

XXI

HART’S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed  
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part  
Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart,  
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat!  
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride;  
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat;  
And, for this feeling’s sake, let no one chide  
Verse that would guard thy memory,  
HART’S-HORN TREE!  

XXII

FANCY AND TRADITION

The Lovers took within this ancient grove  
Their last embrace; beside those crystal springs  
The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
For instant flight; the Sage in yon alcove  
Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would rove,  
Not mute, where now the linnet only sings:  
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,  
Or Fancy localises Powers we love.  
Were only History licensed to take note  
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
Would ill suffice for persons and events:  
There is an ampler page for man to quote,  
A reader book of manifold contents,  
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

XXIII

COUNTESS’S PILLAR

Suggested by the recollection of Julian’s Bower  
and other traditions connected with this ancient forest.

1 See Note.
On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—
"This Pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4£. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

While the Poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier—transplanted from heaven’s purest clime!

"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, for ever!

"LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing by
Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial’s fond endeavour;
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-gazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised!"

XXIV
ROMAN ANTIQUITIES
FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasteen fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world’s flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage’s theory? the Poet’s lay?
Mere Fibulae without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

XXV
APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt—as without preconceived design
Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, ’mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might be seem a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they go
In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by every Muse
Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken door.
Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength
From kindred sources; while around us sighed
(Life’s three first seasons having passed away)
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-frost sprinklings fell
(Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights;
And every day brought with it tidings new
Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached
Upon that sweet and tender melancholy
Which may itself be cherished and censed
More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)
For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain.

XXVI
THE HIGHLAND BROACH

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe
Towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

As generations come and go
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelities of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain’s brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.

1 How much the Broach is sometimes prized
by persons in humble stations may be gathered
from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female
friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting
DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS

Written at Rydal Mount.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing
Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies;
From humble violet—modest thyme—
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be their guide.

Roused by this kindliest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats—
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst think, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic Forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing
to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse,
in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give
anything I have, but I hope she does not wish for
my Brooch!" and, uttering these words, she put
her hand upon the Brooch which fastened her
kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted
the eye of her benefactress.

And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery—
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?
Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualise the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like
weeds:
The priests are from their altars thrust;
Temples are levelled with the dust;
And solemn rites and awful forms
Founder amid fanatic storms.
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloveyn the plough
Is fragrant with a humming vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapours magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head—
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So, shall the seventh be truly best,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

"CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AIR"

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling
dews.
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are
none;
Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery
light,
And wonder how they could elude the sight!
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter
powers,
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock’s iron
tone
The time’s and season’s influence disown;
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they
hear!
The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was
done,
And now with thankful heart to bed doth
creep,
And joins his little children in their sleep.
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane
o’ershade,
Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
With brawling note, which Industry and
Sloth
Might both be pleased with, for it suits
them both.
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow:
Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no
more;
One boat there was, but it will touch the
shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment’s
sway.
As a last token of man’s toilsome day!

RURAL ILLUSIONS

Written at Rydal Mount. Observed a hundred
times in the grounds there.

SYLPH was it? or a Bird more bright
Than those of fabulous stock?
A second darted by;—and lo!
Another of the flock,
Through sunshine fitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.
Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April’s mimickes!
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,

Proved last year’s leaves, pushed from the
spray
To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen.
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honour of their Queen.
Yet, sooth, those little stary specks,
That not in vain aspired
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropt from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World’s illusive shows;
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave
The floweret as it springs,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things:
But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased
Whom oftenest she beguiles.

LOVING AND LIKING

IRREGULAR VERSES

ADDRESS TO A CHILD

(by my sister)

Written at Rydal Mount. It arose, I believe,
out of a casual expression of one of Mr. Swinburne’s children.

THERE’s more in words than I can teach:
Yet listen, Child!—I would not preach;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you love a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl.
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,  
Into a path or public way  
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,  
Startling the timid as they pass,  
Do you observe him, and endeavour  
To take the intruder into favour;  
Learning from him to find a reason  
For a light heart in a dull season.  
And you may love him in the pool,  
That is for him a happy school,  
In which he swims as taught by nature,  
Fit pattern for a human creature,  
Glancing amid the water bright,  
And sending upward sparkling light.  

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing  
A love for things that have no feeling:  
The spring's first rose by you espied,  
May fill your breast with joyful pride;  
And you may love the strawberry-flower,  
And love the strawberry in its bower;  
But when the fruit, so often praised  
For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
Say not you love the delicate treat,  
But like it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.  

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,  
Though one of a tribe that torment the house:  
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,  
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;  
Remember she follows the law of her kind,  
And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.  
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,  
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,  
And her soothing song by the winter fire,  
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.  

I would not circumscribe your love:  
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,  
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,  
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.  
Loving and liking are the solace of life,  
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife.  

You love your father and your mother,  
Your grown-up and your baby brother;  
You love your sister, and your friends,  
And countless blessings which God sends:  
And while these right affections play,  
You live each moment of your day;  
They lead you on to full content,  
And likings fresh and innocent,  
That store the mind, the memory feed,  
And prompt to many a gentle deed:

But likings come, and pass away;  
'Tis love that remains till our latest day:  
Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
And will be our bliss with saints above.  

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST
MARCH 1832
RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delayed;  
And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
The last of their humanity, and scoffed  
At providential judgments, undismayed  
By their own daring. But the People prayed  
As with one voice; their flinty heart grew soft  
With penitential sorrow, and aloft  
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"  
Oh that with aspirations more intense,  
Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
This People, once so happy, so renowned  
For liberty, would seek from God defence  
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
Of revolution, impiously unbound!

FILIAL PIETY

ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON  
AND LIVERPOOL

This was communicated to me by a coachman at whose side I sat while he was driving. In the course of my many coach rambles and journeys, which, during the daytime always and often in the night, were taken on the outside of the coach, I had good and frequent opportunities of learning the characteristics of this class of men. One remark I made that is worth recording; that whenever I had occasion especially to notice their well-ordered, respectful, and kind behaviour to women, of whatever age, I found them, I may say almost always, to be married men.

UNTouched through all severity of cold;  
Inviolate, what'er the cottage hearth  
Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth;  
That Pile of Turf is half a century old:  
Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told
A WREN'S NEST

Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work
on earth;
Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a
hold
Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair
Its waste.—Though crumbling with each
breath of air,
In annual renovation thus it stands—
Kute Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds
are rare.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS
PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONA-
PARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST.
HELENA

This Sonnet, though said to be written on see-
ing the Portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, com-
posed some time after, extempore, in the wood at
Rydal Mount.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the
skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; I applaud those
signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and
still
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that laboured to enslave
The World, sole-standing high on the bare
hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent
face
Tanged, we may fancy, in this dreary
place,
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues
his way,
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

"IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY
LIGHT FROM HEAVEN""!

These verses were written some time after we
became residents at Rydal Mount, and I
will take occasion from them to observe upon the
beauty of that situation, as being backed and
flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly
bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the
mountain-tops, while the prospect in front lies
open to a length of level valley, the extended
lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills; so that
it gives an opportunity to the inhabitants of the
place of noticing the stars in both the positions
here alluded to, namely, on the tops of the moun-
tains, and as winter-lamps at a distance among
the leafless trees.

If thou indeed derive thy light from
Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born
light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be con-
tent:—
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their
beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their
brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those
which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouch-
safed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

A WREN'S NEST

Written at Rydal Mount. This nest was
built, as described, in a tree that grows near the
pool in Dora's field next the Rydal Mount
garden.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a laboured roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.
So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brea
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the fitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in a urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lodge,
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting brow,
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without disdain
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'Tis gone! (so seemed it) and we grieved
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cell
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy young
Take flight, and thou art free to roam,
When withered is the guardian Flower,
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft
In foresight, or in love. 1833.

TO ———

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN
CHILD, MARCH 1833

Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I
was on a visit to my son, then Incumbent of that
small living. While I am dictating these notes
to my friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the
child upon whose birth these verses were written
is under my roof, and is of a disposition so pro-
mising that the wishes and prayers and prophecies
which I then breathed forth in verse are, through
God's mercy, likely to be realised.

"Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, etc."—Lucretius.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor lost
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And in tenderest nakedness,
Flung by labouring nature forth
Upon the mercies of the earth.
Can its eyes beseech?—no more
Than the hands are free to implore:
Voice but serves for one brief cry;
Plaint was it? or prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come?
Omen of man's grievous doom!
To his grave touch with no unready strings,

Not the grave touch with no unready strings.
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.
Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truly of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)
—But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey bee;
Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.
But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall now by such a gift with joy be moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
Not He, whose last faint memory will command

The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not unregarded)
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed.—
To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
From further havoc, but repent in vain.—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.
Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quell
Less for his own than for thy innocent sake?
Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing world;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
If, in the aims of men, the surest test
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained.
For compassing the end, else never gained.
Yet governors and governed both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
If to expediency principle must bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the
incumbent Now;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er
concede;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
Or with bravo insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who should extinguish, fan the
fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the
crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that
spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that
wears it.
Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous
 tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly
To desperation for a remedy;
In bursts of outrage spread your judg-
ments wide,
And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our
guide;"
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread
earth's floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street
and moor
With the worst shape mock-patience ever
wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be supprest,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!
—Oh for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong
course!
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!

May He pour round you, from worlds far
above
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of
love,
That quietly restores the natural men
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in
frenzy reap
Fields gaily sown when promises were
cheap.—
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so base a part,
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful
Nation!
If thou persist, and scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What
saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing
still?
—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of
Time
Nought equals when the hours are winged
with crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like
decree;
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate;
Outcasts and homeless orphans—
But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping
pair
Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts
lie still;
Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will. 1833.

"IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY
AND PAIN"

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear! 1833.
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice 
In admonitions of thy softest voice! 
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace, 
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace, 
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere 
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear, 
Glad to expand; and, for a season, free 
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee! 
1833.

(BY THE SEASIDE)

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest, 
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest; 
Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives, 
Only a heaving of the deep survives, 
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid, 
And by the tide alone the water swayed. 
Stealthy withdrawals, intermingle mild 
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled— 
Such is the prospect far as sight can range; 
The soothing recompense, the welcome change. 
Where, now, the ships that drove before the blast, 
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed; 
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked; 
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked 
As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace, 
Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease; 
And some, too heedless of past danger, court 
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port 
But near, or hanging sea and sky between, 
Not one of all those winged powers is seen, 
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard; 
Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred 
By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise, 
Soft in its temper as those vespers lays 
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars 
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores; 
A sea-born service through the mountains felt
Till into one loved vision all things melt;
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies.
Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
On British waters with that look benign?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; ‘‘our thoughts are heard
in heaven.’’

1833.

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING
A TOUR IN THE SUMMER OF 1833

My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

1

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne’er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung

For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
‘Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined
Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature’s style.
Fair land! by Time’s parental love made free,
By Social Order’s watchful arms embraced;
With unexamled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.

III

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keepest the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart’s fond belief; though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven! —and MERRY ENGLAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!
IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after block:
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans:
But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
And the habitual murmur that a stone
For thy worst rage, forgotten.¹ Oft as Spring

Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:
To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.

V

TO THE RIVER DERWENT

AMONG the mountains were we nursed,
loved Stream
Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath entwined

Nemean victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Mead of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

1819.

VI

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.
A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;

¹ See Note.

And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love
araign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

"THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
Prepared, when each had stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there;—and thus did I,

Tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave;
While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave."

VIII

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

So named from the religious House which stood close by. I have rather an old anecdote to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the landlady of a public-house, a field's length from the well, on the road side, said to me—"You have been to see the Nun's Well, Sir?"—"The Nun's Well! what is that?" said the Postman, who in his royal livery stopt his mail-car at the d性质
The landlady and I explained to him what the name meant, and what sort of people the nuns were. A countryman who was standing by, rather tipsy, stammered out—"Aye, those nuns were good people; they are gone; but we shall soon have them back again." The Reform mania was just then at its height.

The cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the 'Nun's Well'),
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of 'too soft a tear' 1

IX
TO A FRIEND
ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT

My son John, who was then building a parsonage on his small living at Brigham.

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth: and sooner shall its wreaths,

Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,
WORKINGTON

I will mention for the sake of the friend who is writing down these notes, that it was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of this image. Long may they stand to afford a like gratification to others!—This wish is not uncalled for, several of their brethren having already disappeared.

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prescriptive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay! 2

XI

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND 3

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair

1 See Note.

2 See Note.
Has roused the lion; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
This new indifference to breeze or gale,
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certainty—Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm!

That Courage may find something to perform;
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth! that wild wish may sleep,
Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep Breathed the same element; too many wrecks Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:
With thy stern aspect better far agrees Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store, What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?
And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place In man's intelligence sublimed by grace? When Bega sought of yore the Cambrian cras; Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed: She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease; And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees, Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand," Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak; Till this bright Stranger came, fair as daybreak, And as a cresset true that darts its length Of beany lustre from a tower of strength; Guiding the mariner through troubled seas, And cheering oft his peaceful reveries, Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votaress, miracles believed Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved; So piety took root; and Song might tell What humanizing virtues near her cell Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around; How savage bosoms melted at the sound Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees, From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love, Was glorified, and took its place, above The silent stars, among the angelic quire, Her chantry blazed with sacriligious fire. And perished utterly; but her good deeds Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas, And lo! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And Charity extendeth to the dead Her intercessions made for the soul's rest Of tardy penitents; or for the best Among the good (when love might else have slept), Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept. Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees, Who, to that service bound by venial fees, Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.
Are not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred

ties 1

Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by
art,

To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past
away

Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the
keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes
astray.

Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the
boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal
shoon
Calm for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's
harp,
It is not then, swept with sportive
ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice, Imploring, or commanding with meet pride, Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds
aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword! Flaming till thou from Panym hands release That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds
from far

Follow the fortunes which they may not share.

While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded Life, through scriptural mys-
teries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how, by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
As at this day men seeing what they saw, Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered
Towns
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might up-
hold
Her scales with even hand, and culture mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in care.
For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease, Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful
grange
Made room, where wolf and boar were used to range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?—

1 See Note.
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St. Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate given
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells; their ancient House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revives,
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries,
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees!

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.
To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal will:
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.¹

He will take with him to the silent tomb
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them best on wrong;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was that for song!
That age, when not by laws inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled.
The air controlled, the stars their courses held;
But element and orb on acts did wait
Of Powers endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV

DESIRE we past illusions to recall?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?

No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overlook,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—
the throne
Of Power whose ministers the record keep.
Of periods fixed, and laws established,  
less  
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF
MAN

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles
adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Best work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they
stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to
die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart it
warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.¹

XVI

BY THE SEASHORE, ISLE OF MAN

Why stand we gazing on the sparkling
Drine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstanied, the clear, the
crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant’s brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-
well;
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.²

¹ See Note.
² The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

XVII

ISLE OF MAN

My son William is here the person alluded to
as saving the life of the youth, and the circum-
stances were as mentioned in the Sonnet.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright
sea,
To sight so shallow, with a bather’s glee
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs
(and with sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was
frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men’s promises a
blank,
Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange
distress.

XVIII

ISLE OF MAN

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused, or
guilt
Which they had witnessed—sway the man
who built
This Homestead, placed where nothing
could be seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o’er the channel holds august com-
mand,
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
He, in disgust, turned from the neighbour-
ing sea
To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no
strife
More hurtful here beset him, doomed
though free,
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and
sky!
XIX

BY A RETIRED MARINER, H. H.

Mrs. Wordsworth's Brother Henry.

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain;
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.¹

XX

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN

Supposed to be written by a friend (Mr. Cookson) who died there a few years after.

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose
Where ancient trees this convent-pile en-
close.²

In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when
I note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"¹

XXI

TYNWALD HILL

Mr. Robinson and I walked the greater part of the way from Castle-town to Piel, and stopped some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my companions was an elderly man, who in a medley way (for he was tipsy) explained, as far as he could, my enquiries about this place and the ceremonies held here. I found more agreeable company in some little children; one of whom, upon my request, recited the Lord's Prayer to me, and I helped her to a clearer understanding of it as well as I could; but I was not at all satisfied with my own part: hers was much better done, and I am persuaded that, like other children, she knew more about it than she was able to express, especially to a stranger.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's form mound
(Still marked with green turf circles narrow rowing
Stage above stage) would sit this Islander's King,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed an
champion:

While, compassing the little mount around
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each
Now, like to things within fate's ease reach
The power is merged, the pomp a gaw
has found.

Off with you cloud, old Snaefell!³ that thin eye
Over three Realms may take its widest range;
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy, If the whole State must suffer mortal change Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

XXII

RESPOND who will—/ heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,

¹ See Note. ² Rushen Abbey. ³ See Note.
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror’s aim,  
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense  
The cloud is; but brings that a day of doom.  

To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,  
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:  
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,  
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

**XXIII**

**IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAIG**

**DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17**

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the Sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded; and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention. Was it right not to regret this? They appeared to me, however, so much alive in their own minds to their own concerns that I could not look upon it as a misfortune that they had little perception for such pleasures as cannot be cultivated without ease and leisure. Yet if surveys life in all its duties and relations, such ease and leisure will not be found so enviable a privilege as it may at first appear. Natural Philosophy, Painting, and Poetry, and refined taste, are no doubt great acquisitions to society; but among those who dedicate themselves to such pursuits it is to be feared that few are as happy, and as consistent in the management of their lives, as the class of persons who at that time led me into this course of reflection. I do not mean by this to be understood to derogate from intellectual pursuits, for that would be monstrous; I say it in deep gratitude for this compensation to those whose cares are limited to the necessities of daily life. Among them, self-tormentors so numerous in the higher classes of society, are rare.

Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
Appeared the crag of Ailsa, ne’er did morn  
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn

His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high:  
Now, faintly darkening with the sun’s eclipse,  
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
Towering above the sea and little ships;  
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care, Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks  
Into the secret of to-morrow’s fate;  
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes  
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows.

**XXIV**

**ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE**

**IN A STEAMBOAT**

The mountain outline on the north of this island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde, is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere.

**ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,**  
**A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,**  
**Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;**  
**Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff**  
**Built for the air, or winged Hippogriff?**  
**That he might fly, where no one could pursue,**  
**From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;**  
**And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.**

Impotent wish! which reason would despise  
If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
No natural bond between the boldest schemes,  
Ambition frames, and heart-humilities.  
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

**XXV**

**ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE**

See former series, "Yarrow Revisited," etc., p. 691.

The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor  
1 See Note.
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
Him found we not: but, climbing, a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,
An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXVI

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now, near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for Aim no quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

The verses—

"Or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed,"
were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H. C., the subject

of the verses addressed to "H. C. when six years old.' The piece to "Memory" arose out of similar feelings.

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul.
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that were
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if in bound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (instructed to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave.
Let Truth, stern arbiter of all,
Interpret that Original;
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
Authentic words be given, or none!
Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
Muses, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire,
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by severer doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung with remorse for broken vows;
Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!
Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Beloved with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.
Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind,
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top!
Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mazoniades of ampler mind;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led!

XXVIII
CAVE OF STAFFA

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How could we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by one Voluntary who at will might stand
Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

1 See Note.

XXIX
CAVE OF STAFFA

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXX
CAVE OF STAFFA

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
And, by your mien and bearing knew your names;
And they could hear his ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep we else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
XXXI

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple’s front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers on frieze and architrave
Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplateth, by Spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained. 1

XXXII

IONA

On to Iona!—What can she afford
To save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the Word
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time’s Lord)
Her Temples rose, mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
Iona’s Saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven’s vast sea of voices chants their praise. 1

1 See Note.

XXXIII

IONA

UPON LANDING

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
And “hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright
than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine.
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.”

XXXIV

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA

See Martin’s Voyage among the Western Isles.

Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black,
Black in the people’s minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need like bare.
Come links for social order’s awful chain.
XXXV

Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabout, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXVI

Greenock

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,
By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell":"
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:—
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXVII

Mosgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock. It is remarkable that, though Burns lived some time here, and during much the most productive period of his poetical life, he nowhere adjoins to the splendid prospects stretching towards the sea and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear weather he must have had daily before his eyes. In one of his poetical effusions he speaks of describing "fair Nature's face" as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being, eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet, clad in his priestly robes and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us. Whether he speaks of rivers, hills, and woods, it is not so much on account of the properties with which they are absolutely endowed, as relatively to local patriotic remembrances and associations, or as they ministered to personal feelings, especially those of love, whether happy or otherwise; yet it is not always so. Soon after we had passed Mosgiel Farm we crossed the Ayr, murmuring and winding through a narrow woody hollow. His line—"Auld hermit Ayr strays through his woods"—came at once to my mind with Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon, Ayrshire streams over which he breathes a sigh as being unnamed in song; and surely his own attempts to make them known were as successful as his heart could desire.

"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very field Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose; And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random field of clod or stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the One That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
XXXVIII

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND

"Nature gives thee flowers that have no rivals
among British bowers." This can scarcely be
true to the letter; but, without stretching the
point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear
more congenial with many upon the banks of this
river than I have observed in any other parts of
Great Britain.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying
mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet
name:
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour
came,
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee
flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their
fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at
length I pay
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbour-
hood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought
restrained—
For things far off we toll, while many a
good
Not sought, because too near, is never
gained.

XXXIX

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD
by Nollekens
IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE
BANKS OF THE EDEN

Before this monument was put up in the Church
at Wetheral, I saw it in the sculptor's studio.
Nollekens, who, by the bye, was a strange and
grotesque figure that interfered much with one's
admiration of his works, showed me at the same
time the various models in clay which he had
made, one after another, of the Mother and her
Infant: the improvement on each was surprising;
and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness
had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled
to conceive. Upon a window-seat in his parlour

lay two casts of faces, one of the Duchess of
Devonshire, so noted in her day; and the other
of Mr. Pitt, taken after his death, a ghastly re-
semblance, as these things always are, even when
taken from the living subject, and more ghastly
in this instance from the peculiarity of the fea-
tures. The heedless and apparently neglectful
manner in which the faces of these two persons
were left—the one so distinguished in London
Society, and the other upon whose counsels and
public conduct, during a most momentous period,
depended the fate of this great Empire and per-
haps of all Europe—afforded a lesson to which
the dullest of casual visitors could scarcely be in-
sensible. It touched me the more because I had
so often seen Mr. Pitt upon his own ground at
Cambridge and upon the floor of the House of
Commons.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap
lies dead
Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright
hope!
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised
that head
So patiently; and through one hand has
spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
(Earth's lingering love to parting recon-
ciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—
That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled
and cheered;
Feel with the Mother, think the severed
Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity en-
deared.

XL

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim went
thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thought-
ful vow;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who
wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light, Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite, Communed with that Idea face to face;
And move around it now as planets run, Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI
NUNNERY

I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy: they are within easy reach of a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Penrith, where I used to pass my summer holidays under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. The place is well worth visiting; though, within these few years, its privacy, and therefore the pleasure which the scene is so well fitted to give, has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state.

The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps how fiercely sweeps Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary!
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased: then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell! 2

1 The chain of Crossfell.  2 See Note.

XLII
STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, hownoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

XLIII
THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN

A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
The inviolable God, that tames the proud! 3

3 See Note.
XLIV

LOWTHER

"Cathedral pomp." It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this Sonnet.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord With the baronial castle’s sterner mien; Union significant of God adored, And charters won and guarded by the sword Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state Of polity which wise men venerate, And will maintain, if God his help afford. Hourly the democratic torrent swells; For airy promises and hopes suborned The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles, With what ye symbolise; authentic Story Will say, Ye disappeared with England’s Glory!

XLV

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

"Magistratus indicat virum"

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest, Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines, If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs On thy Abode harmoniously imprest, Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest How in thy mind and moral frame agree Fortitude, and that Christian Charity Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.

And if the Motto on thy scutcheon teach With truth, "The Magistracy shows the Man;"

That searching test thy public course has stood;

As will be owned alike by bad and good, Soon as the measuring of life’s little span Shall place thy virtues out of Envy’s reach."

---

XLVI

THE SOMNAMBULIST

This poem might be dedicated to my friends, Sir G. Beamont and Mr. Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr. Glover, the artist, while lodging at Lulph’s Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house who was in the habit of walking in her sleep. In that state she had gone downstairs, and, while attempting to open the outer door, either from some difficulty or the effect of the cold stone upon her feet, had uttered the cry which alarmed him. It seemed to us all that this might serve as a hint for a poem, and the story here told was constructed and soon after put into verse by me as it now stands.

LIST, ye who pass by Lulph’s Tower² At eve; how softly then Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse, Speak from the woody glen! Fit music for a solemn vale! And holier seems the ground To him who catches on the gale The spirit of a mournful tale, Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon The Pleasure-house is reared, As story says, in antique days A stern-browed house appeared; Foil to a Jewell rich in light There set, and guarded well; Cage for a Bird of plumage bright, Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage. To make this Gem their own, Came Barons bold, with store of gold, And Knights of high renown; But one She prized, and only one; Sir Eglistore was he; Full happy season, when was known, Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone Their mutual loyalty—

² A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. Force is the word used in the Lake District for Water.
Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
"And proves the Lover true;"
So spake Sir Egamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behalf,
The thirst of fame his warrant;
And She her happiness can build
On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
She warbled from full heart;
Delightful blossoms for the May
Of absence! but they will not stay,
Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
Received the light hers loses.
He comes not back; an ampler space
Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,
Till of his doings is no trace,
But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
Her spirit finds its centre;

Clear sight She has of what he was,
And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted Knight?"
The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickens round her, and the night
Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
Deep sighs with quick words blending;
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
With fancied spots contending;
But she is innocent of blood,—
The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thirs her way, the sounding Flood
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Egamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
To violate the Tree,
Thought Egamore, by which I swore;
Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall;—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
"I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
If Emma's Ghost it were,
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched; what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm
ground
The rescued Maiden lay,
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful Spirit flew,
His voice—beheld his speaking face;
And, dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest;
In hermits' weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has
wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was
brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and
thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler
being:
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright
cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward
seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's
Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom
found!

XLVIII
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or
none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forsees again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that
day
Let us break off all commerce with the
Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of
our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her
dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

XLVII
TO CORDELIA M——-
HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
from the coast, and I well remember that mysteri-
ous awe with which I used to listen to anything
said about storms and shipwrecks. Sea-shells of
many descriptions were common in the town;
and I was not a little surprised when I heard that
Mr. Landor had denounced me as a plagiarist
from himself for having described a boy applying
a sea-shell to his ear and listening to it for inti-
mations of what was going on in its native ele-
ment. This I had done myself scores of times,
and it was a belief among us that we could know
from the sound whether the tide was ebbing or
flowing.

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued
regret,
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is
cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy
war.

O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral
floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothed seas to
come;
Or came and was and is, yet meets the
eye
Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest
range
Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of
change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes
sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to
keep.

Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moon-
beams play
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every
breast,

Where good men, disappointed in the
quest
Of wealth and power and honours, long
for rest;
Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

1833.

"NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS
OF LIFE"

The lines following "nor do words" were
written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet,
before me, and that of others, his contemporaries,
who wrote under like influences.

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party-strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor
slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's
cave—
Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive
chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's
sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished
bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is
stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes
revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respite, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded
field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the
peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts
cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834.

BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE

The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands, Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A dawn she has both beautiful and bright, When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led, For sway profoundly felt as widely spread; To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear, To the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;

How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it may;
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss, Is with that wholesome office satisfied, While unrepining sadness is allied In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

"SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YON BLUE RIDGE"

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear, And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye, Deeper than ocean, in the immensity Of its vague mountains and unreal sky! But, from the process in that still retreat, Turn to minuter changes at our feet; Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn. And has restored to view its tender green. That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling sheen.

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour Can do for minds disposed to feel its power! Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away The petty pleasures of the garish day, Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host (Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post) And leaves the disencumbered spirit free To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,
THE LABOURER’S NOON-DAY HYMN

When wisdom stands in need of nature’s grace;
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
If yet To-morrow, unbelie’d, may say,
“ I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday”?

“THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED ON THIS OAK-CROWNED HILL”

Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Esdale, are most favourable to the reverberation of sound. There is a passage in the “Excursion,” towards the close of the fourth book, where the voice of the raven in flight is traced through the modifications it undergoes, as I have often heard it in that vale and others of this district.

“Often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven.”

The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
Save when the Owlet’s unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and (’mid the gleam
Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
From the hushed vale’s realities, transferred To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, ’mid inverted mountains, not unheard.
Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,

Rising from what may once have been a lady’s bower;
Or spied where thou sitt’st moping in thy mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv’st, for pastime’s sake, by shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—
May the night never come, nor day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove;
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
His Eagle’s favourite perch, while round him sate
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva’s side:—
Hark to that second lorum!—far and wide
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

THE LABOURER’S NOON-DAY HYMN

Bishop Ken’s Morning and Evening Hymns are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject; but, not being aware of any being designed for noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses. Often one has occasion to observe cottage children carrying, in their baskets, dinner to their Fathers engaged with their daily labours in the fields and woods. How gratifying would it be to me could I be assured that any portion of these stanzas had been sung by such a domestic concert under such circumstances. A friend of mine has told me that she introduced this Hymn into a village-school which she superintended, and the stanzas in succession furnished her with texts to comment upon in a way which without difficulty was made intelligible to the children, and in which they obviously took delight, and they were taught to sing it to the tune of the old rooth Psalm.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim:
Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. 1834.

THE REDBREAST
SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE

Written at Rydal Mount. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts. Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mrs. Wordsworth was breakfasting alone, and hop about the table picking up the crumbs. My sister being then confined to her room by sickness, as, dear creature, she still is, had one that, without being caged, took up its abode with her, and at night used to perch upon a nail from which a picture had hung. It used to sing and fan her face with its wings in a manner that was very touching.

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist,
And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He's at your elbow—to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling;
And there's a riddle to be guessed,
'Till you have marked his heaving chest.
And busy throat whose sink and swell,
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.

Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with those who long hath lain.
With languid limbs and patient head
Reposing on a lonesome bed;
Where now, she daily hears a strain
That cheats her of too busy cares,
Eases her pain, and helps her prayers.
And who but this dear Bird beguiled
The fever of that pale-faced Child;
Now cooling, with his passing wing,
Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring:
Recalling now, with descant soft
Shed round her pillow from aloft,
Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
And the invisible sympathy
Blessing the bed she lies upon."?
And sometimes, just as listening ends
In slumber, with the cadence blends
A dream of that low-warbled hymn
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim

1 The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use
through the northern counties.
Lumps of faith, now burning dim,
Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,
When clouds gave way at dead of night
And the ancient church was filled with light,
Used to sing in heavenly tone,
Above and round the sacred places
They guard, with winged baby-faces.
Thrice happy Creature! in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands;
Free entrance to this cot has he,
Exit and exit both yet free;
And, when the keen unruffled weather
That thus brings man and bird together,
Shall with its pleasantness be past,
And casement closed and door made fast,
To keep at bay the howling blast,
He needs not fear the season’s rage,
For the whole house is Robin’s cage.
Whether the bird flit here or there,
O’er table lit, or perch on chair,
Though some may frown and make a stir,
To scare him as a trespasser,
And be like will flinch or start,
Good friends he has to take his part;
One chiefly, who with voice and look
Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,
Where sits the Dame, and wears away
Her long and vacant holiday;
With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by,
On human nature’s second infancy.

1834.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE

This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q. as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian’s picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the “Doctor”: but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his “Italy,” was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day’s unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature’s prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
The shade and light, both there and every-where,
And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
That might from nature have been learnt in the hour.
When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
Upon the mountains. Look at her, who-e’er
Thou be that, kindling with a poet’s soul,
Hast loved the painter’s true Prometheus craft
Intensely—from Imagination take
The treasure,—what mine eyes behold, see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.
A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer’s voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of
sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that
air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet un-pierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
The fount of feeling if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered it
'Till they were plucked together; a blue
flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
But Ceres, in her Garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay
dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan
Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face dif-fused
And the whole person.

Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshy Archetype.
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but there do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm,
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific Constantinople built of yore
To sanctify the Escurial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British Painter (eminence for truth
In character, and depth of feeling, shown
By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work. Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
Breathed out these words:—"Here daily do we sit,
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dis-persed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
TO A CHILD

Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also—
Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that endear
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat
In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined
In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose love,
Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.1

1834.

TO A CHILD

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

This quatrain was extempore on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun. 1834.

1 In the class entitled "Musings" in Mr. Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.
LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE. NOV. 5, 1834

This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard, Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed, and still this hand,
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee. And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.

Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers and Groves!
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name
Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,
Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,

Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no more
Endure that silence, and broke out in song.
Snatches of music taken up and dropped
Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
Trilled by the redbreast, when the autumnal leaves
Are thin upon the bough.

Mine, only mine,
The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,
Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.
Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed;
Thus, Lady, is retireness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes.
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompence for many wants
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;
And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
A just memorial; and thine eyes consent
To read that they, who mark thy course, behold
A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves:
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;
See studied kindness flow with easy stream, illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.
And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the managed steed—
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.
Yet one word more—one farewell word
—a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So—at an hour yet distant for their sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

TO THE MOON

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
Lost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
Slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
Seated, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
Call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.
The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?
Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure.—But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her plains to trace
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth’s unrest,—
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardiest cheek.
And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, ‘mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship’s own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind’s eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that Sailor’s FRIEND!

TO THE MOON
RYDAL

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o’er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,

Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!
O still beloved (for thine, meek power
Are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother’s sight)
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time,
That frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Sparest thy mild splendour; still those far shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore.
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains:
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God’s glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good ‘tis given thee to dispense,
May sage and simple, catching with our eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where’er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;" To keep with faithful step the appointed way Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day, And from example of thy monthly range Gently to brook decline and fatal change; Meek, patient, stedfast, and with loftier scope, Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope! 1835.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends; and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance. The death of C. Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being schoolfellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness.

To a good Man of most dear memory This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart From the great city where he first drew breath, Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread, To the strict labours of the merchant's desk By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,

His spirit, but the recompence was high; Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire; Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air; And when the precious hours of leisure came, Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets With a keen eye, and overflowing heart: So genius triumphed over seeming wrong, And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears. And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays, Thus innocently sported, breaking forth As from a cloud of some grave sympathy, Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all The vivid flashes of his spoken words. From the most gentle creature nursed in fields 1 Had been derived the name he bore—a name, Wherever Christian altars have been raised, Hallowed to meekness and to innocence; And if in him meekness at times gave way, Provoked out of herself by troubles strange, Many and strange, that hung about his life; Still, at the centre of his being, lodged A soul by resignation sanctified: And if too often, self-reproached, he felt That innocence belongs not to our kind, A power that never ceased to abide in him, Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins That she can cover, left not his exposed To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven. Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived! * * * * From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish, Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve Fitly to guard the precious dust of him Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed; For much that truth most urgently required Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain: Yet, haply, on the printed page received, 1 See Note.
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.
Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend,
But more in show than truth; and from the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodlen turf, and blowing flowers;
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of three-score years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined
Within thy bosom.

"Wonderful" hath been
The love established between man and man,
"Passing the love of women;" and between
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love
Without whose blissful influence Paradise
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
A waste where creatures bearing human form,
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather, thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she lives, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,

All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompense!
Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight.
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such thrice life they might have been
In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, thrice all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing—to their league
True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.
But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
That the remembrance of foregone distress.
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
So prized, and things inward and outward held
In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.
O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise.
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your dual loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is unknown.

1835.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG

These verses were written extemtempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd’s death in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintance. In Lockhart’s Life of Sir Walter Scott an account is given of my first meeting with him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr. Rogers’s, but more frequently and favourably at Mr. Hoare’s upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Hoare, and still more with her daughter-in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to herself. After the Poet’s decease, application was made to her to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. “By no means,” was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might be to publishing a selection from these letters, but from an aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation: accordingly in miscellaneous society his talk was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a jealous and diligent labourer: in poetry, though he wrote much, as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued: his observation was—“It is not worth while.” You are quite right, thought I, if the labour encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God: if there be cause to fear that, write less: but, if poetry is to be produced at all, make what you do produce as good as you can. Mr. Rogers once told me that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier. “Yes,” replied he, “but then I had a reputation to make; now I can afford to relax.” Whether it was from a modest estimate of his own qualifications, or from causes less creditable, his motives for writing verse and his hopes and aims were not so high as is to be desired. After being silent for more than twenty years, he again applied himself to poetry, upon the spur of applause he received from the periodical publications of the day, as he himself tells us in one of his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a man who was so conversant with permanent truth, and whose writings are so valuable an acquisition to our country’s literature, should have required an impulse from such a quarter?—Mrs. Hemans was unfortunate as a poetess in being obliged by circumstances to write for money, and that so frequently and so much, that she was compelled to look out for subjects wherever she could find them, and to write as expediously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spoilt child of the world. She had been early in life distinguished for talent, and poems of hers were published while she was a girl. She had also been handsome in her youth, but her education had been most unfortunate. She was totally ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily have managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. It was from observing these deficiencies, that, one day while she was under my roof, I purposely directed her attention to household economy, and told her I had purchased Scales, which I intended to present to a young lady as a wedding present; pointed out their utility (for her especial benefit), and said that no menage ought to be without them.
UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING

Mrs. Hemans, not in the least suspecting my drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a friend at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Being disposed to make large allowances for the faults of her education and the circumstances in which she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towards her, and took her part upon all occasions, and I was not a little affected by learning that after she withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickness raised her spirit as it depressed her body. This I heard from her most intimate friends, and there is striking evidence of it in a poem written and published not long before her death. These notices of Mrs. Hemans would be very unsatisfactory to her intimate friends, as indeed they are to myself, not so much for what is said, but what for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffice to add, there was much sympathy between us, and, if opportunity had been allowed me to see more of her, I should have loved and valued her accordingly; as it is, I remember her with true affection for her amiable qualities, and, above all, for her delicate and irreproachable conduct during her long separation from an unfeeling husband, whom she had been led to marry from the romantic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon this husband I never heard her cast any reproach, nor did I ever hear her even name him, though she did not wholly forbear to touch upon her domestic position; but never so as that any fault could be found with her manner of advertting to it.

When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Etrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Etrick mourns with her their Poet dead.¹

Nov. 1835.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 8 p.m., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath."

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances that have been mentioned in these notes, one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as

¹ See Note.
found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray? Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air; How could he think of the live creature—
gay
With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver’s grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep,
a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun’s first greeting, his last farewell ray!
Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearyed search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for us—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities! 1835.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link; Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor Meet them half way." Vain boast! for These, the more They thus would rise, must low and lower sink Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think; While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few Bent in quick turns each other to undo, And mix the poison, they themselves must drink. Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry, "Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more thou know, Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly Above thy knowledge as they dared to go, Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty. 1835.

"BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED, MARY CAME"

This lady was named Carleton; she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name; She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride. O dread reverse! if aught & so, which proves That God will chasten whom he dearly loves. Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given, And troubles that were each a step to Heaven: Two Babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumbers at the Mother's side;
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to
thwart
Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot,
keep;
Bear with Him—judge Him gently who
makes known
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the
grace
Of resignation find a hallowed place.

SONNETS

I

Desponding Father! mark this altered
bough,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly
now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if
formed,
Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discoloring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
Fade and are shed, that from their timely
fall
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may
grow
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall
call:
In all men, sinful is it to be slow
To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

II

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT
BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE

My attention to these antiquities was directed
by Mr. Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian
Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was dis-
covered within a few yards of the front door of
his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full
view of several hills upon which there had for-
merly been Roman encampments) as if it might
have been the villa of the commander of the
forces, at least such was Mr. Walker's conjec-
ture.

While poring Antiquarians search the
ground
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard a
Seer,
Takes fire:—The men that have been re-
appear;
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-
crowned,
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and
clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year.
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From
that mound
Hoard's may come forth of Trajans, Maxi-
mins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike
toil:
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling
Twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he
wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

III

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY

Written on a journey from Brinsop Court,
Herefordshire.

When human touch (as monkish books
attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury
bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the
dells,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy
crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady
blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress: soon the music died.
And Catherine said, Here I set up my rest.
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long
had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed:—she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.  1835.

IV

In the month of January, when Dora and I
were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across
the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied,
in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest
half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless
appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact,
written without the least reference to any individual object,
but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that
Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February
in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood,
sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to
her cousin C. W.

WHY arst thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end
may know!  1835.

V

Suggested on the road between Preston and
Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake
country, and composed on the same day, on the
roof of the coach.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart of strifeful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.  1835.

VI

TO —

The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was
told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady
to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.

"Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take
That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer
Lesbia threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek!
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!  1835.

VII

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;
"Hooded the open brow that overawed
"Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet
"By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
"For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud am!
"Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;
All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
Hurrah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box!

1835.

NOVEMBER 1836

Even so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
When thou, dear Sister! wert become
Death's Bride;
No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn;
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

"SIX MONTHS TO SIX YEARS
ADDED HE REMAINED"

Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

1836.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

1837

During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much lighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice of them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy.

Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who from his childhood had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and ragged cliffs from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years), "I fear not." Is it not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions, such as they are.
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

TO
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Companion I by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, Feb. 14th, 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are
very inadequate remembrances was shortened by
report, too well founded, of the prevalence of
Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for
what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of
Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among
the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes
among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of
Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly
because I have touched upon them elsewhere.
See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL 1837

"Not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels."

His, Sir Walter Scott's eyes, did in fact kindle
at them, "Places forsaken now," and the two that follow were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was in part read to him, and he never forgot them.

"Old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing."

Sir Humphrey Davy was with us at the time. We had ascended from Patterdale, and I could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called "Striding Edge." Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been interspersed, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at

the top of the mountain, but left us to find our
way down its steep side together into the vale of
Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs. Scott was
to meet us at dinner.

"With faint smile
He said, - 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'"

See among these notes the one on "Yarrow
Revisited."

"A few short steps (painful they were)."

This, though introduced here, I did not know
till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of
Seaford, a lady whose friendly attentions during
my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknow-
ledged, with expressions of sincere regret that she
is no more. Miss M. told me that she accom-
panied Sir Walter to the Janicular Mount, and,
after showing him the grave of Tasso in the
church upon the top, and a mural monument
there erected to his memory, they left the church
and stood together on the brow of the hill over-
looking the city of Rome: his daughter Anne
was with them, and she, naturally desirous, for
the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have
some expression of pleasure from her father, half
reproached him for showing nothing of that kind
either by his looks or voice: "How can I," re-
piled he, "having only one leg to stand upon,
and that in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy
was more than fulfilled.

"Over waves rough and deep."

We took boat near the lighthouse at the point
of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort
of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high,
and the waves long and rough, so that I did not
feel quite recompensed by the view of the city,
scendid as it was, for the danger apparently in-
curred. The boatman (I had only one) encouraged
me, saying we were quite safe, but I was not a
little glad when we gained the shore, though
Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who
seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter
—would have probably rejoiced in such a situ-
tion: more than once I believe they both in
extreme danger even on the Lake of Geneva.
Every man however has his fears of some kind or
other; and no doubt they had theirs: of all men
whom I have ever known, Coleridge had the most
of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was
so easily cowed when moral firmness was required
in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily in-
tercourse of social life.
"How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
Savona."

There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there, each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay of Savona struck my fancy most; and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses. I could not forbear saying to myself—"What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!" but there, probably, the trees remained little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

---

"This flowering broom’s dear neighbourhood."

The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the vales and hills of the Apennines, in the wild parts of which it blows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance, but, speaking from my own limited observation only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not infrequently but thinly scattered and languishing compared to ours.

The note at the close of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was intrusted to my friend Mr. Frederick Faber. I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done.

Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea—an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man’s great deeds
Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;—

Yon snow-white torrent—fall, plumb down it drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTI, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chase
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon’s verge,
O’er intervenient waste, through glistening haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
With fractured summit, no indifferent sigh
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide’s sultry heat
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet Her sisters, soon like her to be attire’d
With golden blossoms opening at the feet Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,
Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship. Time counts not minutes
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields The local Genius hurries me aloft, Transported over that cloud-wooning hill, Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds, With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn’s top, There to alight upon crisp moss and range Obtaining ampler boon, at every step. Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous. (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains, And prospect right below of deep coves shaped By skeleton arms, that, from the mountair’s trunk Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

749

The shepherd struggles with them, onward thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glen-coign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture;—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
Brought to this genial climate, when disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.
Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow." ¹ Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains and her mouldering tombs;
¹ See Note.

And more than all, that Eminence which showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my Soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage,
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest
looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth
For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
That He who guides and governs all, approves
When gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand;
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,
Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit’s strength
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
To lay a new world open.
Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the heart
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar’s top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both an offsprung
Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a midway tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep

Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa’s Campo Santo, the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window’s open fretwork looked
O’er the blank Arena of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour’s tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes.
More touching far than ought which on the walls
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City’s long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistered roof,
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery’s dome, and that which swells
From the Cathedral pile; and with the twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning tower.
Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower’s shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of fear,
Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself.
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
To view, and for the mind’s consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny.
But with its peaceful majesty content
—Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss
Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
Proves no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
Of Desolation, and to Ruin’s scythe Decay submits not.

But where’er my steps shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft Too lovely to be pensive in themselves But by reflection made so, which do best And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreathe
Life’s cup when almost filled with years, like mine
—How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade, Each ministering to each, didst thou appear Savona, Queen of territory fair As anght that marvellous coast thro’ all its length Yields to the Stranger’s eye. Remembrance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff, That, while it wore for melancholy crest A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth had else Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near, Garden and field all decked with orange bloom, And peach and citron, in Spring’s mildest breeze Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea, To that mild breeze with motion and with voice Softly responsive; and, attuned to all Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green, In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay Than his unmitigated beams allow,

Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve, From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink Of that high Convent—crested cliff I stood, Modest Savona! over all did brood A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze, Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—
Thy gentle Chiaberra!—not a stone, Mural or level with the trodden floor, In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest Missed not the truth, retains a single name Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage, To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse 1 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed From the clear spring of a plain English heart, Say rather, one in native fellowship With all who want not skill to couple grief With praise, as genuine admiration prompts. The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
Yet in his page the records of that worth Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words, Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail Ye kindred local influences that still, If Hope’s familiar whispers merit faith, Await my steps when they the breezy height Shall range of philosophic Tusculum; Or Sabine vales explored inspire a wish To meet the shade of Horace by the side Of his Bandusian fount; or I invoke His presence to point out the spot where once He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires; And all the immunities of rural life Extolled, behind Vacuna’s crumbling fane. Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay, Parthenope’s Domain—Virgilian haunt, Illustrated with never-dying verse,
And, by the Poet’s laurel-shaded tomb, Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands Endeared.

And who—if not a man as cold In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground Chosen by Rome’s legendary Bards, high minds

1 See Note.
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them birth
Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.
And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit’s call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, ‘mid your glooms convened
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
Even at this hour.
And thou Mamertine prison,
Into that vault receive me from whose depth
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church’s Rock, the mystic Keys
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword
Prefiguring his own impending doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted;—blessed Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!
Time flows—nor winds.
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course.
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone.
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatcheth good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitifully shut out
From that which is and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired.
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known,
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle’s controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly Wael demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire.
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past.
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the end.
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
 Accordant meditations, which in times
Sered and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To sobriety of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood,
the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now rise,
and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome. ¹

II

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country, especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
¹ See Note.

Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-Tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome. ²

III

AT ROME

Sight is at first a sad enemy to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exertions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome; not so much in respect to the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind eye's quickened; but when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is I believe invariably felt. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.

Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on high
With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.
² See Note.
IV

AT ROME—REGRETS—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not,
must steer
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

CONTINUED

VI

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth;
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked with men,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, what'er the theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.

V

AT ROME

I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of what they had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance upon the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers.

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat

1 Quem virum—lyra—
—sumes celebrare Clio?
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII
NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER’S

Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn:
O’er man and beast a not unwelcome boon is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,
Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Sartling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
Shrinks from the note as from a mistimed thing.
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of His sudden sting,
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX
AT ALBANO

This Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome. That they are in many respects lamentably pernicious must be acknowledged; but, on the other hand, they who reflect, while they see and observe, cannot but be struck with instances which will prove that it is a great error to condemn in all cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This remark bears with especial force upon addresses to the Virgin.

Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
Albano’s dripping ilex avenue,
My dull forebodings in a Peasant’s ear
Found casual vent. She said, “Be of good cheer;
Our yesterday’s procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady’s grace.” I smiled to hear,
But not in scorn:—the Matron’s Faith may lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
For by her Son’s blest hand the seed was sown.

X
NEAR Anio’s stream, I spied a gentle Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
‘Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world’s undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live and move.
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

XI
FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
Virtues laid low, and moulderling energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—
Fallen Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

XII
NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.

Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name,
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.

So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII
NEAR THE SAME LAKE

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene

To stir the heart that would too close
screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguinetto, or broad Thrasymene,
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,

Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief
whose corse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round E. and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.

XIV
THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA
MAY 25, 1837

Among a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is a personal one which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof upon the occasion that suggested these verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr. Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it.

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird.
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led or.
We have pursued, through various lands,
a long
And pleasant course; flower after flower
has blown,
MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY

Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
Displayed her richest blossoms among files
Of orange—trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive’s twinkling canopy—
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where’er my feet might roam,
What’er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting,—and most happily till now.
For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
St. Francis, far from Man’s resort, to abide
Among these sterile heights of Apennine,
Bound him, nor, since he raised von House, have ceased
To bind his spiritual Frenzy, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth,
Illustrated, and mutually endear’d.
Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed

On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He went to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be likened in his Followers’ minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
Held with all kinds in Eden’s blissful bowers.
Then question not that, ’mid the austere Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature’s humblest monitors
Whate’er they bring of impulses sublime.
Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
Upon a pine-tree’s storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ah! not like me who walk in the world’s ways,
On the great Prophet, styled the Voice of One
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.
Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs, that meet
Thy course and sport around thee, softly fan—
Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV
AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI
Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft,
And seeking consolation from above;
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
To paint this picture of his lady-love:
Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
And oh, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
Thoughts that would stray from Heaven?
The dream must cease
To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find

How wide a space can part from inward peace
The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI
CONTINUED
The world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose mind perceive
How subtly works man’s weakness, sigh may heave
For such a One beset with cloistered snare.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue
Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
That earthly love may to herself be true.
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.

XVII
AT THE EREMITE OR UPPER CONTENT OF CAMALDOLI
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks
in size
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampas eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu waits
In sackcloth, and God’s anger deprecate.
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies
Strange contrast!—verify the world’s dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous at the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtless mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¹

¹ See Note.
XVIII
AT VALLOMBROSA

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades High over-arch'd embower." *2

PARADISE LOST.

I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Stranger's book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned, I read the notice in the English language that if any one would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the vale of Arno for some leagues. To praise great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry, but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a onesided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poet's mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is-promised to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the sonnet on the king of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of Paradise Lost in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.

*1 VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"

1 See Note.
2 See for the two first lines, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass."

Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That killed me asleep bids me listen once more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat
high in air—
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
In the flower-besprened meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his prime
And here once again a kind shelter be found,
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

XIX

AT FLORENCE

Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an evidence of feelings honourable to our nature. I remember how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college vacation, I was pleased on being shown a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the source of the river, on which it was said that Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." One can scarcely hit on any performance less in harmony with the scene; but it was a local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies; and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day; and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante: it is the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot bring together in this way without offering some apology to the Shade of the great Visionary.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat. A throne,
In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sit down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST.
BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE

It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence; and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore ashamed to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—a sound sleep up to the moment when one of his great battles was to be fought, as a proof of the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he could not help it. In like manner it is noticed that criminals on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who might have been in the gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice.

THE Baptist might have been ordained to cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile,
Wherein
His Father served Jehovah; but how
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, 
thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—
repent!"

XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

However at first these two sonnets from Michael
Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inco-

sistent with each other, I have not scrupled to

place them side by side as characteristic of their
great author, and others with whom he lived. I

feel nevertheless a wish to know at what periods
of his life they were respectively composed. The
latter, as it expresses, was written in his advanced
years when it was natural that the Platonism that

pervades the one should give way to the Christian
feeling that inspired the other: between both there
is more than poetic affinity.

RAFT above earth by power of one fair
face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart del-
lights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure
heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a
place.
With Him who made the Work that Work
accords
So well, that by its help and through his
grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's em-
brace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot
turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and

guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for
aye.

XXII

AT FLORENCE—FROM M. ANGELO

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous
load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to
Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and
flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon
the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light
divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto in-
cline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE
APENNINES

The political revolutions of our time have multi-
plicated, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably
call forth reflections such as are expressed in these
verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too
recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree,
the beauty with which time and nature have in-
vested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys.
These verses will be observed take up the beauty
long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish
it may be among some of the desolations of Italy,
France, and Germany.

Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects;
If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
Do but more touchingly recall
Man’s headstrong violence and Time’s
fleetness,
Making the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV
IN LOMBARDY

See, where his difficult way that Old Man
wins
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most
hard
Appears his lot, to the small Worm’s com-
pared,
For whom his toil with early day begins.
Acknowledging no task-master, at will
(As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—
And softly sleeps within the thread she
spins.
So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
Ere long their fates do each to each con-
form:
Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

XXV
AFTER LEAVING ITALY

I had proof in several instances that the
Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their
favours, are opening their eyes to the necessity
of patience, and are intent upon spreading know-
ledge actively but quietly as they can. May
they have resolution to continue in this course!
for it is the only one by which they can truly
benefit their country. We left Italy by the way
which is called the “Nuova Strada de Allmagna,”
to the east of the high passes of the Alps, which
take you at once from Italy into Switzerland.
This road leads across several smaller heights,
and winds down different vales in succession, so
that it was only by the accidental sound of a few
German words that I was aware we had quitted
Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to
in the two or three last lines of the latter sonnet.

Fare Land! Thee all men greet with joy;—
how few,

Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue,
fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
I could not—while from Venice we with-
drew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our
view
Within its depths, and to the shore we
came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o’er sad thoughts a sadder colouring
threw,
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
Be its depths quickened; what thou dost
inherit
Of the world’s hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like
sleep!

XXVI
CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill
agree
With those rich stores of Nature’s imagery.
And divine Art, that fast to memory
clung—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun’s eye, and in his sister’s sight
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German
speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among
In that announcement, greeting seemed to
mock
Parting; the casual word had power to
reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict
strong.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE
OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS,
1837

Ah! why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknot.
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it; effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

CONTINUED

II

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavours,
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The harshest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

CONCLUDED

III

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is, to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

"WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY COULD DEFY"

What if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babies, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

1837.

A NIGHT THOUGHT

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs. Luft's house at Fox-Ghyll, one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where youth is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure
a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."

LO! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven. 1837.

TO THE PLANET VENUS

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star)
to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurement draws, what spirit
guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew
dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature hides
Her treasures less and less.—Man now pre-
sides
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
Science advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and
eakness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure
and wise
More than in humbler times graced human
story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sym-
pathise
With heaven, our souls more fit for future
glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing
eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory? 1838.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY
MORNING, 1838

This and the sonnet entitled "The Pillar of
Trajan," p. 652, were composed on what we call
the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I have
murmured out many thousands of verses.

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my
thought:
Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I
compare
Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so
fair,
So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morn-
ing too,
Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colosseum;
Heard them, unchecked by aught of sadden-
ing hue,
For victories won by flower-crowned
Spring,
Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING,
1838

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just
begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly
guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming
tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in
the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his
side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the
green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers
are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true.
And so, His gifts and promises between.
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?
"HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH, UNDAUNTED, UNDEPREST"

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undepest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his
strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside
Prisoner's chain,
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to
rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the
blast,
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's
day,
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-
built
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons
past,
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1838.

"'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-
EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN"

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how
subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee
restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush
attune
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster
prove
(The balance trembling between night and
morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven
above,
And earth below, they best can serve true
gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

1838.

"OH WHAT A WRECK! HOW
CHANGED IN MIEN AND SPEECH!"

The sad condition of poor Mrs. Southey put
me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to
many persons whose friends have been similarly
affected.

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien
and speech!
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in
mystery, spin
Entanglements of the brain; though shadows
stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far
within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch;
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not
win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion; both do live and move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways un-
fold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

1838.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

Failing impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common
claim
Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived
fence.
"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,
For Books!" Yes, heartless Ones, or be
it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and
loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to
die;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up,
even at their source!
A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

"Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
Thy children left unfit, through vain demand
Of culture, even to feel or understand
My simplest Lay that to their memory
May cling; —hard fate! which haply need not be
Did Justice mould the statutes of the Land.
A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
Are high rewards; but bound they Nature's claim
Or Reason's? No—hopes spun 'in timid line
From out the bosom of a modest home
Extend through unambitious years to come,
'My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!"

May 23, 1838.

Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—Perilous is sweeping change, all chance un-

Valedictory Sonnet

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered
Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may re-
Studious regard with opportune delight.
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart.
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

Protest Against the Ballot

Forth rushed from Envy sprung and Self-
A Power misnamed the Spirit of Reform.
And through the astonished Island swept
Threatening to lay all orders at her feet
That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
Licence to hide at intervals her head
Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
St. George of England! keep a watchful eye
Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request—
Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply
From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

1 See Note.
SONNETS
UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH
IN SERIES
1839

I
SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air—
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

II
TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But oh, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III
THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. The stern word
Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

IV
Is Death, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a man may dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare?
Is Death, for one to that condition brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be most dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command.

V
NOT to the object specially designed,
How'e'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he
blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the
State;
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI

Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent
The bad Man’s restless walk, and haunt
his bed—
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious
Innocent—
Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, “Murder will
out,”
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedding of man’s blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII

Before the world had past her time of youth
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of daybreak,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience Air law, long-suffering Air school,
And love the end, which all through peace
must seek.
But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to control
And keep vindictive thristings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII

Fit retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State’s embrace.
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event.
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the “wild justice of revenge” prevail.

IX

Though to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law’s dispassionate voice
the State
Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine.
That no tribunal, though most wise to sit
Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time," They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
Even so; but measuring not by finite sense Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI
Art, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII
See the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when remorse
Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII
CONCLUSION
Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital's source profound;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;
The social rights of man breathe purer air,
Religion deepens her preventive care;
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God!

XIV
APOLOGY
The formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; amplier scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.
Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoever the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.
ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die,
But that the precious love this friend hath sown
Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood alone,
But by our best descendants be unknown,
Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive.
Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

RYDAL MOUNT,
New Year's Day, 1840.

TO I. F.

The star which comes at close of day to shine
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
Is friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,
Doth make the happy happier. This have we
Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign
Though for brief absence. But farewell! the page
Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,
Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by age,
Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,
The heart-affianced sister of our love!

RYDAL MOUNT, Feb. 1840.

POOR ROBIN

I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them? This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is her constantly courting my attention, and excites what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves as flowers. Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a laboring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "rubbish" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread;" and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garden, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden-flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited. Let them once near to our abodes, as surely they may with propriety or disorder.

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with our desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but bow gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment.
Mixed with the green, some shine not having power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower.
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by.
If looked at only with a careless eye.
Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.

1 The small wild Geranium known by the name.
TO A PAINTER

But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play?
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or no?—Nay, we would simply raise the free goodwill
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility.
What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March 1840.

Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven; hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

TO A PAINTER

The picture which gave occasion to this and the following Sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, what' er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON

This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather; and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by any one.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and Warhorse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side

ONE THE SAME SUBJECT

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with reluctant eyes;
O, my Beloved! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.

1841.

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING
FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN"

When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry:—
"Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
That ye to him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,
Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT,
Jan. 23, 1842.

"INTENT ON GATHERING WOOL
FROM HEDGE AND BRAKE"

Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon

A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
With rival earnestness; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.

Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?
Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,
Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,
And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

March 8, 1842.

PRELUDE

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED
"POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS"

These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and were finished at Rydal. As the contents of the volume to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned to their respective classes when my poems shall be collected in one volume, I should be at a loss where with propriety to place this prelude, being too restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface for the whole. The lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn Law League: the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to exist and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the poet's regard.

In desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a
calm,
Which the unsheltered traveller might
receive
With thankful spirit. The descent, and
the wind
That seemed to play with it in love or
scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of
words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of
silence
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my
Book!
Charged with those lays, and others of like
mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
With thy Forerunners that through many
a year
Have faithfully prepared each other’s way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeful
world,
Power hath been given to please for higher
ends
Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our
Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not
ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primeval doom. Such is the
grace
Which, though unused for, fails not to
descend
With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
That Reason dictates; and, as even the
wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied
ills
Harass the mind and strip from off the
borders
Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest
sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and
field,
And sympathy with man’s substantial
griefs—
Will not be heard in vain? And in those
days
When unforeseen distress spreads far and
wide
Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger roused by venal words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgment, and divert the general heart
From mutual good—some strain of thine, my
Book!
Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile; and both with young and
old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT,
March 26, 1842.

FLOATING ISLAND

My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating
these verses, which she composed not long before
the beginning of her sad illness.

These lines are by the Author of the "Address
to the Wind," etc., published heretofore along
with my Poems.

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the
wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime
take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.
And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is
passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground. 1842.

"THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE
STAR OF LOVE"

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between—
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the
Queen? 1842.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)

Almost the only verses by our lamented Sister
Sara Hutchinson.

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, that thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring. 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

1842

1

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the dis-
gusting frequency with which the word artistical
imported with other impertinences from the
Germans, is employed by writers of the present
day: for artistical let them substitute artificial
and the poetry written on this system, both at
home and abroad, will be for the most part much
better characterised.

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the
staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—
must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool.
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his
epitaph.

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom un-
fold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould.
But from its own divine vitality.

11

Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about
and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might
have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown
off on the impulse of the moment one evening
when I was returning home from the favourite
walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we cover
storms,
And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float
on high?

Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave, to him who gazed, a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune
Calm expectations—leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers,
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

III

This Sonnet is recommended to the perusal of all those who consider that the evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

IV

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.

Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

V

CONTINUED

WHO ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;
And Will, whose office, by divine command,
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

VI

CONCLUDED

LONG-FAVoured England! be not thou misled
By monstrous theories of alien growth,
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth,
For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

VII

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook Their native Land, for outrage provident; From unsubmitive necks the bridle shook To give, in their Descendants, freer vent And wider range to passions turbulent. To mutual tyranny a deadlier look? Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath, Dive through the stormy surface of the flood To the great current flowing underneath; Explore the countless springs of silent good; So shall the truth be better understood, And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.1

VIII

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance, One upward hand, as if she needed rest From rapture, lying softly on her breast! Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance; But not the less — nay more — that countenance, While thus illumined, tells of painful strife For a sick heart made weary of this life By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.
— Would She were now as when she hoped to pass At God's appointed hour to them who tread Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content, Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass, Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread, For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

1 See Notes.

THE NORMAN BOY

The subject of this poem was sent me by Mr. Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble; for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said however with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with my whole heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down, Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own, From home and company remote and every playful joy, Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame, Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came, With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more, Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed, And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There was he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed, For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made. A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.
The hut stood finished by his pains, nor
seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but
the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped
with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small
edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as
the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of
the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest
driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely
head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard
for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst
that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the
houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by
Providence was placed.

—Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay,
let us before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe
a prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's
appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an
all-sufficing stay. 1842.

THE POET'S DREAM
SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY

Just as those final words were penned, the
sun broke out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced,
within that very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed
from clouds that hid the sky,
And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved
a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts
from heaviness be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-
crowned hut appeared;

And, while around it storm as fierce seemed
troubling earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling
alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake
with articulate call,
Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before
the Lord of All;
His lips were moving; and his eyes, up-
raised to sue for grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness
of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder
if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a
dream at night?
It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no
cherub, not transformed,
But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my
human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so
I took him in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his
faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my
debt of love to pay,
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour
of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear
Child! thou art my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in
country or in town.
What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or
that holy place and calm
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the
Church of Notre Dame?

St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what
else would please thee most
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud
France, can boast!"
"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born
near to a blessed Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good Angel,
show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise
let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away
then did we fly;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in
May's fresh verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the Child,
though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the
gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy
looked down on that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so
famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and
work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided
round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door,
window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left
we unsurveyed
The pointed steeple peering forth from the
centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the
chapel's iron door,
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while
from roof to floor
From floor to roof all round his eyes the
Child with wonder cast,
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each live-
lier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the
sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that
glimmered here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in
sign of gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;
and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast
heard thy Mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our
Lady de la Paix;
What mournful sighs have here been heard,
and, when the voice was stopt
By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have
on this pavement dropt!

Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a
favoured lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full
many to this shrine;

From body pains and pains of soul thou
needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not
in joy, in peace.

Then offer up thy heart to God in thank-
fulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts.
in thy most busy days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy
small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the
Chapel of this Tree;

Holy as that far seen which crowns the
sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God
under a mighty Dome;
He sees the bending multitude, he hears
the choral rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns and
lonely prayer, delights.

God for his service needeth not proud work
of human skill;
They please him best who labour most to
do in peace his will:
So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits
will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls,
shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but,
so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—re-
corded in this book,
Lest all that passed should melt away in
silence from my mind,
As visions still more bright have done, and
left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose
eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early
piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come,
would treat this simple theme.
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that
adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee
from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet
'twas bounteously bestowed,
FAREWELL LINES

If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their fancies feed.¹

I 842.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE

The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev. R. P. Graves, who has long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the great benefit of the parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to him. She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worth while to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which was adopted when I thought the matter might be included in twenty-eight lines.

I

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune’s spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world’s eye. Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart be-wEEPED.

II

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter’s noonday placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow

Which they are touching; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate’er befell she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

III

But why that prayer? as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb
She smiles as if a martyr’s crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

¹ See Note.

FAREWELL LINES

These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield.

"High bliss is only for a higher state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world’s best promises renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employments, such entire content.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
And so, when night with grateful gloom
had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy ground,
Where He that made them blesses their repose.—
When wandering among lakes and hills I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,
And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
Even, as your happy presence to my mind
Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
And send a thankful spirit back to you,
With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

— Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook’s margin, wide around, the trees
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer’s steps and sooth his thoughts.

"LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER DO IN THY MAGIC LIVE"

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India’s farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse which betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
Of contemplation, the calm port
By reason fenced from winds that sigh
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we should part,
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.
Where all things are so fair,
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
Of this Elysian weather;
And, on or in, or near, the brook, esp y
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensively;
And downward Image gaily vying
With its upright living tree
‘Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her be-seeking,
To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distrest
By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
Or watch, with mutual teaching,
The current as it plays
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
Adown a rocky maze;
Or note (translucent summer’s happiest chance!)
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
So vivid that they take from keenest sight
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

1842.
TO THE CLOUDS

These verses were suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale: they set my thoughts aging, and the rest followed almost immediately.

ARMY of Clouds! ye winged Hosts in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,
Oh whither with such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height
To sink upon your's mother's lap—and rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
Posing your splendours high above the heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?
Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone, are fled,
Buried together in yon gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant doth the region which they thronged

Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
Shall be our hand of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds
And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their perilous offspring; and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blazing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things? 1842

"WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS A FAVOURED LOT"

WANSFELL! this Household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee
with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise

For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains fans
A flame within them that despises death
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance.
But truth divine has sanctified their rage.
A silver cross enchased with flowers of France
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise:
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys. 1842.

GRACE DARLING

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few but prized as far as known,
A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—
To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds
Do not imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.
All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.

"But courage, Father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark, They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout,
ye Waves
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, Grace Darling's name! 1843.

"WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT SHOOT WIDE AND HIGH"

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
Deep in the vale a little rural Town 1
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares
Troubles and toils that every day prepares,
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway
(Like influence never may my soul reject)

If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
With glorious forms in numberless array,
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicus, recently published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine command
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!

So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec. 11, 1843.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAIT CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK

Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southerly feed upon your precious lore.
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's seal,

1 Ambleside.
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot’s
mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a
cloud
From Skiddaw’s top; but he to heaven was
vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian
faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and
death. 1843.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND
WINDEMER E RAILWAY

Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault?¹ Schemes of retire-
ment sown
In youth, and ‘mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were
blown,
Must perish;—how can they this blight en-
dure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
‘Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-
head
Given to the pausing traveller’s rapturous
glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your
strong
And constant voice, protest against the
wrong.
October 12, 1844.

¹ The degree and kind of attachment which
many of the yeomanry feel to their small inherit-
ances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house
of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which
a neighbour of the owner advised him to fell for
profit’s sake. “Fell it!” exclaimed the yeoman,
“I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.”
It happens, I believe, that the intended railway
would pass through this little property, and I
hope that an apology for the answer will not be
thought necessary by one who enters into the
strength of the feeling.

“PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS,
WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD”

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times
of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each
scar:
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst
of Gold,
That rules o’er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall
be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms
enfold!
Heard ye that Whistle? As her long-linked
Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your
view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised
gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call
on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.
1844.

AT FURNES S ABBEY

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash un-
doing,
Man left this Structure to become Time’s
prey
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pur-
suing.
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright,
how gay,
The flowers in pearly dews their bloom
renewing!
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the
hour;
Even as I speak the rising Sun’s first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon
tall Tower
Whose caving occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, thine seems nothing
but a name! 1844.
"FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE, AROUND WHOSE BASE"

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height: yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness
And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your aid
For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

1845

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL
TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

PART I

Seek who will delight in fable
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;
Clap your hands with joy my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes him
Loth to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the Child was happy.
Like a Spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures.
Urge her powers their rights to shield.
Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.  

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain;  
Many a captive hath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain.

Listen yet awhile;—with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple  
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow  
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed  
On that service she went forth;  
Nor will fail the like to render  
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,  
In her breast, unruly fire,  
To control the froward impulse  
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
And a stedfast outward power  
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,  
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
May become a blest example  
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
Constant as a soaring lark,  
Should the country need a heroine,  
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered  
Prayer that Grace divine may raise  
Her humane courageous spirit  
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.  

---

AT FURNESS ABBEY

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to this ground  
Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk  
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
Is heard: to grave demeanour all are bound;  
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound  
Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire  
And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.  
Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire  
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,  
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:  
All seem to feel the spirit of the place,  
And by the general reverence God is praised:  
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,  
While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?  

"YES! THOU ART FAIR, YET BE NOT MOVED"

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration,  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;  
Dear Maid, this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all Forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.  

"WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES! O LADY MINE"

What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine  
Through my very heart they shine;  
And, if my brow gives back their light,  
Do thou look gladly on the sight;  
As the clear Moon with modest pride  
Beholds her own bright beams  
Reflected from the mountain's side  
And from the headlong streams.
TO A LADY

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

FAIR Lady, I can I sing of flowers
That in Madeira bloom and fade,
I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?
How they in sprightly dance are worn
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
Or holy festal pompoms adorn,
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
No like remembrances can give,
Your portraits still may reach the heart
And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may trace:
A Heart's ease will perhaps be there,
A Speedwell may not want its place.
And so may we, with charmed mind
Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another Star of Bethlehem find,
A new Forget-me-not.

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
A Holy thistle here we meet
And there a Shepherd's weather-glass;
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its powers beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;
Alas! that meek that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death:
And pointing with a feeble hand
She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
This precious Flower, true love's last token.
1845.

"GLAD SIGHT WHEREEVER NEW WITH OLD"

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.
1845.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

It has been said that the English, though this country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptation to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanical arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society. How touching and beautiful were, in most instances, the names they gave to our indigenous flowers, or any other they were familiarly acquainted with!—Every month for many years have we been importing plants and flowers from all quarters of the globe, many of which are spread through our gardens, and some perhaps likely to be meet with on the few Commons which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellatives, which will bring them home to our hearts by connection with our joys and sorrows? It can never be, unless society treads back her steps toward those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life will every generation takes more and more the lead of rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to accumulate wealth; and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness war against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round is a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh for the reign of justice, and then the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now!

You call it, "Love lies bleeding."—so you may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, 
only droops, 
As we have seen it here from day to day, 
From month to month, life passing not away: 
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops, 
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power) 
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent 
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment 
The dying Gladiators. So, sad Flower! 
('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led, 
Though by a slender thread,) 
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air 
The gentlest breath of resignation drew; 
While Venus in a passion of despair Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair 
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower. 
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do; 
But pangs more lasting far, that Lover knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower 
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart 
Into the service of his constant heart, 
His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name 
which thou wilt ever bear. 1845.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING
NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray 
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay, 
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest.
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest, 
Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves 
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves. 
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom, 
One after one submitting to their doom, 
When her coevals each and all are fled, 
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impressed than we 
Of this late day by character in tree 
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy, 
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear, 
Or with the language of the viewless air 
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause 
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws 
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales. 
Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid, 
Who, while each stood companionless and eyed 
This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed, 
Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure, 
A fate that has endured and will endure, 
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding, 
Called the dejected Lingerer, Loves lies bleeding. 1845.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK
Of this clock I have nothing further to say than what the poem expresses, except that it must be here recorded that it was a present from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly undertaken, and who has written them from my dictation.

WOULDST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight, 
By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell, 
How far off yet a glimpse of morning light, 
And if to lure the truant back be well, 
Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke, 
That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour; 
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock 
For service hung behind thy chamber-door; 
And in due time the soft spontaneous shock, 
The double note, as if with living power, 
Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests howl, 
Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare, 
How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl, 
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:
I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice
Thou wilt salute old memories as they
throng
Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding
groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child:
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers,
and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing
can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns
the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept
away,
Must come unhoped for, if they come again;
Know—that, for him whose waking
thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my
theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower and
gleam,
To mock the wandering Voice beside some
haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest
springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,
Well may our hearts have faith that
blessings come,
Streaming from founts above the stary sky,
With angels when their own untroubled
home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God’s forbearance
try,
And those that seek his help, and for his
mercy sigh. 1845.

"SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WATHAL SO
SENSITIVE"

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little Flowers were born to
live,

Conscious of half the pleasure which they
give;

That to this mountain-daisy’s self were
known
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown

On the smooth surface of this naked stone;

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
High as the Sun, that he could take account
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
These delicate companionships are made;
And how he rules the pomp of light and
shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by
night
So privileged, what a countenance of delight
Would through the clouds break forth on
human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe’er shall turn thine
eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the stary sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy:

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled.
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled.
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and said.
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed.
Words that require no sanction from an
oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature’s
aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your
truth!—

All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods
his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim.
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon’s loathsome
den. 1845.
"YOUNG ENGLAND—WHAT IS THEN BECOME OF OLD"

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old
Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
For ever. —The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and deed
To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The servum fove of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou must thy steps retract,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells; Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

1845.

"THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF POESY AFFECT"

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops
Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect,
Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

1845.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE

This subject has been treated of in another note. I will here only by way of comment direct attention to the fact that pictures of animals and other productions of nature as seen in conservatories, menageries, museums, etc., would do little for the national mind, nay they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree and even the cedar, from the impassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture and by great poets, and divines who write as poets, the spiritual part of our nature, and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such objects.

The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,
And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name;
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendower's might own
As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway
Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
Might bow to as their Lord. What character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light
Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?
Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
Began the pencil's strife,
O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.
A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love to vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

SONNET

WHY should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,
Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home:
When such divine communion, which we know,
Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

"WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED"

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow

When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore have a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.

1845.

"I KNOW AN AGED MAN CON-STRAINED TO DWELL"

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
Think of their common peace, their simple play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tumultuous band.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng
The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.
Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone;
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that one
Some recompence for all that he had lost.

Oh that the good old Man had power to prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken! 1846.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN
OF NIGHT"

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky. 1846.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
Oh may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where Greenwood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON ON HIGH"

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that won seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood,—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage! 1846.
SONNET

"THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS"

The unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
Nor untosilent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell. 1846.

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

Affections lose their object; Time brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a death.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a place. 1846.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

Behold an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine. 1846.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1847

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO—(TENOR)

War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laureled brow?

CHORUS

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.
REICT. *(accompanied)—(CONTRALTO)

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle’s delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A Nation’s hopes lie crushed in Claremont’s desolate hall.

AIR—(SOPRANO)

Time a chequered mantle wears;—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the Tree a blossom bears—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"VICTORIA be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTET

Time, in his mantle’s sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty;
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood is pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing,
More than all the world beside,

This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

REICT. *(accompanied)—(BASS)

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
With stedfast ray benign
On Gotha’s ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine—
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the Zephyr’s sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the Star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR—(CONTRALTO)

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder’s spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught,—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country’s weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a Land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel
The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.
AIR—(BASS)

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A Nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptred Line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that Wise ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the PRINCE whom we greet
From its Hero is sprung.
        Resound, resound the strain,
That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that Presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
THE QUEEN.
NOTES

Page 23

'And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.'

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

Page 34

'The Borderers.'

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-96. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.

Page 179

'Jones! as from Calais southward.'

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 180

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which
the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous, and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 184

'To the Daisy.'

This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe to rehersin—
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill aplied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and cke in service of the Flor.

1807.

Page 190

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:

"Dumfries, August 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window.

Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr.'—(I have forgotten the name)—'a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:

'Is there a man,' etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the seaside with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sat down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B.'s youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

"I cannot take leave of this country
which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns’s house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

‘Scruffel, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.’

“These lines came to my brother’s memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

‘If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.’

“We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes.”

Page 202

‘The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale.’

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of “The Reverie of Poor Susan,” p. 72; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) “The Excursion,” passim.

Page 208

‘The Seven Sisters.’

The Story of this Poem is from the German of Frederica Brun.

Page 219

‘Moss Campion (Silene acaulis).’

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 225

‘The Waggoner.’

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said, “They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas.”

The fact of my discarded hero’s getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

Page 225

‘The bussing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling,—’

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:—

“The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman’s rattle about—”

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 230

After the line, “Can any mortal clog come to her,” followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.
"Can any mortal clog come to her?
It can:

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, how'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.

Cries Benjamin, 'Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near.'

—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously impress,
That just marked out the object and withdrew:
Right welcome service!

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee, and thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
From the wreapped on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fall not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."

Page 344

'Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'd
The human Soul,' etc.

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come." —Shakespeare's Sonnets.
illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, p. 622, where he writes of them all. "It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth.—But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffs had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in." The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

Page 364

'Earth helped him with the cry of blood.'

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony, and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

Page 365

'And both the undying fish that swim Through Bowescale-tarn,' etc.

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddleback.
Page 365

'Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls.'

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken all died in the Field.

Page 365

'The White Doe of Rylstone.'

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled 'The Rising of the North.' The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—

DR. WHITAKER'S HISTORY OF THE DEANERY OF CRAVEN,—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Norton's, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven, "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc. of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horrid flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.
"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Page 367

'ACTION IS TRANSITORY—'

This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.

Page 367

'FROM BOLTON'S OLD MONASTIC TOWER.'

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

Page 367

'A CHAPEL, LIKE A WILD-BIRD'S NEST.'

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the nearest English Cathedral."

Page 367

'WHO SATE IN THE SHADE OF THE PRIOR'S OAK!'

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70£. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

Page 367

'WHEN LADY AILISSE MOURNED.'

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."
"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.

Page 373

'Now joy for you who from the towers Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear.'

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Page 375

'Of misted Thurston—what a Hut He conquered!'

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

Page 375

'In that other day of Neville's Cross.'

'In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, Anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God.
and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevill's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses), did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Page 378

'An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—'

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable."

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers."

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."

---

"despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown."

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old sylvan scene is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."
Page 384

‘In the deep fork of Amerdale.’

“At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N. W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment.” — Dr. Whitaker.

Page 384

‘When the bells of Rylistone played
Their Sabbath music—’ God us aye!’

On one of the bells of Rylistone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, “K. Q.” for John Norton, and the motto, “God us aye.”

Page 385

‘The grassy rock-encircled Pound.’

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:

—“On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

“From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such ponds for deer, sheep, etc., were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside; yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow.”

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

Page 389

‘Zaragoza.’

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 420

‘—much did he see of men.’

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have a prose testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

“We learn from Cesar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilising the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papist or protestant, who have ever been sent among them.
"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation. With all these qualifications, no wonder that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."

Heron's Journey in Scotland, vol. i. p. 89.

Page 441

'Lost in unsearchable eternity!'

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Siquid verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hac tellure, verè gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contingisse arbitror; cùm ex celissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc sequor cererum, illinc tractus Alpinos spectavi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facile prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Graecisve; atque id quod natura hæc spectandum exhibet, scenicius ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hæc elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine sua et quodam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris sequilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coacervatas, omni situ inequali et turbido. Placuit, ex hæc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quedam planitie; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum et insana rerum strages: quas cum intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed contracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

In singulis fere montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ caeteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram respiciem, molliori ascensi altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quâ verò mare, horrendum preceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Praeterea facies illa marina adeò erat lœvis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisse ad summum ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxeos specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exessos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In bos enim cum impetu ruesebat et fragore, aestuatissis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomuit.

Dextrem latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute: sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arborebus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpidæ aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpentis, et per varias meandros, quasi ad prostrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito perit. Denique in summo vertice promontorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes. Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper
mihi memoranda!" P. 89. Telluris Theoria sacra, etc., Edito secunda.

Page 451

'Of Mississippi, or that northern stream.'

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pizarro that crossed him:—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exultation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially; his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon The Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Page 454

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; etc.

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography.

Page 455

'Alas! the endowment of immortal Power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,' etc.

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—Intimations of Immortality, page 357.

Page 456

'Knowing the heart of man is set to be,' etc.

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italics, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those be checks.
The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man.
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
first to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation; and secondly to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some variet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolve courtiers, as Mæcenas, who was wont to say, Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.

'I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save.'"

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling, but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him Elina, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS

It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph presupposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraved. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire:

The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Page 477

'Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,
And have the dead around us.'

Lee. You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?

Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
Perhaps I might;

By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round;
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.

'See the Brothers.'

Page 482

'And suffering Nature grieved that one should die.'

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 482

'And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?'

The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, The Friend; and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.
this conjunction; yet not, I think, as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the social feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what has been instilled into him! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, Obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origin? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions: for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the whence, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the whither. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the letter, but the spirit of the answer must have been as inevitably,—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions,—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding between means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that
Man is an immortal being, and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corpse of an unknown person lying by the seaside; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt, saying, "See the shell of the flown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corpse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased: and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers,
from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves—of hope "undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it," or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These and similar suggestions must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypresses in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenious Poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints Church, Derby:" he has been deploiring the forbidding and unseen appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country:—

Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lone season, when
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within
The silent grave, I would have stayed:

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humber graves around, that time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely mase,
'Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Us,
O'er human destiny I sympathised,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decreas to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed:
And I would bless her visit; for to me
'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God.—

John Edwards.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the
sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the epitaphs of Pope, to two causes: first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all."

Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant; and every man has a character of his own to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: That to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and least of all do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds—of death, and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless
other excellences be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellences are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition.—It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the reader’s mind, of the individual whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lamented his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images,—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented.—But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity: his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes? The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen—no, nor ought to be seen—otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely; may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It is truth, and of the highest order; for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, bear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No;—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer’s mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for,
the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unafflicting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingl. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points of nature and condition wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human Beings to itself, and "equalises the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, justice, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not (as will for the most part be the case), when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book; the child is proud that he can read it; and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all; in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing ungovernable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also; for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillis ing object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialised. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedater sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination
in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws which ought to govern the composition of the other may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable, as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the general ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men in all instances, save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a man, or even some one conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act; and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their Works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration—or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue—or a declaration touching that pious humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation—or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power;—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Page 483

'And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeplees, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14. p. 223.
Page 506

'That sycamore, which annually holds
Within its shade, as in a stately tent.'

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees;
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved."

S. T. Coleridge.

Page 511

'Perish the roses and the flowers of kings.'

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:

"...Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.

Page 513

--- 'Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes.

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect with gratitude the pleasing picture which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augment from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Page 523

'Binding herself by statute.'

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.

Page 532

'Don.'

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato:

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goody curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
---Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

Page 546

'Thanksgiving Ode.'

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, uncheck'd by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they confide, who encourage a firm hope that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satis-
faction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination; in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price; and, acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a conscription of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that I have given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of my countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which rendered it, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, a protection from the violence of their own troops, has performed services that will not allow the language of gratitude and admiration to be suppressed or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread lest the tribute due to the past should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man deserving the name of Briton adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned, and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded and its riches acquired;—by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards and permanent honours conferred upon the deserving;—by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;—and by especial care to provide and support institutions in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in
that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to persons as well as to things.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this volume.

Page 548

"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."

LORD BROOKE.

Page 556

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Page 572

'Wings at my shoulders seem to play.'

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Page 581

If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 581

'Bruges.'

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chiefthains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Duke, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Bruges is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineffably tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her
symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels the modern taste in costume, architecture, etc., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—Extract from Journal.

Page 582

‘Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.’

‘Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous Roland, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the ‘Breche de Roland.’’—Raymond’s Pyrenees.

Page 583

‘Miserere Domine.’

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge’s Tragedy, ‘The Remorse.’ Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 583

‘Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly Doth Danube spring to life’

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at Doneschingen must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 584

‘The Staub-bach’ is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong to some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: ‘While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up—surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description.’—See Notes to ‘A Tale of Paraguay.’

Page 585

‘Engelberg.’

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 589

‘Though searching damps and many an envious flaw Have marred this Work.’

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to
connoisseurs. — I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Mergen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 590

' Of Figures human and divine.

The statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the coup-d‘œil, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach. — Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!

Page 593

'Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream, The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise.'

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the Grand Festival of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 2,000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 595

Near the town of Boulogne, and over-hanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Caesar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards were to float. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 596

' We mark majestic herds of cattle, free To ruminate.'

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Page 597

'Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern Forks.'

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at ST. MAURICE.

Page 597

——— 'ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky, On Sarnen's Mount.'

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their
country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 597

'Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—'

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 597

'The River Duddon,'

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

and ends thus—

"The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to another;" and I would gladly believe, that "The Brook," will, ere long, Murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque ingloriae" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"),
"The Muse nac Poet ever saw her,
Till by himself he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
AND NA' THINK LARG."

Page 600

'There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue.'

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympton. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:

"Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumes.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn.
That wavered to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.
Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Page 603. Sonnets XVII and XVIII

The EAGLE requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this county, building their nests in the steeps of Borrowdale, Wasdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-rise, and of Hardknott and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The ROMAN FORT here alluded to, called by the country people "Hardknott Castle," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknott into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons.—

The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "Sunken Church."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets (which together may be considered as a Poem) will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive Guide to the Lakes, lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone."

"The road from Broughton to Sentwaille is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various
elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."


After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its nature. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house exchanging "good-mornings" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; _then_ he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is finished!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls" (or rather water breaks, for none of them are high) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had
lingered the day before. "The concusion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription:

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June 1802, in the 93rd year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93rd year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel is this notice:

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the 18th Sonnet, as a worthy compeer of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the seventh book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning: "A Priest abides before whose life such doubts fall to the ground;--"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to breed him a scholar; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds per annum; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:

"To Mr. —

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"SIR—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them
elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water."—*Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the foaming brook; then he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of The Pen; the one opposite is called Walla-Barrow Crag, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, “What way he had been wandering?” replied, “As far as it is *finished!”*

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, “are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls” (or rather water-breaks, for none of them are high) “displayed in the short space of half a mile.” That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had
lingered the day before. "The concusion," says Mr. Green, speaking of the event (for he also, in the practice of his art, on that day sat exposed for a still longer time to the same peril), "was heard, not without alarm, by the neighbouring shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it contains the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June 1802, in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93d year of her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite Chapel is this notice:—

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite sixty-six years. He was a man singular for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, in the 18th Sonnet, as a worthy compere of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In the seventh book of the Excursion, an abstract of his character is given, beginning, "A Priest abides before whose life such doubts Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is worthy of being recorded, will not be out of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth, continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to breed him a scholar; for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with schoolhouses; the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not being called upon, probably, in that situation to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies: the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds per annum; but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

"To Mr. —-.

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"SIR—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them
(what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

"Sir—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensive laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17l., of which is paid in cash, viz. 5l. from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5l. from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 5l. from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4l. yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3l.; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings."

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one disserter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40l. for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my
own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,

"R. W., Curate of S——.
"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My Lord—I have the favour of yours of the 1st Instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and, to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and, in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scantly as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful. Among his papers I find the following copy of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years after his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, which will show what exertions had been made for one of his sons.

"May it please your Grace—Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.
"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavours, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behaviour, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favourable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an
obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant, ROBERT WALKER.'

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for 'little Robert's pocket-money,' who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, 'may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly,' and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. 'We,' meaning his wife and himself, 'are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately, ROBERT WALKER.'

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 200l.; and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of wonderful is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Instructed with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain to
himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz., between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompense for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the
decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor’s own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pitch of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. White candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year was salted and dried for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, “from wanting the necessaries of life;” but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father’s example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child’s carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so
frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away;"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing that upon these occasions selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerous than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burritt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic and somewhat curious. "There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacramen of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his
cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Churchstock; a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blamable need not be determined; certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

- What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results

---

1 Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forgo his rights than distress for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.
of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure I annexe, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the Christian Rememberer, October 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations.

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home or make them run up the mountain side.

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slided behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Sethwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

"Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his care: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

"Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock
that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death. His voice faltered; he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.'

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat Of courtly grandeur, and become as great As are his mounting wishes; but for me, Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

Henry Forrest, Curate."

"Honour, the idol which the most adore, Receives no homage from my knee; Content in privacy I value more Than all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forrest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forrest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

"Hæc testor H. Forest."

In another place he records that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710. He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora pressu
Diffugiant, nulloque sono coevantur annus;
Utendum est eaeae, cito pede præterit ætæas."

Page 607.

'We feel that we are greater than we know.'

"And feel that I am happier than I know." Milton.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 608

'Living hill.'

"awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still." Dr. Darwin.

Page 609

'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.'

During the month of December 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cheering influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.
When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—it's difficulty.

Page 610

'Did Holy Paul,' etc.

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 611

'That Hill, whose flowery platform,' etc.

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variae herbarum floribus depictus imo usquequinque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil preceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe latæque deductum in modum séquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insita sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris crure dicaretur."

Page 612

'Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid Of hallelujahs.'

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.

Page 612

'By men yet scarcely conscious of a care For other monuments than those of Earth.'

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose-writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wichliff and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 612. Sonnet XII

'Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us, he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Talisien was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.
The account Bede gives of this remarkable event suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Page 613. Sonnet xv

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longae staturae, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

Page 613

'Man's life is like a Sparrow.'

See the original of this speech in Bede. —The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissorium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, pollutum ac destructum est, quas ipsae sacraverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 613

——— such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams.

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near, rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

Page 614. Sonnet xix

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperament of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquid, aut monachus adventiret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere peregens inveniretur, accurrebat, et flexa cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatorius diligentia audita præebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 615

' The people work like congregated bees.'

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 615

———'pain narrows not his cares.'

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 616

' Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!'

The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions. — See Turner.

Page 619

'Here Man more purely lives,' etc.

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incidit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, praemiatur copiosius."
—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

Page 622

'Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark.'

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious;—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from pati, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign."

Page 623

'And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.'

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.

Page 626

'One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured; etc.,

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

• • • Then they brought a faggote, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' "—Fox's Acts, etc.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 627

'The gift exalting, and with playful smile.'

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease," and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard."—See Walton's Life of Richard Hooker.
Page 628

"craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad."

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance.

Page 629

'Laud.'

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Page 632

'The Pilgrim Fathers.'

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of advertting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."

Page 633

'A genial hearth——
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion.'

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, velling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling no part of the burial-ground is seen; but
as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 637. Sonnet XXXII

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Page 637

' Teaching us to forget them or forgive.'

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

Page 638

—'had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension.'

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

Page 639

'Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed.'

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 640

'Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues,' etc.

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

Page 653

—'more high, the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed.'

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 654

'Something less than joy, but more than dull content.'

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 658

'Wild Redbreast,' etc.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, page 774. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 663

'The Wishing-gate.'

"In the Vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate."

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.
or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk; and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day,案子 in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John O'Groat's House, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty
of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to 'go ben,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered; it consisted of three apartments, the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room; I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little sill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-

land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drumlane, with all its beautiful colours!"—MS.

Page 698

'Once on those steeps I roamed.'

The following is from the same MS, and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:

'It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of adorning such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn, and the complete desolation natural to a ruin, might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or ex-
cluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible not to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled, below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—MS. Journal.

Page 699

'Hart's-horn Tree.'

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules killed Hart a greasse,  
And Hart a greasse killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—Nicholson and Burn's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the highroad leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Eamont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, etc.

Page 712

'But if thou (like Cocytus,' etc.

Many years ago, when I was at Greta
Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the bridge, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "to greet," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and thence flowing through Thirlmere. The beautiful features of that lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind:—

‘— ambiguo lapsu refuluisse fluente,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspexit undas.’"

Page 713

'By hooded Votaries, etc.'

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 713

'Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington.'

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 713

· St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N. E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has
been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College, and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 715

'Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties.'

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.

Page 717

'And they are led by noble Hillary.'

The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 718

'By a retired Mariner.'

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 718

'Off with you cloud, old Napfell!'

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance
may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 719

'On revisiting Dunolly Castle.'

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 721

'Cave of Staffa.'

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, 'How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?' In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 722

'Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, Children of Summer!'

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 722

'Iona.'

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.

Page 724

'Yet fetched from Paradise.'

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 725

'Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!'

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 725

'A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.'

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came on it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relic of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 726

'To the Earl of Lonsdale.'

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields.

This way of indicating the name of my
lamented friend has been found fault with;
perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justifi-
cation of the double sense of the word, that
similar allusions are not uncommon in
epitaphs. One of the best in our language
in verse I ever read, was upon a person
who bore the name of Palmer; and the
course of the thought, throughout, turned
upon the Life of the Departed, considered
as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the
objection in the present case will have much
force with any one who remembers Charles
Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his
own name, and ending—

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle
name!"

Walter Scott , . died Sept. 21, 1832
S. T. Coleridge , , July 25, 1834
Charles Lamb , , Dec. 27, 1834
Geo. Crabbe , , Feb. 3, 1832
Felicia Hemans , , May 16, 1835

Although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

These words were quoted to me from
"Yarrow Unvisited" by Sir Walter Scott
when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or
two before his departure for Italy; and the
affecting condition in which he was when
he looked upon Rome from the Janiculac
Mount, was reported to me by a lady who
had the honour of conducting him thither.

His sepulchral verse.

If any English reader should be desirous
of knowing how far I am justified in thus
describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he
will find translated specimens of them on
pages 393-396.

It would be ungenerous not to advert to
the religious movement that, since the
composition of these verses in 1837, has
made itself felt, more or less strongly,
throughout the English Church;—a move-
ment that takes, for its first principle, a
devout deference to the voice of Christian
antiquity. It is not my office to pass
judgment on questions of theological detail;
but my own repugnance to the spirit and
system of Romanism has been so repeatedly
and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall
not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I
do not join in the grave charge, thrown out,
perhaps in the heat of controversy, against
the learned and pious men to whose labours
I allude. I speak apart from controversy;
but, with strong faith in the moral temper
which would elevate the present by doing
reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful
auguries for the English Church from this
movement, as likely to restore among us a
tone of piety more earnest and real than
that produced by the mere formalities of
the understanding, refusing, in a degree
which I cannot but lament, that its own
temper and judgment shall be controlled by
those of antiquity.

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at
Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine
tree as described in the Sonnet; and, while
expressing admiration at the beauty of its
appearance, I was told by an acquaintance
of my fellow-traveller, who happened to
join us at the moment, that a price had
been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont,
upon condition that the proprietor should
not act upon his known intention of cutting
it down.

This famous sanctuary was the original
establishment of Saint Romualdo, (or
Rumwald, as our ancestors Saxonised the
name) in the 11th century, the ground
(campo) being given by Count Maldo. The Camaldolensii, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the gentlemen of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wider region of the forest. It comprehends between twenty and thirty distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d’Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been thirteen years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated Scaramelli, San Giovanni della Croce, St. Dionysius the Areopagite (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis Ricardo di San Vittori. The works of Saint Theresa are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 758

What aim had they, the Pair of Monks.

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 759

At Vallombrosa.

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the natural woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees planted within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being forced to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 766

All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.

Spenser.
"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

_Vide 14. No. Saturday Magazine._
APPENDIX, PREFACES,
ETC. ETC

Much the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

PREFA C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS"

Note.—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes as having little of a special application to their contents.

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

* * * * *

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the
revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not undertake to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language: because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated: because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art
in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.¹

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived, but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite these feelings will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspere and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and

¹ It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.
deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavour made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope, in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of
Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phæbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joy expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italic; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears

1 I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial choke that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of Prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with

and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.
metaphors and figures, will have their due effect if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded that, whatever the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves;—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and the more industriously he applies this principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which
the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry, as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will convers with us as gravely about a taste for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for roper-dancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone.

The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature
which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one claves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever He can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.—It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general, but especially to those parts of compositions where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorise the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions
and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be proved that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices, upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption
that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless, yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of "Clarissa Harlowe," or the "Gamester"; while Shakspeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious), in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin; it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude, are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject.
and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader’s mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an over-balance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above
all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the *Babes in the Wood*.

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the matter expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that
he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained, and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.
admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterised by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language, and at length by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintnesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be uninteresting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd diction. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet’s character, and in flattering the Reader’s self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is balked of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers, both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase poetic diction than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope’s ‘‘Messiah’’ throughout; Prior’s ‘‘Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,’’ etc. ‘‘Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,’’ etc. 1st Corinthians, chap. xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

* Turn on the prudent Ant thy headless eyes,  
Observe her labours, sluggish and be wise;  
No stern command, no monitory voice,  
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;  
Yet, timely provident, she hastens away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitting flight,
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe.

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
consider her ways, and be wise: which
having no guide, overseer, or ruler, pro-
videth her meat in the summer, and gather-
eth her food in the harvest. How long
wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt
thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little
sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the
hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come
as one that travelleth, and thy want as an
armed man." Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done.
It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be
written by Alexander Selkirk:—

Religion! what treasure untold!
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I must visit no more.
My Friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

This passage is quoted as an instance of
three different styles of composition. The
first four lines are poorly expressed; some
Critics would call the language prosaic; the
fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad,
that it is scarcely worse in metre. The
epithet "church-going" applied to a bell,
and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper,
is an instance of the strange abuses which
Poets have introduced into their language,
till they and their Readers take them as

matters of course, if they do not single
them out expressly as objects of admira-
tion. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the
sound," etc., are, in my opinion, an
instance of the language of passion wrested
from its proper use, and, from the mere
circumstance of the composition being in
metre, applied upon an occasion that does
not justify such violent expressions; and I
should condemn the passage, though per-
haps few Readers will agree with me, as
vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is
throughout admirably expressed: it would
be equally good whether in prose or verse,
except that the Reader has an exquisite
pleasure in seeing such natural language so
naturally connected with metre. The
beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude
with a principle which ought never to be
lost sight of, and which has been my chief
guide in all I have said,—namely, that in
works of imagination and sentiment, for of
these only have I been treating, in propor-
tion as ideas and feelings are valuable,
whether the composition be in prose or in
verse, they require and exact one and the
same language. Metre is but adventitious
to composition, and the phraseology for
which that passport is necessary, even
where it may be graceful at all, will be
little valued by the judicious.

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE PREFACE

With the young of both sexes, Poetry is,
like love, a passion; but, for much the
greater part of those who have been proud
of its power over their minds, a necessity
soon arises of breaking the pleasing bond-
age; or it relaxes of itself;—the thoughts
being occupied in domestic cares, or the
time engrossed by business. Poetry then
becomes only an occasional recreation,
while to those whose existence passes away
in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a
species of luxurious amusement. In middle
and declining age, a scattered number of
serious persons resort to poetry, as to
religion, for a protection against the press-
ure of trivial employments, and as a
consolation for the afflictions of life. And,
lastly, there are many who, having been
enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended as a study.

Into the above classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry (which, Nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science), her appropriate employment, her privilege and her duty, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses, and to the passions. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inexperienced! what temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an
inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can serve (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet's language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they received from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book.—To these excesses they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious;—and at all seasons they are under temptations to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity:—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burden upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable.
to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is as severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it,—among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalise rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men, who take upon them to report of the course which he holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "'into the region;"—men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocatives;—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice only, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits, must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them: it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes,—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that now reads the
"Creation" of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage"—

are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic Author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him. 1—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare's. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetical beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: "the English, with their bouffon de Shakspeare," is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised

1 The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error "touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay," cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.
when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human nature!

There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems, in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them: and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there sitting where he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the Pindaric odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled metaphysical poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the Paradise Lost made its appearance. "'Tis audience find though few," was the petition addressed by the poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Take, from the number of purchasers, persons of this class, and also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, and but few, I fear, would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase; "'for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of
admirations, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS, a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are throughout equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisp ing in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise which these compositions obtained tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues, which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what

---

1 Hughes is express upon this subject: in his dedication of Spenser’s Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus: “It was your Lordship’s encouraging a beautiful Edition of Paradise Lost that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed.”

9 This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.
was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." The Pastorals, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the Paradise Lost appeared Thomson's Winter; which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the over-flowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless;¹ those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden in

1 Cortes alone in a night-gown.

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead; The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head. The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat, And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat: Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love desires Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes. DRYDEN'S Indian Empress.
much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in such good condition at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little more; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplacesthat, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidoras); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet were perceived, till

1 Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his Seasons, and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating or imitating
these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and the unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopstock gave in my hearing a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

"Now dyse was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the Lady Emeline,
Who sate in her bowre to wepe:
And soone she heard her true Love's voice
Low whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my dear Ladys,
'Tis I thy true-love call."

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

"Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal
Vernummut in Rabenschatten,

Und Hochburgs Lampen überall
Schon ausgefliemt hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Fräulein immendar,
Voll Fieberängst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:
Da horch! Einüsser Liebeston
Kam leis' empor geflogen.
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.

All hail, Macpherson! I hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclaimation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the "Epic Poem Temora," in eight Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the

1 Shenstone, in his Schoolmistress, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's 2d Series of the Curiosities of Literature) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.
world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson’s work, it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his “ands” and his “buts!” and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a conscious plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns! These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with Saxon Poems,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson’s publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces, biographical and critical, for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits which, from the sale of his works, each had
brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the first name we find is that of Cowley!— 

What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistinguished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakspeare?—These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have not. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscommon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes?—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displacing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the
pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of knowledge, it does not lie here.—TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a passive sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence not passive,—to intellectual acts and operations. The word Imagination has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word Imagination; but the word Taste has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is passive, and is affected pain-fully or pleasurably as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—Taste. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies suffering; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact that, in popular language, to be in a passion is to be angry!—But,

"Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on its foes."

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate power, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer at his first appearance in the world. Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader
SONNET

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love to vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recall the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.

"I KNOW AN AGED MAN CONSTRAINED TO DWELL"

I know an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell.
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
Think of their common peace, their simple play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfill,
In spite of season's change, its own demand.
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a turbulent hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had boused him 'mid a throng
The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.

"WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED"

Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and
gone;
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that one
Some recompence for all that he had lost.
Oh that the good old Man had power to
prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must
love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is
broken! 1846.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN
OF NIGHT"

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue
sky. 1846.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES
TO LUCCA GIORDANO

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil’s skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature’s happiest
grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd’s face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the
thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would
chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and
still.
Oh may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard’s secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia
showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where greenwood paths he
trod.
RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE
MOON ON HIGH"

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on
high
Travelling where she from time to time en-
shrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that
soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear
sky.
Pity that such a promise e’er should prove
False in the issue, that you seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which
must move
(By transit not unlike man’s frequent
doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined
gloom. 1846.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND
NEWSPAPERS

DISCOURSE was deemed Man’s noblest
attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged
command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love
expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can
suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we
here,
From manhood,—back to childhood; for
the age—
Back towards caverned life’s first rude
career.
Avant this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and
ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower
stage! 1846.
"THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS"

The unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe’er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a death.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a place.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

1846.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1847

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the Spoiler’s shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

S O L O — (T E N O R)

War is passion’s basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot’s laurelled brow?

CHORUS

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom’s holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God’s restraining laws.
Such is Albion’s fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.
RECIT. (accompanied)—(CONTRALTO)

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle’s delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A Nation’s hopes lie crushed in Claremont’s desolate hall.

AIR—(SOPRANO)

Time a chequered mantle wears;—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the Tree a blossom bears—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the Island rang,

As clear and bold as the trumpet’s clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"VICTORIA be her name!"

For righteous triumphs are the base Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTET

Time, in his mantle’s sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty; Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood is pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing,
More than all the world beside,

This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

RECIT. (accompanied)—(BASS)

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
With stedfast ray benign
On Gotha’s ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine—
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
Not to the Zephyr’s sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the Star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR—(CONTRALTO)

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder’s spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught,—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country’s weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learned how social frames may last,
And how a Land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel
The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.
AIR—(BASS)

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A Nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptred Line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that Wise ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

CHORUS

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the PRINCE whom we greet
From its Hero is sprung.
   Resound, resound the strain,
   That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that Presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
   THE QUEEN.
NOTES

Page 23

'And, hovering, round it often did a raven fly.'

From a short MS. poem read to me when an undergraduate, by my schoolfellow and friend, Charles Farish, long since deceased. The verses were by a brother of his, a man of promising genius, who died young.

Page 34

'The Borderers.'

This Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its title-page, was composed in 1795-96. It lay nearly from that time till within the last two or three months unregarded among my papers, without being mentioned even to my most intimate friends. Having, however, impressions upon my mind which made me unwilling to destroy the MS., I determined to undertake the responsibility of publishing it during my own life, rather than impose upon my successors the task of deciding its fate. Accordingly it has been revised with some care; but, as it was at first written, and is now published, without any view to its exhibition upon the stage, not the slightest alteration has been made in the conduct of the story, or the composition of the characters; above all, in respect to the two leading Persons of the Drama, I felt no inducement to make any change. The study of human nature suggests this awful truth, that as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves. During my long residence in France, while the Revolution was rapidly advancing to its extreme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness of this process, and it was while that knowledge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was composed.

Page 179

'Jones! as from Calais southward.'

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and companions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by remembrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption,—and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 180

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which
the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANIFESTOS; as laying hold of these advantages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for to those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous, and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despots hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 184

'To the Daisy.'

This Poem, and two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem lately published of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin—
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaid,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."

1807.

Page 190

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

"Dumfries, August 1803.

'On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as most Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the window. Went to visit his grave; he lies in a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected to be expended upon some sort of monument. 'There,' said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, 'lies Mr.'—(I have forgotten the name)—'a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest as you see.' We looked at Burns's grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own poet's epitaph:—

'Is there a man,' etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments, in all sorts of fantastic shapes, obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. When our guide had left us we turned again to Burns's grave, and afterwards went to his house, wishing to inquire after Mrs. Burns, who was gone to spend some time by the seashore with her children. We spoke to the maid-servant at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk; opposite the window a clock, which Burns mentions, in one of his letters, having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son, very lately, in the same room. The servant told us she had lived four years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of Wallace. She said that Mrs. B.'s youngest son was now at Christ's Hospital. We were glad to leave Dumfries, where we could think of little but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland, at a little distance on our right—his farm-house. Our pleasure in looking round would have been still greater, if the road had led us nearer the spot.

*I cannot take leave of this country
which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connection which this neighbourhood has with ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

"Scrufl, from the sky
That Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him."

"These lines came to my brother's memory, as well as the Cumberland saying,—

"If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scrufl wots well of that."

"We talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions; indulging ourselves in the fancy that we might have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes."

Page 202

'The Farmer of Tilbury Vale.'

With this picture, which was taken from real life, compare the imaginative one of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," p. 72; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," passim.

Page 208

'The Seven Sisters.'

The Story of this Poem is from the German of Frederica Brun.

Page 219

'Moss Campion (Silene acaulis).'

This most beautiful plant is scarce in England, though it is found in great abundance upon the mountains of Scotland. The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderably, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 225

'The Waggoner.'

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said, "They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no ideas."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

Page 225

'The bussing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling,—"

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:—

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—"

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 230

After the line, "Can any mortal clog come to her," followed in the MS. an incident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.
"Can any mortal clog come to her?
It can: * * * * * *

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, how'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.
Cries Benjamin, 'Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near.'
—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously impress,
That just marked out the object and withdrew:
Right welcome service! * * * *

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee, and thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
For they were graven on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look.—
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."

Page 344

'Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul,' etc.

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come."
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Page 345

'The Horn of Egremont Castle.'

This story is a Cumberland tradition.
I have heard it also related of the Hall of
Hutton John, an ancient residence of the
Hudlestons, in a sequestered valley upon the
river Dacor.

Page 357

'Danger which they fear, and honour
which they understand not.'

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P.
Sidney.

Page 361

Mrs. Wordsworth has a strong impression that "The Mother's Return" was
written at Coleorton, where Miss Wordsworth was then staying with the children,
during the absence of the former.

Page 363

'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.'

Henry Lord Clifford, etc., who is the
subject of this Poem, was the son of John
Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton
Field, which John Lord Clifford, as is
known to the reader of English History,
was the person who after the battle of
Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the young
Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York,
who had fallen in the battle, "in part
revenge" (say the Authors of the History
of Cumberland and Westmoreland); "for
the Earl's Father had slain his." A deed
which worthily blemished the author (saith
Speed); but who, as he adds, "dare
promise any thing temperate of himself in
the heat of martial fury? chiefly, when it
was resolved not to leave any branch of the
York line standing; for so one maketh
this Lord to speak." This, no doubt, I
would observe by the bye, was an action
sufficiently in the vindictive spirit of the
times, and yet not altogether so bad as re-
presented; "for the Earl was no child, as
some writers would have him, but able to
bear arms, being sixteen or seventeen years
of age, as is evident from this (say the
Memoirs of the Countess of Pembroke,
who was laudably anxious to wipe away,
as far as could be, this stigma from the
illustrious name to which she was born), that he was the next Child to King Edward the Fourth, which his mother had by Richard Duke of York, and that King was then eighteen years of age: and for the small distance betwixt her children, see Austin Vincent, in his Book of Nobility, p. 622, where he writes of them all." It may further be observed, that Lord Clifford, who was then himself only twenty-five years of age, had been a leading man and commander two or three years together in the army of Lancaster, before this time; and, therefore, would be less likely to think that the Earl of Rutland might be entitled to mercy from his youth. —But, independent of this act, at best a cruel and savage one, the Family of Clifford had done enough to draw upon them the vehement hatred of the House of York: so that after the Battle of Towton there was no hope for them but in flight and concealment. Henry, the subject of the Poem, was deprived of his estate and honours during the space of twenty-four years; all which time he lived as a shepherd in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland, where the estate of his Father-in-law (Sir Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was restored to his estate and honours in the first year of Henry the Seventh. It is recorded that, "when called to Parliament, he behaved nobly and wisely; but otherwise came seldom to London or the Court; and rather delighted to live in the country, where he repaired several of his Castles, which had gone to decay during the late troubles." Thus far is chiefly collected from Nicholson and Burn; and I can add, from my own knowledge, that there is a tradition current in the village of Threlkeld and its neighbourhood, his principal retreat, that in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honourable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader: —"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, "The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in."" The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

Page 364

'Earth helped him with the cry of blood.'

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony, and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

Page 365

'And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn,' etc.

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddleback.
Page 365

'Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls.'

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken all died in the Field.

Page 365

'The White Doe of Rylstone.'

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—Dr. Whitaker's History of the Deanery of Craven.—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Norton's, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven, "stands upon a beautiful curve of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc. Of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horrid flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it repose for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous Strid. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.
"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."

Page 367

'Action is transitory—'

This and the five lines that follow were either read or recited by me, more than thirty years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imperfectly remembered) in a work of his published several years ago.

Page 367

'From Bolton's old monastic tower.'

It is to be regretted that at the present day Bolton Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, according to the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen Elizabeth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "over the Transept was a tower. This is proved not only from the mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could have had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the choir, which must have terminated westward, in some building of superior height to the ridge."

Page 367

'A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest.'

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the nearest English Cathedral."

Page 367

'Who sat in the shade of the Prior's Oak!'

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 70l. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1,400 feet of timber."

Page 369

'When Lady Alisba mourned.'

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."

Page 369

'Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door."

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethimesly Hall, and a vault where, according to tradition, the Claphams' (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffrds, seemed to survive."

Page 370

'Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet.'

Among these Poems will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him; who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden."

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science."
"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23d, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.

Page 373

'Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear.'

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.

Page 375

'Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!'

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.

Page 375

'In that other day of Neville's Crus.'

'In the night before the battle of Durham was stricken and begun, the 17th day of October, anno 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporal-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower was be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them, with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God.
and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

This battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville’s Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevill’s Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevill, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For so soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporal-cloth enclosed, etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses), did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Page 378

An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—'

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."

Page 382

O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown.'

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."
Page 384

"In the deep fork of Anderdale."

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsall, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfordale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Anderdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment." — Dr. Whitaker.

Page 384

"When the bells of Rylstone played Their Sabbath music—" God us ayde!"

On one of the bells of Rylstone church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "J. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde."

Page 385

"The grassy rock-encircled Pound."

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker: — "On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine, On the N. and W., where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, etc., were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added, has done justice to the place, by working with an invariable hand of art in the very spirit of nature.

Page 389

"Zaragoza."

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 420

"—much did he see of men."

At the risk of giving a shock to the prejudices of artificial society, I have ever been ready to pay homage to the aristocracy of nature; under a conviction that vigorous human-heartedness is the constituent principle of true taste. It may still, however, be satisfactory to have prose testimony how far a Character, employed for purposes of imagination, is founded upon general fact. I, therefore, subjoin an extract from an author who had opportunities of being well acquainted with a class of men, from whom my own personal knowledge emboldened me to draw this portrait.

"We learn from Caesar and other Roman Writers, that the travelling merchants who frequented Gaul and other barbarous countries, either newly conquered by the Roman arms, or bordering on the Roman conquests, were ever the first to make the inhabitants of those countries familiarly acquainted with the Roman modes of life, and to inspire them with an inclination to follow the Roman fashions, and to enjoy Roman conveniences. In North America, travelling merchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilising the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papist or protestant, who have ever been sent among them."
"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation. With all these qualifications, no wonder that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to carry the pack, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence in that honourable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."

Heron's Journey in Scotland, vol. i. p. 89.

Page 441

'Lost in unsearchable eternity!'

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Si quod verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hac tellure, verò gratum, et philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contingisse arbitròr; cum ex oelissimæ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc sequor caeruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prosperxi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singularum. Hoc theatrum ego facilè pretulerim Romanis cunctis, Graecisve; atque id quod natura hic spectandum exhibet, scениcis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatre certaminibus. Nihil hic elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitude suæ et quædam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem supericiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximum oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disrupissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles varië elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coacervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hac parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inænhausta quedam planitiae; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum et insane rerum strages: quas cùm intuebar, non urbis aliquibus aut oppidi, sed contracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ eæteris mihi placebat illa, quæ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quæ terram respiciabat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quæ verò mare, horrendum praecps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Praetera facies illa marina adò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in ripibus aliando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisse ad summum ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsæ.

Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxos specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive eexosos mari, et undarum crebris icibus: In hos enim cum impetu rubeant et fragore, aestuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomuit.

Dextrum latus montis erat praeruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute: sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpidæ aquæ prorupit; qui cum vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et perversos mæandros, quasi ad protractam vitam, in magnò mari absorptus subito perit. Denique in summo vertice pro montorii, commodè eminebat saxum, cui insidebam contemplabundus. Vale augusta sedes. Rege digna: Augusta rupes, semper
mihii memoranda!"  P. 89. Telluris Theoria sacra, etc., Editio secunda.

Page 451

"Of Mississippi, or that northern stream.

"A man is supposed to improve by going out into the World, by visiting London. Artificial man does; he extends with his sphere; but, alas! that sphere is microscopic; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. His bodily senses grow acute, even to barren and inhuman pruriency; while his mental become proportionally obtuse. The reverse is the Man of Mind: he who is placed in the sphere of Nature and of God, might be a mock at Tattersall's and Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's: he would certainly be swallowed alive by the first Pisarro that crossed him.—But when he walks along the river of Amazons; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes; when he measures the long and watered savannah; or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exultation is not less than imperial. He is as gentle, too, as he is great: his emotions of tenderness keep pace with his elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'These were made by a good Being, who, unsought by me, placed me here to enjoy them.' He becomes at once a child and a king. His mind is in himself; from hence he argues, and from hence he acts, and he argues unerringly, and acts magisterially: his mind in himself is also in his God; and therefore he loves, and therefore he soars."—From the notes upon The Hurricane, a Poem, by William Gilbert.

The Reader, I am sure, will thank me for the above quotation, which, though from a strange book, is one of the finest passages of modern English prose.

Page 454

"Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise," etc.

See, upon this subject, Baxter's most interesting review of his own opinions and sentiments in the decline of life. It may be found (lately reprinted) in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography.

Page 455

"Alas! the endowment of immortal Power
Is matched unequally with custom, time," etc.

This subject is treated at length in the Ode—Intimations of Immortality, page 357.

Page 456

"Knowing the heart of man is set to be," etc.

The passage quoted from Daniel is taken from a poem addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and the two last lines, printed in Italic, are by him translated from Seneca. The whole Poem is very beautiful. I will transcribe four stanzas from it, as they contain an admirable picture of the state of a wise Man's mind in a time of public commotion.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrant's threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.

The storms of sad confusion that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fail.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus must make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ramass man
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unstayed eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man.
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
first to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation; and secondly to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Maecenas, who was wont to say, Non tumulum cura; sepelit natura relictos.

'I'm careless of a grave;—Nature her dead will save.'"

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling, but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. 'The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him CElina, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, Man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love, or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall bemoan his death, or pine for his loss; he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and therefore cannot possibly have a desire to leave such regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in Man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS

It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph presupposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire:

\[\text{The best of glory with her sufferings:}
\text{By whom, I see, you labour all you can}
\text{To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near}
\text{His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.}
\]

Page 477

'Or rather, as we stand on holy earth, And have the dead around us.'

Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the history Of half these graves?

Priest. For eight-score winters past, With what I’ve witnessed, and with what I’ve heard, Perhaps I might; . . . . .
By turning o’er these hillocks one by one, We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round; Yet all in the broad highway of the world. See the Brothers.

Page 482

'And suffering Nature grieved that one should die.'

Southey’s Retrospect.

Page 482

'And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?'

The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge’s periodical work, The Friend; and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades this and the two succeeding books, the sympathising reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.
this conjunction; yet not, I think, as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz. that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual Being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the social feelings have been developed, and the Reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what has been instilled into him! Has such an unfold of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions: for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the whence, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the whither. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-weared sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: “Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?” And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied perhaps with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature— these might have been the letter, but the spirit of the answer must have been as inevitably—a receptacle without bounds or dimensions:—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting, that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin birth with Reason, is among the earliest of her offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow.—If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that
Man is an immortal being, and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corse of an unknown person lying by the seaside; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt, saying, "See the shell of the flown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast.—It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that species of composition, the laws of which it is our present purpose to explain, take his stand. Accordingly, recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in close connection with the bodily remains of the deceased: and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the Reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers,
from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that paseth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves—of hope "undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it," or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning upon the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These and similar suggestions must have been given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.—We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities by the custom of depositing the dead within, or contiguous to, their places of worship; however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obstrued upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in ima-

gination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenious Poet of the present day. The subject of his poem is "All Saints Church, Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country;—

Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgin erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest goose,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish,
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within:
The silent grave, I would have stayed:

—wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
"Twere brooding on the dead inhumed beneath
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathised,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decreas to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed:
And I would bless her visit; for to me
'Tis sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God.—

John Edwards.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and seclusion therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the
sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social—upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the epitaphs of Pope, to two causes: first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admiration in human nature are not scanty, but abundant: and every man has a character of his own to the eye that has skill to perceive it. The real cause of the acknowledged want of discrimination in sepulchral memorials is this: That to analyse the characters of others, especially of those whom we love, is not a common or natural employment of men at any time. We are not anxious unerringly to understand the constitution of the minds of those who have soothed, who have cheered, who have supported us; with whom we have been long and daily pleased or delighted. The affections are their own justification. The light of love in our hearts is a satisfactory evidence that there is a body of worth in the minds of our friends or kindred, whence that light has proceeded. We shrink from the thought of placing their merits and defects to be weighed against each other in the nice balance of pure intellect; nor do we find much temptation to detect the shades by which a good quality or virtue is discriminated in them from an excellence known by the same general name as it exists in the mind of another; and least of all do we incline to these refinements when under the pressure of sorrow, admiration, or regret, or when actuated by any of those feelings which incite men to prolong the memory of their friends and kindred by records placed in the bosom of the all-uniting and equalising receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epitaph is, that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds—of death, and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise; yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless
other excellences be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellences are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition.—It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception, conveyed to the reader's mind, of the individual whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified, by particular thoughts, actions, images,—circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented.—But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist, who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter, who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity: his delineation, we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or beloved kinsman is not seen—no, nor ought to be seen—otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies; that takes away, indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely; may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that, accordingly, the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered?—It is truth, and of the highest order; for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist; yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No;—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion,—either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for,
the understanding having been so busy in its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unaffected and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labour it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points of nature and condition wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human Beings to itself, and "equalises the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, justice, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not (as will for the most part be the case), when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all—to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the child is proud that he can read it;—and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would excite sympathy is bound in this case, more than in any other, to give proof that he himself has been moved, it is to be remembered that to raise a monument is a sober and a reflective act; that the inscription which it bears is intended to be permanent, and for universal perusal; and that, for this reason, the thoughts and feelings expressed should be permanent also—liberated from that weakness and anguish of sorrow which is in nature transitory, and which with instinctive decency retires from notice. The passions should be subdued, the emotions controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing un governable or wholly involuntary. Seemliness requires this, and truth requires it also: for how can the narrator otherwise be trusted? Moreover, a grave is a tranquillising object: resignation in course of time springs up from it as naturally as the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf with which it may be covered, or gathering round the monument by which it is defended. The very form and substance of the monument which has received the inscription, and the appearance of the letters, testifying with what a slow and laborious hand they must have been engraven, might seem to reproach the author who had given way upon this occasion to transports of mind, or to quick turns of conflicting passion; though the same might constitute the life and beauty of a funeral oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, acted upon perhaps unconsciously, have been one of the main causes why epitaphs so often personate the deceased, and represent him as speaking from his own tomb-stone. The departed Mortal is introduced telling you himself that his pains are gone; that a state of rest is come; and he conjures you to weep for him no longer. He admonishes with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior Being, performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate. Thus is death disarmed of its sting, and affliction unsubstantialised. By this tender fiction, the survivors bind themselves to a sedater sorrow, and employ the intervention of the imagination
in order that the reason may speak her own language earlier than she would otherwise have been enabled to do. This shadowy interposition also harmoniously unites the two worlds of the living and the dead by their appropriate affections. And it may be observed that here we have an additional proof of the propriety with which sepulchral inscriptions were referred to the consciousness of immortality as their primal source.

I do not speak with a wish to recommend that an epitaph should be cast in this mould preferably to the still more common one, in which what is said comes from the survivors directly; but rather to point out how natural those feelings are which have induced men, in all states and ranks of society, so frequently to adopt this mode. And this I have done chiefly in order that the laws which ought to govern the composition of the other may be better understood. This latter mode, namely, that in which the survivors speak in their own persons, seems to me upon the whole greatly preferable, as it admits a wider range of notices; and, above all, because, excluding the fiction which is the groundwork of the other, it rests upon a more solid basis.

Enough has been said to convey our notion of a perfect epitaph; but it must be borne in mind that one is meant which will best answer the general ends of that species of composition. According to the course pointed out, the worth of private life, through all varieties of situation and character, will be most honourably and profitably preserved in memory. Nor would the model recommended less suit public men in all instances, save of those persons who by the greatness of their services in the employments of peace or war, or by the surpassing excellence of their works in art, literature, or science, have made themselves not only universally known, but have filled the heart of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the actions of a man, or even some one conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed.—The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualise them. This is already done by their Works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration—or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue—or a declaration touching that pious humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation—or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power;—these are the only tribute which can here be paid—the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

"What needs my Shakspere for his honored bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp doe lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Page 483

'And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."'

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeple, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, p. 223.
Page 506

That sycamore, which annually holds Within its shade, as in a stately tent.

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees; Such Tents the Patriarchs loved."

S. T. Coleridge.

Page 511

Perish the roses and the flowers of kings.'

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.

Page 513

Earth has lent
Her waters, Air her breezes.

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect with gratitude the pleasing picture which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Page 523

Binding herself by statute.

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords marvellous facilities for carrying this into effect; and it is impossible to overrate the benefit which might accrue to humanity from the universal application of this simple engine under an enlightened and conscientious government.

Page 532

Dion.

This poem began with the following stanza, which has been displaced on account of its detaining the reader too long from the subject, and as rather precluding, than preparing for, the due effect of the allusion to the genius of Plato:—

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest gossamer, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

Page 546

Thanksgiving Ode.

Wholly unworthy of touching upon the momentous subject here treated would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendour of this great moral triumph. If I have given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect me from a charge of insensibility, should I state my own belief that the sufferings will be transitory. Upon the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, they confide, who encourage a firm hope that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satis-
Notes.—This selection was republished in slightly different form in 1834. See No. 28. The selection was made by Joseph Hine.

27


Note.—The “Advertisement” to this Edition is as follows:—“The contents of the last Edition in five volumes are compressed into the present of four, with some additional pieces reprinted from miscellaneous publications.”

28

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq., chiefly for the use of Schools and young persons. [Motto from Rasselas.] London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXIV. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 326.

Note.—This selection was made by Joseph Hine, and was first issued (in different form) in 1831. See No. 26.

29

YARROW VISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 323. Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems and Postscript, pp. 1-323.

30


Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 139. Fronting Title is a “Map of the Lakes”; Title and Contents take up 2 leaves (unpaged); “Directions and information for the Tourist,” pp. i-xxiv; “Description of the Scenery,” pp. i-112; “Excursions,” pp. 112-134; “Itinerary of the Lakes,” pp. 135-139.

31

YARROW VISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 323. Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems and Postscript, pp. 1-323.

32


Collation.—Pp. xv, 374.
that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this volume.

Page 548
"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."
LORD BROOKE.

Page 556
The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day:—"When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted—not a gun was fired—not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Page 572
'Wings at my shoulders seem to play,'

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.

Page 581
If in this Sonnet I should seem to have borne a little too hard upon the personal appearance of the worthy Poissards of Calais, let me take shelter under the authority of my lamented friend, the late Sir George Beaumont. He, a most accurate observer, used to say of them, that their features and countenances seemed to have conformed to those of the creatures they dealt in; at all events the resemblance was striking.

Page 581
'Brugés,'

This is not the first poetical tribute which in our times has been paid to this beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in the "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it in lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of connecting with my own.

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath ruin sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Brugés, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendour of the Burgundian Dukedom, and the long black mantle universally worn by the females is probably a remnant of the old Spanish connection, which, if I do not much deceive myself, is traceable in the grave deportment of its inhabitants. Brugés is comparatively little disturbed by that curious contest, or rather conflict, of Flemish with French propensities in matters of taste, so conspicuous through other parts of Flanders. The hotel to which we drove at Ghent furnished an odd instance. In the passages were paintings and statues, after the antique, of Hebe and Apollo; and in the garden a little pond, about a yard and a half in diameter, with a weeping willow bending over it, and under the shade of that tree, in the centre of the pond, a wooden painted statue of a Dutch or Flemish boor, looking ineflatibly tender upon his mistress, and embracing her. A living duck, tethered at the feet of the sculptured lovers, alternately tormented a miserable eel and itself with endeavours to escape from its bonds and prison. Had we chanced to espy the hostess of the hotel in this quaint rural retreat, the exhibition would have been complete. She was a true Flemish figure, in the dress of the days of Holbein; her
symbol of office, a weighty bunch of keys, pendent from her portly waist. In Brussels the modern taste in costume, architecture, etc., has got the mastery; in Ghent there is a struggle: but in Bruges old images are still paramount, and an air of monastic life among the quiet goings-on of a thinly-peopled city is inexpressibly soothing; a pensive grace seems to be cast over all, even the very children.—Extract from Journal.

Page 582

'Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.'

"Let a wall of rocks be imagined from three to six hundred feet in height, and rising between France and Spain, so as physically to separate the two kingdoms—let us fancy this wall curved like a crescent, with its convexity towards France. Lastly, let us suppose, that in the very middle of the wall, a breach of 300 feet wide has been beaten down by the famous Roland, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'Breche de Roland.'"—Raymond's Pyrenees.

Page 583

'Miserere Domine.'

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "The Remorse." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 583

'Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly Doth Danube spring to life!'

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it,—and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The copiousness of the spring at Doneschingen must have procured for it the honour of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 584

"The Staenberg" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall—and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterised the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-dozen peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears,—a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce,—sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."—See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Page 585

'Engelberg.'

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honour which the imaginations of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 589

'Though searching damps and many an envious flaw Have marred this Work.'

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to
connoisseurs.—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 590

'Of Figures human and divine.'

The statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labour, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general effect of the building; for, seen from the ground, the Statues appear diminutive. But the coup-d’œil, from the best point of view, which is half way up the spire, must strike an unprejudiced person with admiration; and surely the selection and arrangement of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to support the religion of the country in the imaginations and feelings of the spectator. It was with great pleasure that I saw, during the two ascents which we made, several children, of different ages, tripping up and down the slender spire, and pausing to look around them, with feelings much more animated than could have been derived from these or the finest works of art, if placed within easy reach.—Remember also that you have the Alps on one side, and on the other the Apennines, with the plain of Lombardy between!

Page 593

'Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream, The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise.'

This Procession is a part of the sacramental service performed once a month. In the valley of Engelberg we had the good fortune to be present at the Grand Festival of the Virgin—but the Procession on that day, though consisting of upwards of 1000 persons, assembled from all the branches of the sequestered valley, was much less striking (notwithstanding the sublimity of the surrounding scenery): it wanted both the simplicity of the other and the accompaniment of the Glacier-columns, whose sisterly resemblance to the moving Figures gave it a most beautiful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 595

Near the town of Boulogne, and overhanging the beach, are the remains of a tower which bears the name of Caligula, who here terminated his western expedition, of which these sea-shells were the boasted spoils. And at no great distance from these ruins, Buonaparte, standing upon a mound of earth, harangued his "Army of England," reminding them of the exploits of Caesar, and pointing towards the white cliffs, upon which their standards were to float. He recommended also a subscription to be raised among the Soldiery to erect on that ground, in memory of the foundation of the "Legion of Honour," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 596

'We mark majestic herds of cattle, free To ruminate.'

This is a most grateful sight for an Englishman returning to his native land. Everywhere one misses in the cultivated grounds abroad, the animated and soothing accompaniment of animals ranging and selecting their own food at will.

Page 597

'Far as St. Maurice, from ye eastern Forks.'

LES FOURCHES, the point at which the two chains of mountains part, that inclose the Valais, which terminates at St. MAURICE.

Page 597

——'ye that occupy Your council-seats beneath the open sky, On Sarnen's Mount.'

Sarnen, one of the two capitals of the Canton of Underwalden; the spot here alluded to is close to the town, and is called the Landenberg, from the tyrant of that name, whose château formerly stood there. On the 1st of January 1308, the great day which the confederated Heroes had chosen for the deliverance of their
country, all the castles of the Governors were taken by force or stratagem; and the Tyrants themselves conducted, with their creatures, to the frontiers, after having witnessed the destruction of their strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 597

'Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—'

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirable answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 597

'The River Duddon.'

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

"The rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft;"

and ends thus—

"The setting Sun displays
His visible great round, between you towers,
As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

"To-morrow for severer thought, but now
To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose statement should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the x4th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I had proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to another," and I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say that those verses must indeed be illated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"),
"The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' be learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And na' think lang."

Page 600

' There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue.‘

These two lines are in a great measure taken from "The Beauties of Spring, a Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Joseph Sympson. He was a native of Cumberland, and was educated in the vale of Grasmere, and at Hawkshead school: his poems are little known, but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his "Vision of Alfred" is harmonious and animated. In describing the motions of the Sylphs that constitute the strange machinery of his Poem, he uses the following illustrative simile:—

"Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the arure vault illumes.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn.
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.
Where the true native, as he homeward glides,
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curves,
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendour grow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray,
And solemn midnight pours the blare of day."

He was a man of ardent feeling, and his faculties of mind, particularly his memory, were extraordinary. Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the History of Westmoreland.

Page 603. Sonnets XVII and XVIII

The Eagle requires a large domain for its support: but several pairs, not many years ago, were constantly resident in this country, building their nests in the steep of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, and on the eastern side of Helvellyn. Often have I heard anglers speak of the grandeur of their appearance, as they hovered over Red Tarn, in one of the coves of this mountain. The bird frequently returns, but is always destroyed. Not long since, one visited Rydal lake, and remained some hours near its banks: the consternation which it occasioned among the different species of fowl, particularly the herons, was expressed by loud screams. The horse also is naturally afraid of the eagle.—There were several Roman stations among these mountains; the most considerable seems to have been in a meadow at the head of Windermere, established, undoubtedly, as a check over the passes of Kirkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of Hardknot and Wrynose. On the margin of Rydal lake, a coin of Trajan was discovered very lately.—The Roman Fort here alluded to, called by the country people "Hardknot Castle," is most impressively situated half-way down the hill on the right of the road that descends from Hardknot into Eskdale. It has escaped the notice of most antiquarians, and is but slightly mentioned by Lysons.—The Druidical Circle is about half a mile to the left of the road ascending Stone-side from the vale of Duddon: the country people call it "Sunken Church."

The reader who may have been interested in the foregoing Sonnets (which together may be considered as a Poem) will not be displeased to find in this place a prose account of the Duddon, extracted from Green's comprehensive Guide to the Lakes, lately published. "The road leading from Coniston to Broughton is over high ground, and commands a view of the River Duddon; which, at high water, is a grand sight, having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds and buildings; amongst the latter Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone. "The road from Broughton to Swithwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various
elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of foam which the rocky channel of a river can give to water.”—Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes, vol. i. pp. 98-100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the foaming brook; then he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of The Pen; the one opposite is called Walla-barrow Crag, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The chaotic aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, "What way he had been wandering?" replied, "As far as it is finished!"

The bed of the Duddon is here strewn with large fragments of rocks fallen from aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly says, "are happily adapted to the many-shaped waterfalls" (or rather waterbreaks, for none of them are high) "displayed in the short space of half a mile." That there is some hazard in frequenting these desolate places, I myself have had proof; for one night an immense mass of rock fell upon the very spot where, with a friend, I had
lingered the day before. "The con- 
sussion," says Mr. Green, speaking of 
the event (for he also, in the practice of his 
at, on that day sat exposed for a still 
longer time to the same peril), "was heard, 
not without alarm, by the neighbouring 
shepherds." But to return to Seathwaite 
Churchyard: it contains the following in-
scription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert 
Walker, who died the 25th of June 1802, 
in the 93d year of his age, and 67th of his 
curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 
28th of January, in the 93d year of her 
age."

In the parish-register of Seathwaite 
Chapel is this notice:—

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Robert 
Walker. He was curate of Seathwaite 
sixty-six years. He was a man singular 
for his temperance, industry, and integrity."

This individual is the Pastor alluded to, 
in the 18th Sonnet, as a worthy compeer 
of the country parson of Chaucer, etc. In 
the seventh book of the Excursion, an ab-
stract of his character is given, beginning,

"A Priest abides before whose life such doubts
Fall to the ground;—"

and some account of his life, for it is 
worthily of being recorded, will not be out 
of place here.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT 
WALKER

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was 
born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was 
the youngest of twelve children. His 
eldest brother, who inherited the small 
family estate, died at Under-crag, aged 
ninety-four, being twenty-four years older 
than the subject of this memoir, who was 
born of the same mother. Robert was a 
sickly infant; and, through his boyhood 
and youth, continuing to be of delicate 
frame and tender health, it was deemed 
best, according to the country phrase, to 
breed him a scholar; for it was not likely 
that he would be able to earn a livelihood 
by bodily labour. At that period few of 
these dales were furnished with school-
houses; the children being taught to read 
and write in the chapel; and in the same 
consecrated building, where he officiated 
for so many years both as preacher and 
schoolmaster, he himself received the rud-
iments of his education. In his youth he 
became schoolmaster at Loweswater; not 
being called upon, probably, in that situa-
tion to teach more than reading writing, 
and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "Gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he 
acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of 
the classics, and became qualified for tak-
ing holy orders. Upon his ordination, he 
had the offer of two curacies: the one, 
Torver, in the vale of Coniston,—the 
other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The 
value of each was the same, viz. five 
pounds per annum; but the cure of Sea-
thaite having a cottage attached to it, as 
his wished to marry, he chose it in prefe-
rence. The young person on whom his 
affections were fixed, though in the con-
dition of a domestic servant, had given 
promise, by her serious and modest deport-
ment, and by her virtuous dispositions, 
that she was worthy to become the help-
mate of a man entering upon a plan of life 
such as he had marked out for himself. 
By her frugality she had stored up a small 
sum of money, with which they began 
housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he 
entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen 
years afterwards, his situation is thus de-
scribed, in some letters to be found in the 
Annual Register for 1760, from which the 
following is extracted:—

"To Mr. ———

"Coniston, July 26, 1754.

"SIR—I was the other day upon a 
party of pleasure, about five or six miles 
from this place, where I met with a very 
striking object, and of a nature not very 
common. Going into a clergyman's house 
(of whom I had frequently heard), I found 
him sitting at the head of a long square 
table, such as is commonly used in this 
country by the lower class of people, dressed 
in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black 
horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern 
strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse 
apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled 
shoes plated with iron to preserve them
(what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don’t find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

FROM THE REV. ROBERT WALKER

"SIR—Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about £17, of which is paid in cash, viz. 5l. from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5l. from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3l. from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4l. yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplus fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3l.; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and goodwill with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40l. for my wife’s fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my
own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life. By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge) I hope you will not think your favour to me out of the late worthy Dr. Stratford's effects quite misappropriaed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient humble servant.

"R. W., Curate of S——.
"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful handwriting, now lies before me), thus expresses himself. "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both." And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My Lord—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha, annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desir-
obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made, of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant, Robert Walker.'

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours; let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately, Robert Walker." He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than 2000£; and such a sense of his various excellences was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of wonderful is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further explanatory details.—And to begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Intrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted, in his rustic neighbourhood, as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain to
himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece; less as a recompence for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the
decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. White candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year was salted and dried for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life;" but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavoured to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so
frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his affections suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away,"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing that upon these occasions selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also—while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbours as themselves, and do as they would be done unto—that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic and somewhat curious.

"There is a small chapel in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and knelted down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose ages, all added together, amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

He was indeed most zealously attached to the doctrine and frame of the Established Church. We have seen him congratulating himself that he had no dissenters in his
cure of any denomination. Some allowance must be made for the state of opinion when his first religious impressions were received, before the reader will acquit him of bigotry, when I mention that at the time of the augmentation of the cure, he refused to invest part of the money in the purchase of an estate offered to him upon advantageous terms, because the proprietor was a Quaker;—whether from scrupulous apprehension that a blessing would not attend a contract framed for the benefit of the church between persons not in religious sympathy with each other; or, as a seeker of peace, he was afraid of the uncomplying disposition which at one time was too frequently conspicuous in that sect. Of this an instance had fallen under his own notice; for, while he taught school at Loweswater, certain persons of that denomination had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of Church-stock;¹ a great hardship upon the incumbent, for the curacy of Loweswater was then scarcely less poor than that of Seathwaite. To what degree this prejudice of his was blamable need not be determined;—certain it is, that he was not only desirous, as he himself says, to live in peace, but in love, with all men. He was placable, and charitable in his judgments; and, however correct in conduct and rigorous to himself, he was ever ready to forgive the trespasses of others, and to soften the censure that was cast upon their frailties.—It would be unpardonable to omit that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict, in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no, less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale,—masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn—it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society—changes which have proved especially unfavourable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results.

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than restrain for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.
of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the Christian Remembrancer, October 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterised the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations."

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. He taught the children in the chapel, for there was no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, damp place he never had a fire. He used to send the children in parties either to his own fire at home or make them run up the mountain side.

"It may be further mentioned, that he was a passionate admirer of Nature; she was his mother, and he was a dutiful child. While engaged on the mountains, it was his greatest pleasure to view the rising sun; and in tranquil evenings, as it slided behind the hills, he blessed its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants; a constant observer of the stars and winds: the atmosphere was his delight. He made many experiments on its nature and properties. In summer he used to gather a multitude of flies and insects, and, by his entertaining description, amuse and instruct his children. They shared all his daily employments, and derived many sentiments of love and benevolence from his observations on the works and productions of nature. Whether they were following him in the field, or surrounding him in school, he took every opportunity of storing their minds with useful information.—Nor was the circle of his influence confined to Seatwaite. Many a distant mother has told her child of Mr. Walker, and begged him to be as good a man.

"Once, when I was very young, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his 90th year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicacity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs, and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman, without thinking of Mr. Walker. He allowed no dissenter or methodist to interfere in the instruction of the souls committed to his care: and so successful were his exertions, that he had not one dissenter of any denomination whatever in the whole parish.—Though he avoided all religious controversies, yet when age had silvered his head, and virtuous piety had secured to his appearance reverence and silent honour, no one, however determined in his hatred of apostolic descent, could have listened to his discourse on ecclesiastical history and ancient times, without thinking that one of the beloved apostles had returned to mortality, and in that vale of peace had come to exemplify the beauty of holiness in the life and character of Mr. Walker.

"Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock
that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife’s death. His voice faltered: he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became, when alone, sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o’clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter’s arm, to examine the heavens, and meditate a few moments in the open air. ‘How clear the moon shines to-night!’ He said these words, sighed, and laid down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave.”

Having mentioned in this narrative the vale of Loweswater as a place where Mr. Walker taught school, I will add a few memoranda from its parish register, respecting a person apparently of desires as moderate, with whom he must have been intimate during his residence there.

“Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; but for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be.

HENRY FOREST, Curate.”

“Honour, the idol which the most adore,
Receives no homage from my knee;
Content in privacy I value more
Than all uneasy dignity.”

“Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708,
being 25 years of age.”

“This curacy was twice augmented by
Queen Anne’s Bounty. The first payment,
with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May,
1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Ye said 9th of May, ye said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This,
by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

“Hec testor H. Forest.”

In another place he records that the
sycamore-trees were planted in the church-
yard in 1710.
He died in 1741, having been curate
thirty-four years. It is not improbable
that H. Forest was the gentleman who
assisted Robert Walker in his classical
studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto,
of which the following verses are a part:

“Invigilare viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiant, nulloque sono covertertur annus;
Utendum est zetate, cito pede praterit zetas.”

Page 607.

‘We feel that we are greater than we know.’

“And feel that I am happier than I know.”

MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 608

‘Living hill.’

“‘awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still.”

DR. DARWIN.

Page 609

‘Ecclesiastical Sonnets.’

During the month of December 1820, I
accompanied a much-beloved and honoured
Friend in a walk through different parts of
his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of
a new Church which he intended to erect.
It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in
harmony with the cherishing influences of the
scene; and such being our purpose, we
were naturally led to look back upon past
events with wonder and gratitude, and on
the future with hope. Not long afterwards,
some of the Sonnets which will be found
towards the close of this series were pro-
duced as a private memorial of that morn-
ing’s occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated
in Parliament about that time, kept my
thoughts in the same course; and it struck
me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical
History of our Country might advantage-
ously be presented to view in verse.
Accordingly, I took up the subject, and
what I now offer to the reader was the result.
When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church in England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.

Page 610

'Did Holy Paul,' etc.

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.

Page 611

'That Hill, whose flowery platform,' etc.

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Varii herbarum floribus depictus imò usqueaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil praecepis, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longe latèque deductum in modum aequoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitù sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."

Page 612

'Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid Of hallelujahs.'

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.

Page 612

'By men yet scarcely conscious of a care For other monuments than those of Earth,'

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicelfris and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 612. Sonnet xii

"Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'If they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us,' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half-ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.
The account Bede gives of this remarkable event suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.

Page 613. Sonnet xv

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longe status, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilenta, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

Page 613

"Man's life is like a Sparrow."

See the original of this speech in Bede. —The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "Who, exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, shall first desecrate the altars and the temples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, pollut ac destructi eos, quas ipse sacraverat aras." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 613

___ such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams."

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near, rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

Page 614. Sonnet xix

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquid, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexible cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriiis diligentere auditum praebebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 615

"The people work like congregated bees."

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 615

___ 'pain narrows not his cares.'

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 616

"Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!"

The violent measures carried on under the influence of Dunstan, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions, —See Turner.

Page 619

"Here Man more purely lives, etc.

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicior, purgatur citius, praemiatur copiosius."
—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

Page 622

"Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark."

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious;—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from pati, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom.
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign."

Page 623

"And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.

Page 626

"One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured," etc.

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. * * * * Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whom M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' "—Fox's Acts, etc.

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.

Page 627

"The gift exalting, and with playful smile."

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease," and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and God bless you, good Richard."—See Walton's Life of Richard Hooker.
by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."

Page 633
'A genial hearth—
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion.'

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church establishment of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling no part of the burial-ground is seen; but

Page 628
—'craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad.'

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance.

Page 629
'Laud.'

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the publick neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour."

Page 632
'The Pilgrim Fathers.'

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of advertting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America.
as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 607.

Page 637. Sonnet xxxii

This is still continued in many churches in Westmoreland. It takes place in the month of July, when the floor of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it is called the "Rush-bearing."

Page 637

"Teaching us to forget them or forgive."

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

Page 638

"had we, like them, endured Sore stress of apprehension."

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

Page 639

"Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross, Like men ashamed."

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.

Page 640

"Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name From roseate hues, etc."

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.

Page 653

"more high, the Dacian force, To hoof and finger mailed."

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 654

"Something less than joy, but more than dull content."

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 658

"Wild Redbreast," etc.

This Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself, yet the scene of the incident having been a wild wood, it may be doubted, as a point of natural history, whether the bird was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a Redbreast will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it—this I have seen. And under my own roof I have witnessed affecting instances of the creature's friendly visits to the chambers of sick persons, as described in the verses to the Redbreast, page 774. One of these welcome intruders used frequently to roost upon a nail in the wall, from which a picture had hung, and was ready, as morning came, to pipe his song in the hearing of the Invalid, who had been long confined to her room. These attachments to a particular person, when marked and continued, used to be reckoned ominous; but the superstition is passing away.

Page 663

"The Wishing-gate."

"In the Vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate."

Having been told, upon what I thought good authority, that this gate had been destroyed, and the opening, where it hung, walled up, I gave vent immediately to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favourite unmolested.
Page 672

‘Descending to the worm in charity.’

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby’s valuable works.

Page 677

‘The Russian Fugitive.’

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady’s own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.

Page 697

‘Highland Hut.

This sonnet describes the exterior of a Highland hut, as often seen under a morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the ‘Address to the Wind,’ and other poems, in this volume, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the interior of one of these rude habitations.

‘On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

‘A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky bottle for his refreshment, at our request. “She keeps a dram,” as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk: and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, “Ye’ll get that,” bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney where the bens were roosting it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was ‘bonnier than Loch Lomond.’ Our companion from the Trosachs, who, it appeared, was an Edinburgh drawing-master going, during the vacation, on a pedestrian tour to John O’Groat’s House, was to sleep in the barn with my fellow-travellers, where the man said he had plenty
of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is ever very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to 'go ben,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, upon one of which stood milk in wooden vessels covered over. The walls of the house were of stone unplastered; it consisted of three apartments, the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end; the rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other. I went to bed some time before the rest of the family; the door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up amongst the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the underboughs of a large beech-tree withered by the depth of shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other; and yet the colours were more like those of melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child crept into their bed at the other end of the room; I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night; for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little rill close to the door made a much louder noise, and, when I sat up in my bed, I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trosachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head; I thought of the Faery-

land of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times; and then what a feast it would be for a London Pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury-lane, with all its beautiful colours!"—M.S.

Page 698

'Once on those steep I roamed.'

The following is from the same MS., and gives an account of the visit to Bothwell Castle here alluded to:

'It was exceedingly delightful to enter thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region. The castle stands nobly, over-looking the Clyde. When we came up to it, I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones, and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall, along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its native abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion, we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of adorning such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn, and the complete desolation natural to a ruin, might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or ex-
cluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible not to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruiled, below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel."—MS. Journal.

Page 699

'Hart's-horn Tree.'

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol king of Scotland came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

'Hercules killed Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."—Nicholson and Burn's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the highroad leading from Penrith to Appleby. This whole neighbourhood abounds in interesting traditions and vestiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bower; Brougham and Penrith Castles; Penrith Beacon, and the curious remains in Penrith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Table, and, close by, Maybrough; the excavation, called the Giant's Cave, on the banks of the Emont; Long Meg and her Daughters, near Eden, etc.

Page 712

'But if thou (like Cocytus,' etc.

Many years ago, when I was at Greta
Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the bridge, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the north of England, "to greet," signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping; a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up that name till within three miles of its disappearance in the river Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and thence flowing through Thirlmere. The beautiful features of that lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his Colloquies, "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most memorable kind:—

"—ambiguo lapsu refutique fluatque,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspict undas.""

Page 713

"By hooded Votaress,' etc.

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.

Page 713

"Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington."

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.

Page 713

"St. Bees’ Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees’ College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has
been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College, and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 715
'Arenot, in sooth, their Requiemssacred ties.'

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.

Page 717
'And they are led by noble Hillary.'

The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the lifeboat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.

Page 718
'By a retired Mariner.'

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.

Page 718
'Off with your cloud, old Snaeffel!' The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance...
may not become still more striking as months and years advance!

Page 719

'On revisiting Dunolly Castle.'

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.

Page 721

'Cave of Staffa.'

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steamboat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 722

'Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, Children of Summer!'

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.

Page 722

'Iona.'

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a well-known sonnet of Ruscell, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.

Page 724

'Yet fetched from Paradise.'

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, a valley? Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartme! Sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.

Page 725

'Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 725

'A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.'

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came on it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relic of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 726

'To the Earl of Lonsdale.'

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.
Page 739

'From the most gentle creature nursed in fields.

This way of indicating the name of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending—

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

Page 742

Walter Scott . . died Sept. 21, 1832
S. T. Coleridge . . July 25, 1834
Charles Lamb . . Dec. 27, 1834
Geo. Crabbe . . Feb. 3, 1832
Felicia Hemans . . May 16, 1835

Page 749

'Although 'tis fair, 'Twill be another Yarrow.'

These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited" by Sir Walter Scott when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janiculian Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.

Page 751

'His sepulchral verse.'

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them on pages 393-396.

Page 753

'Aquarendente.'

It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.

Page 753

Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine tree as described in the Sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.

Page 758

'Camaldoli.'

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo, (or Rumwald, as our ancestors Saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground
(campo) being given by Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the gentlemen of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wider region of the forest. It comprehends between twenty and thirty distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had in the year 1831 fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about forty years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been thirteen years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated Scaramelli, San Giovanni della Croce, St. Dionysius the Areopagite (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis Ricardo di San Vittori. The works of Saint Theresa are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 758

'What aim had they, the Pair of Monks.'

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 759

'At Vallombrosa.'

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are themselves mistaken; the natural woods of the region of Vallombrosa are deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees planted within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being forced to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 766

'All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.'

SPENSER.
NOTES

Page 776

'Men of the Western World.'

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the sonnet on page 790 is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.—1850.

Page 779

'The Norman boy.'

"Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscoted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

Vide 14 No. Saturday Magazine.
APPENDIX, PREFACES,
ETC. ETC

MUCH the greatest part of the foregoing Poems has been so long before the Public that no prefatory matter, explanatory of any portion of them or of the arrangement which has been adopted, appears to be required; and had it not been for the observations contained in those Prefaces upon the principles of Poetry in general, they would not have been reprinted even as an Appendix in this Edition.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION OF SEVERAL OF THE FOREGOING POEMS, PUBLISHED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL VOLUME, UNDER THE TITLE OF "LYRICAL BALLADS"

Note.—In succeeding Editions, when the Collection was much enlarged and diversified, this Preface was transferred to the end of the Volumes as having little of a special application to their contents.

The first Volume of these Poems has already been submitted to general perusal. It was published as an experiment, which, I hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted, which a Poet may rationally endeavour to impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate of the probable effect of those Poems: I flattered myself that they who should be pleased with them would read them with more than common pleasure: and, on the other hand, I was well aware, that by those who should dislike them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

* * * *

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realised, a class of Poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of reasoning him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportioniate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the
revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible that there would be something like impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth bymetrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonourable accusations which can be brought against an Author; namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavou ring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honour upon themselves and their art
in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.  

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonourable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy purpose. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived, but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite these feelings will be found to carry along with them a purpose. If this opinion were erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakspeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and

---

1 It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible even to this day.
deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse.—When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavours made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were these not added to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their style, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavoured utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope, in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense: but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics, who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of
Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descent join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.

I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to Poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters; but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in degree; Poetry sheds no tears

1 I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, "such as Angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ictor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of Prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and mean-ness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments; for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.
metaphors and figures, will have their due effect if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the Reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labour is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded that, whatever be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask, what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him?—He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves:—whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and the more industriously he applies this principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which his fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which
the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellences of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavours occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry, as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a taste for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for ropedancing, or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet’s art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist’s knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment. To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature
which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs: in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarised to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavour to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What has been thus far said applies to Poetry in general, but especially to those parts of compositions where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorise the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are coloured by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions
and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these; with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be proved that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called Poetic Diction, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices, upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet, respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what has been already said, I reply, in the first place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me—to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colours of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a still more naked and simple style, which have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption
that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state, succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless, yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader’s own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the repulsion of the distressful parts of “Clarissa Harlowe,” or the “Gammerger”; while Shakspeare’s writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure—an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement.—On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the Poet’s words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet’s choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious), in the feelings of pleasure which the Reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a systematic defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude, are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject.
and I must content myself with a general summary. I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion, of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an over-balance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely—all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that of two descriptions, either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once. Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavoured to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and become utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the critic ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above
all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines let us place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the Babes in the Wood.

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the matter expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that same state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ridiculous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide, independently, by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that on other occasions where we have been displeased he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavoured to recommend: for the Reader will say that
he has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honourable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them: we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained, and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining: and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

APPENDIX

See page 857—"by what is usually called poetic diction."

Perhaps, as I have no right to expect that attentive perusal, without which, confined, as I have been, to the narrow limits of a preface, my meaning cannot be thoroughly understood, I am anxious to give an exact notion of the sense in which the phrase poetic diction has been used; and for this purpose, a few words shall here be added, concerning the origin and characteristics of the phraseology which I have condemned under that name.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally, and as men: feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring, and figurative. In succeeding times, Poets, and Men ambitious of the fame of Poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated by the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connection whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in any situation. The Reader or Hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind: when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also: in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same or similar causes. Besides, the Poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with
admiration; and Poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterised by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature.

It is indeed true that the language of the earliest Poets was felt to differ materially from ordinary language, because it was the language of extraordinary occasions; but it was really spoken by men, language which the Poet himself had uttered when he had been affected by the events which he described, or which he had heard uttered by those around him. To this language it is probable that metre of some sort or other was early superadded. This separated the genuine language of Poetry still further from common life, so that whoever read or heard the poems of these earliest Poets felt himself moved in a way in which he had not been accustomed to be moved in real life, and by causes manifestly different from those which acted upon him in real life. This was the great temptation to all the corruptions which have followed: under the protection of this feeling succeeding Poets constructed a phraseology which had one thing, it is true, in common with the genuine language of poetry, namely, that it was not heard in ordinary conversation; that it was unusual. But the first Poets, as I have said, spake a language which, though unusual, was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors; they found that they could please by easier means: they became proud of modes of expression which they themselves had invented, and which were uttered only by themselves. In process of time metre became a symbol or promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false were inseparably interwoven until, the taste of men becoming gradually perverted, this language was received as a natural language, and at length, by the influence of books upon men, did to a certain degree really become so. Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another, and with the progress of refinement this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintinesses, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

It would not be uninteresting to point out the causes of the pleasure given by this extravagant and absurd diction. It depends upon a great variety of causes, but upon none, perhaps, more than its influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character; an effect which is accomplished by unsettling ordinary habits of thinking, and thus assisting the Reader to approach to that perturbed and dizzy state of mind in which if he does not find himself, he imagines that he is balked of a peculiar enjoyment which poetry can and ought to bestow.

The sonnet quoted from Gray in the Preface, except the lines printed in Italics, consists of little else but this diction, though not of the worst kind; and indeed, if one may be permitted to say so, it is far too common in the best writers, both ancient and modern. Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could more easily be given a notion of what I mean by the phrase poetic diction than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrase which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, and those passages as they exist in our common Translation. See Pope's "Messiah" throughout; Prior's "'Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue," etc. "'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," etc. 1st Corinthians, chap. xiii. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:

“Turn on the prudent Ait thy heedless eye, Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise; No stern command, no monitory voice, Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice; Yet, timely provident, she hastens away..."
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful Summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy Downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitting flight,
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe.

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, pro-
videth her meat in the summer, and gather-
eth her food in the harvest. How long
wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt
thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little
sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of
the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come
as one that travelleth, and thy want as an
armed man."—Proverbs, chap. vi.

One more quotation, and I have done.
It is from Cowper's Verses supposed to be
written by Alexander Selkirk:—

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I must visit no more.

My Friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

This passage is quoted as an instance of
three different styles of composition. The
first four lines are poorly expressed; some
Critics would call the language prosaic; the
fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad,
that it is scarcely worse in metre. The
epithet "church-going" applied to a bell,
and that by so chaste a writer as Cowper,
is an instance of the strange abuses which
Poets have introduced into their language,
till they and their Readers take them as

matters of course, if they do not single
them out expressly as objects of admiration. The two lines "Ne'er sighed at the
sound," etc., are, in my opinion, an
instance of the language of passion wrested
from its proper use, and, from the mere
circumstance of the composition being in
metre, applied upon an occasion that does
not justify such violent expressions; and I
should condemn the passage, though per-
haps few Readers will agree with me, as
vicious poetic diction. The last stanza is
throughout admirably expressed: it would
be equally good whether in prose or verse,
except that the Reader has an exquisite
pleasure in seeing such natural language so
naturally connected with metre. The
beauty of this stanza tempts me to conclude
with a principle which ought never to be
lost sight of, and which has been my chief
guide in all I have said,—namely, that in
works of imagination and sentiment, for of
these only have I been treating, in propor-
tion as ideas and feelings are valuable,
whether the composition be in prose or in
verse, they require and exact one and the
same language. Metre is but adventitious
to composition, and the phraseology for
which that passport is necessary, even
where it may be graceful at all, will be
little valued by the judicious.

ESSAY, SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE
PREFACE

With the young of both sexes, Poetry
is, like love, a passion; but, for much the
greater part of those who have been proud
of its power over their minds, a necessity
soon arises of breaking the pleasing bond-
age; or it relaxes of itself;—the thoughts
being occupied in domestic cares, or the
time engrossed by business. Poetry then
becomes only an occasional recreation,
while to those whose existence passes away
in a course of fashionable pleasure, it is a
species of luxurious amusement. In middle
and declining age, a scattered number of
serious persons resort to poetry, as to
religion, for a protection against the pres-
sure of trivial employments, and as a
consolation for the afflictions of life. And,
lastly, there are many who, having been
enamoured of this art in their youth, have found leisure, after youth was spent, to cultivate general literature; in which poetry has continued to be comprehended as a study.

Into the above classes the Readers of poetry may be divided; Critics abound in them all; but from the last only can opinions be collected of absolute value, and worthy to be depended upon, as prophetic of the destiny of a new work. The young, who in nothing can escape delusion, are especially subject to it in their intercourse with Poetry. The cause, not so obvious as the fact is unquestionable, is the same as that from which erroneous judgments in this art, in the minds of men of all ages, chiefly proceed; but upon Youth it operates with peculiar force. The appropriate business of poetry (which, nevertheless, if genuine, is as permanent as pure science), her appropriate employment, her privilege and her duty, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses, and to the passions. What a world of delusion does this acknowledged obligation prepare for the inexperienced! What temptations to go astray are here held forth for them whose thoughts have been little disciplined by the understanding, and whose feelings revolt from the sway of reason!—When a juvenile Reader is in the height of his rapture with some vicious passage, should experience throw in doubts, or common sense suggest suspicions, a lurking consciousness that the realities of the Muse are but shows, and that her liveliest excitements are raised by transient shocks of conflicting feeling and successive assemblages of contradictory thoughts—is ever at hand to justify extravagance, and to sanction absurdity. But, it may be asked, as these illusions are unavoidable, and, no doubt, eminently useful to the mind as a process, what good can be gained by making observations, the tendency of which is to diminish the confidence of youth in its feelings, and thus to abridge its innocent and even profitable pleasures? The reproach implied in the question could not be warded off, if Youth were incapable of being delighted with what is truly excellent; or if these errors always terminated of themselves in due season. But, with the majority, though their force be abated, they continue through life. Moreover, the fire of youth is too vivacious an element to be extinguished or damped by a philosophical remark; and, while there is no danger that what has been said will be injurious or painful to the ardent and the confident, it may prove beneficial to those who, being enthusiastic, are, at the same time, modest and ingenuous. The intimation may unite with their own misgivings to regulate their sensibility, and to bring in, sooner than it would otherwise have arrived, a more discreet and sound judgment.

If it should excite wonder that men of ability, in later life, whose understandings have been rendered acute by practice in affairs, should be so easily and so far imposed upon when they happen to take up a new work in verse, this appears to be the cause;—that, having discontinued their attention to poetry, whatever progress may have been made in other departments of knowledge, they have not, as to this art, advanced in true discernment beyond the age of youth. If, then, a new poem fall in their way, whose attractions are of that kind which would have enraptured them during the heat of youth, the judgment not being improved to a degree that they shall be disgusted, they are dazzled; and prize and cherish the faults for having had power to make the present time vanish before them, and to throw the mind back, as by enchantment, into the happiest season of life. As they read, powers seem to be revived, passions are regenerated, and pleasures restored. The Book was probably taken up after an escape from the burden of business, and with a wish to forget the world, and all its vexations and anxieties. Having obtained this wish, and so much more, it is natural that they should make report as they have felt.

If Men of mature age, through want of practice, be thus easily beguiled into admiration of absurdities, extravagances, and misplaced ornaments, thinking it proper that their understandings should enjoy a holiday, while they are unbending their minds with verse, it may be expected that such Readers will resemble their former selves also in strength of prejudice, and an
inaptitude to be moved by the unostentatious beauties of a pure style. In the higher poetry, an enlightened Critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wherever these appear, simplicity accompanies them; Magnificence herself, when legitimate, depending upon a simplicity of her own, to regulate her ornaments. But it is a well-known property of human nature, that our estimates are ever governed by comparisons, of which we are conscious with various degrees of distinctness. Is it not, then, inevitable (confining these observations to the effects of style merely) that an eye, accustomed to the glaring hues of diction by which such Readers are caught and excited, will for the most part be rather repelled than attracted by an original Work, the colouring of which is disposed according to a pure and refined scheme of harmony? It is in the fine arts as in the affairs of life, no man can serve (i.e. obey with zeal and fidelity) two Masters.

As Poetry is most just to its own divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the spirit of religion, they who have learned to perceive this truth, and who betake themselves to reading verse for sacred purposes, must be preserved from numerous illusions to which the two Classes of Readers, whom we have been considering, are liable. But as the mind grows serious from the weight of life, the range of its passions is contracted accordingly; and its sympathies become so exclusive that many species of high excellence wholly escape, or but languidly excite, its notice. Besides, men who read from religious or moral inclinations, even when the subject is of that kind which they approve, are beset with misconceptions and mistakes peculiar to themselves. Attaching so much importance to the truths which interest them, they are prone to over-rate the Authors by whom those truths are expressed and enforced. They come prepared to impart so much passion to the Poet’s language, that they remain unconscious how little, in fact, they received from it. And, on the other hand, religious faith is to him who holds it so momentous a thing, and error appears to be attended with such tremendous consequences, that, if opinions touching upon religion occur which the Reader condemns, he not only cannot sympathise with them, however animated the expression, but there is, for the most part, an end put to all satisfaction and enjoyment. Love, if it before existed, is converted into dislike; and the heart of the Reader is set against the Author and his book.—To these excesses they, who from their professions ought to be the most guarded against them, are perhaps the most liable; I mean those sects whose religion, being from the calculating understanding, is cold and formal. For when Christianity, the religion of humility, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions? Accordingly, believers of this cast are at one time contemptuous; at another, being troubled, as they are and must be, with inward misgivings, they are jealous and suspicious;—and at all seasons they are under temptations to supply, by the heat with which they defend their tenets, the animation which is wanting to the constitution of the religion itself.

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle upon those of eternity:—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence, and giving him a title to partake of its holiness. The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an "imperfect shadowing forth" of what he is incapable of seeing. The concerns of religion refer to indefinite objects, and are too weighty for the mind to support them without relieving itself by resting a great part of the burthen upon words and symbols. The commerce between Man and his Maker cannot be carried on but by a process where much is represented in little, and the Infinite Being accommodates himself to a finite capacity. In all this may be perceived the affinity between religion and poetry; between religion—making up the deficiencies of reason by faith; and poetry—passionate for the instruction of reason; between religion—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions; and poetry—ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable
to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation. In this community of nature may be perceived also the lurking incitements of kindred error;—so that we shall find that no poetry has been more subject to distortion than that species, the argument and scope of which is religious; and no lovers of the art have gone farther astray than the pious and the devout.

Whither then shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? For a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? For a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness without losing anything of its quickness; and for active faculties, capable of answering the demands which an Author of original imagination shall make upon them, associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?—among those and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art the best power of their understandings. At the same time it must be observed that, as this Class comprehends the only judgments which are trustworthy, so does it include the most erroneous and perverse. For to be mistaught is worse than to be untaught; and no perverseness equals that which is supported by system, no errors are so difficult to root out as those which the understanding has pledged its credit to uphold. In this Class are contained censors, who, if they be pleased with what is good, are pleased with it only by imperfect glimpses, and upon false principles; who, should they generalize rightly to a certain point, are sure to suffer for it in the end; who, if they stumble upon a sound rule, are fettered by misapplying it, or by straining it too far; being incapable of perceiving when it ought to yield to one of higher order. In it are found critics too petulant to be passive to a genuine poet, and too feeble to grapple with him; men, who take upon them to report of the course which he holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily " into the region;"—men of falsed imaginations and indurated hearts; in whose minds all healthy action is languid, who therefore feed as the many direct them, or, with the many, are greedy after vicious provocation.—judges, whose censure is auspicious, and whose praise ominous! In this class meet together the two extremes of best and worst.

The observations presented in the foregoing series are of too ungracious a nature to have been made without reluctance; and, were it only on this account, I would invite the reader to try them by the test of comprehensive experience. If the number of judges who can be confidently relied upon be in reality so small, it ought to follow that partial notice, or neglect, perhaps long continued, or attention wholly inadequate to their merits, must have been the fate of most works in the higher departments of poetry; and that, on the other hand, numerous productions have blazed into popularity, and have passed away, leaving scarcely a trace behind them: it will be further found, that when Authors shall have at length raised themselves into general admiration and maintained their ground, errors and prejudices have prevailed concerning their genius and their works, which the few who are conscious of those errors and prejudices would deplore; if they were not recompensed by perceiving that there are select Spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of Virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies whom it provokes;—a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of Alexander, when he wept that there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Let us take a hasty retrospect of the poetical literature of this Country for the greater part of the last two centuries, and see if the facts support these inferences.

Who is there that now reads the
“Creation” of Dubartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings; and, when his Poem was translated into our language, the Faery Queen faded before it. The name of Spenser, whose genius is of a higher order than even that of Ariosto, is at this day scarcely known beyond the limits of the British Isles. And if the value of his works is to be estimated from the attention now paid to them by his countrymen, compared with that which they bestow on those of some other writers, it must be pronounced small indeed.

“The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage”—
are his own words; but his wisdom has, in this particular, been his worst enemy: while its opposite, whether in the shape of folly or madness, has been their best friend. But he was a great power, and bears a high name: the laurel has been awarded to him.

A dramatic Author, if he write for the stage, must adapt himself to the taste of the audience, or they will not endure him; accordingly the mighty genius of Shakspeare was listened to. The people were delighted; but I am not sufficiently versed in stage antiquities to determine whether they did not flock as eagerly to the representation of many pieces of contemporary Authors, wholly undeserving to appear upon the same boards. Had there been a formal contest for superiority among dramatic writers, that Shakspeare, like his predecessors Sophocles and Euripides, would have often been subject to the mortification of seeing the prize adjudged to sorry competitors, becomes too probable, when we reflect that the admirers of Settle and Shadwell were, in a later age, as numerous, and reckoned as respectable in point of talent, as those of Dryden. At all events, that Shakspeare stooped to accommodate himself to the People, is sufficiently apparent; and one of the most striking proofs of his almost omnipotent genius is, that he could turn to such glorious purpose those materials which the prepossessions of the age compelled him to make use of. Yet even this marvellous skill appears not to have been enough to prevent his rivals from having some advantage over him in public estimation; else how can we account for passages and scenes that exist in his works, unless upon a supposition that some of the grossest of them, a fact which in my own mind I have no doubt of, were foisted in by the Players, for the gratification of the many?

But that his Works, whatever might be their reception upon the stage, made but little impression upon the ruling Intellects of the time, may be inferred from the fact that Lord Bacon, in his multifarious writings, nowhere either quotes or alludes to him.1—His dramatic excellence enabled him to resume possession of the stage after the Restoration; but Dryden tells us that in his time two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare’s. And so faint and limited was the perception of the poetic beauties of his dramas in the time of Pope, that, in his Edition of the Plays, with a view of rendering to the general reader a necessary service, he printed between inverted commas those passages which he thought most worthy of notice.

At this day, the French Critics have abated nothing of their aversion to this darling of our Nation: “the English, with their bouffon de Shakspeare,” is as familiar an expression among them as in the time of Voltaire. Baron Grimm is the only French writer who seems to have perceived his infinite superiority to the first names of the French Theatre; an advantage which the Parisian critic owed to his German blood and German education. The most enlightened Italians, though well acquainted with our language, are wholly incompetent to measure the proportions of Shakspeare. The Germans only, of foreign nations, are approaching towards a knowledge and feeling of what he is. In some respects they have acquired a superiority over the fellow-countrymen of the Poet: for among us it is a current, I might say an established opinion, that Shakspeare is justly praised

1 The learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears date 1635), writing to refute the error “touching Nature’s perpetual and universal decay,” cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated; but he makes no mention of Shakspeare.
when he is pronounced to be "a wild irregular genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." How long may it be before this misconception passes away, and it becomes universally acknowledged that the judgment of Shakspeare in the selection of his materials, and in the manner in which he has made them, heterogeneous as they often are, constitute a unity of their own, and contribute all to one great end, is not less admirable than his imagination, his invention, and his intuitive knowledge of human Nature.

There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous poems, in which Shakspeare expresses his own feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensitive to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets; though in no part of the writings of this Poet is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the Critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of those little pieces, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in them: and if he had not, moreover, shared the too common propensity of human nature to exult over a supposed fall into the mire of a genius whom he had been compelled to regard with admiration, as an inmate of the celestial regions—"there sitting where he durst not soar."

Nine years before the death of Shakspeare, Milton was born; and early in life he published several small poems, which, though on their first appearance they were praised by a few of the judicious, were afterwards neglected to that degree, that Pope in his youth could borrow from them without risk of its being known. Whether these poems are at this day justly appreciated, I will not undertake to decide: nor would it imply a severe reflection upon the mass of readers to suppose the contrary; seeing that a man of the acknowledged genius of Voss, the German poet, could suffer their spirit to evaporate; and could change their character, as is done in the translation made by him of the most popular of those pieces. At all events, it is certain that these Poems of Milton are now much read, and loudly praised; yet were they little heard of till more than 150 years after their publication; and of the Sonnets, Dr. Johnson, as appears from Boswell's Life of him, was in the habit of thinking and speaking as contemptuously as Steevens wrote upon those of Shakspeare.

About the time when the Pindaric odes of Cowley and his imitators, and the productions of that class of curious thinkers whom Dr. Johnson has strangely styled metaphysical Poets, were beginning to lose something of that extravagant admiration which they had excited, the Paradise Lost made its appearance. "Fit audience find though few," was the petition addressed by the Poet to his inspiring Muse. I have said elsewhere that he gained more than he asked; this I believe to be true; but Dr. Johnson has fallen into a gross mistake when he attempts to prove, by the sale of the work, that Milton's Countrymen were "just to it" upon its first appearance. Thirteen hundred Copies were sold in two years; an uncommon example, he asserts, of the prevalence of genius in opposition to so much recent enmity as Milton's public conduct had excited. But, be it remembered that, if Milton's political and religious opinions, and the manner in which he announced them, had raised him many enemies, they had procured him numerous friends; who, as all personal danger was passed away at the time of publication, would be eager to procure the master-work of a man whom they revered, and whom they would be proud of praising. Take, from the number of purchasers, persons of this class, and also those who wished to possess the Poem as a religious work, and but few, I fear, would be left who sought for it on account of its poetical merits. The demand did not immediately increase; "for," says Dr. Johnson, "many more readers" (he means persons in the habit of

---

1 This flippant insensibility was publicly reprehended by Mr. Coleridge in a course of Lectures upon Poetry given by him at the Royal Institution. For the various merits of thought and language in Shakspeare's Sonnets see Numbers 27, 29, 30, 37, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 94, 93, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 120, and many others.
reading poetry) "than were supplied at first the Nation did not afford." How careless must a writer be who can make this assertion in the face of so many existing titles—pages to belie it! Turning to my own shelves, I find the folio of Cowley, seventh edition, 1681. A book near it is Flatman's Poems, fourth edition, 1686; Waller, fifth edition, same date. The Poems of Norris of Bemerton not long after went, I believe, through nine editions. What further demand there might be for these works I do not know; but I well remember that, twenty-five years ago, the booksellers' stalls in London swarmed with the folios of Cowley. This is not mentioned in disparagement of that able writer and amiable man; but merely to show that, if Milton's work were not more read, it was not because readers did not exist at the time. The early editions of the Paradise Lost were printed in a shape which allowed them to be sold at a low price, yet only three thousand copies of the Work were sold in eleven years; and the Nation, says Dr. Johnson, had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the Works of Shakspeare, which probably did not together make one thousand Copies; facts adduced by the critic to prove the "paucity of Readers."—There were readers in multitudes; but their money went for other purposes, as their admiration was fixed elsewhere. We are authorized, then, to affirm that the reception of the Paradise Lost, and the slow progress of its fame, are proofs as striking as can be desired that the positions which I am attempting to establish are not erroneous.1—How amusing to shape to one's self such a critique as a Wit of Charles's days, or a Lord of the Miscellaneities or trading Journalist of King William's time, would have brought forth, if he had set his faculties industriously to work upon this Poem, everywhere impregnated with original excellence. So strange indeed are the obliquities of admiration, that they whose opinions are much influenced by authority will often be tempted to think that there are no fixed principles 2 in human nature for this art to rest upon. I have been honoured by being permitted to peruse in MS. a tract composed between the period of the Revolution and the close of that century. It is the Work of an English Peer of high accomplishments, its object to form the character and direct the studies of his son. Perhaps nowhere does a more beautiful treatise of the kind exist. The good sense and wisdom of the thoughts, the delicacy of the feelings, and the charm of the style, are throughout equally conspicuous. Yet the Author, selecting among the Poets of his own country those whom he deems most worthy of his son's perusal, particularises only Lord Rochester, Sir John Denham, and Cowley. Writing about the same time, Shaftesbury, an author at present unjustly depreciated, describes the English Muses as only yet lisping in their cradles.

The arts by which Pope, soon afterwards, contrived to procure to himself a more general and a higher reputation than perhaps any English Poet ever attained during his life-time, are known to the judicious. And as well known is it to them, that the undue exertion of those arts is the cause why Pope has for some time held a rank in literature, to which, if he had not been seduced by an over-love of immediate popularity, and had confided more in his native genius, he never could have descended. He bewitched the nation by his melody, and dazzled it by his polished style, and was himself blinded by his own success. Having wandered from humanity in his Eclogues with boyish inexperience, the praise which these compositions obtained tempted him into a belief that Nature was not to be trusted, at least in pastoral Poetry. To prove this by example, he put his friend Gay upon writing those Eclogues, which their author intended to be burlesque. The instigator of the work, and his admirers, could perceive in them nothing but what

1 Hughes is express upon this subject; in his dedication of Spenser's Works to Lord Somers, he writes thus: "It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of Paradise Lost that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteemed."

2 This opinion seems actually to have been entertained by Adam Smith, the worst critic, David Hume not excepted, that Scotland, a soil to which this sort of weed seems natural, has produced.
was ridiculous. Nevertheless, though these Poems contain some detestable passages, the effect, as Dr. Johnson well observes, "of reality and truth became conspicuous even when the intention was to show them grovelling and degraded." The Pastorals, ludicrous to such as prided themselves upon their refinement, in spite of those disgusting passages, "became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations."

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the Paradise Lost appeared Thomson's Winter; which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired: those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for anything in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing anything new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us:—but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchilsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; 1 those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time holden in

1 Cortes alone in a night-gown.
All things are hush'd as Nature's self lies dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head.
The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat:
Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love denies
Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.
much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in such good condition at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little more; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one: in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally opens of itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his Work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, repaying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest, only styles him "an elegant and philosophical Poet;" nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet\(^1\) were perceived, till

\(^1\) Since these observations upon Thomson were written, I have perused the second edition of his Seasons, and find that even that does not contain the most striking passages which Warton points out for admiration; these, with other improvements, throughout the whole work, must have been added at a later period.

the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical curse upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

Next in importance to the Seasons of Thomson, though at considerable distance from that work in order of time, come the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, collected, new-modelled, and in many instances (if such a contradiction in terms may be used) composed by the Editor, Dr. Percy. This work did not steal silently into the world, as is evident from the number of legendary tales that appeared not long after its publication; and had been modelled, as the authors persuaded themselves, after the old Ballad. The Compilation was however ill suited to the then existing taste of city society; and Dr. Johnson, 'mid the little senate to which he gave laws, was not sparing in his exertions to make it an object of contempt. The critic triumphed, the legendary imitators were deservedly disregarded, and, as undeservedly, their ill-imitated models sank, in this country, into temporary neglect; while Bürger, and other able writers of Germany, were translating or imitating
these Reliques, and composing, with the aid of inspiration thence derived, poems which are the delight of the German nation. Dr. Percy was so abashed by the ridicule flung upon his labours from the ignorance and insensibility of the persons with whom he lived, that, though while he was writing under a mask he had not wanted resolution to follow his genius into the regions of true simplicity and genuine pathos (as is evinced by the exquisite ballad of Sir Cauline and by many other pieces), yet when he appeared in his own person and character as a poetical writer, he adopted, as in the tale of the Hermit of Warkworth, a diction scarcely in any one of its features distinguishable from the vague, the glossy, and unfeeling language of his day. I mention this remarkable fact with regret, esteeming the genius of Dr. Percy in this kind of writing superior to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated. That even Bürger (to whom Klopf stock gave in my hearing a commendation which he denied to Goethe and Schiller, pronouncing him to be a genuine poet, and one of the few among the Germans whose works would last) had not the fine sensibility of Percy, might be shown from many passages, in which he has deserted his original only to go astray. For example,

"Now dayes was gone, and night was come, And all were fast asleep, All save the Lady Emeline, Who sat in her bowre to wepe: And soone she heard her true Love's voice Low whispering at the walle, Awake, awake, my dear Ladye, 'Tis I thy true-love call."

Which is thus tricked out and dilated:

"Als nun die Nacht Gebirg' und Thal Vernaunm't in Rabenschatten,"

1 Shenstone, in his Schoolmistress, gives a still more remarkable instance of this timidity. On its first appearance, (see D'Israeli's ed Series of the Curiosities of Literature) the Poem was accompanied with an absurd prose commentary, showing, as indeed some incongruous expressions in the text imply, that the whole was intended for burlesque. In subsequent editions the commentary was dropped, and the People have since continued to read in seriousness, doing for the Author what he had not courage openly to venture upon for himself.

Und Hochburgs Lampen überall
Schon ausgefliimt hatten,
Und alles tief entschlafen war;
Doch nur das Fräulein immerdär,
Voll Fieberängst, noch wachte,
Und seinen Ritter dachte:
Da horch! Ein süßer Liebeston
Kam leis' empor geflogen.
"Ho, Trudchen, ho! Da bin ich schon!
Frisch auf! Dich angezogen!"

But from humble ballads we must ascend to heroics.
All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the "Reliques" had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! how selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far-famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the "Epic Poem Temora," in eight Books, presents itself. "The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king; the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds." Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion.—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the
world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work, it is exactly the reverse; everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied; when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car-borne heroes;—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr. Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters; but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his "ands" and his "butts!" and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a conscious plagiarism. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakspere, Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them; unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staël, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian; in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own.—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland;—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns!

These opinions are of ill omen for the Epic ambition of him who has given them to the world.

Yet, much as those pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninformative upon the literature of the Country. No succeeding writer appears to have caught from them a ray of inspiration; no author, in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them—except the boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance. He had perceived, from the successful trials which he himself had made in literary forgery, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with Saxo Poems,—counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. This incapability to amalgamate with the literature of the Island is, in my estimation, a decisive proof that the book is essentially unnatural; nor should I require any other to demonstrate it to be a forgery, audacious as worthless.—Contrast, in this respect, the effect of Macpherson's publication with the Reliques of Percy, so unassuming, so modest in their pretensions!—I have already stated how much Germany is indebted to this latter work; and for our own country, its poetry has been absolutely redeemed by it. I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the Reliques; I know that it is so with my friends; and, for myself, I am happy in this occasion to make a public avowal of my own.

Dr. Johnson, more fortunate in his contempt of the labours of Macpherson than those of his modest friend, was solicited not long after to furnish Prefaces, biographical and critical, for the works of some of the most eminent English Poets. The booksellers took upon themselves to make the collection; they referred probably to the most popular miscellanies, and, unquestionably, to their books of accounts; and decided upon the claim of authors to be admitted into a body of the most eminent from the familiarity of their names with the readers of that day, and by the profits which, from the sale of his works, each had
brought and was bringing to the Trade. The Editor was allowed a limited exercise of discretion, and the Authors whom he recommended are scarcely to be mentioned without a smile. We open the volume of Prefatory Lives, and to our astonishment the first name we find is that of Cowley!—What is become of the morning-star of English Poetry? Where is the bright Elizabethan constellation? Or, if names be more acceptable than images, where is the ever-to-be-honoured Chaucer? where is Spenser? where Sidney? and, lastly, where he, whose rights as a poet, contradistin-
guished from those which he is universally allowed to possess as a dramatist, we have vindicated,—where Shakspeare?—These, and a multitude of others not unworthy to be placed near them, their contemporaries and successors, we have not. But in their stead, we have (could better be expected when precedence was to be settled by an abstract of reputation at any given period made, as in this case before us?) Roscomon, and Stepney, and Phillips, and Walsh, and Smith, and Duke, and King, and Spratt—Halifax, Granville, Sheffield, Congreve, Broome, and other reputed Magnates—metrical writers utterly worthless and useless, except for occasions like the present, when their productions are referred to as evidence what a small quantity of brain is necessary to procure a considerable stock of admiration, provided the aspirant will accommodate himself to the likings and fashions of his day.

As I do not mean to bring down this retrospect to our own times, it may with propriety be closed at the era of this distinguished event. From the literature of other ages and countries, proofs equally cogent might have been adduced, that the opinions announced in the former part of this Essay are founded upon truth. It was not an agreeable office, nor a prudent undertaking, to declare them; but their importance seemed to render it a duty. It may still be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these Volumes?—The question will be easily answered by the discerning Reader who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago; who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this Island has since that period been coloured by them; and who is further aware of the unremitting hostility with which, upon some principle or other, they have each and all been opposed. A sketch of my own notion of the constitution of Fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authenti-
cic, that the products of my industry will endure.

If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortunes and fate of poetical Works, it is this,—that every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed: so has it been, so will it continue to be. This remark was long since made to me by the philosophical Friend for the separation of whose poems from my own I have previously expressed my regret. The predecessors of an original Genius of a high order will have smoothed the way for all that he has in common with them;—and much he will have in common; but, for what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear and often to shape his own road:—he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps.

And where lies the real difficulty of creating that taste by which a truly original poet is to be relished? Is it in breaking the bonds of custom, in overcoming the prejudices of false refinement, and displac-
ing the aversions of inexperience? Or, if he labour for an object which here and elsewhere I have proposed to myself, does it consist in divesting the reader of the
APPENDIX, PREFACES, &c. 875

pride that induces him to dwell upon those points wherein men differ from each other, to the exclusion of those in which all men are alike, or the same; and in making him ashamed of the vanity that renders him insensible of the appropriate excellence which civil arrangements, less unjust than might appear, and Nature illimitable in her bounty, have conferred on men who may stand below him in the scale of society? Finally, does it lie in establishing that dominion over the spirits of readers by which they are to be humbled and humanised, in order that they may be purified and exalted?

If these ends are to be attained by the mere communication of knowledge, it does not lie here.—TASTE, I would remind the reader, like IMAGINATION, is a word which has been forced to extend its services far beyond the point to which philosophy would have confined them. It is a metaphor, taken from a passive sense of the human body, and transferred to things which are in their essence not passive,—to intellectual acts and operations. The word Imagination has been overstrained, from impulses honourable to mankind, to meet the demands of the faculty which is perhaps the noblest of our nature. In the instance of Taste, the process has been reversed; and from the prevalence of dispositions at once injurious and discreditable, being no other than that selfishness which is the child of apathy,—which, as Nations decline in productive and creative power, makes them value themselves upon a presumed refinement of judging. Poverty of language is the primary cause of the use which we make of the word Imagination; but the word Taste has been stretched to the sense which it bears in modern Europe by habits of self-conceit, inducing that inversion in the order of things whereby a passive faculty is made paramount among the faculties conversant with the fine arts. Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted; it is competent to this office;—for in its intercourse with these the mind is passive, and is affected painfully or pleasurably as by an instinct. But the profound and the exquisite in feeling, the lofty and universal in thought and imagination; or, in ordinary language, the pathetic and the sublime;—are neither of them, accurately speaking, objects of a faculty which could ever without a sinking in the spirit of Nations have been designated by the metaphor—Taste. And why? Because without the exertion of a co-operating power in the mind of the Reader, there can be no adequate sympathy with either of these emotions: without this auxiliary impulse, elevated or profound passion cannot exist.

Passion, it must be observed, is derived from a word which signifies suffering; but the connection which suffering has with effort, with exertion, and action, is immediate and inseparable. How strikingly is this property of human nature exhibited by the fact that, in popular language, to be in a passion is to be angry!—But,

"Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on its foes."

To be moved, then, by a passion, is to be excited, often to external, and always to internal, effort; whether for the continuance and strengthening of the passion, or for its suppression, accordingly as the course which it takes may be painful or pleasurable. If the latter, the soul must contribute to its support, or it never becomes vivid,—and soon languishes, and dies. And this brings us to the point. If every great poet with whose writings men are familiar, in the highest exercise of his genius, before he can be thoroughly enjoyed, has to call forth and to communicate power, this service, in a still greater degree, falls upon an original writer at his first appearance in the world.—Of genius the only proof is the act of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was never done before: Of genius, in the fine arts, the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe: or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance, or a conquest, made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader
can make progress of this kind, like an Indian prince or general—stretched on his palanquin, and borne by slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspired by his leader, in order that he may exert himself; for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power, of which knowledge is the effect; and there lies the true difficulty.

As the pathetic participates of an animal sensation, it might seem that, if the springs of this emotion were genuine, all men, possessed of competent knowledge of the facts and circumstances, would be instantaneously affected. And, doubtless, in the works of every true poet will be found passages of that species of excellence which is proved by effects immediate and universal. But there are emotions of the pathetic that are simple and direct, and others that are complex and revolutionary; some to which the heart yields with gentleness; others against which it struggles with pride; these varieties are infinite as the combinations of circumstance and the constitutions of character. Remember, also, that the medium through which, in poetry, the heart is to be affected is language; a thing subject to endless fluctuations and arbitrary associations. The genius of the poet melts these down for his purpose; but they retain their shape and quality to him who is not capable of exerting, within his own mind, a corresponding energy. There is also a meditative, as well as a human, pathos; an enthusiastic as well as an ordinary sorrow; a sadness that has its seat in the depths of reason, to which the mind cannot sink gently of itself—but to which it must descend by treading the steps of thought. And for the sublime,—if we consider what are the cares that occupy the passing day, and how remote is the practice and the course of life from the sources of sublimity in the soul of Man, can it be wondered that there is little existing preparation for a poet charged with a new mission to extend its kingdom, and to augment and spread its enjoyments?

Away, then, with the senseless iteration of the word popular applied to new works in poetry, as if there were no test of excellence in this first of the fine arts but that all men should run after its productions, as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell!—The qualities of writing best fitted for eager reception are either such as startle the world into attention by their audacity and extravagance; or they are chiefly of a superficial kind, lying upon the surfaces of manners; or arising out of a selection and arrangement of incidents, by which the mind is kept upon the stretch of curiosity, and the fancy amused without the trouble of thought. But in everything which is to send the soul into herself, to be admonished of her weakness, or to be made conscious of her power; wherever life and nature are described as operated upon by the creative or abstracting virtue of the imagination; wherever the instinctive wisdom of antiquity and her heroic passions uniting, in the heart of the poet, with the meditative wisdom of later ages, have produced that accord of sublimated humanity, which is at once a history of the remote past and a prophetic enunciation of the remotest future; there, the poet must reconcile himself for a season to few and scattered hearers.—Grand thoughts (and Shakespeare must often have sighed over this truth), as they are most naturally and most fitly conceived in solitude, so can they not be brought forth in the midst of plaudits without some violation of their sanctity. Go to a silent exhibition of the productions of the sister Art, and be convinced that the qualities which dazzle at first sight, and kindle the admiration of the multitude, are essentially different from those by which permanent influence is secured. Let us not shrink from following up these principles as far as they will carry us, and conclude with observing that there never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the individual, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly perishes; the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced; which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty,—with adaptation, more or less.
skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention.

Is it the result of the whole that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The People have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it was said above that, of good poetry, the individual, as well as the species, survives. And how does it survive but through the People? What preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

"—Past and future, are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge—"

MS.

The voice that issues from this Spirit, is that Vox Populi which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a Nation. Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which, under the name of the Public, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the People. Towards the Public, the Writer hopes that he feels as much deference as it is entitled to; but to the People, philosophically characterised, and to the embodied spirit of their knowledge, so far as it exists and moves, at the present, faithfully supported by its two wings, the past and the present, his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He offers it willingly and readily; and, this done, takes leave of his Readers, by assuring them that, if he were not persuaded that the contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evince something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine"; and that, both in words and things, they will operate in their degree to extend the domain of sensibility for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature, notwithstanding the many happy hours which he has employed in their composition, and the manifold comforts and enjoyments they have procured to him, he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction—from becoming at this moment, to the world, as a thing that had never been.

DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1815

TO

SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these Volumes to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing these Poems with your Name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the Collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious Poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood.—Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this Collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful Country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—to whom it has suggested so many admirable pictures. Early in life, the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this Work, with the embellishments it has received
from your pencil, may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life,

I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,

February 1, 1815

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1815

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are: first, those of Observation and Description,—i.e., the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2dly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface.) 3dly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. And, lastly, Judgment,—to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgment, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.

The materials of Poetry, by these powers collected and produced, are cast, by means of various moulds, into divers forms. The moulds may be enumerated, and the forms specified, in the following order. 1st, The Narrative,—including the Epopeia, the Historic Poem, the Tale, the Romance, the Mock-heroic, and, if the spirit of Homer will tolerate such neighbourhood, that dear production of our days, the metrical Novel. Of this Class, the distinguishing mark is, that the Narrator, however liberally his speaking agents be introduced, is himself the source from which everything primarily flows. Epic Poets, in order that their mode of composition may accord with the elevation of their subject, represent themselves as singing from the inspiration of the Muse, "Arma virumque cano;" but this is a fiction, in modern times, of slight value: the Iliad or the Paradise Lost would gain little in our estimation by being chanted. The other poets who belong to this class are commonly content to tell their tale;—so that of the whole it may be affirmed that they neither require nor reject the accompaniment of music.

2dly, The Dramatic,—consisting of Tragedy, Historic Drama, Comedy, and Masque, in which the poet does not appear at all in his own person, and where the whole action is carried on by speech and dialogue of the agents; music being admitted only incidentally and rarely. The Opera may be placed here, inasmuch as it proceeds by dialogue; though depending.

As sensibility to harmony of numbers, and the power of producing it, are invariably attendants upon the faculties above specified, nothing has been said upon those requisites.

1 The state of the plates has, for some time, not allowed them to be repeated.
to the degree that it does, upon music, it has a strong claim to be ranked with the lyrical. The characteristic and impassioned Epistle, of which Ovid and Pope have given examples, considered as a species of monodrama, may, without impropriety, be placed in this class.

3dly, The Lyrical—containing the Hymn, the Ode, the Elegy, the Song, and the Ballad; in all which, for the production of their full effect, an accompaniment of music is indispensable.

4thly, The Idyllium,—descriptive chiefly either of the processes and appearances of external nature, as the Seasons of Thomson; or of characters, manners, and sentiments, as are Shenstone’s Schoolmistress, The Cotter’s Saturday Night of Burns, the Tw dogs of the same Author; or of these in conjunction with the appearances of Nature, as most of the pieces of Theocritus, the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton, Beattie’s Minstrel, Goldsmith’s Deserted Village. The Epitaph, the Inscription, the Sonnet, most of the epistles of poets writing in their own persons, and all loco-descriptive poetry, belong to this class.

5thly, Didactic,—the principal object of which is direct instruction; as the Poem of Lucretius, the Georgics of Virgil, The Fleece of Dyer, Mason’s English Garden, etc.

And, lastly, philosophical Satire, like that of Horace and Juvenal; personal and occasional Satire rarely comprehending sufficient of the general in the individual to be dignified with the name of poetry.

Out of the three last has been constructed a composite order, of which Young’s Night Thoughts, and Cowper’s Task, are excellent examples.

It is deducible from the above, that poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind predominant in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate. From each of these considerations, the following Poems have been divided into classes; which, that the work may more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole, a beginning, a middle, and an end, have been also arranged, as far as it was possible, according to an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality. My guiding wish was that the small pieces of which these volumes consist, thus discriminated, might be regarded under a two-fold view; as composing an entire work within themselves, and as adjuncts to the philosophical Poem, “The Recluse.” This arrangement has long presented itself habitually to my own mind. Nevertheless, I should have preferred to scatter the contents of these volumes at random, if I had been persuaded that, by the plan adopted, anything material would be taken from the natural effect of the pieces, individually, on the mind of the unreflecting Reader. I trust there is a sufficient variety in each class to prevent this; while, for him who reads with reflection, the arrangement will serve as a commentary unostentatiously directing his attention to my purposes, both particular and general. But as I wish to guard against the possibility of misleading by this classification, it is proper first to remind the Reader that certain poems are placed according to the powers of mind, in the Author’s conception, predominant in the production of them; predominant, which implies the exertion of other faculties in less degree. Where there is more imagination than fancy in a poem, it is placed under the head of imagination, and vice versa. Both the above classes might without impropriety have been enlarged from that consisting of “Poems founded on the Affections;” as might this latter from those, and from the class “proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection.” The most striking characteristics of each piece, mutual illustration, variety, and proportion, have governed me throughout.

None of the other Classes, except those of Fancy and Imagination, require any particular notice. But a remark of general application may be made. All Poets, except the dramatic, have been in the practice of feigning that their works were composed to the music of the harp or lyre: with what degree of affectation this has been done in modern times, I leave to the
judicious to determine. For my own part, I have not been disposed to violate probability so far, or to make such a large demand upon the Reader’s charity. Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation, adapted to the subject. Poems, however humble in their kind, if they be good in that kind, cannot read themselves; the law of long syllable and short must not be so inflexible,—the letter of metre must not be so impassive to the spirit of versification,—as to deprive the Reader of all voluntary power to modulate, in subordination to the sense, the music of the poem;—in the same manner as his mind is left at liberty, and even summoned, to act upon its thoughts and images. But, though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be frequently dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman;

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

Let us come now to the consideration of the words Fancy and Imagination, as employed in the classification of the following Poems. "A man," says an intelligent author, "has imagination in proportion as he can distinctly copy in idea the impressions of sense: it is the faculty which images within the mind the phenomena of sensation. A man has fancy in proportion as he can call up, connect, or associate, at pleasure, those internal images (φαντάσματα is to cause to appear), so as to complete ideal representations of absent objects. Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of evoking and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination, the more safely may a painter, or a poet, undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterised. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced."—British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor.

Is not this as if a man should undertake to supply an account of a building, and be so intent upon what he had discovered of the foundation, as to conclude his task without once looking up at the superstructure? Here, as in other instances throughout the volume, the judicious Author’s mind is enthralled by Etymology; he takes up the original word as his guide and escort, and too often does not perceive how soon he becomes its prisoner, without liberty to tread in any path but that to which it confines him. It is not easy to find out how imagination, thus explained, differs from distinct remembrance of images; or fancy from quick and vivid recollection of them: each is nothing more than a mode of memory. If the two words bear the above meaning, and no other, what term is left to designate that faculty of which the Poet is "all compact;" he whose eye glances from earth to heaven, whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy, as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?—Imagination, in the sense of the word as giving title to a class of the following Poems, has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition, governed by certain fixed laws. I proceed to illustrate my meaning by instances. A parrot hangs from the wires of his cage by his beak or by his claws; or a monkey from the bough of a tree by his paws or his tail. Each creature does so literally and actually. In the first Eclogue of Virgil, the shepherd, thinking of the time when he is to take leave of his farm, thus addresses his goats:

"Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumossa pandere procul de rupe videbo."

——"half way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire,"

is the well-known expression of Shakspeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover. In these two instances is
a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the use of one word: neither the goats nor the sapphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds Close sailing from Bengal, or the isles Of Ternate or Tidore, whence merchants bring Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape Ply, stemming nightly toward the Pole: so seemed Far off the flying Fiend."

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word **hangs**, and exerted upon the whole image: First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as **hanging in the clouds**, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared.

From impressions of sight we will pass to those of sound; which, as they must necessarily be of a less definite character, shall be selected from these volumes:

"Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove **brooms**," of the same bird,

"His voice was **buried** among trees, Yet to be come at by the breeze;"

"'O, Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?"

The stock-dove is said to **coo**, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but, by the intervention of the metaphor **brooms**, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participating of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. "His voice was buried among trees," a metaphor expressing the love of **seclusion** by which this Bird is marked; and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the Poet feels, penetrates the shades in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener.

"'Shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?"

This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the Imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.

Thus far of images independent of each other, and immediately endowed by the mind with properties that do not inhere in them, upon an incitement from properties and qualities the existence of which is inherent and obvious. These processes of imagination are carried on either by conferring additional properties upon an object, or abstracting from it some of those which it actually possesses, and thus enabling it to re-act upon the mind which hath performed the process like a new existence.

I pass from the Imagination acting upon an individual image to a consideration of the same faculty employed upon images in a conjunction by which they modify each other. The Reader has already had a fine instance before him in the passage quoted from Virgil, where the apparently perilous situation of the goat, hanging upon the shaggy precipice, is contrasted with that of the shepherd contemplating it from the seclusion of the cavern in which he lies stretched at ease and in security. Take these images separately, and how unaffecting the picture compared with that produced by their being thus connected with, and opposed to, each other!

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same esp'y
By what means it could thither come, and
whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun himself.
Such seemed this Man; not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age.

* * * * *
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

In these images, the conferring, the abstractive, and the modifying powers of the Imagination, immediately and mediately acting, are all brought into conjunction. The stone is endowed with something of the power of life to approximate it to the sea-beast; and the sea-beast stripped of some of its vital qualities to assimilate it to the stone; which intermediate image is thus treated for the purpose of bringing the original image, that of the stone, to a nearer resemblance to the figure and condition of the aged Man; who is divested of so much of the indications of life and motion as to bring him to the point where the two objects unite and coalesce in just comparison. After what has been said, the image of the cloud need not be commented upon.

Thus far of an endowing or modifying power; but the Imagination also shapes and creates; and how? By innumerable processes; and in none does it more delight than in that of consolidating numbers into unity, and dissolving and separating unity into number,—alternations proceeding from, and governed by, a sublime consciousness of the soul in her own mighty and almost divine powers. Recur to the passage already cited from Milton. When the compact Fleet, as one Person, has been introduced "Sailing from Bengala,"
"They," i.e. the "merchants," representing the fleet resolved into a multitude of ships, "ply" their voyage towards the extremities of the earth: "So" (referring to the word "As" in the commencement) "seemed the flying Fiend;" the image of his Person acting to recombine the multitude of ships into one body,—the point from which the comparison set out. "So seemed," and to whom seemed? To the heavenly Muse who dictates the poem, to the eye of the Poet's mind, and to that of the Reader, present at one moment in the wide Ethiopian, and the next in the solitudes, then first broken in upon, of the infernal regions!

"Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

Hear again this mighty Poet,—speaking of the Messiah going forth to expel from heaven the rebellious angels,

"Attended by ten thousand thousand Saints
He onward came: far off his coming shone,—
the retinue of Saints, and the Person of the Messiah himself, lost almost and merged in the splendour of that indefinite abstraction "His coming!"

As I do not mean here to treat this subject further than to throw some light upon the present Volumes, and especially upon one division of them, I shall spare myself and the Reader the trouble of considering the Imagination as it deals with thoughts and sentiments, as it regulates the composition of characters, and determines the course of actions: I will not consider it (more than I have already done by implication) as that power which, in the language of one of my most esteemed Friends, "draws all things to one; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect." 1 The grand storehouses of enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, of poetical, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination, are the prophetic and lyrical parts of the Holy Scriptures, and the works of Milton; to which I cannot forbear to add those of Spenser. I select these writers in preference to those of ancient Greece and Rome, because the anthropomorphism of the Pagan religion subjected the minds of the greatest poets in those countries too much to the bondage of definite form; from which the Hebrews were preserved by their abhorrence of idolatry. This abhorrence was almost as strong in our great epic Poet, both from circumstances of his life, and from the constitution of his mind. How-

1 Charles Lamb upon the genius of Hogarth.
ever imbued the surface might be with classical literature, he was a Hebrew in soul; and all things tended in him towards the sublime. Spenser, of a gentler nature, maintained his freedom by aid of his allegorical spirit, at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and, at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings, by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations,—of which his character of Una is a glorious example. Of the human and dramatic Imagination the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source.

"I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you Daughters!"

And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance.

To the mode in which Fancy has already been characterised as the power of evoking and combining, or, as my friend Mr. Coleridge has styled it, "the aggregative and associative power," my objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy; but either the materials evoked and combined are different, or they are brought together under a different law, and for a different purpose. Fancy does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be suscep-

itable of change in their constitution from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. She leaves it to Fancy to describe Queen Mab as coming.

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

Having to speak of stature, she does not tell you that her gigantic Angel was as tall as Pompey's Pillar; much less that he was twelve cubits or twelve hundred cubits high; or that his dimensions equalled those of Teneriffe or Atlas;—because these, and if they were a million times as high it would be the same, are bounded: The expression is, "His stature reached the sky!" the immutable firmament!—When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that it is perceived, grows—and continues to grow—upon the mind; the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding than upon inherent and internal properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other.—The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things, and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value; or she prides herself upon the curious subtlety and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is con-
Finally, I will refer to Cotton's "Ode upon Winter," an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as "A palsied king," and yet a military monarch,—advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of fanciful comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. Winter retires from the foe into his fortress, where

"a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phoebus ne'er return again."

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the Poem supplies of her management of forms.

"'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the gelly'd blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet; *
* *

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow,
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar,

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the Friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where Friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.
We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy; th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?"  

When I sate down to write this Preface,
it was my intention to have made it more
comprehensive; but, thinking that I ought
rather to apologise for detaining the reader
so long, I will here conclude.

POSTSCRIPT
1835

In the present Volume, as in those that
have preceded it, the reader will have found
occasionally opinions expressed upon the
course of public affairs, and feelings given
vent to as national interests excited them.
Since nothing, I trust, has been uttered but
in the spirit of reflective patriotism, those
notices are left to produce their own effect;
but, among the many objects of general
concern, and the changes going forward,
which I have glanced at in verse, are some
especially affecting the lower orders of
society: in reference to these, I wish here
to add a few words in plain prose.

Were I conscious of being able to do
justice to those important topics, I might
avail myself of the periodical press for
offering anonymously my thoughts, such as
they are, to the world; but I feel that in
procuring attention, they may derive some
advantage, however small, from my name,
in addition to that of being presented in a
less fugitive shape. It is also not impossible
that the state of mind which some of the
foregoing poems may have produced in the
reader, will dispose him to receive more
readily the impression which I desire to
make, and to admit the conclusions I would
establish.

I. The first thing that presses upon my
attention is the Poor-Law Amendment Act.
I am aware of the magnitude and complexity
of the subject, and the unwearied attention
which it has received from men of far wider
experience than my own; yet I cannot
forbear touching upon one point of it, and
to this I will confine myself, though not
insensible to the objection which may
reasonably be brought against treating a
portion of this, or any other, great scheme
of civil polity separately from the whole.
The point to which I wish to draw the
reader's attention is, that all persons who
cannot find employment, or procure wages
sufficient to support the body in health and
strength, are entitled to a maintenance by
law.

This dictate of humanity is acknowledged
in the Report of the Commissioners: but is
there not room for apprehension that some
of the regulations of the new act have a
tendency to render the principle nugatory
by difficulties thrown in the way of applying
it? If this be so, persons will not be
wanting to show it, by examining the
provisions of the act in detail,—an attempt
which would be quite out of place here;
but it will not, therefore, be deemed unbefitting
in one who fears that the prudence of the head may, in framing some of those
provisions, have supplanted the wisdom of
the heart, to enforce a principle which
cannot be violated without infringing upon
one of the most precious rights of the
English people, and opposing one of the
most sacred claims of civilised humanity.

There can be no greater error, in this
department of legislation, than the belief
that this principle does by necessity operate
for the degradation of those who claim, or
are so circumstanced as to make it likely
they may claim, through laws founded upon
it, relief or assistance. The direct contrary
is the truth: it may be unanswerably main-
tained that its tendency is to raise, not to
depress; by stamping a value upon life,
which can belong to it only where the laws
have placed men who are willing to work,
and yet cannot find employment, above the
necessity of looking for protection against hunger and other natural evils, either to individual and casual charity, to despair and death, or to the breach of law by theft or violence.

And here, as, in the Report of the Commissioners, the fundamental principle has been recognised, I am not at issue with them any farther than I am compelled to believe that their "remedial measures" obstruct the application of it more than the interests of society require.

And, calling to mind the doctrines of political economy which are now prevalent, I cannot forbear to enforce the justice of the principle, and to insist upon its salutary operation.

And first for its justice: If self-preservation be the first law of our nature, would not every one in a state of nature be morally justified in taking to himself that which is indispensable to such preservation, where, by so doing, he would not rob another of that which might be equally indispensable to his preservation? And if the value of life be regarded in a right point of view, may it not be questioned whether this right of preserving life, at any expense short of endangering the life of another, does not survive man's entering into the social state; whether this right can be surrendered or forfeited, except when it opposes the divine law, upon any supposition of a social compact, or of any convention for the protection of mere rights of property?

But if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a christian government, standing in loco parentis towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance involves the protection of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeopardising of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public sup-

port when from any cause they may be unable to support themselves.

Let us now consider the salutary and benign operation of this principle. Here we must have recourse to elementary feelings of human nature, and to truths which from their very obviousness are apt to be slighted, till they are forced upon our notice by our own sufferings or those of others. In the Paradise Lost, Milton represents Adam, after the Fall, as exclaiming, in the anguish of his soul—

"Did I request Thee, Maker, from my clay To mould me man; did I solicit Thee From darkness to promote me? . . . . . . My will Conceded not to my being."

Under how many various pressures of misery have men been driven thus, in a strain touching upon impiety, to expostulate with the Creator! and under few so affective as when the source and origin of earthly existence have been brought back to the mind by its impending close in the pangs of destitution. But as long as, in our legislation, due weight shall be given to this principle, no man will be forced to bewail the gift of life in hopeless want or the necessaries of life.

Englishmen have, therefore, by the progress of civilisation among them, been placed in circumstances more favourable to piety and resignation to the divine will than the inhabitants of other countries, where a like provision has not been established. And as Providence, in this care of our countrymen, acts through a human medium, the objects of that care must, in like manner, be more inclined towards a grateful love of their fellow-men. Thus, also, do stronger ties attach the people to their country, whether while they tread its soil or, at a distance, think of their native land as an indulgent parent, to whose arms even they who have been imprudent and undeserving may, like the prodigal son, betake themselves, without fear of being rejected.

Such is the view of the case that would first present itself to a reflective mind; and it is in vain to show, by appeals to experience, in contrast with this view, that provisions founded upon the principle have promoted profaneness of life and disposi-
tions the reverse of philanthropic, by spreading idleness, selfishness, and rapacity: for these evils have arisen, not as an inevitable consequence of the principle, but for want of judgment in framing laws based upon it; and, above all, from faults in the mode of administering the law. The mischief that has grown to such a height from granting relief in cases where proper vigilance would have shown that it was not required, or in bestowing it in undue measure, will be urged by no truly enlightened statesman as a sufficient reason for banishing the principle itself from legislation.

Let us recur to the miserable states of consciousness that it precludes.

There is a story told, by a traveller in Spain, of a female who, by a sudden shock of domestic calamity, was driven out of her senses, and ever after looked up incessantly to the sky, feeling that her fellow-creatures could do nothing for her relief. Can there be Englishmen who, with a good end in view, would, upon system, expose their brother Englishmen to a like necessity of looking upwards only; or downwards to the earth, after it shall contain no spot where the destitute can demand, by civil right, what by right of nature they are entitled to?

Suppose the objects of our sympathy not sunk into this blank despair, but wandering about as strangers in streets and ways, with the hope of succour from casual charity; what have we gained by such a change of scene? Woful is the condition of the famished Northern Indian, dependent, among winter snows, upon the chance-passage of a herd of deer, from which one, if brought down by his rifle-gun, may be made the means of keeping him and his companions alive. As miserable is that of some savage Islander, who, when the land has ceased to afford him sustenance, watches for food which the waves may cast up, or in vain endeavours to extract it from the inexorable deep. But neither of these is in a state of wretchedness comparable to that which is so often endured in civilised society: multitudes, in all ages, have known it, of whom may be said:—

"Homeless, near a thousand homes they stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted  
food."

Justly might I be accused of wasting time in an uncalled-for attempt to excite the feelings of the reader, if systems of political economy, widely spread, did not impugn the principle, and if the safeguards against such extremities were left unimpaired. It is broadly asserted by many, that every man who endeavours to find work may find it: were this assertion capable of being verified, there still would remain a question, what kind of work, and how far may the labourer be fit for it? For if sedentary work is to be exchanged for standing, and some light and nice exercise of the fingers, to which an artisan has been accustomed all his life, for severe labour of the arms, the best efforts would turn to little account, and occasion would be given for the unthinking and the unfeeling unwarrantably to reproach those who are put upon such employment as idle, froward, and unworthy of relief, either by law or in any other way! Were this statement correct, there would indeed be an end of the argument, the principle here maintained would be superseded. But, alas! it is far otherwise. That principle, applicable to the benefit of all countries, is indispensable for England, upon whose coast families are perpetually deprived of their support by shipwreck, and where large masses of men are so liable to be thrown out of their ordinary means of gaining bread, by changes in commercial intercourse, subject mainly or solely to the will of foreign powers; by new discoveries in arts and manufactures; and by reckless laws, in conformity with theories of political economy, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have proved a scourge to tens of thousands by the abruptness with which they have been carried into practice.

But it is urged,—refuse altogether compulsory relief to the able-bodied, and the number of those who stand in need of relief will steadily diminish through a conviction of an absolute necessity for greater forethought and more prudent care of a man's earnings. Undoubtedly it would, but so also would it, and in a much greater degree, if the legislative provisions were retained, and parochial relief administered under the care of the upper classes, as it ought to be.
For it has been invariably found, that wherever the funds have been raised and applied under the superintendence of gentlemen and substantial proprietors, acting in vestries and as overseers, pauperism has diminished accordingly. Proper care in that quarter would effectually check what is felt in some districts to be one of the worst evils in the poor law system, viz. the readiness of small and needy proprietors to join in imposing rates that seemingly subject them to great hardships, while, in fact, this is done with a mutual understanding that the relief each is ready to bestow upon his still poorer neighbours will be granted to himself, or his relatives, should it hereafter be applied for.

But let us look to inner sentiments of a nobler quality, in order to know what we have to build upon. Affecting proofs occur in every one’s experience, who is acquainted with the unfortunate and the indigent, of their unwillingness to derive their subsistence from aught but their own funds or labour, or to be indebted to parochial assistance for the attainment of any object, however dear to them. A case was reported, the other day, from a coroner’s inquest, of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house, and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of its interment;—the poor creatures lived in the hope of one day being able to bury their child at their own cost. It must have been heart-rending to see and hear the mother, who had been called upon to account for the state in which the body was found, make this deposition. By some, judging coldly, if not harshly, this conduct might be imputed to an unwarrantable pride, as she and her husband had, it is true, been once in prosperity. But examples, where the spirit of independence works with equal strength, though not with like miserable accompaniments, are frequently to be found even yet among the humblest peasantry and mechanics. There is not, then, sufficient cause for doubting that a like sense of honour may be revived among the people, and their ancient habits of independence restored, without resorting to those severities which the new Poor Law Act has introduced.

But even if the surfaces of things only are to be examined, we have a right to expect that law-givers should take into account the various tempers and dispositions of mankind: while some are led, by the existence of a legislative provision, into idleness and extravagance, the economical virtues might be cherished in others by the knowledge that, if all their efforts fail, they have in the Poor Laws a “refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat.” Despondency and distraction are no friends to prudence: the springs of industry will relax, if cheerfulness be destroyed by anxiety; without hope men become reckless, and have a sullen pride in adding to the heap of their own wretchedness. He who feels that he is abandoned by his fellow-men will be almost irresistibly driven to care little for himself; will lose his self-respect accordingly, and with that loss what remains to him of virtue?

With all due deference to the particular experience and general intelligence of the individuals who framed the Act, and of those who in and out of parliament have approved of and supported it, it may be said that it proceeds too much upon the presumption that it is a labouring man’s own fault if he be not, as the phrase is, beforehand with the world. But the most prudent are liable to be thrown back by sickness, cutting them off from labour, and causing to them expense: and who but has observed how distress creeps upon multitudes without misconduct of their own; and merely from a gradual fall in the price of labour, without a correspondent one in the price of provisions; so that men who may have ventured upon the marriage state with a fair prospect of maintaining their families in comfort and happiness, see them reduced to a pittance which no effort of theirs can increase? Let it be remembered, also, that there are thousands with whom vicious habits of expense are not the cause why they do not store up their gains; but they are generous and kind-hearted, and ready to help their kindred and friends; moreover, they have a faith in Providence that those who have been prompt to assist others, will not be left destitute, should they them-
selves come to need. By acting from these blended feelings, numbers have rendered themselves incapable of standing up against a sudden reverse. Nevertheless, these men, in common with all who have the misfortune to be in want, if many theorists had their wish, would be thrown upon one or other of those three sharp points of condition before adverted to, from which the intervention of law has hitherto saved them.

All that has been said tends to show how the principle contended for makes the gift of life more valuable, and has, it may be hoped, led to the conclusion that its legitimate operation is to make men worthier of that gift: in other words, not to degrade but to exalt human nature. But the subject must not be dismissed without adverting to the indirect influence of the same principle upon the moral sentiments of a people among whom it is embodied in law. In our criminal jurisprudence there is a maxim, deservedly eulogised, that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer; so, also, might it be maintained, with regard to the Poor Laws, that it is better for the interests of humanity among the people at large, that ten undeserving should partake of the funds provided, than that one morally good man, through want of relief, should either have his principles corrupted or his energies destroyed; than that such a one should either be driven to do wrong or be cast to the earth in utter hopelessness. In France the English maxim of criminal jurisprudence is reversed; there, it is deemed better that ten innocent men should suffer than one guilty escape: in France there is no universal provision for the poor; and we may judge of the small value set upon human life in the metropolis of that country, by merely noticing the disrespect with which, after death, the body is treated, not by the thoughtless vulgar, but in schools of anatomy, presided over by men allowed to be, in their own art and in physical science, among the most enlightened in the world. In the East, where countries are overrun with population as with a weed, infinitely more respect is shown to the remains of the deceased; and what a bitter mockery is it, that this insensibility should be found where civil polity is so busy in minor regulations, and ostentatiously careful to gratify the luxurious propensities, whether social or intellectual, of the multitude! Irreligion is, no doubt, much concerned with this offensive disrespect shown to the bodies of the dead in France; but it is mainly attributable to the state in which so many of the living are left by the absence of compulsory provision for the indigent so humanely established by the law of England.

Sights of abject misery, perpetually recurring, harden the heart of the community. In the perusal of history and of works of fiction we are not, indeed, unwilling to have our commiseration excited by such objects of distress as they present to us; but, in the concerns of real life, men know that such emotions are not given to be indulged for their own sakes: there, the conscience declares to them that sympathy must be followed by action; and if there exist a previous conviction that the power to relieve is utterly inadequate to the demand, the eye shrinks from communication with wretchedness, and pity and compassion languish, like any other qualities that are deprived of their natural aliment. Let these considerations be duly weighed by those who trust to the hope that an increase of private charity, with all its advantages of superior discrimination, would more than compensate for the abandonment of those principles, the wisdom of which has been here insisted upon. How discouraging, also, would be the sense of injustice, which could not fail to arise in the minds of the well-disposed, if the burden of supporting the poor, a burden of which the selfish have hitherto by compulsion borne a share, should now, or hereafter, be thrown exclusively upon the benevolent.

By having put an end to the Slave Trade and Slavery, the British people are exalted in the scale of humanity; and they cannot but feel so, if they look into themselves, and duly consider their relation to God and their fellow-creatures. That was a noble advance; but a retrograde movement will assuredly be made, if ever the principle which has been here defended should be either avowedly abandoned or but ostensibly retained.

But, after all, there may be a little reason
to apprehend permanent injury from any experiment that may be tried. On the one side will be human nature rising up in her own defence, and on the other prudential selfishness acting to the same purpose, from a conviction that, without a compulsory provision for the exigencies of the labouring multitude, that degree of ability to regulate the price of labour, which is indispensable for the reasonable interest of arts and manufactures, cannot, in Great Britain, be upheld.

II. In a poem of the foregoing collection allusion is made to the state of the workmen congregated in manufactories. In order to relieve many of the evils to which that class of society are subject, and to establish a better harmony between them and their employers, it would be well to repeal such laws as prevent the formation of joint-stock companies. There are, no doubt, many and great obstacles to the formation and salutary working of these societies, inherent in the mind of those whom they would obviously benefit. But the combinations of masters to keep down, unjustly, the price of labour would be fairly checked by them, as far as they were practicable; they would encourage economy, inasmuch as they would enable a man to draw profit from his savings, by investing them in buildings or machinery for processes of manufacture with which he was habitually connected. His little capital would then be working for him while he was at rest or asleep; he would more clearly perceive the necessity of capital for carrying on great works; he would better learn to respect the larger portions of it in the hands of others; he would be less tempted to join in unjust combinations; and, for the sake of his own property, if not for higher reasons, he would be slow to promote local disturbance or endanger public tranquility; he would, at least, be loth to act in that way knowingly: for it is not to be denied that such societies might be nurseries of opinions unfavourable to a mixed constitution of government, like that of Great Britain. The democratic and republican spirit which they might be apt to foster would not, however, be dangerous in itself, but only as it might act without being sufficiently counterbalanced, either by landed proprietorship, or by a Church extending itself so as to embrace an ever-growing and ever-shifting population of mechanics and artisans. But if the tendencies of such societies would be to make the men prosper who might belong to them, rulers and legislators should rejoice in the result, and do their duty to the state by upholding and extending the influence of that Church to which it owes, in so great a measure, its safety, its prosperity, and its glory.

This, in the temper of the present times, may be difficult, but it is become indispensable, since large towns in great numbers have sprung up, and others have increased tenfold, with little or no dependence upon the gentry and the landed proprietors; and apart from those mitigated feudal institutions, which, till of late, have acted so powerfully upon the composition of the House of Commons. Now it may be affirmed that, in quarters where there is not an attachment to the Church, or the landed aristocracy, and a pride in supporting them, there the people will dislike both, and be ready, upon such incitements as are perpetually recurring, to join in attempts to overthrow them. There is no neutral ground here: from want of due attention to the state of society in large towns and manufacturing districts, and ignorance or disregard of these obvious truths, innumerable well-meaning persons became zealous supporters of a Reform Bill, the qualities and powers of which, whether destructive or constructive, they would otherwise have been afraid of; and even the framers of that bill, swayed as they might be by party resentments and personal ambition, could not have gone so far, had not they too been lamentably ignorant or negligent of the same truths both of fact and philosophy.

But let that pass; and let no opponent of the bill be tempted to compliment his own foresight, by exaggerating the mischiefs and dangers that have sprung from it: let not time be wasted in profitless regrets; and let those party distinctions vanish to their very names that have separated men who, whatever course they may have pursued, have ever had a bond of
union in the wish to save the limited monarchy and those other institutions that have, under Providence, rendered for so long a period of time this country the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society.

III. A philosophic mind is best pleased when looking at religion in its spiritual bearing; as a guide of conduct, a solace under affliction, and a support amid the instabilities of mortal life: but the Church having been forcibly brought by political considerations to my notice, while treating of the labouring classes, I cannot forbear saying a few words upon that momentous topic.

There is a loud clamour for extensive change in that department. The clamour would be entitled to more respect if they who are the most eager to swell it with their voices were not generally the most ignorant of the real state of the Church and the service it renders to the community. Reform is the word employed. Let us pause and consider what sense it is apt to carry, and how things are confounded by a lax use of it. The great religious Reformation, in the sixteenth century, did not profess to be a new construction, but a restoration of something fallen into decay, or put out of sight. That familiar and justifiable use of the word seems to have paved the way for fallacies with respect to the term reform, which it is difficult to escape from. Were we to speak of improvement and the correction of abuses, we should run less risk of being deceived ourselves or of misleading others. We should be less likely to fall blindly into the belief that the change demanded is a renewal of something that has existed before, and that, therefore, we have experience on our side; nor should we be equally tempted to beg the question that the change for which we are eager must be advantageous. From generation to generation, men are the dupes of words; and it is painful to observe that so many of our species are most tenacious of those opinions which they have formed with the least consideration. They who are the readiest to meddle with public affairs, whether in church or state, fly to generalities, that they may be eased from the trouble of thinking about particulars; and thus is deputed to mechanical instrumentality the work which vital knowledge only can do well.

"Abolish pluralities, have a resident incumbent in every parish," is a favourite cry; but, without adverting to other obstacles in the way of this specious scheme, it may be asked what benefit would accrue from its indiscriminate adoption to counterbalance the harm it would introduce, by nearly extinguishing the order of curates, unless the revenues of the church should grow with the population, and be greatly increased in many thinly-peopled districts, especially among the parishes of the North.

The order of curates is so beneficial, that some particular notice of it seems to be required in this place. For a church poor as, relatively to the numbers of people, that of England is, and probably will continue to be, it is no small advantage to have youthful servants, who will work upon the wages of hope and expectation. Still more advantageous is it to have, by means of this order, young men scattered over the country, who being more detached from the temporal concerns of the benefice, have more leisure for improvement and study, and are less subject to be brought into secular collision with those who are under their spiritual guardianship. The curate, if he reside at a distance from the incumbent, undertakes the requisite responsibilities of a temporal kind, in that modified way which prevents him, as a new-comer, from being charged with selfishness: while it prepares him for entering upon a benefice of his own with something of a suitable experience. If he should act under and in co-operation with a resident incumbent, the gain is mutual. His studies will probably be assisted; and his training, managed by a superior, will not be liable to relapse in matters of prudence, seemliness, or in any of the highest cares of his functions; and by way of return for these benefits to the pupil, it will often happen that the zeal of a middle-aged or declining incumbent will be revived, by being in near communion with the ardour of youth, when his own efforts may have languished through a melancholy consciousness that they have
not produced as much good among his flock as, when he first entered upon the charge, he fondly hoped.

Let one remark, and that not the least important, he added. A curate, entering for the first time upon his office, comes from college after a course of expense, and with such inexperience in the use of money that in his new situation he is apt to fall unawares into pecuniary difficulties. If this happens to him, much more likely is it to happen to the youthful incumbent, whose relations, to his parishioners and to society, are more complicated; and, his income being larger and independent of another, a costlier style of living is required of him by public opinion. If embarrassment should ensue, and with that unavoidably some loss of respectability, his future usefulness will be proportionably impaired: not so with the curate, for he can easily remove and start afresh with a stock of experience and an unblemished reputation; whereas the early indiscretions of an incumbent being rarely forgotten, may be impediments to the efficacy of his ministry for the remainder of his life. The same observations would apply with equal force to doctrine. A young minister is liable to errors, from his notions being either too lax or overstrained. In both cases it would prove injurious that the error should be remembered, after study and reflection, with advancing years, shall have brought him to a clearer discernment of the truth, and better judgment in the application of it.

It must be acknowledged that, among the regulations of ecclesiastical polity, none at first view are more attractive than that which prescribes for every parish a resident incumbent. How agreeable to picture to one's self, as has been done by poets and romance-writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares! Nor is it in poetry and fiction only that such characters are found; they are scattered, it is hoped not sparingly, over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts, where there is but small influx of new inhabitants, and little change of occupation. The spirit of the Gospel, unaided by acquisitions of profane learning and experience in the world,—that spirit and the obligations of the sacred office may, in such situations, suffice to effect most of what is needful. But for the complex state of society that prevails in England much more is required, both in large towns and in many extensive districts of the country. A minister there should not only be irreproachable in manners and morals, but accomplished in learning, as far as is possible without sacrifice of the least of his pastoral duties. As necessary, perhaps more so, is it that he should be a citizen as well as a scholar; thoroughly acquainted with the structure of society and the constitution of civil government, and able to reason upon both with the most expert; all ultimately in order to support the truths of Christianity and to diffuse its blessings.

A young man coming fresh from the place of his education cannot have brought with him these accomplishments; and if the scheme of equalising church incomes, which many advisers are much bent upon, be realised, so that there should be little or no secular inducement for a clergyman to desire a removal from the spot where he may chance to have been first set down; surely not only opportunities for obtaining the requisite qualifications would be diminished, but the motives for desiring to obtain them would be proportionably weakened. And yet these qualifications are indispensable for the diffusion of that knowledge by which alone the political philosophy of the New Testament can be rightly expounded, and its precepts adequately enforced. In these times, when the press is daily exercising so great a power over the minds of the people, for wrong or for right as may happen, that preacher ranks among the first of benefactors who, without stooping to the direct treatment of current politics and passing events, can furnish infallible guidance through the delusions that surround them; and who, appealing to the sanctions of Scripture, may place the grounds of its injunctions in so clear a light that disaffection shall cease to be cultivated as a laudable propensity, and loyalty cleansed from the dishonour of a blind and prostrate obedience.

It is not, however, in regard to civic duties alone, that this knowledge in a minister of the Gospel is important; it is
It must be obvious that the scope of the argument is to discourage an attempt which would introduce into the Church of England an equality of income and station, upon the model of that of Scotland. The sounder part of the Scottish nation know what good their ancestors derived from their church, and feel how deeply the living generation is indebted to it. They respect and love it, as accommodated in so great a measure to a comparatively poor country, through the far greater portion of which prevails a uniformity of employment; but the acknowledged deficiency of theological learning among the clergy of that church is easily accounted for by this very equality. What else may be wanting there it would be unpleasant to inquire, and might prove invidious to determine: one thing, however, is clear; that in all countries the temporalities of the Church Establishment should bear an analogy to the state of society, otherwise it cannot diffuse its influence through the whole community. In a country so rich and luxurious as England, the character of its clergy must unavoidably sink, and their influence be everywhere impaired, if individuals from the upper ranks, and men of leading talents, are to have no inducements to enter into that body but such as are purely spiritual. And this "tinge of secularity" is no reproach to the clergy, nor does it imply a deficiency of spiritual endowments. Parents and guardians, looking forward to sources of honourable maintenance for their children and wards, often direct their thoughts early towards the church, being determined partly by outward circumstances, and partly by indications of seriousness or intellectual fitness. It is natural that a boy or youth, with such a prospect before him, should turn his attention to those studies, and be led into those habits of reflection, which will in some degree tend to prepare him for the duties he is hereafter to undertake. As he draws nearer to the time when he will be called to these duties, he is both led and compelled to examine the Scriptures. He becomes more and more sensible of their truth. Devotion grows in him; and what might begin in temporal considerations, will end (as in a majority of instances we trust it does) in a spiritual-mindedness not unworthy

still more so for softening and subduing private and personal discontents. In all places, and at all times, men have gratuitously troubled themselves, because their survey of the dispensations of Providence has been partial and narrow; but now that readers are so greatly multiplied, men judge as they are taught, and repinings are engendered everywhere, by imputations being cast upon the government; and are prolonged or aggravated by being ascribed to misconduct or injustice in rulers, when the individual himself only is in fault. If a Christian pastor be competent to deal with these humours, as they may be dealt with, and by no members of society so successfully, both from more frequent and more favourable opportunities of intercourse, and by aid of the authority with which he speaks; he will be a teacher of moderation, a dispenser of the wisdom that blunts approaching distress by submission to God’s will, and lightens, by patience, grievances which cannot be removed.

We live in times when nothing, of public good at least, is generally acceptable, but what we believe can be traced to preconceived intention and specific acts and formal contrivances of human understanding. A Christian instructor thoroughly accomplished would be a standing restraint upon such presumptuousness of judgment, by impressing the truth that

"In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours."  

MS.

Revelation points to the purity and peace of a future world; but our sphere of duty is upon earth; and the relations of impure and conflicting things to each other must be understood, or we shall be perpetually going wrong, in all but goodness of intention; and goodness of intention will itself relax through frequent disappointment. How desirable, then, is it, that a minister of the Gospel should be versed in the knowledge of existing facts, and be accustomed to a wide range of social experience! Nor is it less desirable for the purpose of counterbalancing and tempering in his own mind that ambition with which spiritual power is as apt to be tainted as any other species of power which men covet or possess.
of that Gospel, the lessons of which he is to teach, and the faith of which he is to inculcate. Not inappropriately may be here repeated an observation which, from its obviousness and importance, must have been frequently made, viz. that the impoverishing of the clergy, and bringing their incomes much nearer to a level, would not cause them to become less worldly-minded: the emoluments, howsoever reduced, would be as eagerly sought for, but by men from lower classes in society; men who, by their manners, habits, abilities, and the scanty measure of their attainments, would unavoidably be less fitted for their station, and less competent to discharge its duties.

Visionary notions have in all ages been afloat upon the subject of best providing for the clergy; notions which have been sincerely entertained by good men, with a view to the improvement of that order, and eagerly caught at and dwelt upon by the designing, for its degradation and disarray. Some are beguiled by what they call the voluntary system, not seeing (what stares one in the face at the very threshold) that they who stand in most need of religious instruction are unconscious of the want, and therefore cannot reasonably be expected to make any sacrifices in order to supply it. Will the licentious, the sensual, and the depraved, take from the means of their gratifications and pursuits, to support a discipline that cannot advance without uprooting the trees that bear the fruit which they devour so greedily? Will they pay the price of that seed whose harvest is to be reaped in an invisible world? A voluntary system for the religious exigencies of a people numerous and circumstanced as we are! Not more absurd would it be to expect that a knot of boys should draw upon the pittance of their pocket-money to build schools, or out of the abundance of their discretion be able to select fit masters to teach and keep them in order! Some, who clearly perceive the incompetence and folly of such a scheme for the agricultural part of the people, nevertheless think it feasible in large towns, where the rich might subscribe for the religious instruction of the poor. Alas! they know little of the thick darkness that spreads over the streets and alleys of our large towns. The parish of Lambeth, a few years since, contained not more than one church and three or four small proprietary chapels, while dissenting chapels of every denomination were still more scantily found there; yet the inhabitants of the parish amounted at that time to upwards of 50,000. Were the parish church and the chapels of the Establishment existing there an impediment to the spread of the Gospel among that mass of people? Who shall dare to say so? But if any one, in the face of the fact which has just been stated, and in opposition to authentic reports to the same effect from various other quarters, should still contend that a voluntary system is sufficient for the spread and maintenance of religion, we would ask, what kind of religion? wherein it would differ, among the many, from deplorable fanaticism?

For the preservation of the Church Establishment, all men, whether they belong to it or not, could they perceive their true interest, would be strenuous; but how inadequate are its provisions for the needs of the country! and how much is it to be regretted that, while its zealous friends yield to alarms on account of the hostility of dissent, they should so much overrate the danger to be apprehended from that quarter, and almost overlook the fact that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, though formally and nominally of the Church of England, never enter her places of worship, neither have they communication with her ministers! This deplorable state of things was partly produced by a decay of zeal among the rich and influential, and partly by a want of due expansive power in the constitution of the Establishment as regulated by law. Private benefactors, in their efforts to build and endow churches, have been frustrated or too much impeded by legal obstacles; these, where they are unreasonable or unfitted for the times, ought to be removed; and, keeping clear of intolerance and injustice, means should be used to render the presence and powers of the church commensurate with the wants of a shifting and still-increasing population.

This cannot be effected, unless the English Government vindicate the truth that, as her church exists for the benefit of all (though not in equal degree), whether
of her communion or not, all should be made to contribute to its support. If this ground be abandoned, cause will be given to fear that a moral wound may be inflicted upon the heart of the English people, for which a remedy cannot be speedily provided by the utmost efforts which the members of the Church will themselves be able to make.

But let the friends of the church be of good courage. Powers are at work, by which, under Divine Providence, she may be strengthened and the sphere of her usefulness extended; not by alterations in her Liturgy, accommodated to this or that demand of finical taste, nor by cutting off this or that from her articles or Canons, to which the scrupulous or the overweening may object. Covert schism, and open nonconformity, would survive after alterations, however promising in the eyes of those whose subtlety had been exercised in making them. Latitudinarianism is the parhelion of liberty of conscience, and will ever successfully lay claim to a divided worship. Among Presbyterians, Socinians, Baptists, and Independents, there will always be found numbers who will tire of their several creeds, and some will come over to the Church. Convicticles may disappear, congregations in each denomination may fall into decay or be broken up, but the conquests which the National Church ought chiefly to aim at, lie among the thousands and tens of thousands of the unhappy outcasts who grow up with no religion at all. The wants of these cannot but be feelingly remembered. Whatever may be the disposition of the new constituencies under the reformed parliament, and the course which the men of their choice may be inclined or compelled to follow, it may be confidently hoped that individuals, acting in their private capacities, will endeavour to make up for the deficiencies of the legislature. Is it too much to expect that proprietors of large estates, where the inhabitants are without religious instruction, or where it is sparingly supplied, will deem it their duty to take part in this good work; and that thriving manufacturers and merchants will, in their several neighbourhoods, be sensible of the like obligation, and act upon it with generous rivalry?

Moreover, the force of public opinion is rapidly increasing, and some may bend to it, who are not so happy as to be swayed by a higher motive; especially they who derive large incomes from lay-impropriations in tracts of country where ministers are few and meagrely provided for. A claim still stronger may be acknowledged by those who, round their superb habitations, or elsewhere, walk over vast estates which were lavished upon their ancestors by royal favouritism or purchased at insignificant prices after church-spoliation; such proprietors, though not conscience-stricken (there is no call for that), may be prompted to make a return for which their tenantry and dependents will learn to bless their names. An impulse has been given; an accession of means from these several sources, co-operating with a well-considered change in the distribution of some parts of the property at present possessed by the church, a change scrupulously founded upon due respect to law and justice, will, we trust, bring about so much of what her friends desire, that the rest may be calmly waited for, with thankfulness for what shall have been obtained.

Let it not be thought unbecoming in a layman to have treated at length a subject with which the clergy are more intimately conversant. All may, without impropriety, speak of what deeply concerns all; nor need an apology be offered for going over ground which has been trod before so ably and so often: without pretending, however, to anything of novelty, either in matter or manner, something may have been offered to view which will save the writer from the imputation of having little to recommend his labour but goodness of intention.

It was with reference to thoughts and feelings expressed in verse, that I entered upon the above notices, and with verse I will conclude. The passage is extracted from my MSS, written above thirty years ago: it turns upon the individual dignity which humbleness of social condition does not preclude, but frequently promotes. It has no direct bearing upon clubs for the discussion of public affairs, nor upon political or trade-unions; but if a single workman—who, being a member of one of those clubs, runs the risk of becoming an
agitator, or who, being enrolled in a union, must be left without a will of his own, and therefore a slave—should read these lines, and be touched by them, I should indeed rejoice, and little would I care for losing credit as a poet with intemperate critics, who think differently from me upon political philosophy or public measures, if the sober-minded admit that, in general views, my affections have been moved, and my imagination exercised, under and for the guidance of reason.

"Here might I pause, and bend in reverence To Nature, and the power of human minds; To men as they are men within themselves. How oft high service is performed within, When all the external man is rude in show; Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold, But a mere mountain chapel that protects Its simple worshippers from sun and shower! Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these, If future years mature me for the task, Will I record the praises, making verse Deal boldly with substantial things—in truth And sanctity of passion, speak of these, That justice may be done, obeisance paid Where it is due. Thus haply shall I teach, Inspire, through unadulterated ears Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope; my theme No other than the very heart of man, As found among the best of those who live, Not unexalted by religious faith, Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,

In Nature's presence: thence may I select Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight, And miserable love that is not pain To hear of, for the glory that redounds Therefrom to human kind, and what we are. Be mine to follow with no timid step Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my pride That I have dared to tread this holy ground, Speaking no dream, but things oracular, Matter not lightly to be heard by those Who to the letter of the outward promise Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit In speech, and for communion with the world Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then Most active when they are most eloquent, And elevated most when most admired. Men may be found of other mould than these: Who are their own upholders, to themselves Encouragement and energy, and will; Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words As native passion dictates. Others, too, There are, among the walks of homely life, Still higher, men for contemplation framed; Shy, and unpractised in the stride of phrase: Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse. Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power, The thought, the image, and the silent joy: Words are but under-agents in their souls; When they are grasping with their greatest strength They do not breathe among them; this I speak In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts For his own service, knoweth, loveth us, When we are unregarded by the world."
THE

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH:

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, PUBLISHED FROM 1793 TO 1888; ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, WITH NOTES; ALSO A LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES AND BEST CRITICAL ARTICLES. COMPILED BY J. R. TUTIN.

"He is one of the very chief glories of English Poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[PREFATORY NOTE.—My plan in preparing the following list of Editions of Wordsworth's Verse and Prose has been to include not only every distinctive Edition published during the Poet's life, but every authoritative and worthy edition published since his death. Cheap reprints (unedited) and School Editions of Selections I have not thought it necessary to enumerate.]

1


Collation.—Title; Argument and Errata, 2 leaves; pp. 27.

2


Collation.—Title; Errata, 1 leaf; Dedication to the Rev. Robert Jones, 1 leaf; Argument, 1 leaf; pp. 55.

3


Collation.—Title and Advertisement, pp. i-v; Text, pp. 1-210.

Notes.—These are both the same Edition, but the larger portion of the copies bear the name of Arch as publisher, the Bristol publisher having sold to Arch the greater number of copies printed.

Four of the poems in this Edition were by S. T. Coleridge. Their titles are:—"The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere;" "The Foster-Mother's Tale;" "The Nightingale, a Conversational Poem;" and "The Dungeon."

4

Lyrical Ballads, with other Poems. In two volumes. By W. Wordsworth.

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane,

Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xlvi, 215 (including five pages of Notes, unnumbered); Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Preface, pp. v-xlvi; Text of Poems, pp. 1-210; Notes, pp. 211-215. Vol. II.—pp. iv, 228; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text, pp. 1-225; Notes, pp. 226-7; Errata list, p. 228.

Notes.—In the first volume of this Edition there is one poem (by Coleridge) which is not included in the Edition of 1798. It is entitled "Love." The second volume is a first Edition, the poems it contains being here printed for the first time. The lengthy preface given in Volume I. is the original form in which Wordsworth's poetical theory was expressed. It was included in the 1802 and 1805 Editions of Lyrical Ballads, and, in an expanded form, in every Collective Edition of his poems.

5


Notes.—This Edition is mainly a reproduction of the two volumes of 1800; there is additional matter in the preface, which makes it 24 pages longer than in the previous Edition; and there are a few variations of text. These volumes were reprinted in Philadelphia, U.S.A., in one volume in 1802.

6


Note.—A reprint of the 1802 Edition with a few slight variations of text.

7


Collation.—Vol. I. ppr. viii (unnumbered), 158; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-152; Notes, 153-158. Vol. II.—pp. viii (unnumbered), 170; Titles and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-158; Notes, pp. 159-170.

8

CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL, TO EACH OTHER, AND TO THE COMMON ENEMY, AT THIS CRISIS; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra: The whole brought to the test; those principles by which alone the independence and freedom of Nations can be Preserved or Recovered. Qui dedit patriae quid debet; quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quae partes in bellum missi ducti. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster-Row. 1809. 8vo.

Collation.—pp. 216; Appendix, pp. 193-216.

9


Notes.—This is the first collected Edition (to date) of Wordsworth's Poems, excluding "The Excursion." In it the poet for the first time arranges the pieces under various headings, viz. "Poems referring to the Period of Childhood," "Juvenile Pieces," "Poems founded on the Affections," etc.

Facing title of Vol. I. is an Engraving by Bromley from a picture by Sir George Beaumont; Vol. II. has an Engraving of Peel Castle after the same painter.


Collation.—Pp. xi, 162; Title, Advertisement, Mottoes, and Dedicatory Verses ("In trellis'd shed"), pp. i-ix; Text, pp. 1-138; Notes, pp. 139-162.

Notes.—The poem "The Force of Prayer" follows the "White Doe"; and facing title is an Engraving by Bromley from a painting by Sir George Beaumont.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF ROBERT BURNS: occasioned by an intended republication of the account of the Life of Burns, by Dr. Currie; and of the Selection made by him from his Letters. By William Wordsworth. London: printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row. 1816. 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. 37.


Collation.—Pp. ix, 52; Title and Advertisement, pp. i-ix; Contents, p. xii; Poems, pp. 1-52.

TWO ADDRESSES TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF WESTMORELAND. Kendal: Printed by Airey and Bellingham, 1818. 8vo.

Collation.—Pp. 74, and 2 leaves of Notes.


Collation.—Pp. vii, 88.

Note.—Facing title there is an Engraving by Bromley from a painting by Sir George Beaumont. In addition to "Peter Bell," the volume contains four sonnets.

THE WAGGONER, a Poem, to which are added, Sonnets. By William Words-
worth. "What's in a NAME? Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

Collation.—Pp. iv, 68; Title and Dedication, pp. i-iv; Poems, pp. 5-68.

17


Collation.—Same as No. 15.

Notes.—The Note to No. 15 applies also to this second Edition. There are a few variations of text (in "Peter Bell") from the previous issue, and only the first and second Editions contain the oft-quoted stanza—

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Cram'd just as they on earth were cram'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd!"

18


Collation.—Pp. viii, 321; Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems and Notes, pp. 1-212; Description of the Lakes, pp. 213-321.

[In 1820 the four separate publications, "The Waggoner," etc.; "Thanksgiving Ode," etc.; "Peter Bell," etc.; and "The River Duddon," "Vaudracour and Julia," etc., were all bound up together with their separate title-pages, and issued under the title, Poems by William Wordsworth, making Vol. III. of the Miscellaneous Poems.]

19


Notes.—To each volume there is an Engraving, two of which first appeared in the two volumes of Poems published in 1815, one in the quarto "White Doe" (1815), and one in "Peter Bell" (1819). The "Advertisement" states that this Edition contains the whole of the published poems (to date) of the Author, with the exception of "The Excursion," and that a few Sonnets "are now first published." This edition was republished at Boston, U.S.A., in 1824, in 4 vols. 12mo.

20


21

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH

**Collation.**—Pp. viii, 103; Titles, Dedication (a Sonnet), and Contents, pp. i-viii; Poems, pp. 1-79; Notes, pp. 81-103.

**22**


**Collation.**—Pp. x, 123; Titles and Advertisement, pp. i-vi; Contents, pp. vii-x; Poems (Sonnets), pp. 1-108; Notes, pp. 109-123.

**Note.**—In after-editions Wordsworth added to this series of Sonnets, the one-volume (1845) edition containing 132. This, the first edition, contains 102.

**23**


**Collation.**—Pp. iv, 156. Preceding title is a map of the Lake District; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text pp. 1-156.

**Note.**—A portion of this book originally appeared as an Introduction to Wilkinson’s *Select Views* [48] in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, published in 1806. In 1820 it was included in the volume, “The River Duddon: A Series of Sonnets,” etc. (See No. 18.)

**24**


**Note.**—“In these volumes will be found the whole of the Author's published poems, for the first time collected in a uniform edition, with several new pieces interspersed.”—Advertisement by the Author.

This Edition was republished, in one volume, at Paris in 1828. See No. 25.

**25**


**Collation.**—Pp. vii, 340; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Memoir, pp. xiii-xvi; Preface and Poems, i-340.

**Note.**—Facing title-page is an engraved portrait of Wordsworth by Wedgwood, after the painting by Carruthers. This Edition is a reprint of the 5 vol. London Edition published in 1827.

**26**


**Collation.**—Pp. vii, 365; Title, Dedication, Preface, and Contents, pp. i-xvi; Text, pp. 1-365.
Notes.—This selection was republished in slightly different form in 1834. See No. 28. The selection was made by Joseph Hine.

27


Note.—The "Advertisement" to this Edition is as follows:—"The contents of the last Edition in five volumes are compressed into the present of four, with some additional pieces reprinted from miscellaneous publications."

28


Collation.—Pp. xvi, 326.

Note.—This selection was made by Joseph Hine, and was first issued (in different form) in 1831. See No. 26.

29

Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems.

Collation.—Pp. xv, 349. Titles, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xv; Poems and Postscript, pp. i-349.

30


31

Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems.

Collation.—Pp. xii, 323. Title, Dedication, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-xii; Poems and Postscript, pp. i-322.

32


Collation.—Pp. xv, 374.
THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH

33


Notes.—This Edition includes the poems published in 1835, in the Volume entitled, "Yarrow Revisited," etc. Vols. I. and II. are dated 1836; the remaining four 1837. The Edition was stereotyped, and reprinted in 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1846, 1849, etc., but there are a few slight variations of text, etc., from the 1836-37 Edition. The variations, however, do not warrant a separate description of their titles and contents. All the issues after 1841 include the Volume, "Poems of Early and Late Years," as Vol. VII., and after 1850 "The Prelude" was added, making an eighth volume.

The frontispiece to Vol. I. of this 1836-37 Edition is a steel engraved portrait of the Poet by Watt, from the painting by Pickersgill. It was repeated in the 1840, 1841, and following Editions.

(In 1837 an American reprint of the poetical works of Wordsworth was published, edited by Professor Reed. It contained the poems issued in London in 5 vols. in 1827, and the contents of the Volume, "Yarrow Revisited," etc., published in 1835. It was a Royal 8vo double-column edition, and had a portrait from a painting by W. Boxall. After the Poet's death Professor Reed published a revised and complete Edition, which included not only the whole of the poems published by Wordsworth in 1849-50, but "The Prelude," and one or two pieces which have never been included in any other collective Edition of his works.)

34


Collation.—Pp. xi., 477; Title, Contents, etc., pp. i-xi.; Text, pp. i-448; Notes, pp. 449-477.

Note.—This collective Edition of the Sonnets was reprinted, with an Essay on the History of the English Sonnet, by the late Archbishop Trench, in 1884. See No. 62.

35

Yarrow Revisited; and Other Poems, By William Wordsworth. [Woodcut, Cupid with a Harp.] London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXXXIX. 18mo. Cloth.

Collation.—Pp. xi., 249; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xi.; Text, pp. i-249.

Note.—This Pocket Edition of "Yarrow Revisited," etc., is the third separate issue of the Poem. It seems to have been intended as a supplementary volume to the four vol. Edition of 1832, as the sheets of it are all imprinted "Vol. V.," but I have no direct proof that it was ever so issued.
36


Collation.—Pp. xii, 405; Title and Contents, pp. i-viii; Prelude ("In desultory walk," etc.), pp. ix-xi; Erratum, p. xii; Advertisement, pp. 1-4; Poems, pp. 5-397; Notes, pp. 399-405.

Notes.—In the Advertisement the Author states that about one-third of the Poem "Guilt and Sorrow" was published in the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant," and was written in 1794. This volume, with an additional title, was added to the collected edition in 1843, and formed Vol. VII.

37

SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: James Burns 1843. Sq. 12mo.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 240.

Note.—I have not been able to ascertain the name of the compiler of this selection. The little volume is dedicated "to her Most Sacred Majesty, Victoria."

[About this date (1843) there was a selection from Wordsworth's Poems made by Henry Reed, and published by Leavitt and Co., New York.]

38

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY. Two Letters, reprinted from the Morning Post. Revised, with additions. Kendal: printed by R. Branthwaite and Son [1844].

Collation.—Pp. 23; Title and Sonnet, pp. 1-3; Letters, pp. 5-23.

39


Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 619; Title, Motto ("If thou indeed derive thy light") and Contents, pp. i-xxiv; Poems, pp. i-535; Notes, pp. 537-566; Appendix, Prefaces, etc., pp. 567-608; Index to Poems and Index to first lines, pp. 609-619.

Notes.—This Edition was frequently republished; the Editions after 1850 or 1851 include "The Prelude," and the Edition of 1869 has "nine additional poems" dated 1846. The addition of "The Prelude" and "nine additional poems" increases the number of pages to 704. All copies contain an engraved portrait from the bust by Chantrey, and a Vignette Title-page containing a picture of Rydal Mount.

40

ODE, performed in the Senate-House, Cambridge, on the sixth of July, M.DCCC.XLVII. At the first commencement after the Installation of his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University. Cambridge: printed at the University Press. 1847. 4to. Paper wrapper.

Collation.—Pp. 8, including Title.

41


[No. 41 is the last Edition issued during the poet's lifetime.]

42


Collation.—Pp. x, 374; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-x; Text, pp. 1-372; Notes, pp. 373-4.

43


Collation.—Pp. x, 304; Titles, Advertisement, and Contents, pp. i-x; Text, pp. 1-302; Notes, pp. 303-4.

Note.—This was issued uniform with the seven-volume Edition of the Poetical Works, and formed Vol. VIII.

[In 1854 Messrs. Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., published an Edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works in seven volumes, with a memoir (unsigned) by James Russell Lowell. This Edition was re-issued in 1880 in their series of "The British Poets." These, along with Professor Reed's Editions of 1837 and 1851, are the most satisfactory American Editions of the poems.]

44

SELECT PIECES FROM THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: Edward Moxon [1855]. Sq. 12mo.

Collation.—Pp. viii, 264.

45

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In six volumes. Vol.


Note.—This Edition was reprinted in 1870 (and called "The Centenary Edition"), in 1881, and in 1882, on thick crown 8vo paper. In this Edition the Fenwick notes to the poems (notes dictated by the poet to Miss Fenwick) are first printed, and form the prefatory notes to the poems explained.

46


Collation.—Pp. xxxvi, 435; Titles, Dedication, and Preface, pp. i-xxxvi; Contents, xxvii-xxxvi; Text, pp. i-435.

47


Collation.—Pp. 114.

Note.—Most of the illustrations to this volume were afterwards reproduced in the
selection from the poems edited by Rev. R. A. Willmott, and published by the same firm in the same year.

48

POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Collation.—Pp. xvi, 388; Frontispiece, Title, Preface, Contents, and List of Illustrations, pp. i-xvi; Poems, pp. i-384; Notes, 385-388.

49


Collation.—Pp. 165; Title, Introduction, Text, etc., pp. 1-156; Notes, pp. 157-165.

Note.—This illustrated Edition of "The White Doe" was re-issued in a different form, in 1867, by Bell and Daldy. See No. 53.

50


51


Note.—This forms Vols. 707 and 708 of Tauchnitz's "Collection of British Authors." Though called "The Select Poetical Works," the selecting has been done in a very haphazard sort of way. As an instance of the editor's discrimination I may mention that the immortal lines on "Tintern Abbey" are not included.

52


Collation.—Pp. xxviii, 279. A steel portrait of the Poet "from an original bust" faces title; Title and Preface, pp. i-xxi; Contents, pp. xxiii-xxviii; Text, pp. 1-279.

Note.—This selection was re-issued in 1869; and, recently, in a small pocket Edition.

53


Collation.—Pp. xvi, 17-128; Titles. List of Illustrations, and Introduction, pp. i-xvi; Dedication Poem ("In trellised shed") and "White Doe," pp. 17-123; Notes, pp. 124-128.

Notes.—This Edition contains forty-two illustrations "designed by Birket Foster and H. N. Humphreys, Engraved by Henry N. Woods." It is a reprint, in a different form, of No. 49.

54


Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 568.

Note.—See Notes to No. 55.

55

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. [The only complete
THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH 907


Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 568; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xiv; Prefatory Notice, pp. xv-xxiv; Poems, pp. 1-497; Notes, pp. 499-534; Appendix, Prefaces, etc., pp. 535-568.

Notes.—There is an engraved portrait to this Edition. It is from one of the portraits of the poet by Miss Gillies. The engraving first appeared in Volume I. of The New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne. The date of the first publication of this Edition is not given, but it was 1870. It is a reprint, on smaller paper, of No. 54.

56


Collation.—Vol. I.—pp. xxxviii, 360; Titles, Dedication ("To the Queen;"); with poem by Wordsworth not previously published), and Preface, pp. i-xxxviii; Contents, one leaf; Text, pp. 1-356; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 357-360. Vol. II.—pp. iv, 347; Title and Contents, pp. i-iv; Text, pp. 1-341; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 343-347. Vol. III.—pp. xii, 516; Titles and Contents, pp. i-xii; Text, pp. 1-504; Notes and Illustrations, pp. 505-516.

Note.—There was also a private issue of this Edition printed on hand-made paper, with portrait, facsimiles, and autotype plates, of which there were only 112 copies.

57

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT as inter-


Notes.—This little book is an attempt to explain Wordsworth's numerous allusions, in his poems, to localities in the English Lake District. Nearly all the poems, or portions of poems, containing such allusions, are here given, with a mass of topographical detail. It may not inappropriately be included in this Bibliography, as it is a good collection of Wordsworth's pieces associated with the District.

58


Collation.—Pp. xxxi, 325; Fly leaf (with motto), Title, and Preface, pp. i-xxvi; Contents, xxvii-xxxii; Poems, pp. i-317; Index of first lines, pp. 319-325.

Notes.—In this admirable selection Mr. Arnold arranges the poems under the following headings:—Poems of Ballad Form; Narrative Poems; Lyrical Poems; Poems akin to the Antique, and Odes; Sonnets; Reflective and Elegiac Poems. It has been several times reprinted, and is still in print. There was a large paper Edition, of which a limited number were printed.

59


Notes. — This splendid Library Edition is an adequate monument of the great Poet's genius. There is probably no other man who could have so exhaustively edited the Poems as Professor Knight has done. The special features of this Edition are as follow: — The Poems are arranged in chronological order of composition; all the changes of text, in the successive Editions of the Poems, are given in footnotes, with the exact dates of these changes; several new readings, or suggested changes of text, which exist in MS., and were written by the Poet on the margins of a copy of the Edition of 1836-37, kept at Rydal Mount and now in the possession of Lord Coleridge, are added; all the Fenwick Notes (dictated by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick) to the Poems, giving the Poet's account of the circumstances under which his Poems were composed, are printed as Prefatory Notes to the Poems explained; Topographical Notes to the Poems, containing allusions to localities in the English Lake District and elsewhere, are given; several Poems and Fragments, hitherto unpublished, are printed; a Bibliography of the Poems, and the successive Editions published in England and America, from 1793 to 1850, is added; [a Bibliography of Critical Articles on the Poet's Works will be given in one of the forthcoming volumes of the Life of Wordsworth, by Professor Knight, which will be published as supplementary to the present Edition of his Poetical Works]; Etchings of localities associated with the Poet are given as frontispieces to Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., and VII. The text adopted for this Edition is Wordsworth's final text of 1849-50. In addition to the ordinary Demy 8vo Edition there was printed a Large Paper Edition (of 140 copies) with proofs of the Etchings on China Paper and Holland Paper, size, Imperial 8vo; and a Largest Paper Edition (of 25 copies) on the finest Laid Paper, with the Etchings (threefold) on China, India, and Dutch Paper, size, Super-Imperial 8vo.

60


Collation. — Pp. xii, 13-37, 1-295; Fly Leaf contains a mounted Engraving of Rydal Mount; Titles, Motto (from Matthew Arnold's Memorial Verses), and Contents, pp. i-xii; Introductory Memoir, pp. 13-37; Poems, pp. i-295.

Notes. — In 1885 (?) a number of copies were issued bearing "J. S. Fletcher and
THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORDSWORTH

Co." on title-page as the publishers. The volume is very prettily printed on hand-made paper.

61

THE RIVER DUDDON A Series of Sonnets

The leaves of this volume are unpaged; preceding each etching is a leaf giving title of the picture, a quotation from one of the sonnets, and a prose description.

62


Collation.—Pp. xlv, 246; Titles, Publishers' Note, and History of the Sonnet, pp. i-xxxvi; Advertisement and Contents, pp. xxxvii-xlv; Sonnets, pp. 1-246.

Note.—This volume is a reprint—with the addition of "The History of the English Sonnet"—of Wordsworth's own collected Edition of Sonnets, published in 1838. See No. 34.

63


Collation.—Pp. vi, 7-285; Title and Contents, pp. i-vi; Inscription (on p. 7); Prefatory Notice, pp. 9-46; Poems, pp. 47-285.

Note.—This (which is one of the vols. of "The Canterbury Poets") is only a selection, though described on the title as "The Poetical Works." The Prefatory Memoir and Criticism is sympathetically written, and the poems chosen are fairly representative.

64


Note.—This is a volume containing fifty-five engravings from drawings by Harry Goodwin of scenes in the English Lake District associated with Wordsworth, with all the poems, or portions of poems, referring to the places. The volume is edited and prefaced, with introductions to the poems and pictures, by Professor Knight. There is an emblematic design on cover, which contains title as follows: —Pictures by Harry Goodwin. Text by William Knight. THROUGH THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY.

65


Collation.—Pp. xxiv, 309; Titles and Preface, pp. i-xv; Contents, pp. xvii-xxiv; Poems, pp. 1-304; Notes, pp. 305-309.

Note.—The poems are arranged in chronological order of composition, and there is an admirable etched portrait of the poet—"from a miniature by Margaret Gillies in the possession of Sir Henry Douton"—given as frontispiece. It is the intention of the publishers to issue this selection in a smaller and cheaper form.
66

THE RECLUSE By William Wordsworth
London Macmillan and Co. And
New York 1888

Collation.—Pp. vi, 60; Titles and Pre-
face, i-vi; Text, pp. 1-60.

Note.—In the prefatory advertisement to
the First Edition of the Prelude, 1850, it
is stated that that poem was designed to
be introductory to the Recluse, and that
the Recluse, if completed, would have con-
sisted of three parts. The second part is
"The Excursion." The third part was only
planned. The first book of the first part
was left in manuscript by Wordsworth. It
is now (1888) published for the first time
in extenso.
LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDSWORTH AND BEST CRITICAL ARTICLES ON HIS WRITINGS

[PREFATORY NOTE.—The following List of Biographies and Critical Essays on Wordsworth is, as nearly as can be ascertained, arranged in Chronological Order, except in cases where more than one article by the same writer is enumerated, in which cases they are all put together. Biographies, and articles partly biographical, are marked with an *]

SOUTHEY (Robert), Life and Correspondence of: comments on Wordsworth in Chaps. ix., x., xi., xii., xiii., xv., xix., xxvi., xxxii., and xxxvi.

*WORDSWORTH (Dorothea), Tour in Scotland, 1803. Edited by J. C. Shairp. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)


LAMB (Charles), Works: Review of “The Excursion.”

HAZLITT (William), The Spirit of the Age: Mr. Wordsworth; Winterslow: My first acquaintance with Poets.


TAYLOR (Henry), Notes from Books: Wordsworth’s Poetical Works; and Wordsworth’s Sonnets.


BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE, xxxvii. 699.

WILSON (John), Blackwood’s Magazine, xiii. 175.


KEBLE (Rev. John), Inscription to Wordsworth (Prelectiones Academicae, 1838-41 and 1844).

*WORDSWORTH (Chr.), Memoirs of William Wordsworth, 2 Vols. (London: Moxon, 1851.)

*JANUARY Searle, Memoirs of W. Wordsworth. (London, 1852.)


MOIR (D. M.), Poetical Literature of Past Half-Century: Wordsworth, pp. 61-83. (London: Blackwood and Sons.)

ROBINSON (H. Crabb), Diary: Numerous Reminiscences, etc., of Wordsworth. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

*DE QUINCEY (Thomas), Works: Vol. II., Recollections of Wordsworth, etc.; Vol. V., On Wordsworth’s Poetry, etc. (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.)

WALLER (J. F.), Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography, vi. 1389.

*HOOD (Edwin Paxton), William Wordsworth: A Biography. (London, 1856.)


GILFILLAN (George), First Gallery of Literary Portraits: William Wordsworth.

GILFILLAN (George), Second Gallery of Literary Portraits: William Wordsworth.


LOWELL (J. R.), Among my Books: Wordsworth.

CLOUGH (Arthur H.), Poems and Prose Remains: Lecture on Poetry of Words-
LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDSWORTH


HOWITT (William), Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets: William Wordsworth, pp. 532-555.

MASSON (David), Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, etc.: Wordsworth, pp. 3-74. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1875.)

ROBERTSON (Rev. F. W.), Lectures: Lecture on Wordsworth. (London: Paul, Trench, and Co.)


*SHAIRP (J. C.), Studies in Poetry and Philosophy: Wordsworth, the Man and the Poet, pp. 1-103. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1876.)


HUTTON (R. H.), Essays, Theological and Literary: Wordsworth and his Genius.


*CALVERT (George), Wordsworth: A Study. (Boston, U.S.A., 1878.)


DOWDEN (E.), On Text of the Poems, Contemporary Review, xxxiii. 734.

ARNOLD (Matthew), Macmillan's Magazine, xxviii. 289.

BAGEHOT (Walter), Literary Studies: Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry, Vol. II. pp. 338-390. (London, 1884.)


BAYNE (Peter), Two Great Englishwomen, etc.: Essay on Poetry, illustrated from Wordsworth, etc., pp. xi-lxxviii. (London: Clarke and Co., 1881.)

SHORTHOUSE (J. H.), The Platonism of Wordsworth. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

MACDONALD (George), The Imagination and other Essays: Wordsworth's Poetry, pp. 245-263. (Boston: D. Lothrop and Co. (1883.).

*SYMINGTON (A. J.), William Wordsworth: A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his writings, 2 vols. (London: Blackie and Son, 1881.)

CHURCH (Dean), Dante and other Essays: Wordsworth, pp. 193-219. (Macmillan and Co., 1888.)

*HUDSON (Henry N.), Studies in Wordsworth. (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1884.)


SWINBURNE (A. C.), Miscellanies: Wordsworth and Byron, pp. 63-156. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1886.)


*SUTHERLAND (J. M.), William Wordsworth: the Story of his Life, with critical remarks on his Writings. (London: Elliot Stock, 1887.)

INDEX TO THE POEMS

Aar, The Fall of the, 584
Abbeys, Old, 637
Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle, 712
Address to a Child, 357
Address to Kilchurn Castle, 193
Address to my Infant Daughter, 208
Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ———, 116
Admonition, 359
Aeneid, Translation of Part of the First Book of the, 557
Aerial Rock, 574
Affliction of Margaret ———, 205
Afflictions of England, 629
After-thought (Tour on the Continent), 585
After-thought (Duddon), 607
Ailsa Craig, Frith of Clyde, 719
Airy-Force Valley, 780
Aix-la-Chapelle, 582
Allan Hills, From the, 755
Albano, At, 755
Alfred, 615
Alfred, Canute and, 559
Alfred, his Descendants, 616
Alice Fel, or Poverty, 168
Alloys Reding, 584
Ambleside, 784
America, Aspects of Christianity in (Three Son.), 628
American Episcopacy, 633
American Tradition, 609
Ancient History, On a celebrated Event in (Two Son.), 392
Andrew Jones, 133
Anecdote for Fathers, 75
Animal Tranquillity and Decay, 98
Anio, 755
Anna, 656
Anticipation (October 1803), 202
Anticipation of leaving School, Composed in, a
Apennines, Among the Ruins of a Convent in the, 761
Apology (Eccl. Son., 1st Part), 614
Apology (Eccl. Son., 2d Part), 624
Apology (Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death), 769
Apology (Yarrow Revisited), 700
Applethwaite, 212
Aquapendente, Musings near, 747
Armenian Lady’s Love, The, 674
Artegal and Eldilure, 540
Authors, A plea for, 765
Author’s Portrait, To the, 690
Autumn (September), 543
Autumn (Two Poems), 577
Avarice, The last Stage of, 153
Avon, The (Annan), 698
Bala-Sala, At, 728
Balbi, 396
Ballot, Protest against the, 766
Bangor, Monastery of Old, 619
Baptism, 634
Barbara, 150
Beaumont, Sir George, Epistle to, 398
Beaumont, Sir George, Upon persuading the foregoing Epistle to, 403
Beaumont, Sir George, Picture of Peele Castle painted by, 217
Beaumont, Sir George, Beautiful picture painted by, 404
Beaumont, Sir George, Elegiac Stanzas addressed to, 646
Beaumont, To the Lady, 363
Beggar, Old Cumberland, 95
Beggars, 169
Beggars, Sequel to the, 569
Benefits, Other (Two Son.), 628
Bible, Translation of the, 625
Binnorie, The Solitude of, 208
Bird of Paradise, Coloured Drawing of the, 742
Bird of Paradise, Suggested by a Picture of, 751
Biscayan Rite (Two Son.), 391
Bishops, Accidental of the, 631
Bishops and Priests, 633
Black Comb, Inscription on a stone on the side of, 407
Black Comb, View from the top of, 407
Bologna, At (Three Son.), 752
Bolton Priory, The founding of, 386
Books (Prelude), 263
Books and Newspapers, Illustrated, 733
Borderers, The, 54
Bothwell Castle, 698
Boulogne, On being stranded near the Harbour of, 595
Bran, Effusion on the Banks of, 536
Breadalbane, Ruined Mansion of the Earl of, 696
Brientz, Scene on the Lake of, 585
Brigham, Nun’s Well, 712
Britons, Struggle of the, 619
Brothers, The, 195
Brother’s Water, Bridge at the foot of, 172
Brougham Castle, Song at the Feast of, 363
Brownie’s Cell, 534
Brownie, The, 607
Bruges (Two Poems), 581
Bruges, Incident at, 668
Buonaparte, 177
Buonaparte, 179
Buonaparte, 390
Burial Place in the South of Scotland, 693
Burns, At the Grave of, 188
Burns, Thoughts suggested near the residence of, 180
Burns, To the Sons of, 190
Butterfly, To a, 170
Butterfly, To a, 172
Calais (Three Son.), 179
Calais, Composed by the Seaside near (1802), 178
Calais, Fish-women at, 581
Calvert, Raisley, 356
Canaldoli, At the Convent of (Three Son.), 756
Cambridge and the Alps (Prelude), 370
Cambridge, Residence at (Prelude), 349
Canute, 616
Canute and Alfred, 559
Castle, Composed at ———, 195
“Castle of Indolence,” Written in my Pocket Copy of, 182
Casual Incitement, 612
Catechising, 634
Cathedrals, etc., 639
Catholic Cantons, Composed in one of the, 584
Celandine, The Small, 212
Celandine, To the Small (Two Poems), 173
Cenotaph (Mrs. Fermor), 647
Chamouny, Processions in the Vale of, 593
Character, A, 354
Charles the First, Troubles of, 628
Charles the Second, 630
Chatsworth, 686
Chaucer, Selections from (Three Poems), 156
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Chiabrera, Epitaphs translated from, 393
Chichely, Archbishop to Henry the Fifth, 622
Child, Address to a, 357
Child, Three years old, Characteristics of a, 397
Childress, Father, The, 150
Child, To a (written in her Album), 735
Childhood and School-time (Prelude), 235
Christianity in America, Aspects of (Three Son.), 632
Church to be erected (Two Son.), 638
Churches, New, 638
Churchyard among the Mountains (Excursion), 482
Churchyard among the Mountains (Excursion), 498
Churchyard, New, 639
Cintra, Convention of (Two Son.), 387
Cisterian Monastery, 610
Clarkson, Thomas, To, 361
Clergy, Corruptions of the Higher, 632
Clergy, Emigrant French, 637
Clerical Integrity, 630
Clermont, The Council of, 617
Clifford, Lord, 363
Clouds, To the, 781
Clyde, In the Frith of (Ailsa Crag), 710
Clyde, On the Frith of, 719
Cockermouth Castle, Address from the Spirit of, 712
Cockermouth, In sight of, 712
Coleorton, Elegiac Musings in the grounds of, 688
Coleorton, A Flower Garden at, 644
Coleorton, Inscription for an Urn in the grounds of, 405
Coleorton, Inscription for a Seat in the groves of, 405
Coleorton, Inscription in a garden of, 404
Coleorton, Inscription in the grounds of, 404
Collins, Remembrance of, 10
Cologne, In the Cathedral of, 382
Commination Service, 636
Complaint, A, 347
"Complete Angler," Written on a blank leaf in the, 574
Conclusion (Duddon), 606
Conclusion (Ecc. Son.), 640
Conclusion (Miscell. Son.), 658
Conclusion (Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death), 769
Confirmation (Two Son.), 634
Congratulation, 638
Conjectures, 610
Contrast, The, The Parrot and the Wren, 448
Convent in the Apennines, 761
Convention of Cintra, Composed while writing a Tract occasioned by the (Two Son.), 387
Conversion, 613
Corl Linn, Composed at, 536
Cordelia M ——, To, 728
Cottage Girls, The Three, 591
Council of Clermont, The, 617
Countess's Pillar, 659
Covenants: Persecution of Scottish, 631
Cromer, 626
Crosthwaite Church, 784
Crusaders, 660
Crusades, 617
Cuckoo and the Nightingale, The, 160
Cuckoo at Lavena, The, 756
Cuckoo Clock, The, 789
Cuckoo, To the, 804
Cuckoo, To the, 656
Cumberland Beggar, The Old, 95
Cumberland, Coast of (In the Channel), 716
Cumberland, On a high part of the coast of, 710
Daffodils, 205
Daisy, To the (The Poems), 184
Daisy, To the, 186
Daisy, To the, 216
Daniel, Picture of (Hamilton Palace), 658
Danish Boy, The, 720
Danish Conquests, 616
Danube, Source of the, 583
Dati, Roberto, 395
Dedication (Miscell. Son.), 654
Dedication (Tour on the Continent), 581
Dedication (White Doe of Rylstone), 306
Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, 188
Derwent, To the River, 712
Descriptive Sketches, To
Despondency (Excursion), 440
Despondency Corrected (Excursion), 453
Desultory Stanzas, 696
Detraction which followed the Publication of a certain Poem, On the, 579
Devil's Bridge, To the Torrent at, 646
Devotional Incitements, 702
Dion, 532
Dissensions, 611
Distractions, 628
Dog, Incident Characteristic of a, 215
Dog, Tribute to the Memory of the same, 215
Donnerdale, The Plain of, 603
Dora, To (A little onward), 560
Douglas Bay, Isle of Man, On entering, 717
Dover, Composed in the Valley near, 180
Dover, Near, 181
Dover, The Valley of (Two Son.), 505
Dover's Eye, 545
Druish Excommunication, 610
Druids, Trepidation of the, 610
Dudley, The River, 597
Dungeon-Ghyll Force, 178
Dunolly Castle (Eagles), 605
Dunolly Castle, On revisiting, 719
Dunolly Eagle, The, 720
Duty, Ode to, 213
Dyer, To the Poet John, 546
Eagle and the Dove, The, 78
Eagles (Dunolly Castle), 695
Eagle, The Dunolly, 720
Easter Sunday, Composed on, 575
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 609
Echo, The Mountain, 350
Echo upon the Gemmi, 592
Eclipse of the Sun, 1840, The, 590
Eden, The River (Cumberland), 724
Edward the Sixth, 625
Edward signing the Warrax, 636
Egremont Castle, The Hor of, 346
Egyptian Maid, The, 681
Ejaculation, 640
Elegiac Musings (Coleorton Hall), 688
Elegiac Stanzas (Goddard), 54
Elegiac Stanzas (Mrs. Fermor), 646
Elegiac Stanzas (Peele Castle), 217
Elegiac Verses (John Wordsworth), 278
Elizabeth, 627
Ellen Irwin, 529
Emigrant French Clergy, 637
Emigrant Mother, The, 170
Eminent Reformers (Two Son.), 697
Emma's Dell, 141
Engelberg, 585
Engbien, Duke d', 557
England, 501
England, Afflictions of, 659
Enterprise, To, 607
Episcopacy, American, 632
Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, 398
Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, Upon perusing the foregoing, 105
Epitaph, A Poet's, 115
Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, 647
Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera, 393
Evening of extraordinary splendour, Composed upon an, 372
Evening Walk, An, 3
Event in Ancient History, On a Celebrated (Two Son.), 302
INDEX TO THE POEMS

Invocation to the Earth (1816), 553
Iona, (Two Son.,) 722
Iona, Black Stones of, 722
Isle of Man (Two Son.), 717
Isle of Man, At Bala-Bala, 718
Isle of Man, At Sea, off, 716
Isle of Man, By the Seashore, 717
Isle of Man (Douglas Bay), 717
Italian Itinerant, The, 588
Italy, After leaving (Two Son.), 762

JEDBURGH, The Matron of, 196
Jewish Family, A, 663
Joanna, 741
Joan of Kent, Warrant for Execution of, 626
Jones, Rev. Robert, 10
Jones, Rev. Robert, 179
Journey renewed, 605
Jung-Frau, The, and the Fall of the Rhine, 688

KENDAL. Upon hearing of the death of the Vicar of, 539
Kendal and Windermere Railway, On the projected, 785
Kent, To the Men of, 291
Kilchurn Castle, Address to, 193
Kilkicranky, In the Pass of, 201
King's College Chapel, Cambridge, Inside of (Three Son.), 639
Kirkstone, The Pass of, 567
Kirtle, The Braes of, 152
Kitten and Falling Leaves, The, 209

LABOURER'S Noon-day Hymn, 731
Lady, To a, upon Drawings she had made of Flowers in Madeira, 788
Lady By Bk. and the Hon. Miss P., To the, 645
Lamb, Charles, Written after the death of, 799
Lancaster Castle, Suggested by the view of, 767
Langdale, Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of, 647
Laodamia, 539
Last of the Flock, The, 87
Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, The, 580
Latimer and Ridley, 626
Lattitudinarianism, 630
Laud, 695
Lawn, The, 673
Leonardo da Vinci, The Last Supper, 589
Lesbia, 745
Liberty (Gold and Silver Fiahes), 665
Liberty (Tyrolese Sonnets), 388
Liberty, Obligations of Civil to Religious, 631

Lieve, Between Namur and, 582
Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, 93
Lines composed on the expected death of Mr. Fox, 356
Lines, Farewell, 779
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, 33
Lines on the expected Invasion, 1803, 902
Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone (Two Poems), 733
Lines written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, 1
Lines written in Early Spring, 83
Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, 736
Lines written upon a Stone, upon one of the Islands at Rydal, 155
Lines written upon hearing of the death of the late Vicar of Kendal, 539
Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening, 9
Liturgy, The, 634
Loch Etive, Composed in the Glen of, 695
Lombardy, In, 762
London, Residence in (Prelude), 280
London, Written in (1802), (Two Son.), 181
Longest Day, The, 565
Long Meg and her Daughters, 725
Lonsdale, The Countess of (Album), 736
Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 414
Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 726
Louisa, 230
Love, The Birth of, 79
Love lies bleeding (Two Poems), 706
Loving and Liking, 703
Lowther, 726
Lowther, To the Lady Mary, 579
Lucca Giordano, 793
Lucy Gray, or Solitude, 720
Lucy (Three Poems), 714
Lucy (Three years she grew), 115
Lycoris, Ode to (Two Poems), 503

M. H., To, 144
Madeira, Flowers in the Island of, 788
Malham Cove, 573
Man, 702
Manse, On the sight of a (Scotland), 654
Margaret ——, The Affliction of, 205
March, Written in, 172
Mariner, By a retired, 718
Marriage Ceremony, The, 615
Marriage of a Friend, On the Eve of, 406
Marshall, To Cordelia, 738
Mary Queen of Scots, Captivity of, 575
Mary Queen of Scots, Lament of, 508
Mary Queen of Scots (Workington), 713
Maternal Grief, 396
Matron of Jedborough, The, 196
Matthew, 117
May Morning, Composed on (1828), 764
May Morning, Ode composed on, 649
May, To, 650
Meditation, 728
Memory, 640
Memory (The Dudder), 604
Men of the Western World, 776
Mental Affliction, 765
Merry England, 711
Michael, 131
Michael Angelo, From the Italian of, 412
Michael Angelo, From the Italian of, 355
Milton, 181
Missions and Travels, 615
Monasteries, Dissolution of the (Three Son.), 623
Monasteries, Saxon, 619
Monastery, Cistercian, 619
Monastery of Old Bangor, 612
Monastic Power, Abuse of, 623
Monastic Voluptuousness, 683
Monks, 619
Monks and Schoolmen, 620
Monument of Mrs. Howard (Two Son.), 724
Monument (Long Meg and Her Daughters), 725
Moon, The (The Shepherd looking eastward), 545
Moon, The (With how sad step), 253
Moon, The (The crescent Moon, the Star of Love), 774
Moon, The (Seaside), 737
Moon, The (Rydal), 738
Moon, The (Who but is pleased) 793
Moon, The (How beautiful the Queen of Night), 793
Moon, The (Once I could hail), 651
Morning Exercise, A, 658
Moscow, self-devoted to a, 55
Mossigel Farm (Burns), 723
Mother’s Return, The, 361
Mountains, Hint from the, 566
Mountain (November 1), 544
Music, Power of, 348
Mutilability, 637

NAMING OF PLACES, Poems on the, 141
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tyrolesse, On the final submission of the</td>
<td>389</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyrolesse Sonnets</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ultrah, Kirk of</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncertainty</td>
<td>610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vale, Beloved</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valedictory Sonnet (Misc. Son.)</td>
<td>766</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vallombrosa, At</td>
<td>753</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaucluse, The (Two Son.)</td>
<td>621</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaudracour and Julia</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venetian Republic, On the Extinction of</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venice, Scene in</td>
<td>618</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venus, To the Planet (January 1838)</td>
<td>764</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venus, To the Planet (Loch Lomond)</td>
<td>698</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vernal Ode</td>
<td>562</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vienna, Siege of, raised by John Sobieski</td>
<td>556</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgin, The</td>
<td>624</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vision, A</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visitation of the Sick</td>
<td>636</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waggoner, The</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waldenses</td>
<td>622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace</td>
<td>536</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walton’s Book of “Lives,”</td>
<td>630</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanderer, Discourse of the (Excursion)</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanderer, The (Excursion)</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wandering Jew, Song for the</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wansfell</td>
<td>782</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warning, The</td>
<td>707</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wars of York and Lancaster</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterfall and the Eglantine</td>
<td>The</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water-fowl</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterloo, After visiting the Field of</td>
<td>581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waterloo, Occasioned by the Battle of (Two Son.)</td>
<td>556</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We are Seven</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellington, On a Portrait of the Duke of</td>
<td>771</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westall, Mr. W., Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire by (Three Poems)</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westminster Bridge, Composed upon</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westmoreland Girl, The</td>
<td>786</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whirl-blast</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whistlers, The Seven</td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Doe of Rylstone</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiclabbe</td>
<td>622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Widow on Windermere Side, The</td>
<td>779</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wild Duck’s Nest</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William the Third</td>
<td>631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter (French Army), (Two Poems)</td>
<td>555</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wishing-gate, The</td>
<td>662</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wishing-gate Destroyed, The</td>
<td>663</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worcester Cathedral, A Gravestone in</td>
<td>674</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, John, Elegiac Verses in memory of</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, John (Fir Grove)</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, To the Rev. Christopher</td>
<td>784</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wordsworth, To the Rev. Dr. Duddon</td>
<td>598</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wren’s Nest</td>
<td>705</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yarrow Unvisited</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yarrow Visited</td>
<td>538</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yarrow Revisited</td>
<td>691</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yew-Trees</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yew-tree Seat</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York and Lancaster, Wars of</td>
<td>622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young England</td>
<td>791</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Lady, To a</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youth, Written in very early</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zaragoza</td>
<td>389</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

A Barking sound the Shepherd hears, 214
A Book came forth of late, called Peter Bell, 579
A bright-haired company of youthful slaves, 612
Abruptly paused the strife;—the field throughout, 556
A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew, 603
Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown, 711
Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground, 388
Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow, 574
A famous man is Robin Hood, 193
Affections lose their object; Time brings forth, 794
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, 354
A genial hearth, a hospitable board, 533
Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers, 106
Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide, 759
A humming bee—a little tinkling rill, 440
Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung, 614
Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen, 391
Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit, 762
Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light, 637
Alas! what boots the long laborious quest, 388
A little onward lend thy guiding hand, 565
All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed, 771
A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time, 604
Ambition—following down this far-famed slope, 501
Amid a fertile region green with wood, 698
Amid the smoke of cities did you pass, 442
Amid this dance of objects sadness steals, 583
Among a grave fraternity of Monks, 735
Among all lovely things my Love had been, 711
Among the dwellers in the silent fields, 782
Among the dwellings framed by birds, 705
Among the mountains were we nursed, loved
Stream, 713
A month, sweet Little-ones, is past, 561
An age hath been when Earth was proud, 564
And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven, 1
And is it among rude untutored Dales, 389
And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream, 538
And, not in vain embodied to the sight, 630
And shall, the Pontiff asks, profaneness flow, 617
And what is Penance with her knotted thong, 623
And what melodious sounds at times prevail, 630
An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow
bold, 348
Another year!—another deadly blow, 356
A pen—to register; a key, 640
A Pilgrim, when the summer day, 599
A plague on your languages, German and Norse,
724
A pleasant music floats along the Mere, 616
A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school, 774
A point of life between my Parents' dust, 712
Army of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops, 781
A Rock is there whose homely front, 690
A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground, 392
Around a wild and woody hill, 584
Arran! a single-crested Tenerife, 719
Art thou a Statist in the van, 115
Art thou the bird whom Man loves best, 172
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest, 620
——A simple Child, 74
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue, 762
As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow, 753
A slumber did my spirit seal, 115
As often as I murmur here, 689
As star that shines dependent upon star, 633
As the cold aspect of a sunless way, 575
A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee, 645
A sudden conflict rises from the swell, 633
As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain,
761
As with the Stream our voyage we pursue, 618
At early dawn, or rather when the air, 574
A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain, 21
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain, 603
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, 72
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind, 393
A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, 631
A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found, 643
Avoice—a precious, an immortal name, 698
A weight of aye not easy to be borne, 735
A whirl-blast from behind the hill, 84
A winged Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought, 581
A youth too certain of his power to wade, 717
Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made,
546
Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear, 217
Before I see another day, 86
Before the world had past her time of youth, 768
Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf, 145
Beguiled into forgetfulness of care, 733
Behold an emblem of our human mind, 794
Behold a pupil of the monkish gown, 615
Behold her, single in the field, 192
Behold, within the leafy shade, 196
Beloved Vale! I said, when I shall con, 352
Beneath the concave of an April sky, 562
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed, 186
Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggyl bound, 405
Be this the chosen site, the virgin sod, 638
Between two sister moorland rills, 130
Bishops and Priests, blessed are ye, if deep, 633
Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
618
Blest is this Isle—our native Land, 641
Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord, 195
Departed Child! I could forget thee once, 596
Departing summer hath assumed, 577
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground, 619
Desire we past illusions to recall, 716
Desponding Father! mark this altered bough, 744
Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim, 718
Destined to war from very infancy, 305
Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen, 717
Discourse was deemed Man’s noblest attribute, 793

 Dishonour’d Rock and Ruin! that, by law, 696
Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur, 578
Doomed as we are our native dust, 584
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk, 697
Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design, 639
Dread hour! when, upheaved by war’s sulphurous blast, 587
Driven in by Autumn’s sharpening air, 732

Earth has not anything to show more fair, 178
Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed, 724
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung, 557

England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean, 201
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand, 784
Enough! for see, with dim association, 697
Enough of climbing to!—Ambition treads, 554
Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook, 696
Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes, 677
Ere the Brothers through the gateway, 346
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew, 649
Ere yet our course was graced with social trees, 600

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load, 761
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky, 648
Even as a dragon’s eye that feels the stress, 545
Even as a river,—partly (it might seem), 299
Even so for me a Vision sanctified, 746
Even such the contrast that, where’er we move, 628
Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France, 637

Excuse is needless when with love sincere, 654

Failing impartial measure to dispense, 765
Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate, 553
Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers, 758
Fair Land! I thee all men greet with joy; how few, 762
Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild, 655
Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west, 178
Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap, 605
Fame tells of groves—from England far away, 580

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad, 658
Farewell, deep Valley, with thy one rude House, 469
Farewell, thou little nook of mountain-ground, 177

Far from my dearest friend, ’tis mine to rove, 4
Far from our home by Grasmere’s quiet Lake, 399
Father! to God himself we cannot give, 634
Fear hath a hundred eyes, that all agree, 628
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken, 775

Festivals have I seen that were not names, 179
Fit retribution, by the moral code, 768
Five years have past; five summers, with the length, 93
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

Flattered with promise of escape, 673
Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale, 197
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep, 355
For action born, existing to be tried, 726
Forbear to deem the Chronicler untrue, 754
For ever hallowed be this morning fair, 613
For gentle uses, of-times Nature takes, 585
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs, 755
Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base, 766
For thirst of power that Heaven disowns, 794
Forth rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit, 766
For what contend the wise?—for nothing less, 625
Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein, 745
From Bolton’s old monastic tower, 367
From early youth I ploughed the restless Main, 718
From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed, 619
From Little down to Least, in due degree, 634
From low to high doloth dissolution climb, 637
From Nature doth emotion come, and moods, 324
From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled, 632
From Stirling Castle we had seen, 195
From that time forth, Authority in France, 314
From the Baptismal hour, thro’ weal and woe, 636
From the dark chambers of dejection freed, 539
From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing, 584
From the Piers head, musing, and with increase, 596
From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play, 602
Frowns are on every Muse’s face, 653
Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars, 620
GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings, 664
Giordano, verily thy Pencil’s skill, 793
Glad sight! wherever new with old, 788
Glide gently, thus for ever glide, 70
Glory to God! and to the Power who came, 640
Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes, 658
Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt, 590
Grant that by this unsparing hurricane, 685
Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast, 355
Great men have been among us; hands that penned, 186
Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones, 719
Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend, 576
Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft, 758
HAD this effulgence disappeared, 579
Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night, 546
Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird, 483
Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o’er, 602
Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour, 544
Hail, Virgin Queen! o’er many an envious bar, 657
Hail, Zégonza! If with unwet eye, 589
Hapless the feeling from the bosom thrown, 654
Hard task! exclain the undiscovered, to lean, 763
Hark! ’tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprongest, 765
Harmonious Powers with Nature work, 773
Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string, 699
Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, 571
Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, 571
—Hast thou then survived, 808
Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill, 705
Here closed the Tenant of that lonely vale, 452
Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall, 619
Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more, 180
Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black, 723
Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise, 308
Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed, 699
Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing, 755
Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, 81
Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat, 654
“High bliss is only for a higher state,” 779
High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you, 360
High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate, 363
High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art, 540
High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down, 776
High on her speculative tower, 590
His simple truths did Andrew glean, 145
Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are, 628
Homeward we turn. Isle of Columbia’s Cell, 723
Hope rules a land for ever green, 662
Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, 722
Hopes, what are they?—Beads of morning, 570
How art thou named? In search of what strange land, 646
How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high, 793
How beautiful, when up a lofty height, 779
How beautiful your presence, how benign, 614
How bliss the Maid whose heart—yet free, 591
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright, 544
How disappeared he? Ask the newt and toad, 697
How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled, 626
How profitless the relics that we call, 700
How richly gives the water’s breast, 9
How ruddy is the forehead’s calm expance, 644
How sad a welcome! To each voyager, 722
How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone, 680
How soon—alas! I did Man, created pure, 619
How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks, 352
Humanity, delighting to behold, 555
Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast, 393
I am not One who much or oft delight, 351
I come, ye little noisy Crew, 116
I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind, 387
If from the public way you turn your steps, 131
If Life were slumber on a bed of down, 713
If Nature, for a favourite child, 117
If there be prophets on whose spirits rest, 610
If these brief Records, by the Muses’ art, 688
If the whole weight of what we think and feel!, 685
If this great world of joy and pain, 795
If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, 755
If those were the dear love of thee one Friend, 154
If to Tradition faith be due, 201
If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share, 764
I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain, 177
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed, 153
I have a boy of five years old, 76
I heard (also I twas only a dream), 576
I heard a thousand blended notes, 83
I know an aged Man constrained to dwell, 792
I listen—but no faculty of mine, 587
I marvel how Nature could ever find space, 154
I met Louisa in the shade, 220
Immered in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave, 698
In Bruges town is many a street, 668
In days of yore how fortunately fared, 428
In desultory walk through orchard grounds, 772
In distant countries have I been, 87
In due observance of an ancient rite, 391
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood, 181
Inmate of a mountain-dwelling, 561
In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud, 657
In one of those excursions (may they ne'er, 329
Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake, 772
In these four vales hath many a Tree, 688
In the sweet shire of Cardigan, 82
In this still place, remote from men, 191
In trellised shed with clustering roses gar'd, 566
Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you, 556
In youth from rock to rock I went, 184
I rose while yet the cattle, heat-oppress, 605
I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent, 635
I saw an aged Beggar in my walk, 95
I saw fair off the dark top of a Pine, 753
I saw the figure of a lovely Maid, 689
Is Death, when evil against good has fought, 767
I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, 188
Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind, 179
Is then no nook of English ground secure, 785
Is then the final page before me spread, 596
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer, 391
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitol Hill, 753
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide, 607
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, 179
It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown, 187
It is not to be thought of that the Flood, 182
It is the first mild day of March, 84
I travelled among unknown men, 115

It seems a day, 113
It was a beautiful and silent day, 306
It was a dreary morning when the wheels, 249
It was a moral end for which they fought, 589
It was an April morning; fresh and clear, 141
I've watched you now a full half-hour, 172
I wandered lonely as a cloud, 205
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile, 217
I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret, 576
I, who accompanied with faithful pace, 609
Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side, 612
Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake, 630
Let other hands of angels sing, 643
Let thy wheel-barrow alone, 119
Let us quit the leafy arbour, 555
Lie here, without a record of thy worth, 215
Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun, 764
Like a shipwrecked Sailor lost, 766
List, the winds of March are blowing, 707
List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight, 756
List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower, 726
Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape, 595
Lone Flower hemmed in with snows, and white as they, 575
Long-favoured England! be not thou misled, 775
Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn, 755
Long time have human ignorance and guilt, 320
Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat, 117
Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest, 726
Look at the late of summer flowers, 644
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid, 390
Lord of the vale! I astounding Flood, 536
Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up, 359
Loving she is, and tractable, though wild, 397
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance, 776
Lo! where the Moon along the sky, 764
Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen, 726
Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells, 594
Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live, 783
MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King, 613
Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood, 406
Mark the concentrated hazels that enclose, 545
Meek Virgin Mother, more benign, 583
Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book, 776
Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy, 628
Merry and Love have met thee on thy road, 610
Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil, 627
Methinks that to some vacant hermitage, 614
Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat, 604
Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne, 356
Mid crowded obelisks and urns, 190
Midnoon is past;—upon the sultry mead, 604
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, 181
Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued, 638
Misserrimus! and neither name nor date, 674
Monastic Domes! following my downward way 637
Most sweet it is with unlighted eyes, 728
Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncost, 624
Motions and Means, on land and sea at war, 725
My frame hath often trembled with delight, 603
My heart leaps up when I behold, 171
NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree
stands, 33
Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove, 755
Never enlivened with the liveliest ray, 789
Next morning Troilus began to clear, 105
No fiction was it of the antique age, 657
No more: the end is sudden and abrupt, 700
No mortal object did these eyes behold, 555
No record tells of lance opposed to lance, 605
Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend, 614
Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject, 630
Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid, 612

Jesus! bless our slender Boat, 583
Jones! as from Calais southward you and I, 179
Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power, 777

Keep for the young the impassioned smile, 607

Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard, 736
Lady! I rifed a Parnassian Cave, 579
Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove, 363
Lament for Diocletian's fiery sword, 611
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

Ocean—Not a breath of air, 780
Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw, 599
Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep, 666
Not in the lucid intervals of life, 729
Not in the mines beyond the western main, 788
Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly, 523
Not—Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell, 643
Not amid the world's vain objects that enslave, 587
Not sedentary all: there are who roam, 615
Not seldom, clad in radiant vest, 571
Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance, 601
Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard, 636
Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew, 720
Not to the object specially designed, 767
Not utterly unworthy to endure, 624
Not without heavy grief of heart did He, 395
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright, 408
Now that the farewell tear is dried, 588
Now the joy that forsook me once more, 489
Now the primrose makes a splendid show, 770
Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room, 350

Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power, 392
O blithe New-comer! I have heard, 204
O dearer far than light and life are dear, 643
O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain, 389
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied, 393
O Flower of all that springs from gentle blood, 396
Of mortal parents is the Hero born, 388
O Friends! I know not which way I must look, 181
Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze, 730
Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek, 655
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, 120
Oft is the medal faithful to its trust, 405
Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious peer, 414
O for a dirge! But why complain, 646
O for the help of Angels to complete, 582
O gentle Sleep I do they belong to thee, 354
O happy time of youthful lovers (thus, 221
Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame, 556
Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy, 234
Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze, 235
Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech, 765
Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter, 79
O Life! without thy chequered scene, 585
O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously (quoth she), 156
O mountain Stream! I the Shepherd and his Cot, 602
Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee, 179
Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky), 651
Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned, 170
Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear, 692
Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound, 718
Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came, 334
One might believe that natural miseries, 300
One morning (raw it was and wet, 167
One who was suffering tumult in his soul, 573
On his morning rounds the Master, 215
O Nightingale! thou surely art, 362
On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us
—on, 602
O now that the genius of Bewick were mine, 153
On to Iona!—What can she afford, 792
Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles, 639
O thou who movest onward with a mind, 394
O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought, 184
Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine, 678
Our walk was far among the ancient trees, 144
Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand, 626
Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies, 173
Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep, 693
Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise, 713
Patriots informed with Apostolic light, 633
Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates, 396
Pause, Traveller! whose'er thou be, 571
Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side, 156
People your chains are severing link by link, 743
Perhaps some needful service of the State, 394
Pleasures newly found are sweet, 174
Portentous change when History can appear, 775
Praised be the Art whose subtle power could
stay, 404
Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain
springs, 621
Prejudged by foes determined not to spare, 699
Presentiments! they judge not right, 687
Prompt transformation works the novel Lore, 613
Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old, 785
Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er, 573
Queen of the stars!—so gentle, so benign, 738
Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
716
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face, 761
Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace, 618
Record we too, with just and faithful pen, 650
Redoubled King, of courage leonine, 618
Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed, 704
Rest, rest, perturbed Earth, 551
Return, Content! for fondly I pursued, 605
Rise—they have risen; of brave Aeneas ask, 613
Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey.
657
Rude is this Edifice, and thou hast seen, 155
Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear, 693
Sad thoughts, avaint—partake we thy blithe
cheer, 604
Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud, 745
Say, what is Honour?—'Tis the finest sense, 390
Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills, 694
Scattering, like birds escaped the Fowler's net, 677
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, 655
Screeches round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew
—white, 610
Seek who will delight in fable, 786
See the Condemned alone within his cell, 760
See what gay wildflowers deck this earth-built
Cot, 697
See, where his difficult way that Old Man winds
762
Serene, and fitted to embrace, 532
INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here, 766
Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald, 208
Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love, 782
Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow, 580
She dwelt among the untrodden ways, 114
She had a tall man’s height or more, 169
She was a Phantom of delight, 205
Shout, for a mighty Victory is won, 202
Show me the noblest Youth of present time, 659
Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred, 656
Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy, 719
Six changeful years have vanished since I first, 280
Six months to six years added he remained, 746
Six thousand veterans practised in war’s game, 201
Small service is true service while it lasts, 735
Smile of the Moon!—for so I name, 568
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, 750
Soft as a cloud is yon blue ridge—the mere, 730
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played, 600
Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand, 766
Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest, 403
Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his
lands, 271
Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs, 407
Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay, 774
Stay near me—do not take thy flight, 170
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, 213
Strange fits of passion have I known, 114
Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones, 155
Stretched on the dying Mother’s lap, lies dead, 724
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright, 657
Such fruitless questions may not long beguile, 662
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind, 546
Sweet Flower! belike one day to have, 216
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower, 192
Sweet Youth—so fair, 695
Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel, 406
Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright, 703

Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take, 600
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, 639
Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold, 644
Tenderly do we feel by Nature’s law, 767
Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school, 721
That happy gleam of vernal eyes, 664
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned, 611
That is work of waste and ruin, 172
That way look, my Infant, lo, 209
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry, 760
The Bard—whose soul is meek as dawning day, 556
The captive Bird was gone:—to cliff or moor, 719
The cattle crowding round this beverage clear, 713
That cock is crowing, 172
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love, 774
The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair, 559
The days are cold, the nights are long, 225
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink, 139
The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine, 404
The encircling ground in native turf arrayed, 639

The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade, 544
The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn, 717
The fields which with covetous spirit we sold, 207
The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary, 725
The forest huge of ancient Caledon, 699
The formal World relaxes her cold chain, 769
The gallant Youth, who may have gained, 659
The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed, 791
The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains, 188
The God of Love—ah, benedicta! 160
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king, 574
The imperial Stature, the colossal stride, 656
The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim’s eye, 606
The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor, 147
The Land we from our fathers had in trust, 388
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill, 731
The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite’s banks, 270
The linnet’s warble, sinking towards a close, 730
——The little hedge-row birds, 98
The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek, 623
The Lovers took within this ancient grove, 699
The martial courage of a day is vain, 390
The mazy Ways, carried across these heights, 651
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune, 598
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky, 774
The old inventive Poets, had they seen, 603
The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn, 612
The peace which others seek they find, 207
The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale, 512
The pibroch’s note, discourteous and mute, 695
The post-boy drove with fierce career, 168
The power of Armies is a visible thing, 398
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed, 212
There are no colours in the fairest sky, 630
There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear, 200
There is a change—and I am poor, 347
There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine, 212
There is a little unpretending Rill, 578
There is an Eminence,—of these our hills, 143
There is a pleasure in poetical pains, 656
There is a Thorn—it looks so old, 76
There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, 187
There never breathed a man who, when his life,
394
"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet
pride, 723
There’s George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and
Reginald Shore, 151
There’s more in words than I can teach, 703
There’s not a nook within this solemn Pass, 695
There’s something in a flying horse, 90
There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs, 113
There was a roaring in the wind all night, 174
There was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream, 353
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die, 767
The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal, 636
The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned,
626
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>These times strike monied worldlings with dismay, 500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live, 125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo! 218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said, 545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• the sky is overcast, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The soaring lark is blest as proud, 669</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined, 588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand, 579</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The star which comes at close of day to shine, 770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The struggling Rill insensibly is grown, 601</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun has long been set, 739</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest, 710</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire, 710</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields, 577</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The tears of man in various measure gush, 626</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The troop will be impatient; let us hie, 35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms, 617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The unremitting voice of nightly streams, 794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The valley rings with mirth and joy, 138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Vested Priest before the Altar stands, 635</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen, 628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Voice of Song from distant lands shall call, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The wind is now thy organist;—a clank, 694</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The woman-hearted Confessor prepares, 647</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The world forsaken, all its busy cares, 758</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The world is too much with us, late and soon, 353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They call Thee Merry England, in old time, 711</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They dreamt not of a perishable home, 640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale, 634</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They seek, are sought; to daily battle led, 397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn, 754</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Height a ministering Angel might select, 407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Land of Rainbows spanning gles whose walls, 695</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Lawn, a carpet all alive, 673</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair, 767</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard, 669</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those had given earliest notice, as the lark, 622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those old credulities, to nature dear, 574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those silver clouds collected round the sun, 576</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those words were uttered as in pensive mood, 533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though I beheld at first with blank surprise, 771</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth, 658</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though many sons have risen and set, 650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near, 363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou searching damps and many an envious flaw, 559</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though the bold wings of Poesy affect, 791</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though the torrents from their fountains, 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though to give timely warning and deter, 768</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think, 712</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou sacred Pile! whose terraces rise, 588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Threats come which no submission may assuage, 623</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three years she grew in sun and shower, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls, 646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus all things lead to Charity, secured, 638</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus far, O' Friend! have we, though leaving much, 743</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus is the storm abated by the craft, 622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy functions are ethereal, 665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night, 88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis gone—with old belief and dream, 663</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain, 756</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined, 202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth unfold, 581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis said, that some have died for love, 150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis said that to the brow of your fair hill, 674</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Tis spent—this burning day of June, 292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Good Man of most dear memory, 739</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield, 593</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen, 534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To every Form of being is assigned, 500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To kneeling Worshippers, no earthly floor, 636</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Too frail to keep the lofty vow, 189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To public notice, with reluctance strong, 539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touissant, the most unhappy man of men, 180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw, 696</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tranquillity! the sovereign aim worth thou, 724</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troubled long with warring notions, 571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>True is it that Ambrosio Saldener, 395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twas Summer, and the sun had mounted high, 415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, 361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the shadow of a stately Pile, 756</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget, 631</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind, 618</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unquiet childhood here by special grace, 657</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untouched through all severity of cold, 704</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away, 130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up to the throne of God is borne, 731</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books, 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up with me! up with me into the clouds, 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urged by Ambition, who with subtletest skill, 616</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed, 584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadiest wood, 594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood, 759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent, 201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAIT, prithee, wait! this answer Lesbia threw, 745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanderer! that stoopest so low, and com'st no near, 737</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wastest this Household has a favoured lot, 782</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward of the Law—I dread Shadow of a King, 579</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was it to disenchant, and to undo, 582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was the aim frustrated by force or guile, 573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice, 611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind, 544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We can endure that He should waste our lands, 399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air, 393</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We had a female Passenger who came, 180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We have not passed into a doleful City, 723</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well have you Railway Labourers to this ground, 787</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well mayst thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye, 352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains, 696</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well worthy to be magnified are they, 632</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die, 770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were there, below, a spot of holy ground, 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We saw, but surely in the motley crowd, 721</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We talked with open heart, and tongue, 118</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX. TO THE FIRST LINES

We walked along, while bright and red, 118
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size, 758
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled, 601
What awful perspective! while from our sight, 632
What beast in wilderness or cultured field, 692
What beast of chase hath broken from the cover, 592
What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by, 349
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine, 787
What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng, 537
What if our numbers barely could defy, 763
What is good for a bootless bene, 386
What know we of the Blest above, 586
What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose, 582
What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret, 729
What need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay, 406
What sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard, 200
What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides, 764
What though the Accused, upon his own appeal, 671
What though the Italian pencil wrought not here, 585
What way does the Wind come? What way does he go, 337
What, you are stepping westward!—Yes, 192
When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry, 631
Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart, 604
When Contemplation, like the night-calm felt, 263
When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn, 302
When first descending from the moorlands, 742
When haughty expectations prostrate lie, 575
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came, 736
When human touch (as monkish books attest), 744
When we have borne in memory what has tamed, 182
When in the antique age of bow and spear, 642
When, looking on the present face of things, 201
When Love was born of heavenly line, 72
When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, 656
When Ruth was left half desolate, 121
When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown, 772
When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch, 552
When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains, 616
When, to the attractions of the busy world, 219
Where are they now, those wanton Boys, 599
Where art thou, my beloved Son, 305
Where be the noisy followers of the game, 505
Where be the temples which, in Britain's isle, 540
Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends, 607
Where lies the Land to which you ship must go, 354
Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed, 792
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root, 601
Where towers are crushed, and unforded weeds, 632
Where will they stop, those breathing powers, 702
While Anna's peers and early playmates tread, 656
While beams of orient light shoot wide and high, 784
While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport, 574
While from the purpled east departs, 640
While Merlin paced the Cornish sands, 681
While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields, 543
While poring Antiquarians search the ground, 744
While the Poor gather round, till the end of time, 700
While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed, 498
Who but hails the sight with pleasure, 566
Who but is pleased to watch the Moon on high, 793
Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed, 630
Who fancied what a pretty sight, 187
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 345
Who ponder National events shall find, 775
Who rashly strove thy Image to portray, 743
Who rises on the banks of Seine, 554
Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce, 606
Who weeps for strangers? Many wept, 387
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant, 745
Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore, 595
Why, Minstrel, these untune murmuring, 654
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle, 711
Why should we weep or mourn,—Angelick boy, 792
Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled, 640
Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine, 717
Why, William, on that old grey stone, 85
Wild Redbreast! hast thou at Jenimia's lip, 658
Wisdom and Spirit of the universe, 112
With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme, 688
With each recurrence of this glorious morn, 575
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the sky, 353
Within her gilded cage confined, 648
Within our happy Castle there dwelt One, 183
Within the mind strong fancies work, 597
With little here to do or see, 183
With sacrifice before the rising morn, 530
With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh, 354
Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey, 616
Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease, 622
Woman! the Power who left his throne on high, 635
Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight, 780
Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave, 637
Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales, 748
Ye brood of conscience,—Spectres! that frequent, 768
Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn, 405
Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth, 580
Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims, 731
Yet hope may with my strong desire keep pace, 355
Yes! if the intensities of hope and fear, 634
Yes, it was the mountain Echo, 350
Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved, 787
Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound, 769
Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King, 555
Yet are they here the same unbroken knot, 562
Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade, 624
Yet more—round many a Convent's blazing 623
Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand, 624
Ye trees! whose slender roots entwine, 761
Ye Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind, 786
Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes, 768
Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew, 787
You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you me 788
You have heard "a Spanish Lady, 674
Young England—what is then become of O 791

THE END

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh