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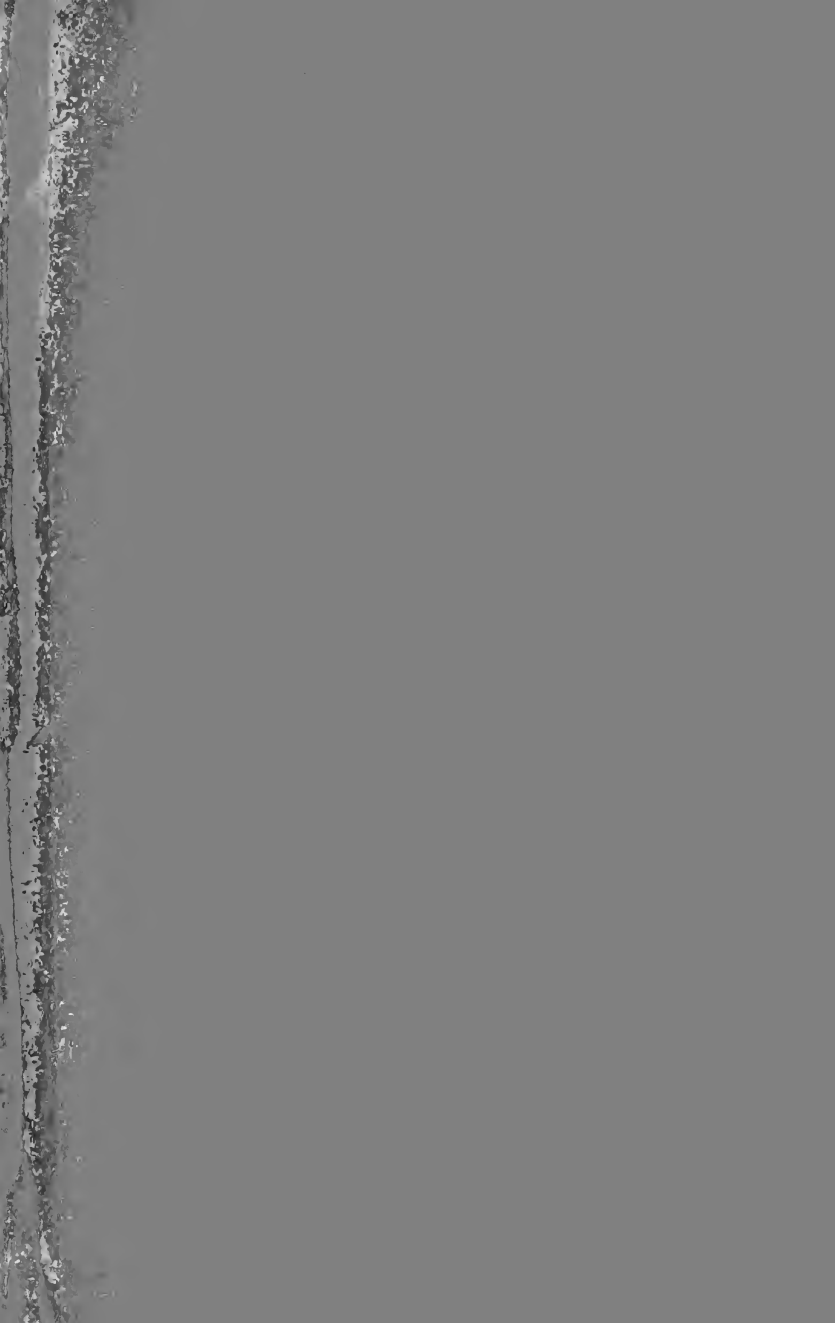
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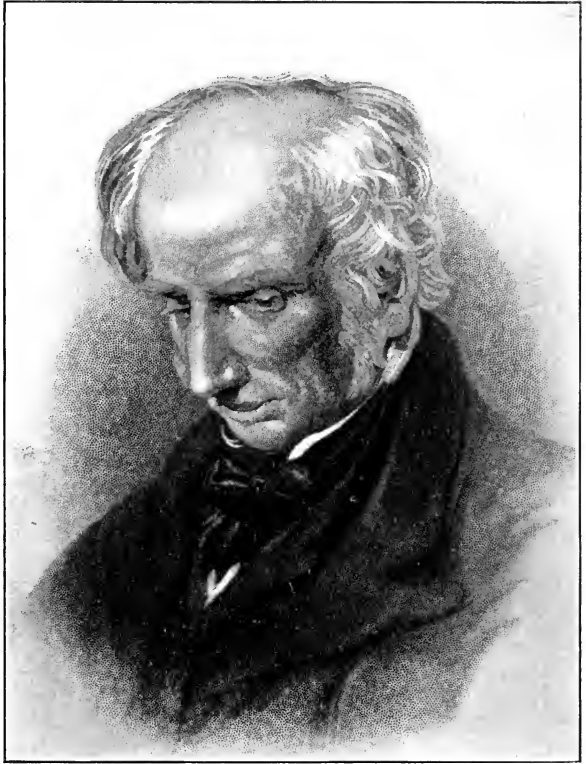


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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WORDSWORTH'S
COMPLETE POET-
ICAL WORKS. . . .



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL
AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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WITHDRAWN
THE TRANSFERRED

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MORLEY



NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
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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 neighboring 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 sterner 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 realizes 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 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; fancying 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

wildernesses 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, stateliness of form and diction, and actually thought Dryden's fine lines about to-morrow being falser 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 forever
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, endued 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 great-

ness 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 forever 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 to. 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, of 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 neighbors. "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 neighborhood. "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 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 forever." (*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 realize 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 demeanor 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, recognized 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 stunted, 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 neighbors 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 poetic 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 or unction. 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 "Æneid" 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 Splendor 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 honor 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 colored 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 Händel, Beethoven, or Mozart. They attune the soul to high states of feeling; the direct lesson is often as naught. 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, 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 consoler 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 savor 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 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 top-most 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 prolixity. 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 without 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 splendors 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 prolixity 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 color, 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 humor 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 humors, 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 neighbors, 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 favorers 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 creditable 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 Wordsworth. 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 idealizes 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 expressly—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 the 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. "*Hilfreich 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 labor 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 splendors. 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 splendor 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.

J. M.

October, 1888.

NOTE.

In this edition the Poems of WORDSWORTH are arranged in the order of their composition, in accordance with Mr. Knight's chronology printed in the Transactions of the Wordsworth Society. The date at the left hand, after each poem, is that of its composition; the date at the right gives the time of its first publication. The text and notes are taken from the edition of 1857.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT
HAWKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 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 yon 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 humor 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
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien.'
Close at her side were all the powers,
designed
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 be-
gan,
Through all my frame the pleasing ac-
cents 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 con-
 fined,
 With mazy 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 honored 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 rigors 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 en-
 tice,
 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 checkered bow that paints
 the sky,
 So shall thy sire, whilst hope his
 breast inspires,
 And wakes anew life's glimmering trem-
 bling fires,
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise
 with joy,
 Look up to heaven, and bless his darling
 boy.
 If e'er these precepts quelled the pas-
 sions' strife,
 If e'er they smoothed the rugged walks
 of life,
 If e'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 slumber-
 ing lyre,
 Let this bright morn and Sandys the
 song inspire.'

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

EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM,
COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAV-
ING 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,
That, whereso'er my steps may tend,
And whenso'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
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.

1815.

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 sup-
ply
Fresh food; for only then, when mem-
ory

Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends
restrain
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?

1807.

AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED 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 crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon second thought, I will mention another image:

"And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger
lines."

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was in the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age. The description of the swans, that follows, was taken from the daily opportunities I had of observing their habits, not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a state of nature. There were two pairs of them that divided the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-out-flowing streams between them, never trespassing a single yard upon each other's separate domain. They were of the old magnificent species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the same relation to the Thames swan which that does to the goose. It was from the remembrance

of those noble creatures I took, thirty years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of Dion. While I was a school-boy, the late Mr. Curwen introduced a little fleet of those birds, but of the inferior species, to the lake of Windermere. Their principal home was about his own island; but they sailed about into remote parts of the lake, and, either from real or imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they were got rid of at the request of the farmers and proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had become attached to them, from noticing their beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my notice of this poem by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk or an individual place, — a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealized rather than described in any one of its local aspects.

General Sketch of the Lakes — Author's regret of his youth which was passed among them — Short description of Noon — Cascade — Noon-tide Retreat — Precipice 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 gray 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 willow 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, Winander¹ sleeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;

¹ These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

Where twilight glens endear my Esthwaite's shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes, erewhile, 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 woodcocks² roamed the moonlight hill.

In thoughtless gayety 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 unreach'd, 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

² In the beginning of winter, these mountains are frequented by woodcocks, which in dark nights retire into the woods.

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 glim-
mering scene,
In the rough fern-clad park, the herded
deer
Shook the still-twinkling tail and glan-
cing ear;
When horses in the sunburnt intake¹
stood,
And vainly eyed below the tempting flood,
Or tracked the passenger, in mute dis-
tress,
With forward neck the closing gate to
press—
Then, while I wandered where the hud-
dling rill
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow
ghyll²
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;
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,

¹ The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain enclosure.

² Ghyll is also, I believe, a term confined to this country: ghyll, and dingle, have the same meaning.

The eye reposes on a secret bridge³
Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its
ridge;
There, bending o'er the stream, the list-
less 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 re-
quired,
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 wild-
wood 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 sil-
vered kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her
flight;
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds,
apace
Travel along the precipice's base;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered
stone,
By lichens gray and scanty moss o'er-
grown;
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or
thistle's beard;

³ The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description, the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

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 weltering, 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,"¹ and broom;

While the sharp slope the slackened team confounds,

Downward the ponderous timber-wain resounds;

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 undelightful 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;

¹ "Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD'S POEM ON SHOOTING.

² "Dolcemente feroce."—TASSO. In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in *L'Agriculture, ou Les Géorgiques Françaises*, of M. Rossuet.

A crest of purple tops the warrior's head.
Bright sparks his black and rolling eye-
ball hurls

Afar, his tail 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
sombrous pine

And yew-tree o'er the silver rocks re-
cline;

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' clink-
ing sound?)

Toil, small as pygmies in the gulf pro-
found;

Some, dim between the lofty cliffs de-
scried,

O'erwalk the slender plank from side to
side;

These, by the pale-blue rocks that cease-
less 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 pur-
ple 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 be-
tween

Shines in the light with more than earthly
green:

Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illuminate,

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 glitter-
ing rocks,

Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks.

Where oaks o'erhang the road the ra-
diance shoots

On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;

The druid-stones a brightened ring un-
fold;

And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;

Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
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 shep-
herd'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

¹ From Thomson.

² See a description of an appearance of this kind
in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by
vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the
reader.

Till the last banner of the long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendor—save the beacon's spiry
head

Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning
red.

Now, while the solemn evening shad-
ows 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 suc-
ceeds,

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 bluster-
ing gale,

And breathes in peace the lily of the
vale!

Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-
maid'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 neighboring 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
caressed,

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 noontide 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 o'er 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, confined in
 thine arms!
 Sweet are the sounds that mingle from
 afar,
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the fold-
 ing 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 coloring 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 favored 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 glimmer-
 ing 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 tran-
 quil mind.
 Stay! 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 gray reappearing 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;
 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 shows, 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 checkered
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, rimy without speck, extend the
plains:

The deepest cleft the mountain's front
displays

Scarce hides a shadow from her search-
ing rays;

From the dark-blue faint silvery threads
divide

The hills, while gleams below the azure
tide;

Time softly treads; throughout the land-
scape 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, un-
heard by day,

Now hardly heard, beguiles my home-
ward 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 pro-
found;

Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely
hound.

1787-89.

1793.

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 colors 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-mor-
 row?

1789

1798

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 later¹ 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.

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

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

1798

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 Sarnen. 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 wounding 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 necessaries 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 less 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 coloring, 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 splendor to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steepes 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,

London, 1793.

W. WORDSWORTH.

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 Tusa — Via Mala and Grison Gipsy — Skellenen-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 mountaineer, 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 Chamouny — 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 flakes 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 unrequited 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 owing 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, moralize 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 inquiring
glance,

Much wondering by what fit of crazing
care,

Or desperate love, bewildered, he came
there.

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.

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.
 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 trou-
 bled 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 forests screams the affright-
 ed jay,
 And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.
 A viewless flight of laughing Demons
 mock
 The Cross, by angels planted¹ on the
 aerial rock.

¹ Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the
 spiry rocks of Chartreuse, which have every ap-
 pearance of being inaccessible.

The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
 breath
 Along the mystic streams of Life and
 Death.²
 Swelling the outcry dull, that long re-
 sounds
 Portentous through her old woods' track-
 less bounds,
 Vallombre,³ 'mid her falling fanes, de-
 plores,
 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 of 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,
 Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive
 cling,
 And o'er the whitened wave their shadows
 fling —
 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.

² Names of rivers of the Chartreuse.

³ Names of one of the valleys of the Char-
 treuse.

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 en-
 charmed woods
 Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten
 floods;
 Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue
 or gray,
 'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from
 morning's ray
 Slow-travelling down the western hills, to
 enfold
 Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
 Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin
 bell
 Calls forth the woodman from his desert
 cell,
 And quickens the blithe sound of oars
 that pass
 Along the steaming lake, to early mass,
 But now farewell to each and all — adieu
 To every charm, and last and chief to you,
 Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade

Rest near your little plots of wheaten
 glade;
 To all that binds the soul in powerless
 trance,
 Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-tossing
 dance;
 Where sparkling eyes and breaking
 smiles illumine
 The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gloom.
 — Alas! the very murmur of the streams
 Breathes o'er the failing soul voluptuous
 dreams,
 While Slavery, forcing the sunk mind to
 dwell
 On joys that might disgrace the captive's
 cell,
 Her shameless timbrel shakes on Como's
 marge,
 And lures from bay to bay the vocal barge.
 Yet are thy softer arts with power
 indued
 To soothe and cheer the poor man's soli-
 tude.
 By silent cottage-doors, the peasant's
 home
 Left vacant for the day, I loved to roam.
 But once I pierced the mazes of a wood
 In which a cabin undeserted stood;
 There an old man an olden measure
 scanned
 On a rude viol touched with withered
 hand.
 As lambs or fawns in April clustering lie
 Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,
 Stretched at his feet, with steadfast up-
 ward eye,
 His children's children listened to the
 sound;
 — A Hermit with his family around!
 But let us hence; for fair Locarno
 smiles
 Embowered in walnut slopes and citron
 isles:
 Or seek at eve the banks of Tusca's
 stream,
 Where, 'mid dim towers and woods, her
 waters gleam.
 From the bright wave, in solemn gloom,
 retire
 The dull-red steeps, and, darkening still,
 aspire
¹ The river along whose banks you descend is
 crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

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 re-
prieve, 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 gypsy wanders here,

A nursing 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

Predominates, 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 ;¹ 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 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 tremblingly to rocks as loose as
they ;

By cells² upon whose image, while he
prays,

The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
gaze ;

By many a votive death-cross³ planted
near,

And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye

Unmoved with each rude form of peril
night ;

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 rooflike o'er the deep secluded
vale,

And beams of evening slipping in
between,

Gently illuminate a sober scene : —

Here, on the brown wood-cottages⁴ they
sleep,

There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.

² 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.

³ Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

⁴ The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
 The still vale lengthens underneath its shade
 Of low-hung vapor: 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;
 Aërial 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 vapors driving by,
 Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
 That common growth of earth, the food-
 ful ear;
 Where the green apple shrivels on the
 spray,
 And pines the unripened pear in sum-
 mer's kindest ray;
 Contentment shares the desolate domain
 With Independence, child of high Dis-
 dain.
 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 fife is caught be-
 tween 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 overpower-
 ing light!
 Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
 Glances 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 un-
 fold,
 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, be-
fore

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 an-
cient days

Have wrought with godlike arm the
deeds of praise,

Feels not the spirit of the place control,
Or rouse and agitate his laboring soul?

Say, who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
Or wild Aosta lulled 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 who 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 re-
tired,

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 deso-
late space,

¹Through vacant worlds where Nature
never gave

A brook to murmur or a bough to wave,
Which unsubstantial Phantoms sacred

keep;

Thro' worlds where Life and Voice and
Motion sleep;

Where silent Hours their death-like sway
extend,

¹ For most of the images in the next sixteen
verses, I am indebted to M. Raymond's interest-
ing observations annexed to his translation of
Coxe's tour in Switzerland.

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;

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
headlong Aar;

Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Underwalden's² pastoral

heights.

— Is there who 'mid these awful wilds
has seen

The native Genii walk the mountain
green?

² 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.

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 *châlets*,¹ 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 *sugh*;²
 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 sav-
 age joy.
 When, from the sunny breast of open
 seas,
 And bays with myrtle fringed, the south-
 ern 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,

¹ This picture is from the middle region of the Alps. *Châlets* are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.

² *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

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 bellow-
 ing herd.
 One I behold who, 'cross the foaming
 flood,
 Leaps with a bound of graceful hardi-
 hood;
 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 pas-
 tures bare,
 To climb the treacherous cliffs for scanty
 fare.
 Then the milk-thistle flourished through
 the land,
 And forced the full-swoln udder to de-
 mand,
 Thrice every day, the pail and welcome
 hand.

Thus does the father to his children tell
Of banished bliss, by fancy loved too
well.

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 gulf 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 vapors 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, outstretched, 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,

Binds her wild wreaths, and whispers his
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, pre-
pared

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,¹ 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.

Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-
ports roll;

His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers
again,

Beyond the senses and their little reign.

And oft, when that dread vision hath
past by,

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 Naefels 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.

He holds with God himself communion
 high,
 There where the peal of swelling torrents
 fills
 The sky-roofed temple of the eternal
 hills;
 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 hill so oft em-
 ploys
 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 grand-
 sire 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 be-
 hind,
 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.

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

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 favorite 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;
 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 re-
 signed,
 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.¹

Gay lark of hope, thy silent song resume!

Ye flattering eastern lights, once more the hills illumine!

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.

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 favorite 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's² 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 gayly murmur and how sweetly taste The fountains³ 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!

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 revel 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!

¹ The well-known effect of the famous air, called in French *Ranz des Vaches*, upon the Swiss troops.

² This shrine is resorted to, from a hope of relief, by multitudes, from every corner of the Catholic world, laboring under mental or bodily afflictions.

³ Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain

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,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.

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 lashes Scot-
land's shores;

To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breath-
ing rose,

And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
Still have I found, where Tyranny pre-
vails,

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 gray-haired men look up with live-
lier 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 high,

Sole sound, the Sourd¹ 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 mur-
muring 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 course² 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!

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.

² 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.

Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's per-
verted 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 terres-
trial air:

Yet not for this will sober reason frown
Upon that promise, nor the hope disown;
She knows that only from high aims en-
sue

Rich guerdens, 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 pre-
side

Over the mighty stream now spreading
wide:

So shall its waters, from the heavens
supplied

In copious showers, from earth by whole-
some 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 hum-
ble 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 moun-
tain dew.

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 tragical 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 a 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;
Snooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for mien
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
gray 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 dis-
tant 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 de-
scry,
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 pleas-
ant 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 laborer, thought he, may per-
chance 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
unfurrowed plain.

V.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he
might turn
And rest; but now along heaven's dark-
ening cope
The crows rushed by in eddies, home-
ward 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 labor hard,
Full long endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armed 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 vic-
tory 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 swang,
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.

¹ See Note.

XI.

As one whose brain habitual frenzy 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
 His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
 Left his mind still as a deep evening
 stream.
 Nor, if accosted now, in thought en-
 grossed,
 Moody, or inly 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
 unwieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's
 bound;
 The weary eye—which, whereso'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 sur-
 veys
 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 throngs of living men,
 Before thy face did ever wretch appear,
 Who in his heart had groaned with dead-
 lier 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 star-
 less gloom;
 No gypsy cowered o'er fire of furze or
 broom;
 No laborer 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 re-
vealed
A structure stands, which two bare slopes
enclose.
It was a spot, where, ancient vows ful-
filled,
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 be-
strows
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 Re-
treat
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 mur-
dered 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 dis-
cerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he 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 in-
tent
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 unto-
ward 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 neighboring house I
 sought,
 And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleas-
 ure 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 up-
 reared in pride
 Rushing and racing came to meet me at
 the water-side.

XXV.

“The staff I well remember which up-
 bore
 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, my-
 self 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 sur-
 veyed,
 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 bow-
 ers:
 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 thought-
 less 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.

“’T was 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, agony 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'er-
borne,
From her full eyes their watery load re-
leased.
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 south-
ward 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 linger-
ing 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 re-
mote:
The barrows glistened bright with drops
of rain,
Whistled the wagoner 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 mourn-
ful tale renewed.

XXXVIII.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plain
Is now, by beams of dawning light im-
prest,
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 pal-
lid 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 forever 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 dis-
 owned,
 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 tolled, 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 seaside 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 neighbors in their beds com-
 plain
 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 re-
 tired,
 Came where beneath the trees a fogot
 blazed,
 The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
 quired,
 And gave me food — and rest, more wel-
 come, 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 bagpipe 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 tiptoe 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 con-
 fine;
 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 ex-
 pressed,
 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,
 'T was 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 sil-
 ver gleam:
 Fair spectacle, — but instantly a scream
 Thence bursting shrill did all remark pre-
 vent;
 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.

LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips and
 pale,
 And, pointing to a little child that lay
 Stretched on the ground, began a piteous
 tale;
 How in a simple freak of thoughtless play

He had provoked his father, who straight-
way,
As if each blow were deadlier than the last,
Struck the poor innocent. Pallid with
dismay
The Soldier's Widow heard and stood
aghast;
And stern looks on the man her gray-
haired comrade cast.

LIV.

His voice with indignation rising high
Such further deed in manhood's name
forbade;
The peasant, wild in passion, made reply
With bitter insult and revilings sad;
Asked him in scorn what business there
he had;
What kind of plunder he was hunting
now;
The gallows would one day of him be
glad; —
Though inward anguish damped the
Sailor's brow,
Yet calm he seemed as thoughts so poi-
gnant would allow.

LV.

Softly he stroked the child, who lay out-
stretched
With face to earth; and, as the boy
turned round
His battered head, a groan the Sailor
fetched
As if he saw — there and upon that
ground —
Strange repetition of the deadly wound
He had himself inflicted. Through his
brain
At once the griding iron passage found;
Deluge of tender thoughts then rushed
amain,
Nor could his sunken eyes the starting
tear restrain.

LVI.

Within himself he said — What hearts
have we!
The blessing this a father gives his child!
Yet happy thou, poor boy! compared
with me,
Suffering not doing ill — fate far more
mild.

The stranger's looks and tears of wrath
beguiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
He kissed his son — so all was reconciled.
Then, with a voice which inward trouble
broke
Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them
bespoke.

LVII.

“Bad is the world, and hard is the
world's law
Even for the man who wears the warm-
est fleece;
Much need have ye that time more
closely draw
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous
foes
Your pains shall ever with your years
increase?” —
While from his heart the appropriate les-
son flows,
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er
his woes.

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down
they look
Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
Where wreaths of vapor tracked a wind-
ing brook,
That babbled on through groves and
meadows green;
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees
between;
The dripping groves resound with cheer-
ful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow
graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched
by the sun's rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and, winding with
the road,
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the
vale;
Comfort, by prouder mansions unbe-
stowed,
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would
soon regale.

Erelong 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 lustily 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 rannel strayed.

LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
Checkering 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 behaved;
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 up-raised
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 chafe 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 labor could procure,
Suffering what no endurance could assuage,
I was compelled to seek my father's door,
Though loath 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 neighbor-
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.
My husband's loving kindness stood be-
tween
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs
however keen.”

LXIX.

Alas ! the thing she told with laboring
breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wick-
edness
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 dis-
tress,
He cried — “ Do pity me ! That thou
shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish — forgive me, but
forgive ! ”

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 merci-
 ful pair.
 The corse interred, not one hour he re-
 mained
 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 con-
 science 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 miser-
 able trance.

1793-94.

1842.

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 favorite walk in the evenings
 during the latter part of my school-time. The in-
 dividual whose habits and character are here given,
 was a gentleman of the neighborhood, 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 used I 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 conjurer. 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.

NAV, 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 bower,
 I well remember. — He was one who owned
 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 favored 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 't is
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain

The beauty, still more beautiful! Nor, that time,
 When nature had subdued him to herself,
 Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,
 Warm from the labors 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 lowness of heart.

1795.

1798.

THE BORDERERS.¹

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

¹ See Note.

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 no thought of the Stage) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavor, 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 color 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 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. Pooles, Mr. Knight the actor heard that we had been engaged in writing Plays, and upon his suggestion mine was curtailed, and I believe Coleridge's also was offered to Mr. Harris, manager 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 incurred no disappointment when 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 reconciled 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 intelligible to careful observers. This was partly done with reference to the character of Oswald, and his persevering endeavor 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 reflections I had been led to make during the time I was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE.	} Of the Band of Borderers.
OSWALD.	
WALLACE.	
LACY.	
LENNOX.	
HERBERT.	
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.	
Host.	
Forester.	
ELDRÉD, a Peasant.	
Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.	
IDONEA.	
Female Beggar.	
ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRÉD.	

SCENE. — *Borders of England and Scotland.*

TIME. — *The Reign of Henry III.*

Readers already acquainted with my Poems will recognize, 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, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE and LACY.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient; let us hie
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, whate'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 favor 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 MARMADUKE 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 honor 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 over-
come?

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 in two days, at far-
thest.

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 night-
shade:

Which is your favorite, 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
Performs 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
"Outlaws";

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, be-
held

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, neighbors of the Esk and Tweed:
'tis much

The Arch-Impostor —

Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face, me-
thinks,

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 to-
gether;

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 brookside,

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 ap-
pear;

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,

Have hailed the morning sun. But cheer-
ily, Father, —

That staff of yours, I could almost have
heart

To fling't away from you: you make no use
Of me, or of my strength; — come, let me
feel

That you do press upon me. There —
indeed

You are quite exhausted. Let us rest
awhile

On this green bank. [*He sits down.*

Her. (*after some time*). Idonea, you
are silent,

And I divine the cause.

Idon. Do not reproach me:
I pondered patiently your wish and will
When I gave way to your request; and
now,

When I behold the ruins of that face,
Those eyeballs dark — dark beyond hope
of light,
And think that they were blasted for my
sake,
The name of Marmaduke is blown away:
Father, I would not change that sacred
feeling
For all this world can give.

Her. Nay, be composed:
Few minutes gone a faintness overspread
My frame, and I bethought me of two
things
I ne'er had heart to separate—my grave,
And thee, my Child!

Idon. Believe me, honored Sire!
'T is weariness that breeds these gloomy
fancies,
And you mistake the cause: you hear the
woods

Resound with music, could you see the sun,
And look upon the pleasant face of
Nature—

Her. I comprehend thee — I should be
as cheerful
As if we two were twins; two songsters
bred

In the same nest, my springtime one with
thine.

My fancies, fancies if they be, are such
As come, dear Child! from a far deeper
source

Than bodily weariness. While here we sit
I feel my strength returning. — The be-
quest

Of thy kind Patroness, which to receive
We have thus far adventured, will suffice
To save thee from the extreme of penury;
But when thy Father must lie down and
die,

How wilt thou stand alone?

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 be-
speaks

A deep and simple meekness: and that
Soul,

Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes 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 for-
get—

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 sol-
diers

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. Cuth-
bert'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,

You seem worn out with travel — shall I support you ?

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,

'T were wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both. [*Exit Peasant.*]

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed —

'T is 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.*]

Re-enter MARMADUKE and OSWALD.

Mar. This instant we will stop him —
Osw. Be not hasty,

For, sometimes, in despite of my conviction,

He tempted me to think the Story true; 'T is plain he loves the Maid, and what he said

That savored of aversion to thy name Appeared the genuine color of his soul — Anxiety lest mischief should befall 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 in-
deed —

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 dis-
guised,

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 impa-
tient

And would not hear me.

Mar. No — if 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, sift 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,
remember, Child!

This last request.

Idon. 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.

Idon. 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 ne-
glect

This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!
— Look,

The little fool is loath 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 squire 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.

Idon. 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.

Idon. 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 fain 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 per-

mits. 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 ex-
pressed

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 — he's a dangerous Man. —
That noise! —

'T is 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 instru-

ment —
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 brookside: 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 neighboring Churchyard

Upon the self-same 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.

[*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 favorite 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.

Mar. Come hither, Fathers,
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 Graybeard and accosted him,
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the
Mass

He should have used me better! — Char-
ity!

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,

'T is Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'T is 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.

Osw. I think, good Woman, you are
the very person
Whom, but some few days past, I saw
in Eskdale,
At Herbert's door.

Beg. Ay; and if truth were known
I have good business there.

Osw. I met you at the threshold,
And he seemed angry.

Beg. Angry! well he might;
And long as I can stir I'll dog him. —
Yesterday,

To serve me so, and knowing that he owes
The best of all he has to me and mine.
But 't is all over now. — That good old
Lady

Has left a power of riches; and, I say it,
If there's a lawyer in the land, the knave
Shall give me half.

Osw. What's this? — I fear, good
Woman,
You have been insolent.

Beg. And there's the Baron,
I spied him skulking in his peasant's dress.

Osw. How say you? in disguise? —

Mar. But what's your business
With Herbert or his Daughter?

Beg. Daughter! truly —
But how's the day? — I fear, my little
Boy,

We've overslept ourselves. — Sirs, have
you seen him? [*Offers to go.*]

Mar. I must have more of this; —
you shall not stir
An inch, till I am answered. Know you
aught

That doth concern this Herbert?

Beg. You are provoked,
And will misuse me, Sir?

Mar. No trifling, Woman!

Osw. You are safe as in a sanctuary;
Speak.

Mar. Speak!

Beg. He is a most hard-hearted Man.

Mar. Your life is at my mercy.

Beg. Do not harm me,
And I will tell you all! — You know not,
Sir,

What strong temptations press upon the
Poor.

Osw. Speak out.

Beg. Oh Sir, I've been a wicked
Woman.

Osw. Nay, but speak out!

Beg. He flattered me, and said
What harvest it would bring us both; and
so,

I parted with the Child.

Mar. Parted with whom?

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

Mar. Yours, Woman! are you Her-
bert's wife?

Beg. Wife, Sir! his wife — not I; my
husband, Sir,

Was of Kirkoswald — many a snowy
winter

We've weathered out together. My poor
Gilfred!

He has been two years in his grave.

Mar. Enough.

Osw. We've solved the riddle — Mis-
creant!

Mar. Do you,

Good Dame, repair to Liddesdale and
wait

For my return; be sure you shall have
justice.

Osw. A lucky woman! go, you have
done good service. [*Aside.*]

Mar. (*to himself*). Eternal praises on
the power that saved her! —

Osw. (*gives her money*). Here's for
your 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 steadfastly.]

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?

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 abhorrèd 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
frown;

That either e'er existed is my shame:
'T was 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 forever — 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 Church
yard:

The moon shone clear, the air was still,
so still

The trees were silent as the graves be-
neath them.

Long did I watch, and saw her pacing
round

Upon the self-same spot, still round and
round,

Her lips forever 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 verminous 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; 't is a truth that
multiplies

His guilt a thousand-fold.

Osw. 'T is 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 isthmus 'twixt 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 com-
passion,

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 op-
pressed,

A comforter of sorrow; — there is some-
thing

Which looks like a transition in my soul,

And yet it is not. — Let us lead him hither.

Osw. Stoop for a moment; 't is 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 vul-
gar 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 —
farewell — 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 dishonored!

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 De-
bauchee

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 neighborhood, 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 Out-cast:

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 't was 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 many autumns 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 't was 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!
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.
[*Exeunt IDONEA 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. 'T is 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! 't is 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. 'T is a bitter night;

I hope Idonea 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 moan-
ing that is! —

Osw. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand

Cooling our heels in this way! — I'll be-
gin

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

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
useless 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. 'T was a foolish question.

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
succor,

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. Sub-
missively

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 enter-
tained?

But soft! — how came he forth? The
Night-mare Conscience

Has driven him out of harbor?

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 soe'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 dis-
honor
Be worse than death) to that confiding
Creature

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 unques-
tioned 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
teach 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.*
(*Alone.*) 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 Graybeard — faith
'T is 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 —

[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*

Praying or parleying? — tut!

Is he not eyeless? He has been half-dead
These fifteen years —

*Enter female Beggar with two or three of
her Companions.*

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

(*Recognizes 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
Infant — 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. 'T was 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 fool-
ish fears

Are hushed to sleep, by your own act and
deed,

Make 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. 'T was 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.

[*Sinks 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 judg-
ment-seat,

Or be chastised by mortal instruments.

Mar. A thought that's worth a thou-
sand worlds!

[*Goes towards the dungeon.*

Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so
much pain.

Mar. Think not of that! 't is 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 — 'T is 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 Graybeard —

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 naked-
ness;

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 suspi-
ciously 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 glad-some light

Of infant playfulness with piteous looks
Of misery that was not —

Lacy. Troth, 't is 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 lisp 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. 'T is 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 courage

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,

Spares 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 infirmities,

Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanctuary

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 recognize 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.

Mar.

Mine;

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 gray 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 de-
 creed

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 er-
 rand.

[*Exeunt 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 forever; — passion,
 then,
 Shall be a unit *for* us; proof — no, pas-
 sion!

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, when'er her Vassals are at work.

Enter MARMADUKE, from behind.

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

Mar. Why, I believe you.

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 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.

Osw. 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 Favorite.

Mar. Misery! —

Osw. 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.

Osw. You take it as it merits—

Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-
ground

With carcasses, 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 kingcups 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?

Osw. 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.

Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.

Mar. That such a One,
So pious in demeanor! 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.

Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for
that

Might in such neighborhood 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 for-
gotten.

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

Mar. Ha! ha!—

Osw. As 't will 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 a short distance.—*HER-*
BERT is discovered 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! 't is 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 —
pshaw! —

Her. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?

No traveller, peasant, herdsman?

Mar. Not a soul:
Here is a tree, raggèd, and bent, and
bare,

That turns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green 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 under ground.

Her. Where is our common Friend?

Mar. A ghost, methinks —
The Spirit of a murdered man, for in-
stance —

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 HER-
BERT*) —

Now, for a little more

About your Daughter!

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 boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail 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 see'st, 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 sate 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. — Inno-
cent! —

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 wit-
nessed,

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 suf-
fering

If they can waken one pang of remorse?

[*Goes 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 perdi-
tion;

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 blessèd 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 upon 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.
Several of the Band (confusedly). But
patience!

One of the Band. Curses on that Trai-
tor, Oswald! —

Our Captain made a prey to foul device! —

Len. (to WAL.) His tool, the wander-
ing 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 sum-
moned 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 hea-
ven."

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 fellow-
men

No heart that loves them, none that they
can love,

Will turn performance 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 be-
 yond 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
 't is 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 recognize; 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 still will 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;
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 re-
quired.

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 —

'T is done, and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men be-
trayed:

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 piny 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 puling 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 great-
est, where

The faintest breath that breathes can
move a world;

What! 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 him-
self —

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 extirpa-
tion? —

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 burthen to its
destined end.

Osw. This instant we'll return to our
companions —

Oh how I long to see their faces again!

Enter IDONEA, with Pilgrims, who continue their journey.

Idon. (after some time). What, Marmaduke! 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?

Idon. 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. 'T was 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 for-
sake 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
nought

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 labors 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.*]

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [*Sinks.*]

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.
[*Exeunt.*]

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 dungeou walls for
shelter
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—'t would 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.*—MAR-
MADUKE 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 on 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
Conspiracy

Against my honor, 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
stillness

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 mad-
ness)

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 mourn 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. 'T was 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 expe-
dients

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 misera-
ble 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

Shrunk 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'er-thrown,

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 sound-ing on,

Through words and things, a dim and perilous way;

And, wheresoe'er I turned me, 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 Subsidied 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,

'T is 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 recognize 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. Priests
might spin

Their veil, but not for me — 't was 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 forever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join me in thanks for their blind services.

Mar. 'T is 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 guilt-
less —

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-laborers, 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 forever 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,

'T is his who will command it. — Think of
my story —

Herbert is *innocent*.

Mar. (*in a faint voice, and doubtfully*).
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;

'T is 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.*]

Osw. Alive — perdition! [*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,
Idon. Hush! [*Listening.*]

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 ELDRÉD (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 forever.
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.

[*ELDRÉD 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 home, 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 he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'T is 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*].

Osw. The game is up!—

For. If it be needful, Sir, I will assist you to lay hands upon him.

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you may pursue your business—

'T is 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 re-
move;
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 re-
mained
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 phan-
toms,

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. 'T is needless; spare your vio-
lence.

His Daughter —

Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scor-
pions 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, 't is 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 mat-
ter, Sir, for me,

And seems the like for you; if 't is your
wish,

I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 't were
best

That she should be prepared; I'll go be-
fore.

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? [*Exeunt.*]

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 me 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 him 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? — Belovèd 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 in 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 man-
kind;

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-stains 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 pro-
tecting 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 signa-
ture will show: 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 Con-
vent?

Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur
Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night
resolved

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
innocent 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 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?

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? This issue —

'T was nothing more than darkness deep-
ening darkness,
And weakness crowned with the impo-
tence 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 feed remorse, to welcome every sting
Of penitential anguish, yea with tears.

When seas and continents shall lie be-
tween 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 dishonor. Famished,
starved,

A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!
[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly at
MARMADUKE.*

Wal. 'T is done! (*Stabs him*).

Another of the band. The ruthless
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. 1842.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

This arose out of my observation of the affect-
 ing music of these birds hanging in this way in
 the London streets during the freshness and still-
 ness of the Spring morning.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when
 daylight appears,
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has
 sung for three years:
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and
 has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the
 Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her?
 She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
 Bright volumes of vapor through Loth-
 bury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of
 Cheapside.

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 colors have all passed away
 from her eyes!

1797.

1800.

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 CANDOR joined,
 And GAIETY the charming office
 sought;

Nor even DELICACY stayed behind:
 But none of those fair Graces brought
 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,
 voice

Pronounced the name of HOPE: — The
conscious child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.

'T is 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 sweet-
meats filled
And gave, in handfuls gave, the treach-
erous store:

A wild delirium first the infant thrilled;
But soon upon her breast he sunk —
to wake no more.

1795.

1842.

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,
Checking 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

Drives 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, enor-
mous clouds,

Still deepens its unfathomable depth.

At length the Vision closes; and the
mind,

Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798.

1815.

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 re-
markable 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 expenses 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. Cruik-
shank. 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) slipped out of his mind as they well might. As we endeavored 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 Jem,"—

I objected to the rhyme, "dear brother Jem," as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. 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 Jem 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 neighboring 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.

"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!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"
1798. 1798.

ANECDOTE 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 intermitted 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 favored 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.

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 passed, 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 gray.
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 endeavor
To bury this poor Thorn forever.

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 espy;
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 colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
And mossy network 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 anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

VI.

“Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the heap
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same pond of which I spoke,
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

VII.

“At all times of the day and night
This wretched Woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

VIII.

“Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor Woman go?
And why sits she beside the Thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And wherefore does she cry? —
O wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?”

IX.

“I cannot tell; I wish I could;
 For the true reason no one knows:
 But would you gladly view the spot,
 The spot to which she goes;
 The hillock like an infant's grave,
 The pond — and Thorn, so old and gray;
 Pass by her door — 't is seldom shut —
 And, if you see her in her hut —
 Then to the spot away!
 I never heard of such as dare
 Approach the spot when she is there.”

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 woful 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 gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
 Held that the unborn infant wrought
 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 't was 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,
 'T was 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.

"T was mist and rain, and storm and rain;
No screen, no fence could I discover;
And then the wind! 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!'"

XIX.

"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;
Whene'er you look on it, 't is 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.

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 is 't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is 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! 't was 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-blasts 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.
'T was 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,
'T was 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 anything 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 — 't is 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.

'T was 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, 't is 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."
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!

1798.

1798.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

Written at Alfoxden. 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 haystack 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! 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,
'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'T is all thine own! — and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'T is 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?
'T is 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 forever 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. 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 adjoining 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,—
’T is 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 blither 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.
 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?

Of, 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 labor could not wean them,
 'T is 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 everything.
 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 endeavor,
 That at the root of the old tree
 He might have worked forever.

“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 endeavored.

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, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning;
 Alas! the gratitude of men
 Hath oftener left me mourning.
 1798. 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 't is 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.

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.

1798.

TO MY SISTER.

Composed 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 score 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! ('t is 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.

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 bower was never seen.
 From year to year the spacious floor
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,
 And all the year the bower 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,
 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.

1799.

1800.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

This poem is a favorite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions. It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798.

“WHY, William, on that old gray 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
 bequeathed
 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 forever 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 gray stone,
 And dream my time away.”

1798.

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! 't is 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.

1798.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

Written at Alfoxden, where I read Hearne's Journey with deep interest. It was composed for the volume of *Lyrical Ballads*.

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.

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 throve, 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 labor 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 woful 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 woful 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! 't was 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."

1798.

1798.

THE IDIOT BOY.

The last stanza — "The Cocks did crow to-whoop, to-whoop, 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.

'T is eight o'clock, — a clear March night,
The moon is up, — the sky is blue,
The owl, 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 neighbor, 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 fagots 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 befall,
My Johnny, do, I pray you do."

To this did Johnny answer make,
Both with his head and with his hand,
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 guide-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 curr,
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 rumor,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humor.

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 flurried:
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 — 't is almost ten —
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
The clock gives warning for eleven;
'T is 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 forever 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;
'T was Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.

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 gypsy-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 posts 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;
'T is 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 doze!
And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"O Doctor! Doctor! where 's my Johnny?"

"I'm here, what is 't you want with me?"
"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 piteous 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 threescore;
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 shouting 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 indent-
 ures:

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,
 Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
 As careless as if nothing were,
 Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Unto his horse — there feeding free,
 He seems, I think, the rein to give;
 Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
 Of such we in romances read:
 — 'T is Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

And that 's the very Pony, too!
 Where is she, where is Betty Foy?
 She hardly can sustain her fears;
 The roaring waterfall she hears,
 And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony 's worth his weight in gold:
 Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
 She 's coming from among the trees,
 And now all full in view she sees
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too:
 Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy?
 It is no goblin, 't is no ghost,
 'T is he whom you so long have lost,
 He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again — her arms are up —
 She screams — she cannot move for joy;
 She darts, as with a torrent 's force,
 She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
 And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud
 Whether in cunning or in joy
 I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
 Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
 To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she 's at the Pony's tail,
 And now is at the Pony's head, —
 On that side now, and now on this;
 And, almost stifled with her bliss,
 A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
 Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy;
 She 's happy here, is happy there,
 She is uneasy everywhere;
 Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
 She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
 The little Pony glad may be,
 But he is milder far than she,
 You hardly can perceive his joy.

“Oh! Johnny, never mind the Doctor;
You’ve done your best, and that is all:”
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the Pony’s head
From the loud waterfall.

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her:
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The Pony, Betty, and her Boy,
Wind slowly through the woody dale;
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale?

Long time lay Susan lost in thought;
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her Messenger and Nurse;
And, as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body — it grew better.

She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
On all sides doubts and terrors met her;
Point after point did she discuss;
And, while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

“Alas! what is become of them?
These fears can never be endured;
I’ll to the wood.” — The word scarce
said,
Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she goes up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come;
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greet-
ing;
Oh me! it is a merry meeting
As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four travellers homeward
wend;
The owls have hooted all night long,
And with the owls began my song,
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, “Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have
seen:
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true.”

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o’clock till five.

And thus, to Betty’s question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,)
“The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold!”
— Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel’s story.

1798.

1798.

LINES.

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,
1798.

No poem of mine was composed under circum-
stances more pleasant for me to remember than
this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after
crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was
entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of
four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of
it was altered, and not any part of it written down
till I reached Bristol. It was published almost
immediately after in the little volume of which so
much has been said in these Notes. — (The Lyrical
Ballads, as first published at Bristol by
Cottle.)

FIVE years have passed; five summers,
with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-
springs
With a soft inland murmur.¹ — Once
again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress

¹ The river is not affected by the tides a few
miles above Tintern.

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and
connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose

Here, under this dark sycamore, and view

These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe
fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose them-
selves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I
see

These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,
little lines

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral
farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of
smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might
seem

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods,

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his
fire

The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been
to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;

And passing even into my purer mind,

With tranquil restoration:— feelings too

Of unremembered pleasure: such, per-
haps,

As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,

To them I may have owed another gift,

Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world,

Is lightened:— that serene and blessed
mood,

In which the affections gently lead us
on,—

Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the
power

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my
heart—

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 colors 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 dizzy 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 oftentimes

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 suns,
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 be-
hold

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
recognize

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:

¹ This line has a close resemblance to an admir-
able line of Young's, the exact expression of which
I do not recollect.

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; 't is her privi-
lege,

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
Our cheerful faith, that all which we be-
hold

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
Unwearied 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!

July 13, 1798.

1798.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

Observed, and with great benefit to my own heart, when I was a child: written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year. The political economists were about that time beginning their war upon mendicity in all its forms, and by implication, if not directly, on alms-giving also. This heartless process has been carried as far as it can go by the AMENDED poor-law bill, though the inhumanity that prevails in this measure is somewhat disguised by the profession that one of its objects is to throw the poor upon the voluntary donations of their neighbors; that is, if rightly interpreted, to force them into a condition between relief in the Union poorhouse, and alms robbed of their Christian grace and spirit, as being *forced* rather from the benevolent than given by them; while the avaricious and selfish, and all in fact but the humane and charitable, are at liberty to keep all they possess from their distressed brethren.

The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighborhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

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 with 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 palsied 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, ever-
more,

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 forever 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 wagon 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 con-
template

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 sub-
lime

Which man is born to — sink, howe'er
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 oblivious 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

In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have re-
ceived

(A thing more precious far than all that
books

Or the solitudes of love can do!)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and
 thought,
 In which they found their kindred with
 a world
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy
 man
 Who sits at his own door, — and, like
 the pear
 That overhangs his head from the green
 wall,
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and
 young,
 The prosperous and unthinking, they
 who live
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
 Of their own kindred; — all behold in him
 A silent monitor, which on their minds
 Must needs impress a transitory thought
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
 His charters and exemptions; and, per-
 chance,
 Though he to no one give the fortitude
 And circumspection needful to preserve
 His present blessings, and to husband up
 The respite of the season, he, at least,
 And 't is no vulgar service, makes them
 felt.
 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 neighbor, 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 vil-
 lagers
 To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
 — Then let him pass, a blessing on his
 head!
 And, long as he can wander, let him
 breathe
 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 gray locks against his withered
 face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxious-
 ness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never HOUSE, misnamed of IN-
 DUSTRY,
 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.

1800.

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 sub-
dued

To settled quiet: he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild compo-
sure 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 be-
hold

With envy, what the old Man hardly
feels.

1798.

1798.

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What 's in a *Name*?

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

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 Builth, 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 neighborhood, 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 asses; 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 Ranters 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 favorable 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, has, in

its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*:—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favorable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavors in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a Master in that province of the Art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

THERE 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I 'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon.
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

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 through 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 gray 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 forever!

"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;
Fair is 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 pursu-
ing
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 't is, I fear, an age too late)
Take with you some ambitious Youth!
For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,
Am all unfit 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 humblest 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,
'T is 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 riverside
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,¹ 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!

¹ In the dialect of the North, a hawker of earthenware is thus designated.

“ 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:

“ 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 debt-
or;—
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 Carl 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 knitting 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 tittle,
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 gray, 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 gray 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.

’T was but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eyeball 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 riverside
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 carcass 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 riverside,
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 sigh-
ing —
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon !

He lifts his head, he sees his staff ;
He touches — 't is 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!

'T is not a plover of the moors,
 'T is 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 distressed
 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 counte-
 nance
 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 color, 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 labor 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 narra-
 tion;
 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, 't is 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! —
 'T was 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,
 'T was 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 unheeding 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 gladsome 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.

'T is 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 deified!

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, 't is 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 't is he, that 't is 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, forever 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 neighbor 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 re-
quite,
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 passed a sudden shock of dread,
The Mother o'er the threshold flies,
And up the cottage stairs she hies,
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 sobs even like a child,
“O God! I can endure no more!”

— Here ends my Tale: for in a trice
Arrived a neighbor with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labor 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.

1819.

THE SIMPLON PASS.¹

— 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 decaying, never to be de-
cayed,
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,

¹ See Prelude, book vi. p. 316.

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.

1845.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING
 THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND
 EARLY YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.¹

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 recognize

A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me

With stinted kindness. In November days,

When vapors 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,
 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 sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,

¹ See Prelude, book i. p. 274.

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.

1799.

1809.

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 loud 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 church-
yard 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!

1799.

1800.

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 our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder
slung,

A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps
 Tow'rd 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! 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
 Forever; 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 these
 shades
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
 Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods.

1799. 1800.

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 lea;
 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!"
1799. 1800.

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!
1799. 1800.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'T is 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 con-
cealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.
1799. 1807.

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 up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers 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 nevermore will be.
1799. 1800.

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.
1799. 1800.

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 botanize
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
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. 1800.

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 Choir
Will make a touching melody.

DIRGE.

Mourn, Shepherd, near thy old gray 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
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

1799.

1845.

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.

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 Schoolmaster 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 favorite 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! 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.

— 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.

1800.

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 gray;
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 colors, 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.

1800.

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!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'T will 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."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains;
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"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.

1799.

1800.

TO A SEXTON.

Written in Germany.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone —
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone?
'T is 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,
Neighbors 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.

1800.

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 color like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;
But in the storm 't is 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 neighboring hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick 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 love,
That seem like songs of war,
For calm and gentle is his mien;
Like a dead Boy he is serene.

1799.

1800.

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 spiritualizing of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavored 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!

You 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! will I gladly do:
'T is scarcely afternoon —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!”

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-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.

1800.

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 favored 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 seashore;
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 roadside;
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 Quantock 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.

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 Hartz Forest. In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendor. So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlor 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 pelisse 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 gardens 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 Stoves 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 help-
less 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!

1799.

1800.

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!
needs must live

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 neighbor's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *yonder*? — 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 Enner-
dale.

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. To-
wards 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 churchyard
led,

He took his way, impatient to accost

The Stranger, whom he saw still linger-
ing there.

'T was one well known to him in for-
mer 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
gray

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

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.

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 en-
quire

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 be-
fore,—

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,
'T is 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 recognized 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, wel-
come come

And welcome gone, they are so like each
other,

They cannot be remembered? Scarce a
funeral

Comes to this churchyard once in eigh-
teen 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 re-
member,

(For many years ago I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the brook-side—'t is 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 mem-
ory 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 dis-
appeared;

The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as these,

We want not store of them;—a water-
spout

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, 't is 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 epi-
taphs;

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 eightscore winters past,
With what I 've witnessed, and with what
I 've heard,

Perhaps I might; and, on a winter-even-
ing,

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. 'T is 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 churchyard 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 four-
score.

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 be-
fore

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 stran-
gers,

Heaven bless you when you are among
your kindred!

Ay — you may turn that way — it is a
grave

Which will bear looking at.

Leonard. These boys — I hope
They loved this good old Man? —

Priest. They did — and truly:
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other.

Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived
with Walter,

The only kinsman near them, and though
he

Inclined to both by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar tenderness;

They, notwithstanding, had much love
to spare,

And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen

months,
Was two years taller: 't was a joy to
see,

To hear, to meet them! — From their
house to the school

Is distant three short miles, and in the
time

Of storm and thaw, when every water-
course

And unbridged stream, such as you may
have noticed

Crossing our roads at every hundred
steps,

Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys

remained

At home, go staggering through the
slippery fords,

Bearing his brother on his back. I have
seen him,

On windy days, in one of those stray
brooks,

Ay, more than once I have seen him,
midleg deep,

Their two books lying both on a dry
stone,

Upon the hither side: and once I said,

As I remember, looking round these
rocks

And hills on which we all of us were
born,

That God who made the great book of
the world

Would bless such piety —

Leonard. It may be then —

Priest. Never did worthier lads break
English bread:

The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from
church,

Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath
breach.

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.

Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er
the hills;

They played like two young ravens on the
craggs:

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. 'T is 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 this 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 des-
titute,

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. — 'T was not a
little

That would bring down his spirit; and no
doubt,

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 Enner-
dale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the Lake
of Ennerdale: 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.

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 e'er he should grow rich, he would re-
turn,

To live in peace upon his father's land,
And lay his bones among us.

Leonard. If that day
Should come, 't would 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 color that he had was soon

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, 't is 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 humor of the moment, lagged be-
hind.

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 æry summit crowned with heath,
The loiterer, not unnoticed by his com-
rades,

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 un-
heard of:

The neighbors 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 overhanging 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 gray-headed Mariner.

1800.

1800.

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 them-
selves,

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 vigor-
ous 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 honorable gain;

Those fields, those hills—what could they
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-ness.

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 had
rest

It was because the other was at work.

The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, be-
gan

To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's
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,
even then,

Their labor did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and
there,

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed
milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten
cakes,

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
when the meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was
named)

And his old Father both betook them-
selves

To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to
card

Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or re-
pair

Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chim-
ney's edge,

That in our ancient uncouth country style
With huge and black projection over-
browed

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
eighteenth 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 neighbor-
hood,

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,¹ 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

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of
England for shearing.

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,
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

Were 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 eigh-
teenth 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 for-
feiture,

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 troubles 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 ours
 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;—
 but
 'T were better to be dumb than to talk
 thus.
 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,
 pence
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors
 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 birthplace, 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 pre-
 pare

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 nights

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
themselves

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 ap-
peared

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
forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or
more

The letter was read over; Isabel
Went forth to show it to the neighbors

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
house

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 Green-
head Ghyll,

In that deep valley, Michael had de-
signed

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 stream-
let'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; 't will 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 be-
falls

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 fire-
side

First uttering, without words, a natural
tune;

While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy
joy

Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-
lowed 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, 't is 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
'T will 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 kissèd 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 neighbors, 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
hearts.

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;

'T will 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 labor 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. 'T is not forgotten

yet

The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man — and 't is 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 his death the
estate

Was sold, and went into a stranger's
hand.

The Cottage which was named the EVEN-
ING STAR

Is gone — the ploughshare has been
through the ground

On which it stood; great changes have
been wrought

In all the neighborhood: — yet the oak is
left

That grew beside their door; and the re-
mains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll.

1800.

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 favorable to imaginative influences, no female of her day would have been more likely to sympathize 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 never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood

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.

Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
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 brooks
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.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Barbara Lewthwaite, now living at Ambleside (1843), though much changed as to beauty, was one of two most lovely sisters. Almost the first words my poor brother John said, when he visited us for the first time at Grasmere, were, "Were those two Angels that I have just seen?" and from his description I have no doubt they were those two sisters. The mother died in childbed; and one of our neighbors at Grasmere told me that the 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.

’T was 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 ails 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 scarce-
ly 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 ever-
more 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 yearn
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 crea-
ture, can it be
That ’t is 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 cot-
tage is hard by.
Why bleat 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 re-
peat;
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.

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 Incidents must have occurred, or feelings been experienced, which will have given to such places a private and peculiar interest. From a wish to give some sort of record 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 ’t was 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-doorsabode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, per-
haps,
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. 1800.

II.

TO JOANNA.

Written at Grasmere. The effect of her laugh
is an extravagance; though the effect of the re-
verberation of voices in some parts of the moun-
tains is very striking. There is, in the "Excursion,"
an allusion to the bleat of a lamb thus re-
echoed, and described without any exaggera-
tion, 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 neighbor, 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 exchanges of village
news,
He with grave looks demanded, for what
cause,
Reviving 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.
— 'T was that delightful season when the
broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of 'gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks;
And when we came in front of that tall
rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped short
— and stood
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such delight I
found
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 Glaramara 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,
 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.

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 Rydale, falls into Wynandermere. 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 favorite haunt:
 The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
 In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
 As when he shines above it. 'T is its
 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.

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 girde 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 sud-
 den;
 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, per-
 chance
 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 ro-
 mance.
 — 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 ad-
 vanced
 Along the indented shore; when sud-
 denly,
 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 ex-
 claimed,
 "The Man must be, who thus can lose
 a day
 Of the mid harvest, when the laborer's
 hire
 Is ample, and some little might be stored
 Wherewith to cheer him in the winter
 time."
 Thus talking of that Peasant, we ap-
 proached
 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 labor 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.

1800.

v.

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 herds-

man'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 't will

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.

1800.

THE WATERFALL AND THE
EGLANTINE.

Suggested nearer to Grasmere, on the same
mountain track as that referred to in the follow-
ing Note. The Eglantine remained many years
afterwards, but is now gone.

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.

1800.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

Suggested upon the mountain pathway that leads from Upper Rydal to Grasmere. The ponderous 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 neighbor 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 — 't is 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,
'T is 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 favored 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.

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 laboring 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 passed the place a few weeks before in our wild winter journey from Sockburn 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 neighborhood: 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 gray;
 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 upbraidings 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 mountain-side;
 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 weaned;
 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 arbor, made for rural joy;
 'T will 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-hewn
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 arbor 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:
’T is 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 gray, 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 in-
quired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same
story told

Which in my former rhyme I have re-
hearsed.

“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 man-
sion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms!

“The arbor 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 crea-
ture’s brain have past!

Even from the topmost stone, upon the
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.”

“Gray-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.

“One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
 Taught both by what she shows, and
 what conceals;
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that
 feels.”

1800.

1800.

“’T IS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE
 DIED FOR LOVE.”

’T is 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 yon 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 forever 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 com-
 plaint

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.

1800.

1800.

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 be-
 ing placed upon a table covered with a white cloth
 in front of the house. The huntings on foot, in
 which the old man is supposed to join as here
 described, were of common, almost habitual, oc-
 currence 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 colors
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 boxwood, not six
months before,
Filled the funeral basin¹ at Timothy's
door;
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had
passed;
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.

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.

¹ In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of boxwood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this boxwood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

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 center
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 toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

1800.

1800.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. These structures, 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 Flem-
ing, and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the high-
est 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.

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 Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

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.
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of
his bones;
The Magog of Legberthwaite 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 bois-
terous works
By Christian disturbers more savage than
Turks,
Spirits busy to do and undo:
At remembrance whereof my blood some-
times will flag;
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the
crag!
And I'll build up a giant with you.
1800. 1800.

ELLEN IRWIN:

OR,

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 mean to treat the story, and so to preclude all
comparison.

¹ The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of
Scotland, on the banks of which the events here
related took place.

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.

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 wooing.
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 *Mic jactet!*

1800.

1800.

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 tippie;
 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.

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 magi-
 cal hand!
 Book-learning and books should be ban-
 ished 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 Grandsire 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:
 'T is 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?
 'T was no more
 Than treading a path trod by thousands
 before.

'T was 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
 gray 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 gray-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! 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.

1800.

1800.

A CHARACTER.

The principal features are taken from that of
 my friend Robert Jones.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find
 space
 For so many strange contrasts in one
 human face:
 There 's thought and no thought, and
 there 's paleness and bloom
 And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure
 and gloom.

There 's weakness, and strength both re-
 dundant and vain;
 Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
 Could pierce through a temper that 's soft
 to disease,
 Would be rational peace — a philoso-
 pher's ease.

There 's indifference, alike when he fails
 or succeeds,
 And attention full ten times as much as
 there needs;
 Pride where there 's no envy, there 's so
 much of joy;
 And mildness, and spirit both forward
 and coy.

There 's freedom, and sometimes a diffi-
 dent stare
 Of shame scarcely seeming to know that
 she 's there,

There 's virtue, the title it surely may
claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be
worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to
depart,

Yet the Man would at once run away
with your heart;

And I for five centuries right gladly
would be

Such an odd, such a kind happy creature
as he.

1800.

1800.

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE
STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND,
DERWENTWATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one
Friend

Hast been so happy that thou know'st
what thoughts

Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou rever-
ence

This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not un-
moved

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-laborer, 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 cataract of Lodore
Pealed 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 ful-
filled)

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.

1800.

1800.

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 main-
tained

Proportions more harmonious, and ap-
proached

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

Antique, and Cottage with veranda
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 pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-
piled

With plenteous store of heath and with-
ered 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.

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.

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: 't is 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 apper-
tained

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, dis-
turbed

By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements

Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to
blaze

In snow-white splendor, — 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-worm sun him-
self,

And let the redbreast hop from stone to
stone.

1800.

1800.

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 favorite 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 names.

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 espay
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.

1801.

1807.

"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.

1801.

1815.

THE PRIORESS'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 necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding 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 *alsò* and *alwàys*, 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 background 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! how wondrously,"
(quoth 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,

Jesu! 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 honor's
dower,

For she herself is honor, 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 laboreth 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 usèd 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 Maria, 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 forgat 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.

X.

“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.

XI.

“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.

XII.

“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.’

XIII.

“‘And is this song fashioned in reverence
 Of Jesu’s Mother?’ said this Innocent;
 ‘Now, certès, 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.’

XIV.

“His Schoolfellow, whom he had so
 besought,

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 passèd through his
 throat;

Homeward and schoolward whensoever
 he went,

On Jesu’s Mother fixed was his intent.

XV.

“Through all the Jewry (this before said I
 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 piercèd
 so

His heart, that her to praise, to her to
 pray,
 He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI.

"The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that
 hath

His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswellèd
 — '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!'

XVII.

"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.

XVIII.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,
 A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents
 exhale;

O cursèd folk! away, ye Herods new!
 What may your ill intentions you avail?
 Murder will out; certès it will not fail;
 Know, that the honor of high God may
 spread,

The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX.

"O Martyr 'stablished 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.

XX.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that
 night

After her little Child, and he came not;
 For which, by earliest glimpse of morn-
 ing 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.

XXI.

"With Mother's pity in her breast en-
 closed

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 accursèd Jews she
 sought.

XXII.

"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.

XXIII.

"O thou great God that dost perform thy
 laud

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.

XXIV.

“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, honor of Mankind:
Which done he bade that they the Jews
should bind.

XXV.

“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.

XXVI.

“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.

XXVII.

“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*!

XXVIII.

“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.’

XXIX.

“‘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 honor 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 for-
sake!’”

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 pave-
ment 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 cursd 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!”

DEC. 5, 1801.

1820.

THE CUCKOO AND THE
NIGHTINGALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

I.

THE God of Love — *ah, benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of
high
He can make low, and unto death bring
nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind
and free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh
and sound:
Them who are whole in body and in mind,

He can make sick, — bind can he and un-
bind
All that he will have bound, or have
unbound.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of
wise; —
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a
trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will, he
may;
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome’er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of
May.

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart and
free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now against May shall have some stirring
— whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; never
At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI.

For now when they may hear the small
birds’ song,
And see the budding leaves the branches
throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bring
All kinds of pleasure mixed with sor-
rowing;
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 martyr-
dom.

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling, what
 though now
 Old am 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! 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 't is not likely unto me,
 That any living heart should sleepy be
 In which Love's dart its fiery point doth
 steep.

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 I 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 fearlessly,
 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 one had never been.
 The ground was green, with daisy pow-
 dered 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 honor 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.

XIX.

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.

XX.

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.

XXI.

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.

XXII.

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 in-
tent,
And of their speech, and all that they
would say.

XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing
spake: —
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or
brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell
here;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou
make.

XXIV.

What! 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.

XXV.

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?

XXVI.

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not what
it 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.

XXVII.

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 OSEE I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.

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.

XXIX.

For lovers of all folk that be alive,
The most inquiet 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?

XXX.

What! 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.

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all
worth;
All gentillesse and honor thence come
forth;

Thence worship comes, content and true
heart's pleasure,
And full-assurèd 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 amiss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would choose
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 won-
drous fair,
Yet for all that, the truth is found else-
where;
For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis:
And Love in old folk a great dotage is;
Who most it useth, him 't will most impair.

XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to glad-
ness!
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelm-
ing sadness,
Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate,
Dishonor, shame, envy importunate,
Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and mad-
ness.

XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not fair;
For whoso 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 'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill be-
seen!
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 de-
fendeth;
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 for-
lorn, —
And with that word, she into tears burst
out.

¹ From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

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.

XLIV.

And so methought I started up anon,
 And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
 Which at the Cuckoo hardily 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, Pop-
 injay!"
 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 medi-
 cine;
 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 un-
 true."

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 Nightin-
 gale,
 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 — 't is not well that I should
 hide
 How she and I did each the other chide,

And without ceasing, since it was day-
light;
And now I pray you all to do me right
Of that false Bird whom Love cannot
abide.

LV.

Then spake one Bird, and full assent all
gave;
This matter asketh counsel good as 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 beseen,
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.

Unlearnèd Book and rude, as well I know,
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
Who did on thee the hardness 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 gen-
tiles,
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 steadfastness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
Caused by the wish, as knows your sa-
pience,
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 gladness!
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.

DEC. 8, 1801.

1842.

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 Cresid'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 changèd, 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 dight!
 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 self-same house
 Heard I my most belovèd 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,

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 be-
wail,

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 be-
hold;

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 Phaëton 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.

1801.

1842.

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:
'T was 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."

MARCH, 1802.

1807.

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 happened to himself, and he urged me to put it into verse, for humanity's sake. The humbleness, meanness if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought

upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, 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-in-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 smacked 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 piteous
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 gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

MARCH, 1802.

1807.

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.

SHE 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 Gre-
cian 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 crea-
 ture

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 Sup-
 pliant'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 with-
 out more ado,
 Off to some other play the joyous Va-
 grants flew!

MARCH, 1802.

1807.

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.

MARCH, 1802.

1807.

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 re-
 pair

To a poor neighboring 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,

Endeavoring, 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 ex-
pressed.

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 labor 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.

“’T is 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."

MARCH, 1802.

1807.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I
BEHOLD."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

MARCH 26, 1802.

1807.

"AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS
MY LOVE HAD BEEN."

AMONG all lovely things my Love had
been;
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that
grew
About her home; but she had never seen
A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy
night
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; great joy
had I.

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy
night;
And, as before, it shone without dismay;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.
When to the dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly;
And left the glow-worm, blessing it by
name,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped
with fear;
At night the glow-worm shone beneath
the tree;

I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here,"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

APRIL 12, 1802.

1807.

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER.

Extempore. This little poem was a favorite
with Joanna Baillie.

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping — anon —
anon:

There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

1802.

1807.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE
BUTTERFLY.

Observed, as described, in the then beautiful
orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?

The bird, that by some name or other
 All men who know thee call their brother,
 The darling of children and men?
 Could Father Adam¹ open his eyes
 And see this sight beneath the skies,
 He 'd wish to close them again.
 — If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
 Hither his flight he would bend;
 And find his way to me,
 Under the branches of the tree:
 In and out, he darts about;
 Can this be the bird, to man so good,
 That, after their bewildering,
 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;
 'T is 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!

APRIL 18, 1802.

1807.

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!

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.

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.

APRIL 20, 1802.

1807.

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:
 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 favored 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!

APRIL 28, 1802.

1807.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.¹

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,
'T is 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
'T was 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 wooers;

¹ Common Pilewort.

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 neighborhood,
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 't is 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 worldings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
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!

APRIL 30, 1802.

1807.

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,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
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-blown 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-peek;
 While the patient primrose sits
 Like a beggar in the cold,
 Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
 Slipp'st 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,
 Laboring 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.

MAY 1, 1802.

1807.

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; — on
 the moors
 The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy
 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
 night
 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 un-
sought

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
gray 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 reposes, 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 gray 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 coned,
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 be-
spoke,

"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.

XV.

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 admonishment.

XVII.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labor, 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 pursued,
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor 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!"

MAY 7, 1802.

1807.

"I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ."

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, 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?
 'T is 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.

MAY 21, 1802.

1807.

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 hum-
 ble 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 gath-
 erèd,
 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 overleap,
 And, coming back with Her who will be
 ours,

Into thy bosom we again shall creep.

MAY 29, 1802.

1815.

“THE SUN HAS LONG BEEN SET.”

Reprinted at the request of my Sister, in whose
 presence the lines were thrown off.

This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago,
 among the Author's poems, from which, in sub-
 sequent editions, it was excluded.

THE sun has long been set,

The stars are out by twos and threes,
 The little birds are piping yet

Among the bushes and trees;
 There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
 And a far-off wind that rushes,
 And a sound of water that gushes,
 And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
 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!

JUNE 8, 1802.

1807.

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 by
 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 tem-
 ples 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 splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

1802.

1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor 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 ban-
 ners, 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.

1802.

1807.

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.
'T is ever thus. Ye men of prostrate

mind,

A seemly 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!

1802.

1807.

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,¹

When faith was pledged to new-born
Liberty:

A homeless sound of joy was in the sky:

¹ 14th July, 1790.

From hour to hour the antiquated Earth
Beat like the heart of Ma.: songs, gar-
lands, 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 spake it! Yet despair
Touches me not, though pensive as a bird

Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid
bare.²

1802.

1807.

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not
names:

This is young Buonaparté's natal day,
And his is henceforth an established

sway —

Consul for life. With worship France
proclaims

Her approbation, and with pomps 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 is he, who, caring not for Pope,

Consul, or King, can sound himself to
know

The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

1802.

1807.

"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:

² See Note.

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.

AUGUST, 1802.

1807.

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.

AUGUST, 1802.

1807.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE Voice of song from distant lands
 shall call
 To that great King; shall hail the crownèd
 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

AUGUST, 1802.

1807.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
 men!
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his
 plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
 den; —
 O miserable Chieftain! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;
 do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 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.

AUGUST, 1802.

1807.

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

¹ See Note.

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 't is 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.

AUGUST 29, 1802.

1807.

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,
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
 To mock the Outcast. — O ye Heavens, be
 kind!

And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted
 Race!

1802.

1807.

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 neighborhood.
 I shrunk; 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 de-
 cree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the
 soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

1802.

1807.

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 in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed 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 crafts-
 man, 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.

1802.

1807.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this
hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
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! 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.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

1807.

“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 Mil-
ton friend.
These moralists could act and compre-
hend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that
would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France,
't is 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!

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

1807.

“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 forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held. — In everything we
are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

1807.

“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!

SEPTEMBER, 1802.

1807.

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 stopt 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 Workington. 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.

OCT. 4, 1802.

1807.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET—COPY OF THOMSON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grassmere, Coleridge living with us much at the time: his son Hartley has said, that his father's character 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 neighboring
 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 a
 bower,

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 busi-
ness here:

Sweet heaven forfend! his was a lawful
right;

Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy;
His limbs would toss about him with deli-
ght

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 panoplied in gems and gold,
A mailed 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 labor
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.

1813

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;

Who of thy words dost make a mock ap-
parel,

And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol;

Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem

To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery;

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be
thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!

O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-
grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn
brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,

Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
 A gem that glitters while it lives,
 And no forewarning gives;
 But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
 Slips in a moment out of life.

1802.

1807.

TO THE DAISY.¹

This and the two following were composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described.

“Her ² divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw
 I could some instruction draw,
 And raise pleasure to the height
 Through the meanest object's sight.
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustelling;
 By a Daisy whose leaves spread
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree;
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.”

G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy;
 But now my own delights I make, —
 My thirst at every rill can slake,
 And gladly Nature's love partake,
 Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
 That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee;
 Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
 And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
 Doth in thy crimson head delight
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
 Pleased at his greeting thee again;
 Yet nothing daunted,
 Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
 And oft alone in nooks remote
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

¹ See Note.² His muse.

Be violets in their secret mews
 The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearing,
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
 Thou art indeed by many a claim
 The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
 Or, some bright day of April sky,
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
 Near the green holly,
 And wearily at length should fare;
 He needs but look about, and there
 Thou art! — a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy.

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 heeds
 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 favorite.¹

1802.

1807.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

WITH little here to do or see
 Of things that in the great world be,
 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 similes,
 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 humor of the game,
 While I am gazing.

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 fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar —
 And then thou art a pretty star;

¹ See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honors formerly paid to this flower.

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.

1807.

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 every-
 where,
 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.
 180e. 1807.

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.
 1803. 1807.

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 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, Hutton, the old Guide, of Keswick, had been so impressed 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 Azin-
 cour,
 Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers.
 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-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
 Nor uniformed with Phantasy, and looks
 That threaten the profane; — a pillared
 shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown
 hue,

By sheddings from the pining umbrage
 tinged

Perennially — beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
 With unrejoicing berries — ghostly Shapes
 May meet at noontide; Fear and trem-
 bling Hope,

Silence and Foresight; Death the Skele-
 ton

And Time the Shadow; — there to cele-
 brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost
 caves.

1803.

1815.

“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 humor 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 — 't was 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.

1807.

“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!

'T is Hesperus — there he stands with
 glittering crown,

First admonition that the sun is down!
 For yet it is broad daylight: clouds pass
 by;

A few are near him still — and now the
 sky,

He hath it to himself — 't is all his own.
 O most ambitious Star! an inquest
 wrought

Within me when I recognized 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.

1807.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN
 SCOTLAND.

1803.

Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and myself started
 together from Town-end to make a tour in Scot-
 land. 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 fore-
 most 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 't would heighten joy, to over-
leap

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, incur-
sion bold

Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O'er Limbo lake with æry 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,
Perchance 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 en-
fold.

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.

1803.

1827.

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 vapors 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.

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 Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen, —
Neighbors 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 govans 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,
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
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,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

1803.

1845.

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 holly 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 went 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 loneliest 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 endeavor,
 And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced forever.

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

1803.

1845.

IV.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR
FATHER.

The Poet's grave is in a corner of the church-
 yard. We looked at it with melancholy and

¹ See Note.

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;
 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 honorable 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!

1803.

1807.

V.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

This delightful creature and her demeanor are particularly described in my Sister's Journal. The sort of prophecy with which the verses conclude has, through God's goodness, been realized; and now, approaching the close of my 73d year, I have a 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 gray 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 Mountaineer:
 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 heathy 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 neighborhood.
 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!

1803.

1807.

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.

1803.

1807.

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, are you stepping west-
ward?"

"What, you are stepping westward?" —
"Yea."

— 'T would 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; 't was 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.

1803.

1807.

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 chaunt
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.

1803.

1807.

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 — nor 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 favor 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 un-
reproved!
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 sub-
dued

And quieted in character — the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Cru-
sades! ¹

1803.

1827.

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 neighborhood.

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;
She has her brave ROB ROY!

Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honor 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.

¹ The tradition is, that the Castle was built
by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in
Palestine.

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:
'T is 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
times
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!

"'T is 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."

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;
I 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!
Hadst 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 Veol'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.

1803.

1807.

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,
 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.

SEPT. 18, 1803.

1807.

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 mazy Forth unravelled;
 Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford,
 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, 't is 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."
 — 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 frae 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 't is fair,
 'T will 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,
 'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

1803.

1807.

¹ See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

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 called forth by the character and domestic situation of our Hostess.

AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,

And call a train of laughing Hours;
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 scorns 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 subterraneous 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!
Nor 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!

1803.

1807.

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.

1803.

1815.

XV.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, 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 gayly 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 there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
He thus 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 stifled — 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 nest
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; — 't was 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:
'T is 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 waking 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.

1803.

1807.

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 't is a chosen soil, where sun and
breeze

Shed gentle favors: 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 dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads should
unite

To work against themselves such fell
dispite:

Should come in phrensy and in drunken
mirth,

Impatient to put out the only light
Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

1803.

1807.

"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:

'T is 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.

OCTOBER, 1803.

1807.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings
with dismay:

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the
air

With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the
affray,

Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled 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?

1803.

1807.

"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 under-
stood;

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 ignorant 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!

OCTOBER, 1803.

1807.

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.

1803.

1807.

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 coun-
tenance

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, 't is victory or death!
1803. 1807.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY.

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

Six thousand veterans practised in war's
game,

Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen. — Like a whirl-
wind came

The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like
flame;

And Garry, thundering down his moun-
tain-road,

Was stopped, and could not breathe be-
neath the load

Of the dead bodies. — 'T was 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,
1803. 1807.

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 sanc-
 tity.

1803. 1807.

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 Pymys and Miltons of that
 day,
 Think that a State would live in sounder
 health
 If Kingship bowed its head to Common-
 wealth —
 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 — whate'er your creed — O
 waken 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 honored Land from every
 Lord
 But British reason and the British sword.

1803. 1845.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY
VALE.¹

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 laborers and poor neighbors: 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 escritoire a lock of gray 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 neighborhood 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."

'T IS not for the unfeeling, the falsely re-
 fined,
 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.

¹ See Note.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide
Town;
His staff is a sceptre — his gray 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.

A 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 in-
dolent 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 neighbors 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 gray 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 wagon 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 wagon, 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 re-
pair, —
If you pass by at morning, you'll meet
with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him
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.

1803.

1815.

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 blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

1804.

1807.

"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 drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance 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.

1807.

"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 on high 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.

1807.

THE AFFLICTION 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 inquire of him after her son.

I.

WHERE art thou, my belovèd 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 despaired, 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 beautiful 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 honor 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: 't is 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.

1807.

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 snows. A traveller observing the exquisite purity of the great rivers, such as the Rhine at Geneva, and the Reuss at Lucerne, when they issue out of their respective lakes, might fancy for a moment that some power in nature produced this beautiful change, with a view to make amends for those Alpine sullings which the waters exhibit near their fountain heads; but, alas! how soon does that purity depart before the influx of tributary waters that have flowed through cultivated plains and the crowded abodes of men.

THE peace which others seek they find;
 The heaviest storms not longest last;
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
 An amnesty for what is past;
 When will my sentence be reversed?
 I only pray to know the worst;
 And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle! silent years
 Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;
 And yet they leave it short, and fears
 And hopes are strong and will prevail.
 My calmest faith escapes not pain;
 And, feeling that the hope is vain,
 I think that he will come again.

1804.

1845.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggested by the conversation of our next neighbor, Margaret Ashburner.

THE fields which with covetous spirit we
 sold,
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of the
 day,
 Would have brought us more good than
 a burthen of gold,
 Could we but have been as contented as
 they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset us,
 said I,
 "Let him come, with his purse proudly
 grasped in his hand;
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan, — we'll
 die
 Before he shall go with an inch of the
 land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their
 bowers;
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
 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 labor
was done,
The sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft
chain!

And in sickness, if night had been spar-
ing of sleep,
How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where
I stood,
Looking down on the kine, and our treas-
ure of sheep
That besprinkled the field; 't was like
youth in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull
as a snail;
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!

1804.

1820.

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,

¹ See Note.

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;
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.

1807.

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 infirm 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 pro-
 ceed,

A thousand years are but as yesterday;
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
 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,

Frail, feeble Monthling! — by that name,
 methinks,

Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
 Not idly. — Hadst 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 scored 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 often harshly execute

For thy unblest 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 solemnize thy helpless
 state,

And to enliven in the mind's regard

Thy passive beauty — parallels have risen,
 Resemblances, or contrasts, that con-
 nect,

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 gath-
 ered clouds,

Moving untouched in silver purity,
 And cheering 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 labor, 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.

1804.

1815.

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 Dora.

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 wavering 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,

Lets it go as 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!

'T is a pretty baby-treat;

Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;

Here, for neither Babe nor me,

Other playmate 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 slunk to moor and wood,

Far from human neighborhood;

And, among the Kinds that keep

With us closer fellowship,

With us openly abide,

All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he that giddy Sprite,

Blue-cap, with his colors 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 neighboring 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 gayety?
Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatsoe'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 gladness.
— 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. 1807.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND
(AN AGRICULTURIST).

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABORING
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 honor. 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 prying 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 unflinching 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 honor 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 laboring many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardor, 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 uncheered 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 *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou
be: —
High will he hang thee up, well pleased
to adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!
1804. 1807.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold
and rain;
And, the first moment that the sun may
shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm
on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees
distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I
passed
And recognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the
blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered
voice,
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek
the cold:
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the
dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed
of hue."
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favorite — then, worse
truth,

A Miser's Pensioner — behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining
youth

Age might but take the things Youth
needed not!

1804.

1807.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KES- WICK.

This place was presented to me by Sir George Beaumont with a view to the erection of a house upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge, then living, and likely to remain, at Greta Hall near Keswick. The *severe* necessities that prevented this arose from his domestic situation. This little property, with a considerable addition that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of Skiddaw, and the orchard and other parts of the grounds command a magnificent prospect of Derwent Water, and of the mountains of Borrowdale and Newlands. Many years ago I gave the place to my daughter.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should
rear

A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favored ground, thy gift, where I
might dwell

In neighborhood with One to me most
dear,

That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high Calling — a bright
hope

To which our fancies, mingling, gave free
scope

Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honored BEAU-
MONT! still

Even then we may perhaps in vain im-
plore

Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.

Whether this boon be granted us or
not,

Old Skiddaw will look down upon the
Spot

With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

1804.

1845.

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,
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.

1807.

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 twitted 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 fain 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 eò perduc-
tus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi
rectè 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.

1807.

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 scorning;
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.

1805.

1807.

FIDELITY.

The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Paterdale 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 tarn¹ below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,

¹ Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

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;
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!

INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVORITE DOG.

This Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn 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,
Knows 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 one night's frost;
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
overhead!

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 complainings; nor
gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no
more.

1805.

1807.

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 hadst 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;
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 boons 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 in-
tense;

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 honored
name!

1805.

1807.

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 goodly 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
Sets 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;
Laboring 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 neighborhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield,
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.

1815.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject, one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, in whose house at Foxley I have seen it.

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged
Pile!

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of
thee:

I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was
there;

It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no
sleep;

No mood, which season takes away, or
brings:

I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's
hand,

To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,

The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary
Pile

Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

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
trayed.

So once it would have been,—'t is so no
more;

I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can re-
store;

A deep distress hath humanized 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 't is a passionate Work!—yet wise
and well,

Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labors in the deadly
swell,

This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sub-
lime,

I love to see the look with which it
braves,

Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and tramp-
ling 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 't is 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.

1807.

"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 favorite 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 sympathize 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

Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentimes,
A few sheep, stragglers from some moun-
tain-flock,

Would watch my motions with suspicious
stare,

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 leave 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 honored 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 splendor, 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 mid-
night 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.

1805.

1815.

NOTE. — This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as commander of the Honorable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

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, 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 woful 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.

1845.

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.

¹ The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion
 (*Silene acaulis* of Linnæus). See Note.

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.

1805.

1807.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAK-
ING 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.

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!
— There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbor 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 gray 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.

1807.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.¹

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Faithfully
narrated, though with the omission of many
pathetic circumstances, from the mouth of a
French lady, who had been an eye-and-ear-witness
of all that was done and said. Many long years
after, I was told that Duplignè was then a monk
in the Convent of La Trappe.

The following tale was written as an Episode,
in a work from which its length may perhaps ex-
clude it. The facts are true; no invention as to
these has been exercised, as none was needed.

¹ The first four lines occur in *The Prelude*,
book ix. p. 346.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately with
minds

Than ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought,
by years

Whose progress had a little overstepped
His stripling prime. A town of small
repute,

Among the vine-clad mountains of Au-
vergne,

Was the Youth's birth-place. There he
wooed a Maid

Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit
With answering vows. Plebeian was the
stock,

Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honors
sprung:

And hence the father of the enamored
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 con-
tent,

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 neighboring 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 whatsoever 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 imple-
ments,

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

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 honorable 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 re-
treat.

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 dis-
played

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 Vau-
dracour

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 be-
hold

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! — 't is 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 unweet-
ing 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 pro-
nounced,

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
Forever — 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, de-
parts —

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 em-
braced.

This was the manner in which Vau-
dracour

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 re-
quired;

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 with-
drew;

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:

Theirs 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. — Be-
hold!

While they were speaking, Vaudracour
approached;

But, seeing some one near, as on the latch
Of the garden-gate his hand was laid, he
shrunk —

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.

1820.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

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 *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'T is but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain:
Then, little Darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

1805.

1815.

THE WAGGONER.¹

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The char-
acters and story from fact.

In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in
vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

THOMSON.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago,
the tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE

¹ See Note.

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 accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAGGONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable 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 20, 1819.

CANTO FIRST.

'T is 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, 't is 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!
'T is 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

¹ See Note.

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 harbors 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,
 'T was colored 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!¹

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 endeavor;
 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,
 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
 'T is 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 't is 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 't was 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-crag¹ — 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,

¹ This rude piece of self-taught art (such is the progress of refinement) has been supplanted by a professional production.

¹ A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arroquhar in Scotland.

Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
 He whose domain is held in common
 With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,
 Cowering beside her rifted 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 aught 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: — "Who e'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!
 'T is 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 Wagon 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-in 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 Wagon 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 Wagon 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 't is the village MERRY-NIGHT! ¹

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

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.

Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rds 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.

"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!
'T is who can dance with greatest vigor —
'T is 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?
'T were 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 Cæsar 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 hear — when every dance is done,
 When every whirling bout is o'er —
 The fiddle's *squeak*¹ — 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,
 Up springs the Sailor from his chair —
 Limp (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 honor,
 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;

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.

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 night
 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 wagon,
 Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
 Rattled his chain; — 't was 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: — anon,
 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 no one 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 color bright as feverish dreams!

Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene,
Involved and restless all — a scene

Pregnant with mutual exaltation,
Rich change, and multiplied creation!

This sight to me the Muse imparts; —
And then, what kindness in their hearts!

What tears of rapture, what vow-making,
Profound entreaties, and hand-shaking!

What solemn, vacant, interlacing,
As if they'd fall asleep embracing!

Then, in the turbulence of glee,
And in the excess of amity,

Says Benjamin, "That Ass of thine,
He spoils thy sport, and hinders mine:

If he were tethered to the wagon,
He'd drag as well what he is dragging,

And we, as brother should with brother,
Might trudge it alongside each other!"

Forthwith, obedient to command,
The horses made a quiet stand;

And to the wagon's skirts was tied
The Creature, by the Mastiff's side,

The Mastiff wondering, and perplexed
With dread of what will happen next;

And thinking it but sorry cheer,
To have such company so near!

This new arrangement made, the Wain
Through the still night proceeds again;

No Moon hath risen her light to lend;

¹ See Note.

But indistinctly may be kened
The VANGUARD, following close behind,
Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!

"Thy wife and child are snug and warm,
Thy ship will travel without harm;

I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and
stature:

And this of mine — this bulky creature
Of which I have the steering — this,
Seen fairly, is not much amiss!

We want your streamers, friend, you
know;

But, altogether as we go,
We make a kind of handsome show!

Among these hills, from first to last,
We've weathered many a furious blast;

Hard passage forcing on, with head
Against the storm, and canvas spread.

I hate a boaster; but to thee
Will say 't, who know'st both land and

sea,

The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine
Is hardly worse beset than mine,

When cross-winds on her quarter beat;
And, fairly lifted from my feet,

I stagger onward — heaven knows how;
But not so pleasantly as now:

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:

The mastiff, ill-conditioned carl!
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, uplifting 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!

'T is 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;
 Hallooing 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 foreboder 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 moun-
 tain tops;
 And, while he talked of blows and scars,
 Benjamin, among the stars,
 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 needs
 No farther than her story needs;
 Nor will she servilely attend
 The loitering journey to its end.
 — Blithe spirits of her own impel
 The Muse, who scents the morning air,
 To take of this transported pair
 A brief and unreprieved farewell;
 To quit the slow-paced wagon'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 unpathwayed 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 favored glance,
 Beholds the faeries in array,
 Whose party-colored 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!
 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,
 Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills;
 Which soon the morning shall unfold,
 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 gray
 Are smitten by a silver ray;
 And lo! — up Castrigg's naked steep
 (Where, smoothly urged, the vapors
 sweep

Along — and scatter and divide,
 Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
 The stately wagon is ascending,
 With faithful Benjamin attending,
 Apparent now beside his team —
 Now lost amid a glittering steam:

¹ The crag of the ewe lamb.

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 soarings of the night,
 In strains of rapture pure and holy
 Upraised his distempered folly.

 Drooping is he, his step is dull;
 But the horses stretch and pull;
 With increasing vigor climb,
 Eager to repair lost time;
 Whether, by their own desert,
 Knowing what cause there is for shame,
 They are laboring 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 favorite 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 wagon 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-attending 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,
 Tethered to the wagon'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 snug as birds in leafy arbor,
 Find, within, a blessed harbor!

 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 distempered blood
 On both sides, Benjamin the good,
 The patient, and the tender-hearted,
 Was from his team and wagon parted;
 When duty of that day was o'er,
 Laid down his whip — and served no
 more. —

Nor could the wagon 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!

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:
 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 unlaid,
 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 almanac 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;
 And babes in wet and starveling 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!

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 favored 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,

The playfellows of fancy, who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and
strength

Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had
stirred

¹This and the Extract, p. 136, 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.

²Prelude, book xi. p. 357.

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.

1810.

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 labor 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;¹ 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 is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 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, on 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 *Sibylline Leaves*, p. 197, ed. 1817, or *Poetical Works by S. T. Coleridge*, vol. i. p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT,
July 13th, 1850.

¹ Now printed, see p. 378.

BOOK FIRST.

INTRODUCTION — CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

OH there is a 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; es-
caped
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 harbor? 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 scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should 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 burthen 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 be-
come

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 then 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 singled 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.
'T was 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 ruralized;
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 laborer, 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 neighbor-
hood —

The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
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 out-
ward life

I might endure 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; wel-
come light

Dawns from the east, but dawns to dis-
appear

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 my-
self

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 banish-
ment,

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 reposing knights by a river side
Or fountain, listen to the grave reports
Of dire enchantments faced and over-
come

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 faith-
 ful 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,¹ through con-
 tinued force
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds
 Of those who conquered first the Indian
 Isles,

¹ Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman who went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the massacre of the French by the Spaniards there.

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
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure
 melts
 Before the very sun that brightens it,
 Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,
 My last and favorite 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
 Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
 That mellow 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! better far than this, to stray about
 Voluptuously through fields and rural
 walks,

And ask no record of the hours, resigned
 To vacant musing, unproved 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
 thought

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 re-
 ceived

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 favored in my birth-place, and no
 less

In that beloved Vale to which erelong
 We were transplanted; — there were we
 let loose

For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
 Ten birth-days, when among the moun-
 tain slopes

Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had
 snapped

The last autumnal crocus, 't was my joy
 With store of springes o'er my shoulder
 hung

To range the open heights where wood-
 cocks 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 gray sky.

She was an elfin pinnace; 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 undetermined 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 colors 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 recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November
days,

When vapors 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 twi-
light 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 resound-
ing 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

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
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,
Feebler and feebler, 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

¹ These lines have been printed before. See
p 136.

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
 bowers
 With milk-white clusters hung; the rod
 and line,
 True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose
 strong
 And unreprieved 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 ciphers 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 cam-
 paign.
 Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
 Had changed their functions: some, ple-
 beian 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, dia-
 monds, 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 splendor's
 last decay,
 And monarchs surly at the wrongs sus-
 tained
 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 Bothnic
Main.

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 colored 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 hut 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, 't is
true,
By chance collisions and quaint accidents
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work sup-
posed

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 call 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 be-
come
Habitually dear, and all their forms
And changeful colors 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 honorable 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 shin-
ing?

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;—'t is 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 labor will be welcome, honored
Friend!

BOOK SECOND.

SCHOOL-TIME (*continued*).

THUS far, O Friend! have we, though
leaving much

Unvisited, endeavored 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 pas-
sion 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 laborer, 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 does 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 infantine desire?

A tranquillizing 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 gray stone, and in its
place

A smart Assembly-room usurped the
ground

That had been ours. There let the fid-
dle 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 bourne

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 chaunted 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 bless-
ing 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-
ficed

To furnish treats more costly than the
Dame

Of the old gray 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
stud

Supplied our want, we haply might em-
ploy

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 honor built,
 Stands 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 steeds remounted and the summons
 given,
 With whip and spur we through the
 chantry flew
 In uncouth 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, sobbings 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 wantonness 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 hoofs 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 neighboring cottages,
 But 't was 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
 slight
 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
 prevailed
 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 gray 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, intervention till this time
 And secondary, now at length was sought
 For her own sake. But who shall par-
 cel 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 yon 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 things
 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 analyze 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
exists

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
world.

Is there a flower, to which he points with
hand

Too weak to gather it, already love
Drawn from love's purest earthly fount
for him

Hath beautified that flower; already
shades

Of pity cast from inward tenderness
Do fall around him upon aught that bears
Unightly marks of violence or harm.

Emphatically 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 endeavored 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, soli-
tude

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 un-
watchful 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 what e'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 pursue 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

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

¹The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg,
Windermere.

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.

'T were 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 auxiliary
light

Came from my mind, which on the setting
sun

Bestowed new splendor; the melodious
birds,

The fluttering breezes, fountains that run
on

Murmuring so sweetly in themselves,
obeyed

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 counte-
nance

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 undis-
turbed.

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

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, re-
moved

From little enmities and low desires —
The gift is yours; if in these times of
fear,

This melancholy waste of hopes o'er-
thrown,

If, 'mid indifference 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! 't is
yours,

Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
hast fed

My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! wert 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
Blots 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;
caught,
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 honor and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and ad-
vice,

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 riny 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
without

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 tuneable than
bees,

But hardly less industrious; with shrill
notes

Of sharp command and scolding inter-
mixed.

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 neighbor too;
And from my pillow, looking forth by
light

Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of
Thought, alone.

Of College labors, 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, oft-times 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 re-
turning,

With prompt rebound seemed fresh as
heretofore.

At least I more distinctly recognized
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;
felt

Incumbencies 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 high-
way,

I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great
mass

Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward mean-
ing.

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 be-
trayed

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 honored
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 her-
self;

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 labor, 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 be-
hold —

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
unmoved

That miscellaneous garland of wild flow-
ers

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 un-
propped,

And independent musings pleased me so
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, unburthened, un-
alarmed.

Caverns there were within my mind which
sun

Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbors* where the light
Might enter in at will. Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were wel-
come 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 in-
closure old,

That garden of great intellects, undis-
turbed.

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 memo-
ries 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 Tromp-
ington
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!
 Yea, 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
 Honored by Milton's name. O temper-
 ate Bard!
 Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
 Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
 One of a festive circle, I poured out
 Libations, 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 wearisome Cassandra
 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 en-
 tombed,
 Have often stirred the heart of youth,
 and bred
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline. —
 Alas! such high emotion touched me not.
 Look was there none within these walls
 to shame
 My easy spirits, and discountenance
 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 else-
 where:

For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
Was a spoiled child, and, rambling 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,

Passions 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 per-
form with love.

Youth should be awed, religiously pos-
sessed

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 labor won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed

Before antiquity and steadfast 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-seeming 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 't is a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples 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 cheer-
 fulness 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 to such solemnity I looked;
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears
 vexed
 By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses with-
 out
 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 couched at curfew-
 time,
 Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
 Spare diet, patient labor, 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, roused
 Peasant and king; when boys and youths,
 the growth
 Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the
 quest
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly hook,
 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,
 Saluted 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 Melanchthon, 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 gownèd 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, pitiably 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 de-
 lights
 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 unscoured, grotesque
 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 portraitures 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 colors, 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 humorists, 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: 't is enough to note
 That here in dwarf proportions were ex-
 pressed

The limbs of the great world; its eager
 strifes

Collaterally portrayed, 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 Labor, 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;
 Honor misplaced, and Dignity astray;
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and
 guile,

Murmuring submission, and bald govern-
 ment

(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 neighborhood of
 things

That are by nature most unneighborly,
 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 laboring time of autumn, winter,
 spring,
 Eight months! 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 stayed his oars, and touched the jut-
ting 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 Valley¹ where I had
been reared;
'T was but a short hour's walk, ere veer-
ing round
I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a throned Lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.
Yon 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
Honored 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," quoth 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 neighbor 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 be-
tween.
Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
Like recognitions, but with some con-
straint
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 endeavor 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 splendor 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 favorites 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 straightway,
 Grateful for that admonishment, 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 rumors, 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 unacknowledged 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 endeavors, 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 over-
spread

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 strag-
gling 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 sur-
prise

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,

'T was 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 humor 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 gray-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 — weeds,
fishes, 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
depth

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 with-
held,

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,
gawds,

And feast and dance, and public revelry,
And sports and games (too grateful in
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, unworldly-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
Preyed 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.

'T is 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
 Doth 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, gayety, and mirth,
 With din of instruments and shuffling feet,
 And glancing forms, and tapers glitter-
 ing,
 And unaimed prattle flying up and down;
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and
 there
 Slight shocks of young love-liking inter-
 spersed,
 Whose transient pleasure mounted to the
 head,
 And tingled through the veins. Ere we
 retired,
 The cock had crowed, and now the east-
 ern sky
 Was kindling, not unseen, from humble
 copse
 And open field, through which the path-
 way 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-tinctured, drenched in empyrean
 light;
 And in the meadows and the lower
 grounds
 Was all the sweetness of a common
 dawn —
 Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
 And laborers 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 sur-
 vives. //

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at
 that time
 A parti-colored show of grave and gay,
 Solid and light, short-sighted and pro-
 found;
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
 Consorting in one mansion unproved.
 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
 conjoined.

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 an-
 nual 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, sur-
 vived
 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 as-
 cent,
 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 un-
 couth 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. Compani-
 on-
 less,
 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 background. 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 rest-
 ing-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, un-
 moved,
 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 dis-
 missed,
 And now was travelling towards his na-
 tive 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, he
 appeared
 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 demeanor 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 on 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 entreated that henceforth
He would not linger in the public ways,
But ask for timely furtherance and help
Such as his state required. At this reproof,
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 unbarred,
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.

BOOKS.

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm
felt

Through earth and sky, spreads widely,
and sends deep

Into the soul its tranquillizing 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 dif-
fused,

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,
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
Twin laborers 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
 'T was 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 seaside, perusing, so it chanced,
 The famous history of the errant knight
 Recorded by Cervantes, these same
 thoughts

Beset 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-
 peared

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 color 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 him-
 self

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 em-
 ployed;
 And thought that, in the blind and awful
 lair
 Of such a madness, reason did lie couched.
 Enow there are on earth to take in charge
 Their wives, their children, and their vir-
 gin loves,
 Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
 Enow 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 entrancement over-
 come,
 When I have held a volume in my hand,
 Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,
 Shakespeare, or Milton, laborers 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, un-
 praised,
 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 beseeemed me to repeat
 Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
 In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
 That did bewitch me then, and sooths me
 now.
 O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,
 Think not that I could pass along un-
 touched
 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 lofti-
 est 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, bal-
 lad 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 honors, and should, once for all,
 pronounce
 Their benediction; speak of them as
 Powers
 Forever 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
 died
 My honored 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 inno-
cent 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 asked
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 portrayed 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,

Pity 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 presump-
 tion 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,
 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

¹ See p. 137.

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 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.
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
 Where he was born; the grassy church-
 yard 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 neighborhood 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 for-
 given) —
 A race of real children; not too wise,
 Too learned, or too good; but wanton,
 fresh,
 And banded 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 honored 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 succeed-
 ing 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 beaute-
 ous 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 faëry 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 pos-
 sessed,
 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 all
 With kindred matter, 't was 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

Ruffled 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 pre-
 sides,
 And o'er the heart of man; invisibly
 It comes, to works of unproved 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 recognize, expect,
 And, in the long probation that ensues,
 The time of trial, ere we learn to live
 In reconcilment 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 are
 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 north-
 ern 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 them-
 selves

Move us with conscious pleasure.
 I am sad
 At thought of rapture now forever 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 *sakes*, a passion, and a
 power;
 And phrases pleased me chosen for
 delight,
 For pomp, or love. Oft, in the public
 roads
 Yet unfrequented, 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 favorite verses with one voice,
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds
 That round us chanted. 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 splendor over-
 wrought,
 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 circum-
 fused
 By that transparent veil with light divine,
 And, through the turnings intricate of
 verse,
 Present themselves as objects recognized,
 In flashes, and with glory not their own.

BOOK SIXTH.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

THE leaves were fading when to Esth-
 waite'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 Cumber-
 land,

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 re-
search,
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 realized;
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 unsmitten; 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 hum-
bleness,
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 neighborhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely
wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which Winter for him-
self
Decked out with pride, and with outland-
ish 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 pow-
 ers,
 Than I beheld, loitering on calm clear
 nights
 Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
 'T were idle to descant. My inner judg-
 ment
 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 re-
 moved
 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 inquiries, 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, recognized
 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 welterings of passion — is,
 And hath the name of, God. Transcen-
 dent peace
 And silence did await upon these thoughts
 That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'T is 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 went,
 Although of food and clothing destitute,
 And beyond common wretchedness de-
 pressed,
 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 out-
 ward 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 change 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 Dovedale's spiry rocks;
 Pried 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 pres-
 ence, 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,
 Low standing by the margin of the stream,
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)

By Sidney, where, in sight of our Hel-
 velynn,

Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might
 pen

Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
 Inspired; — that river and those moulder-
 ing towers

Have seen us side by side, when, having
 clomb

The darksome windings of a broken stair,
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked
 Forth, through some Gothic window's
 open space,

And gathered with one mind a rich reward
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the
 light

Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's
 head,

Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell
 flowers

Their faintest whisper to the passing
 breeze,

Given out while mid-day heat oppressed
 the plains.

Another maid there was, who also shed
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me,
 By her exulting outside look of youth
 And placid under-countenance, first en-
 deared;

That other spirit, Coleridge! who is now
 So near to us, that meek confiding heart,
 So revered by us both. O'er paths
 and fields

In all that neighborhood, through narrow
 lanes

Of eglantine, and through the shady
woods,
And o'er the Border Beacon, and the
waste
Of naked pools, and common crags that
lay
Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered
love,
The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden
gleam.
O Friend! we had not seen thee at that
time,
And yet a power is on me, and a strong
Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there.
Far art thou wandered now in search of
health
And milder breezes, — melancholy lot!
But thou art with us, with us in the past,
The present, with us in the times to come.
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 narra-
ive,
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 pupilage
Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
When thou wert 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,
Forever withered. Through this ret-
rospect
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 batted 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 harbored 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,
 Forever near us as we paced along:
 How sweet at such a time, with such de-
 light
 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 gray-haired
lookers on
Might waste their breath in chiding.

Under hills —

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saône
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 solemnized
At their chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay
as bees;

Some vaped 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
Honored in France, the name of English-
men,

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 ad-
vanced,

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
pines

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; “Honor to the patriot’s zeal!
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!

Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
Discerning sword that Justice wields, 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 knowl-
edge, 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 equalize in God's pure
sight

Monarch and peasant: be the house re-
deemed

With its unworldly 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, yon 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 con-
soled."

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 cheeringly the sunshine lay
Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's
groves

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 revered by a thousand
storms;

Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep
And rage of one State-whirlwind, in-
secure.

'T is 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 blow-
ing fair:

Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life,
Enticing 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,

Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, 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 glistenings flung 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

Or 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 won-
drous 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 cottagers 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 humor, could we fail to
abound

In dreams and fictions, pensively com-
posed:

Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,
And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,
And sober posies of funereal 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
underthirst

Of vigor seldom utterly allayed:
And from that source how different a
sadness

Would issue, let one incident make
known.

When from the Vallais we had turned,
and clomb

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 vapor 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 recognize 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 harbors; 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 fertilize 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

¹ See p. 135.

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
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.

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 re-
newed,

Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,

Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbors, and in
view

Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,
And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake,
Fit resting-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 steeps, 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
learnèd 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 colors, 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 ad-
vanced,

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 im-
mense,

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 fare-
well

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 forever;
Not prostrate, overborne, 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, whate'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 belovèd 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 life 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 neighbors; and, when short-
ening fast

Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
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 con-
cern;

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 o'er
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's¹
walls)

A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
Aloud, with fervor irresistible

Of short-lived transport, like a torrent
bursting,

From a black thunder-cloud, down Sca-
fell'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. Belovèd
Friend!

The assurance which then cheered some
heavy thoughts

On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the prom-
ised 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 some-
where near

¹ The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

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
Smote 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 favorite 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 tamer argument
That lies before us, needful to be told.

Returned from that excursion,¹ soon I bade

Farewell forever to the sheltered seats
Of gowned students, quitted hall and

bower,

¹ See p. 312.

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 labor 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.

There was a time when whatso'er is feigned

Of airy palaces, and gardens built

By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,

Alcairo, 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,

'T were 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.
 Marvellous 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 neighbors, 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 colors, lights, and forms; the deafen-
ing din;
The coners and the goers face to face,
Face after face; the string of dazzling
wares,
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned
names,
And all the tradesman's honors over-
head:
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 inter-
vals,
We take our way. A rasee-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, un-
aware,
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 de-
grees,
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 colors, 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 ad-
vance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and
strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'T is one encountered here and every-
where;
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 in-
scribed
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 colors 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 convened
 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 colors 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
 scratch 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 allurements. Need I fear
 To mention by its name, as in degree,
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt,
 Yet richly graced with honors 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, harlequins,

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; a sea-fight,
 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 words 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
 Commingled — 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 dif-
 fused,

False tints too well accorded with the glare
 From playhouse 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 vigor, 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 favored. 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
unsunged

Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and
spells

Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kind-
liest growths.

Ah, with how different spirit might a
prayer

Have been preferred, that this fair crea-
ture, 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 inno-
cent,

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 sad-
ness,

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 beautiful
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 jin-
gling

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, hobbled in,
Stumping upon a cane with which he
smites,

From time to time, the solid boards, and
makes them

Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts
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, how 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 recognize,
As at a glance, the things which I had
shaped,
And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely
seen,
When, having closed the mighty Shak-
speare'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 im-
ply, —
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their
courts
Before the ermined judge, or that great
stage
Where senators, tongue-favored men, per-
form,
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, Salisburys, of old,

Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence!
hush!

This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can pa-
tience 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, forever 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 dis-
dain,

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 pas-
sion raised;

But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from
Jove's brain,

Broke forth in armor 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, unin-
spired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not unfelt
Were 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 minuet 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 — 't is 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 unutterable.

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 background 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,
beyond

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 out-
ward things,

Structures like these the excited spirit
mainly

Builds for herself; scenes different there
are,

Full-formed, that take, with small inter-
nal help,

Possession of the faculties, — the peace
That comes with night; the deep solemn-
ity

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 unwholesome
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 im-
plore,

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 color, 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 round-
abouts;

With those that stretch the neck and
strain the eyes,

And crack the voice in rivalry, the
crowd

Inviting; with buffoons against buffoons
Grimacing, writhing, screaming, — him
who grinds

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 movables 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 Promethean thoughts
 Of man, his dulness, madness, and their feats
 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! 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 labor, 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. Attention 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 and woods,
 Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt
 The roving Indian, on his desert sands:
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant 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 and aspects
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
 The views and aspirations of the soul
 To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
 Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
 The changeful language of their countenances
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids 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
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
 Through meagre lines and colors, and the press
 Of self-destroying, transitory things,
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

BOOK EIGHTH.

RETROSPECT. — LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN.

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are 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, yon village
 green?
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
 Though but a little family of men,
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground —
 betimes
 Assembled with their children and their
 wives,
 And here and there a stranger inter-
 persed.
 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 favorite 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.
 Booths 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 hawker's wares — books, pictures,
 combs, and pins —
 Some aged woman finds her way again,
 Year after year, a punctual visitant!
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
 Pulling the strings of his boxed rare-
 show;
 And in the lapse of many years may come
 Prouder 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 chang-
 ing sun
 To him who slept at noon, and wakes at
 eve."¹
 Thus gayety 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 pitiably 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

¹ These lines are from a descriptive Poem —
 "Malvern Hills" — by one of Mr. Wordsworth's
 oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.

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,
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 colors 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 primi-
tive gifts

Favored 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-laborer 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 — sim-
plicity,

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
tasks

And occupations which her beauty
adorned,

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 gen'us, the
wild woods

Of Arden — amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted
hours,

Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Gany-
mede;

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 remembered,

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 monu-
ments.

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 snow-
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 brows
Of cool Lucretilis, 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 fife 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 champaign,
That, reaching to her gates, spreads east
and west,

And northwards, from beneath the moun-
tainous 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, 't is 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 en-
 wrought
 In the wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
 Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he
 hies,
 His staff protending 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 labor 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-
 shadow,
 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 spiry 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 honor, 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 waxen image which yourselves have
made,

And ye adore! But blessèd 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, wheresoever led,
And howsoever; 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 communed with him by their help.
And thus

Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
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 this
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 laughters and con-
tempts,

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 circumfuse 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 dejected plight,
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their
 hands
 Gathered the purple cups that round
 them lay,
 Strewing the turf's green slope.

A diamond light
 (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.
 'T was 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 disen-
 chant
 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 fer-
 vent 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 sickliness, 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 etcetera 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 beau-
tiful
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 un-
conscious Boy

For the Man's sake, could feed at Na-
ture's call

Some pensive musings which might well
beseeem

Maturer years.

A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of
Thurstonmere,

With length of shade so thick, that
whoso 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 re-
posed

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 nowhere 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.

Enough of humble arguments; recall,
My Song! those high emotions which thy
voice

Has heretofore made known; that burst-
ing 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,
Shone 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 coloring of other times,
Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcomed, softened, if not solem-
nized.

This notwithstanding, being brought more
near

¹ See page 19.

To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,
 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 de-
 tect
 Some inner meanings which might harbor
 there.
 But how could I in mood so light indulge,
 Keeping such fresh remembrance of the
 day,
 When, having thridded the long labyrinth
 Of the suburban villages, I first
 Entered thy vast dominion? On the roof
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sat,
 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: 't was 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,
 Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
 That instantly unsettles and recedes, —
 Substance and shadow, light and dark-
 ness, 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 sub-
 lime!
 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,
 Buries 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 ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
 Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
 Strange congregation! 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 knowl-
 edge came,
 Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
 Came, of themselves, or at her call de-
 rived
 In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,
 From all sides, when whate'er was in it-
 self
 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 revered 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 com-
 mon rest
 In earth, the widely scattered wreck sub-
 lime

Of vanished nations, or more clearly
 drawn
 From books and what they picture and
 record.

'T is true, the history of our native
 land —
 With those of Greece compared and pop-
 ular Rome,
 And in our high-wrought modern narra-
 tives
 Stript of their harmonizing 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 com-
 mand,
 Even as the heart's occasions might re-
 quire,
 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

¹ Darkness 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 smit-
ten thus

By a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'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, com-
pared

With that in which *her* mighty objects lay.

¹ From Milton, *Par. Lost*, xi. 204.

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 raven-
ous 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
toil.

Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Whene'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. Scarcely 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 gayety and dissolute 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 't is 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 Le
Brun,

A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful
cheek

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, uncon-
cerned,

Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower
Glassed in a green-house, or a parlor
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 un-
prepared

With needful knowledge, had abruptly
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 dis-
course

Of good and evil of the time was shunned
With scrupulous care; but these restric-
tions 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; there-
with

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 ere-
while

He had sate lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honors 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, ex-
pressed,

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 colors; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch

Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'T was 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. Mean-
while 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 unworldly 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 broth-
 ers all
 In honor, 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 honor to their honor: 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 dis-
course

Maimed, spiritless; and, in their weak-
ness 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 soldiery, 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 sen-
sibly,

As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He
through the events

Of that great change wandered in per-
fect 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 honor set apart,
And ignorance in the laboring 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 im-
perishable,

As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honorable 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,
Or such retirement, Friend! as we have
known

In the green dales beside our Rotha's
stream,

Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,
To ruminate, with interchange of talk,
On rational liberty, and hope in man,
Justice and peace. But far more sweet
such toil —

Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts
abstruse —

If nature then be standing on the brink
Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the world.

Then doubt is not, and truth is more than
truth, —

A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
Of zeal, by an authority Divine
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death.
Such conversation, under Attic shades,
Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened thus
For a Deliverer's glorious task, — and
such

He, on that ministry already bound,

Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,
 When those two vessels with their daring
 freight,
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
 Sailed from Zacynthus, — philosophic
 war,
 Led by Philosophers. With harder fate,
 Though like ambition, such was he, O
 Friend!

Of whom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the
 name

Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity)
 Fashioned his life; and many a long dis-
 course,

With like persuasion honored, we main-
 tained:

He, on his part, accoutred for the worst,
 He perished fighting, in supreme com-
 mand,

Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire,
 For liberty, against deluded men,
 His fellow-countrymen; and yet most
 blessed

In this, that he the fate of later times
 Lived not to see, nor what we now
 behold,

Who have as ardent hearts as he had then.

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
 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 trav-
 eller,

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
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.

Sometimes methought I saw a pair of
 knights

Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
 Rocked high above their heads; anon, the
 din

Of boisterous inebriation, and music's roar,
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
 Of Satyrs 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 fervor, and of that
 Less genuine and wrought up within
 myself —

I could not but bewail 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 Romorentin, 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, "'T is 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 forever blotted out
 That legalized 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-varying 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 dishonor, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers (thus
 The story might begin), oh, balmy time,
 In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow,
 Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven!
 So might—and with that prelude *did* begin
 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 turn
 To loiter willfully 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 will draw

¹ See "Vaudracour and Julia," p. 253.

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 wood
 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 worst
 wrongs,
 Rouse him; but, hidden in those gloomy
 shades,
 His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind.

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-colored
 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
 Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder
 words,
 They — who had come elate as eastern
 hunters
 Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
 Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
 Rajahs 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 spiteful gratitude the baffled League,
 That had stirred up her slackening facul-
 ties
 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,
 'T is 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 forever, 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 ardor 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 stormed
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 unbraids 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 hôtel, 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 con-
jured 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 forgetful-
ness.

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, say-
ing,

"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Well is
known

The inglorious issue of that charge, and
how

He, who had launched the startling
thunderbolt,

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 power
arrive

From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could
not do,

A work of honor; 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, but
thought

Of opposition and of remedies:
An insignificant stranger and obscure,
And one, moreover, little graced with
power

Of eloquence even in my native speech,
And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
Yet would I at this time with willing heart
Have undertaken for a cause so great
Service however dangerous. I revolved,
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 mis-
trust

And want of hope where evidence divine

Proclaims to him that hope should be most
sure;

Nor did the inexperience of my youth
Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
In 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 discomfiture
Below its aim, or meets with, from with-
out,

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,
Arbiter 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
Or our infirm 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 lawgivers.

In this frame of mind,
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
So seemed it, — now I thankfully
acknowledge,
Forced by the gracious providence of
Heaven, —
To England I returned, else (though
assured
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
common cause
With some who perished; haply perished
too,
A poor mistaken and bewildered offer-
ing, —
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 re-
called

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 confed-
erate 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 gray rock — its birthplace —
so had I

Wanted, fast rooted on the ancient
tower

Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune than to wither there:
Now was I from that pleasant station torn
And tossed about in whirlwind. I re-
joiced,

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, per-
chance

I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate 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 wean
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 gray locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the
red-cross 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

Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong be-
fore

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 vengeful 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 intermeddlers, 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.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole
 year
 With feast-days; old men from the chim-
 ney-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 com-
 pared),
 Pleased 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
 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 sur-
 vived
 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 man-
 kind.
 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 en-
 tangled me
 In long orations, which I strove to plead
 Before unjust tribunals, — with a voice
 Laboring, 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 — what 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 de-
 nounced,
 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 consummate 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 fierce-
 ness 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 pro-
 longed?
 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
 Honor 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 excel-
 lence,
 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,

Triumphal 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!
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
tops,

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 spec-
tacle,

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 honored teacher of my youth was laid,
And on the stone were graven by his de-
sire

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 my-
self:

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 com-
mand,

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,
(Itself 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 morn-
ing 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 fiat
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 noth-
ing 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 tranquil-
lized,
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 moulder-
ing 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.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

FRANCE (*concluded*).

FROM that time forth, Authority in France
Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
Yet everything was wanting that might give
Courage to them who looked for good by
light
Of rational Experience, for the shoots
And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
The Senate's language, and the public acts
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, oft-times, 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 stupefied,
With their whole souls went culling from
the day

Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my
compeers

At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing news-
man'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 he, 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 re-
turn

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,
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft re-
olved,

Felt deeply, but not thoroughly under-
stood

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 pre-
pared,

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 inexpe-
rienced mind,

When the world travels in a beaten road,
Guide faithful as is needed — I began
To meditate with ardor 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
 our
 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 favored 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 play-fellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, 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

¹ See p. 267.

Did both find, helpers to their hearts' de-
 sire,
 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,
 'T will 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
 Prospects so large into 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 afloat,
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
themselves,

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 its 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 thence-
forth

Forever 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 ex-
tremes, nor least

With that which makes our Reason's
naked self

The object of its fervor. 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,
flashed

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, 't is 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,
'T was 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 anatomize the frame of social life;
Yea, the whole body of society

Searched to its heart. Share with me
Friend! the wish

That some dramatic tale, endued 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 misleading. 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 honors; 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 everything, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarities,
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 attri-
butes

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 sate
 down
 In reconciliation 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 belovèd 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, to take a lesson from the dog
 Returning to his vomit; when the sun
 That rose in splendor, 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 honor 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 trifler 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
 bestrewn.

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 contented-
ness;

To me the grief confined, that thou art
gone

From this last spot of earth, where Free-
dom 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 dis-
charged,

Gather afresh, and will have vent again:
My own delights do scarcely seem to me
My own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,

Those rosy peaks, from which the Morn-
ing looks

Abroad on many nations, are no more
For me that image of pure gladness
Which they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,

For purpose, at a time, how 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 shep-
herds 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 honored isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!

That doth not yield a solace to my grief:
And, O Theocritus,¹ 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,

Because the goatherd, blessèd 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

¹ *Theocrit. Idyll. vii. 78.*

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 gratest, 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
 Glorying, 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! 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 favored — 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
 Watted, 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 my-
self —

A bigot to a new idolatry —
Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn
the world,

Zealously labored 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 brother-
hood.

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 over-
flow

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 pleas-
ure pleased

Unworthily, 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 color 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 crea-
ture,

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 endeavor 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 in-
satiably.

Vivid the transport, vivid though not
profound;

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 re-
 joiced
 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 thralldom 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 intermeddling subtleties,
 Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are
 When genial circumstance hath favored
 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 sur-
 vived
 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 aught
 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 gor-
 geous Alps
 Roaming, I carried with me the same
 heart:
 In truth, the degradation — howso'er
 Induced, effect, in whatso'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,
 Visitings of imaginative power
 For this to last: I shook the habit off
 Entirely and forever, 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 mis-
 chance
 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 neighborhood,
 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
 Colors and words that are unknown to
 man,
 To paint the visionary dreariness
 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 sub-
 lime
 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 honors. 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, en-
 shrining,
 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 high-
 ways
 Ascending, overlooked them both, far
 stretched;
 Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
 My expectation, thither I repaired,
 Scout-like, and gained the summit; 't was
 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 morality,
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
 To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
 And, afterwards, the wind and sleety 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 inter-
 change
 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; 't is 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, 't was 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-applauding intellect; but trains
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;
Holds up before the mind intoxicate
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-fondly 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

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 unassuming 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," *where* 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 in-
quire —

Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more sub-
dued —

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, labor 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 be-
yond?)

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 soe'er 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 cull
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 man-
kind,

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 prized 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 honor; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair.

There are who think that strong affec-
tion, 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 labor 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 re-
ward

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
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 them-
 selves
 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 inter-
 course:
 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 hereto-
 fore,
 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 forever. 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 humblest 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 im-
age 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 unpremeditated 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.

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
door

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, sal-
lied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless sum-
mer 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
crag,

Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog,
teased

His coiled-up prey with barkings turbu-
lent.

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 up-
heaved

All over this still ocean; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapors 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,
streams

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 en-
dowed

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, whene'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 favored 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,
And backward wanderings along thorny
ways:

Yet — compassed round by mountain soli-
tudes,

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, howso'er mis-
led,

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
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrunk 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 springtime 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 inaptly 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 without 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 labor: 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; 't is 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 't is 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 favorite 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, howso'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 curi-
 ous 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 hardy 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,
 Honor 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 ob-
 serves.

Yet one word more of personal con-
 cern; —
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from
 France,

I led an undomestic wanderer's life,
 In London chiefly harbored, 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 with-
 held

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 labors
 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 re-
 quire,

And I have other tasks. Recall to mind
 The mood in which this labor 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 't is 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 centring 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
 combs,

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 labor, 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 labor 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 buoy-
 ant 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 laborers in the work
 (Should Providence such grace to us
 vouchsafe)

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 be-
 comes

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 un-
 changed)

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
 Of quality and fabric more divine.

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 overpowered
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-gliding
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 flit 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 oft-times splenetic
youth

Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of
light

That no self-cherished sadness could
withstand;

And now 't is 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
mislead,

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
Favorite 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 favors 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 Imaginations realized,
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;
'T is 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 steeps,
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; 't is 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'er

they go.

— 'T is, but I cannot name it, 't is 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 whereso'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 souls
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 welcom-
ing,

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 gladness 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 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,
Upwards and downwards; progress intri-
cate

Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'T is 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, — 't is 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, 't is 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; wherefore 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 and 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 favored 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 my-
self:

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,

And now am landed, and the motion gone,
 Shall I reprove myself? Ah no, the stream
 Is flowing, and will never cease to flow,
 And I shall float upon that stream again.
 By such forgetfulness the soul becomes,
 Words cannot say how beautiful: then
 hail,

Hail to the visible Presence, hail to thee,
 Delightful Valley, habitation fair!
 And to whatever else of outward form
 Can give an inward help, can purify,
 And elevate, and harmonize, and soothe,
 And steal away, and for a while deceive
 And lap in pleasing rest, and bear us on
 Without desire in full complacency,
 Contemplating perfection absolute,
 And entertained as in a placid sleep.

But not betrayed by tenderness of mind
 That feared, or wholly overlooked the
 truth,

Did we come hither, with romantic hope
 To find in midst of so much loveliness
 Love, perfect love: of so much majesty
 A like majestic frame of mind in those
 Who here abide, the persons like the place.
 Not from such hope, or aught of such
 belief,

Hath issued any portion of the joy
 Which I have felt this day. An awful voice
 'T is true hath in my walks been often
 heard,

Sent from the mountains or the sheltered
 fields,

Shout after shout — reiterated whoop,
 In manner of a bird that takes delight
 In answering to itself: or like a hound
 Single at chase among the lonely woods,
 His yell repeating; yet it was in truth
 A human voice—a spirit of coming night;
 How solemn when the sky is dark, and
 earth

Not dark, nor yet enlightened, but by snow
 Made visible, amid a noise of winds
 And bleatings manifold of mountain sheep,
 Which in that iteration recognize
 Their summons, and are gathering round
 for food,

Devoured with keenness, ere to grove or
 bank

Or rocky bield with patience they retire.

That very voice, which, in some timid
 mood

Of superstitious fancy, might have seemed

Awful as ever stray demoniac uttered,
 His steps to govern in the wilderness;
 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,
 Bred also there, I wanted not a scale
 To regulate my hopes; pleased with the
 good

I shrink not from the evil with disgust,
 Or with immoderate pain. I look for Man,
 The common creature of the brotherhood,
 Differing but little from the Man else-
 where,

For selfishness and envy and revenge,
 Ill neighborhood—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 Labor here preserves
 His rosy face, a servant only here
 Of the fireside or of the open field,
 A Freeman therefore sound and unim-
 paired:

That extreme penury is here unknown,
 And cold and hunger's abject wretched-
 ness

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
 Favored 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 gray 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
 perilous 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 aërial 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 honor humankind.

No, we are not alone, we do not stand,
 My sister here misplaced and desolate,
 Loving what no one cares for but our-
 selves.

We shall not scatter through the plains
 and rocks

Of this fair Vale, and o'er its spacious
 heights,

Unprofitable kindness, bestowed
 On objects unaccustomed to the gifts
 Of feeling, which were cheerless and for-
 lorn

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; per-
 chance

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 com-
bined.

And thus it is that fitly they become
Associates in the joy of purest minds:
They blend therewith congenially: mean-
while

Calmly they breathe their own undying life
Through this their mountain sanctuary;
long

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 labor, 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 Helvetian Dell; when low-
huing 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 hid-
den; 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 unawares
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 gray 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 Owllet-
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 playing 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 dia-
mond drops

Of melted hoar-frost, every tiny knot
In the bare twigs, each little budding-
place

Cased with its several beads; what my-
riads 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 immured,
Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
And neighborhood serves rather to divide
Than to unite — what sighs more deep
than his,

Whose nobler will hath long been sacri-
ficed;

Who must inhabit under a black sky
A city, where, if indifference to disgust
Yield not to scorn or sorrow, living men
Are oft-times 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 re-
mote,

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 them-
selves

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 Dwell-
ing-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 yon ethereal vault,
And this deep Vale, its earthly counter-
part,

By which and under which we are en-
closed

To breathe in peace; we shall moreover
find

(If sound, and what we ought to be our-
selves,

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 't is not to enjoy that we exist,
For that end only; something must be
done:

I must not walk in unproved delight
These narrow bounds, and think of noth-
ing 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 fellow-
ship?

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,
Blest 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 de-
lights,

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.

Ye, 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 ex-
plored;

All that inflamed thy infant heart, the
love,

The longing, the contempt, the un-
daunted 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 circum-
stance,

Or from the Soul — an impulse to her-
self —

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 empyreal
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 com-
posed

From earth's materials — waits upon my
steps;

Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. 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 pro-
claims

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 madding passions mutually inflamed;

Must hear Humanity in fields and groves

Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang

Brooding above the fierce confederate
storm

Of sorrow, barricadoed 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'st¹

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

Itself from all malevolent effect

Of those mutations that extend their sway

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 labor useless. If such theme

May sort with highest objects, then —
dread Power!

Whose gracious favor is the primal source

Of all illumination — may my Life

Express the image of a better time,

More wise desires, and simpler man-
ners; — nurse

My Heart in genuine freedom: — all pure
thoughts

Be with me; — so shall thy unfailling love

Guide, and support, and cheer me to the
end!

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honor 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 messmates 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 piety 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 endeavors 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 re-
ceives:
By objects, which might force the soul to
abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassion-
ate;
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.
— 'T is he whose law is reason; who de-
pends
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 labors 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 honorable 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 honors, 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 in-
spired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps
the law
In calmness made, and sees what he fore-
saw;
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, wheresoe'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: —
'T is, 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 dis-
may,
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:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth
Forever, 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
draws
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.¹

A tradition transferred from the ancient mansion of Hutton John, the seat of the Huddlestons, 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,
What thou askest, noble Brother,
With God's favor 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.

¹ See Note.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valor famed),
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, 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

'T is 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.
'T is 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 honor 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.

1806.

1807.

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. 1807.

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 interest-
ing 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 Saône in the year 1799,
particularly near the town of Châlons, 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 what-
ever 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?
 't is 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 neighbor will
 kiss;
 Each wave, one and t' other, speeds
 after his brother:
 They are happy, for that is their right!
 1806. 1807.

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
 opprest.

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, 't is all that she
 sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he
 abates not his din.
 His hat gives him vigor, with boons drop-
 ping in,
 From the old and the young, from the
 poorest; and there!
 The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
 spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the
 hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so
 thankful a band;
 I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all
 the while
 If they speak 't is 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.

1807.

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, 't is
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, ad-
mits no outward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, but
silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 't is 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.

1807

“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 distance 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 Mrs. 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,
Recognized intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of God, — of God they are.

1806. 1807.

“NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR
CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM.”

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 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 particularize.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow
room;
And hermits are contented with their
cells;
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 sundry moods, 't was 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.

1807.

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-parlor 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 forever our acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has always stigmatized 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 neighbors, 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 melo-
dies
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 that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live re-
mote
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 harbor, 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! 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.

1806.

1807.

“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 crost 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.

1806.

1807.

“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 arbors, 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.

1807.

“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 colors 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.

1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF
GRASMERE LAKE.

1806.

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid
bars

Through the gray 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 beautifully 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!”

1806.

1820.

“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.

1807.

“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;

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 wreathèd
horn.

1806.

1807.

“WITH SHIPS THE SEA WAS
SPRINKLED FAR AND NIGH.”

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 naught 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.

1806.

1807.

“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!

1806.

1807.

TO SLEEP.

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
love

To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
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.

1806.

1807.

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!

1806.

1807.

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,
Sleep!

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;

The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and
deep!

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,
 I 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!

1806.

1807.

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, 't is 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 de-
 part;
 How sweet thus living without life to lie,
 Thus without death how sweet it is to die.

1806?

1882.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL
 ANGELO.

Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the
 request of Mr. Duppa, whose acquaintance I
 made through Mr. Southey. Mr. Duppa was en-
 gaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and

applied to Mr. Southey 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.

1806.

1807.

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 heavenward
 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.

'T is sense, unbridled will, and not true
 love,

That kills the soul: love betters what is
 best,

Even here below, but more in heaven
 above.

1806.

1807.

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
condemn

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.

1807.

“METHOUGHT I SAW THE FOOT-
STEPS OF A THRONE.”

The latter part of this Sonnet was a great favorite with my sister S. H. When I saw her lying in death, I could not resist the impulse to compose the Sonnet that follows it.

I.

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a
throne

Which mists and vapors from mine eyes
did shroud—

Nor view of who might sit thereon
allowed;

But all the steps and ground about were
strown

With sights the ruefullest that flesh and
bone

Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before
that cloud,

“Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we
groan.”

Those steps I clomb; the mists before me
gave

Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven; that seemed
to have

Pleasing remembrance of a thought fore-
gone;

A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

1806.

1807.

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.

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.

1807.

¹ Importuna e grave salma. — MICHAEL ANGELO.

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 Foe.
 'T is well! from this day forward we shall
 know
 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 honor which they do not understand.¹

1806.

1807.

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

¹ See Note.

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 't is 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,

And cracked the branches, and strewn
 them about;

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! 't is 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 *cozie* warm house for Edward
 and me.

1806.

1815.

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 advertising 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, vanishings;” etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendor 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 immor-

tality. 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 favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent 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 authorizing 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. 200.

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 passed 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 he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-born
blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pygmy 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-learnèd 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 forever 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!

IX.

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 realized,
 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-
 deavor,

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.

X.

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 forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the
 hour

Of splendor 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.

XI.

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 coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-
tality;
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.

1803-6.

1807.

A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY, 1807.

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come
from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be
found,
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent
sound —
ARMINIUS! — all the people quaked like
dew

Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation,
true,

True to herself — the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she
threw.

All power was given her in the dreadful
trance;

Those new-born Kings she withered like
a flame."

— Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and
shame

To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with
France,

First open traitor to the German name!

1807.

1807.

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 of 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
vainly 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
bereft:

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.

1807.

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 sub-
lime,
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 forever 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!

1807.

1807.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.¹

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 blessèd 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."

² 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:

'T is gone — and in a merry fit
They run up-stairs 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.

1815.

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 knot
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 coloring 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.

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.

1807.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned out
of an old quarry under the superintendance and
direction of Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister
Dorothy, during the winter and spring we resided
there.

LADY! 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! 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 murmur-
ing pines

Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring,

1807.

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 conversation, a great curiosity, both individually and as a representative of past times. His chief employment 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 Coleorton, where I became familiar with the habits and notions of old Mitchell, there was also a laborer 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 forever, on aërial grounds!

SONG AT THE
FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE.

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIF-
FORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES
AND HONORS 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 —

¹ See Note.

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
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 Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld 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,
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 swim¹
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;

¹ See Note.

He hath thrown aside his crook,
 And hath buried deep his book;
 Armor rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls; ¹ —
 ‘Quell the Scot,’ 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,
 Groan 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 honored more
 and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 “The good Lord Clifford” was the name
 he bore.

1807.

1807.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.¹

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 wedded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grasmere, 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 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 labor 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 labor is not necessarily unfavorable 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 inter-

¹ See Note.

fere 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 humanizing 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, Belovèd! 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;
Meek 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 hear
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 sinless 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;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest
breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes; —
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give —
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,

Belovèd Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

“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 has the nature of infinity.¹
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.
Which courage is manifestly such, as that Creature
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 favor, gathereth a force and faith
which human Nature in itself could not obtain.”

LORD BACON.

CANTO FIRST.

FROM Bolton’s old monastic tower¹
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 budded 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 Pile, 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 fills; — 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!¹
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 ’t is 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,
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 yon 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;

¹ See Note.

Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
 And blame not me if my heart and sight
 Are occupied with one delight!
 'T is 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! harbors 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 hearth
 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,
 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 neighborhood;

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, foul 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 Aäliza mourned¹

Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing 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; ¹
And, through the chink in the fractured
floor

Look down, and see a griesly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried up-
right!

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 Ban-
bury church

And smote off his head on the stones of
the porch!

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 came to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet ¹
In his wanderings solitary:

¹ See Note.

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.
 'T was 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 gray;
 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 pry
 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 dearth
 Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was — this Maid, who
 wrought

Meekly, with foreboding thought,
 In vermeil colors 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 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 exprest
 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.—

'T is 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 straight-
 way

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 horsed 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 mis-
 led;

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,

¹ See the Old Ballad, — "The Rising of the North."

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:

'T is 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 arbors, 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

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 weal
 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 endue 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 purest 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.

CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers
 Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,¹
 Telling melancholy hours!
 Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
 That Norton with his band is near!
 The watchmen from their station high
 Pronounced the word, — and the Earls
 descry,
 Well-pleased, the armed Company
 Marching down the banks of Were.
 Said fearless Norton to the pair
 Gone forth to greet him on the plain —
 “This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
 I bring with me a goodly train;
 Their hearts are with you: hill and dale
 Have helped us: Ure we crossed, and
 Swale,
 And horse and harness followed — see
 The best part of their Yeomanry!
 — Stand forth, my Sons! — these eight
 are mine,

¹ See Note.

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! hew 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 overwhelm
 All ancient honor 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
Vouchsafed 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 Were,

And Durham, the time-honored 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, further-
more,

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,"¹

The Choicest 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 he
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 goodly 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;
Magnificent 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,

¹ From the old ballad.

As shepherds watch a lonely star,
 Or mariners the distant light
 That guides them through a stormy night.
 And now, upon a chosen plot
 Of rising ground, yon heathy 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 awakened by the sight,
 He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
 Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
 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 favorable 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 rumor 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,

¹ From the old ballad.

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 gray-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? ²
 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! 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 —"

² See Note.

Half to himself, and half to them
He spake — "would stem, or quell, 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
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 steeped, 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 endeavor 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 equipage
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 allay
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 endeavors to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH.

'T IS 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 neighboring fields;
While from one pillared 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 roosted for the night,
 He who in proud prosperity
 Of colors 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 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 whate'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 neighborhood,
 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,
 Lingering 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 uncomplaining Doe
 Now couched 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 odors, 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; —
 'It 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
chased,

Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus
spake;

"An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the time— a woful 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;— 't is 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 effort 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 forever 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!"
— 'T was done: his Sons were with him
— all;

They belt him round with hearts un-
daunted

And others follow;— Sire and Son
Leap down into the court;— "'T is
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 Rylstone Fell
 Above the loftiest ridge or mound
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single — Norton Tower its
 name¹ —

It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
 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 vapors 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;
 'T is 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,

¹ See Note.

Yea by her brother's very name,
 Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
 That gray-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 endeavor
 The light of praise shall shine forever!
 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 were who cried,
 'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
 'T is 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 stronghold.

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:
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 endeavor 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 decaying sanctities.
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 helmeted 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 unshed; —
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 rueful 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,
Athwart 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 woful neighborhood,
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 dole-
ful 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 vengeful 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?
Dh 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
Fulfillment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments 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.
— 'T is 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 recognized 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 neighborhood
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 bent
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 ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.

" 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."

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
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

¹ See Note.

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,
Yea 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 infirmities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.

And so — beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving 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 pleading 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 chronicler 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 neighborhood
 To leave. — Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
 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 Dernbrook's 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 favorable 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,
 Waiked quick or slowly, every mood
 In its degree was understood;
 Then well may their accord be true,
 And kindest intercourse ensue.
 — Oh! surely 't was 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
 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,

¹ See Note.

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 groves,
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 ayde!*”
That was the sound they seemed to speak;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on those holy bells be seen,
That legend and her Grandsire’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 sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, “*God us ayde;*”
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 a milder 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 Pound¹
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 favoring 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 showed
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, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Distress 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!

¹ See Note.

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 undisturbed 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.

1815.

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 Craven*—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 bene?"
 With these dark words begins my Tale;
 And their meaning is, whence can com-
 fort spring
 When Prayer is of no avail?

1 See the "White Doe of Rylstone."

“What is good for a bootless bene?”
The Falconer to the Lady said;
And she made answer “ENDLESS SOR-
ROW!”

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 bestride!
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, unspeaking 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 to-morrow:
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 matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor 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!

SEPTEMBER, 1807.

1815.

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 there; but in dark wood and rocky
cave,
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.

1815.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME
 AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the
 Wind
 That sang of trees upturn and vessels
 tost —
 A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
 To the general sense of men by chains
 confined
 Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
 To timely sleep. Thought I, the impas-
 sioned 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
 sadness shrink,
 Tells also of bright calms that shall suc-
 ceed.

1808.

1815.

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 sternly-featured hills
 Look gently on this grave;
 And quiet now are the depths of air,
 As a sea without a wave.

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 affright?

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!

1808.

1839.

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 Phœbus 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 War-
 rior, see!
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to
 bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.
 1809. 1815.

“ADVANCE—COME FORTH FROM
 THY TYROLEAN GROUND.”

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean
 ground,
 Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul un-
 tamed;
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the moun-
 tains named!
 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.
 1809. 1815.

FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

THE Land we from our fathers had in
 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.
 1809. 1815.

“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
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought?
 1809. 1815.

“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 Burghers 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.
1809. 1815.

"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 labor without pause,
Even to the death:—else wherefore should
the eye
Of man converse with immortality?
1809. 1815.

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 pre-
served 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. 1815.

"HAIL, ZARAGOZA! IF WITH
UNWET EYE." 1

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 up-
heaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic
force:
Dread trials! yet encountered and sus-
tained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.
1809. 1815.

"SAY, WHAT IS HONOR?—'T IS
THE FINEST SENSE."

SAY, what is Honor?—'T is 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,
Honor 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 —

¹ See Note.

A Foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

1809.

1815.

“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 laboring Danube
bore

A weight of hostile corses; 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.

1815.

“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 Blest,
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.

1815.

“CALL NOT THE ROYAL SWEDE
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 sympathizing spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench
all pain

In thankful joy and gratulation pure.¹

1809.

1815.

“LOOK NOW ON THAT ADVEN-
TURER WHO HATH PAID.”

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath
paid

His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was
made

By the blind Goddess, — ruthless, undis-
mayed;

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 pre-
cipitate

By violent and ignominious death.

1809.

1815.

¹ See Note to “The King of Sweden,” p. 200.

"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 Valor 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.

1809.

1815.

"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, Cham-
pion 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.

1810.

1815.

"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: 't is 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.

1810.

1815.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN
AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS.

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our
Foes
With firmer soul, yet labor to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 't were 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.

1810.

1815.

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, pro-
claims

THE LIBERTY OF GREECE:— the words
rebound

Until all voices in one voice are drowned;
Glad acclamation by which the 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 *boon* could shed such rapturous
joys!

A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of Earth and
Heaven.

1810.

1815.

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.

“’T is 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.”

1810.

1815.

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 ærial 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.

1810.

1815.

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 pos-
sess,

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.

1815.

"AVAUNT ALL SPECIOUS
 PLIANCY OF MIND."

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
 In men of low degree, all smooth pre-
 tence!

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,

Honor 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.

1815.

"O'ERWEENING STATESMEN
 HAVE FULL LONG RELIED."

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long
 relied

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 under-
 stood;

Who to their Country's cause have bound
 a life

Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given
 To labor and to prayer, to nature, and to
 heaven.¹

1810.

1815.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH
 GUERRILLAS.

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 dan-
 gers 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
 Foeman's heart;

And thus from year to year his walk they
 thwart,

And hang like dreams around his guilty
 bed.

1810.

1815.

¹ See Laborde's character of the Spanish peo-
 ple; from him the sentiment of these last two
 lines is taken.

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.

1810.

1837.

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 roseate fragrance breathed.¹ — 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 steadfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!

1810.

1810.

III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in
haste!

'T will 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 Shep-
herd

Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous
flock.

Well did I watch, much labored, nor had
power

To escape from many and strange indig-
nities;

Was smitten by the great ones of the
world,

But did not fall; for Virtue braves all
shocks,

Upon herself resting immovably.

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,

¹ I vii vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutti rose.

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to
his original.

How treacherous to her promise, is the
world;
And trust in God—to whose eternal
doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of
earth.

1810.

1810.

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-inquietude, 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 equalize 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 birthplace, and I sprang

Of noble parents; seventy years and three
Lived I — then yielded to a slow disease.

1810.

1815.

V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involved
In odious litigation; and full long,
Fate harder still! 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 honors 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 honored
name,

And live as long as its pure stream shall
flow.

1810.

1837.

VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol 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, 't was 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 !
1810. 1815.

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,
Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to
pray
That every gentle Spirit hither led
May read them, not without some bitter
tears.
1810. 1837.

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 enter-
tained,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.
1810 1815.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit! — Balbi suppli-
cates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst pre-
fer
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 beloved Permessus. —
Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplift-
ing,
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, fare-
well!
1810. 1815.

¹ In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original :—
e degli amici
Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

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 woful
gain

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 em-
brace.

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 over-
stepped 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 sinful earth
Not unvouchsafed — 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 main-
tained

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 afforded to uphold her maimed
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy,

Now first acquainted with distress and
grief,

Shrunk 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
stoop

To imprint a kiss that lacked not power
to spread

Faint color over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled 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, find-
ing 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;
For 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.

1810.

1842.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

Written at Allanbank, Grasmere. Picture of
my Daughter Catharine, who died the year after.

LÖVING 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 fagot 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-colored images imprest
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

1811.

1815.

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 breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader¹ vies, who, sick
of strife

And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.

1811.

1815.

“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.

1815.

¹ Sertorius.

"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 honor, on man's suffering
heart.
Never may from our souls one truth de-
part —
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 labors in extremity —
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

1811. 1815.

EPISTLE.

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT,
BART.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND,
1811.

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 Grasmere 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 yon 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 Grasmere 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 Grasmere curate, after a night's carouse in the vale of Langdale, on his return home, having 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 authorized to say that any noticeable amendment followed. Penuriousness strengthened upon him as his body grew feebler 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 laborers at the proper season, and consequently he has often been seen in half-dotage 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 favorable to the growth of kindly feelings among them, and in a striking degree exclusive to temptations to gross vice and

scandalous behavior. 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, intoxication was rare, and dissolute morals unknown? With the Bible they 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 Brathay, 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. Baronets 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 threw 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 eight 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 churchyard, 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 labors: 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 neighbor! huge
Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native
gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
What on the Plain *we* 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 unshifting 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 labor 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 mutter-
 ing rhyme,
 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 Phœbus when his gol-
 den locks
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
 And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail
 Trips down the pathways of some wind-
 ing 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 heedless
 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 deign 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 pre-
 tence;
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying 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 stream-
 ers gay,
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of
 prayer,
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep re-
 pair,
 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;
 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 tele-
 graph, 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 with-
drawn,

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-damp'd dust our journey was
begun,

A needful journey, under favoring 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 tented 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 hol-
low nook,

And the rough bed of many an un-
bridged brook?

A blooming Lass — who in her better
hand

Bore a light switch, her sceptre of com-
mand

When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened
*sled*¹

From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's
head.

What could go wrong with such a Chari-
oteer

For goods and chattels, or those Infants
dear,

A Pair who smilingly sate side by side,
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide

¹ A local word for sledge.

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
Strip'd 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 recognize
The Curate's Dog — his long-tried friend,
for they,

As well we knew, together had grown
gray.

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 pre-
vent;

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,
Unscared 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 crost
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 gray 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 —

¹ A word common in the country, signifying
shelter, as in Scotland.

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 't is 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 neighborhood 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

Of-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a
greeting.

Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peas-
ant stand

On high, a kerchief waving in her hand!
Not unexpectant that by early day

Our little Band would thrid this moun-
tain way,

Before her cottage on the bright hill-side
She hath advanced with hope to be de-
scribed.

Right gladly answering signals we dis-
played,

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 yel-
 lowing 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
 north-west
 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,
 Noise that brings forth no liveried Page
 of state,
 But the whole household, that our com-
 ing wait.
 With Young and Old warm greetings we
 exchange,
 And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly
 Grange
 Press forward by the teasing dogs un-
 scared.
 Entering, we find the morning meal pre-
 pared:
 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 prom-
 ise 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 toil re-
 lieved
 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 morn-
 ing hours.
 More could my pen report of grave or
 gay
 That through our gypsy 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. 1842.

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 sym-
 pathies.
 For — save the calm, repentance sheds
 o'er strife
 Raised by remembrances of misused life,
 The light from past endeavors purely
 willed
 And by Heaven's favor 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?
 1841? 1842.

NOTE. — LOUGHRIGG TARN alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* 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 Catharine. 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
 Forever anchored in her sheltering bay.
 Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning,
 Noontide, Even,
 Do serve with all their changeful pa-
 geantry;
 Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
 Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
 given
 To one brief moment caught from fleet-
 ing time
 The appropriate calm of blest eternity.
 1811. 1815.

INSCRIPTIONS.

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 and by Words-
worth's hands.
One wooed 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 kindest powers sustain
the Tree,
And Love protect it from all injury!
And when its potent branches, wide out-
thrown,
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 how 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.

1808.

1815.

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 laborers were at work, Mrs. Wordsworth, my Sister, and I used to amuse ourselves occasionally in scooping this seat out of the soft stone. It is of the size, with something of the appearance, of a Stall in a Cathedral. This inscription is not engraven, as the former and the two following are, in the grounds.

OFT is the medal faithful to its trust
When temples, columns, towers, are laid
in dust;
And 't is a common ordinance of fate
That things obscure and small outlive the
great:

Hence, when yon 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 laborer 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.

1815.

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.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hal-
lowed 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 dark-
some 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 pri-
vate 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.

1815.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF
COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon 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 honorable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager
child:

There, under shadow of the neighboring
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.

1815.

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 neighbor 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 labor, 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.

1812.

1820.

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
Hath shown that nothing human can be
clear

From frailty, for that insight may the
Wife

To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

1812.

1815.

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; 't is them-
selves,

Their own fair forms, upon the glimmer-
ing 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!

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK
COMB.¹

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:

Far 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
Mainocean 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-
swain

(Like the bright confines of another world)

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.

Not doubtfully perceived.—Look home-ward 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 august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!

1813.

1815.

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 favorite 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 Laborer 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, colors, lines,
And the whole surface of the outspread

map,
Became invisible: for all around

Had darkness fallen — unthreatened, unproclaimed —

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.

1835.

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!

1813.

1815.

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 stands 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 demeanor 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. Perhaps my purpose of giving an additional interest to these my poems in the eyes of my nearest and dearest friends may be promoted 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 had he 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, furnished, as many once were and some still are, with an inexhaustible library. *Books*, as appears from many passages in his writings, and as was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were in fact *his passion*; and *wandering*, I can with truth affirm, was *mine*; but this propensity in me was happily counteracted by inability from want of fortune to fulfil 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 Pedler passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character 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 imaginations 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 whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead 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 subject of *Pedlerism* in general, as *then* followed, and its favorableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler 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 Sunday; 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 pretty 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 favorable 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 estates of noble families of ancient gentry; and accordingly I am gratified by the opportunity afforded me in the "Excursion," to portray 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 Somersetshire 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 Pedler 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 Grasmere pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside: the character of his hostess, and all that befell 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 Hartshope 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 intimately 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 Grasmere. 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 chapels 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 schoolhouse 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 gate: 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 Grasmere church after the manner in which, till lately, that of every one was borne to that place of sepulture, namely, on the shoulders of neighbors, 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 forever," 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 Loughrigg Tarn, on the Banks of which he intended to build, I told him that a person in Kendal who was attached to the place wished to purchase it. Sir George, finding the possession of no 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 young trees with the intention of leaving the one that throve 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 neighbor, 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 uncouth 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 stepped 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 neighborhood, 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 labor, 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 labor 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 unfrequently, 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 housings and accoutrements of their horses. They, as I have heard, and as was universally believed, were in 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 neighbor. 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 Hawkhead, but it was after I left school. The clergyman, who administered comfort to her in her distress, I knew well. Her sister who told the story was the wife of a leading 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 endeared to them by many remembrances of a salutary character not easily understood, or sympathized 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 vices 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 neighbors. 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 neighborhood, 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 neighborhood, 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 corse
Lest 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 demoralizing 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 disgrace 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 labors to defer the time when children might legally be allowed to work in factories, and his endeavors to limit still farther the hours of permitted labor, 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 ardor 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 country, 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 clear
— 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.
Gladly 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 favor; 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 poem¹ 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 labor 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.

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 labor 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 endeavors 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 mean time 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.

¹ The Prelude.

[The passage referred to begins with the line, "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life," see page 388 of the present edition, and ends with, "Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!" page 389.]

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.

'T WAS summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the north-
ern downs,
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 inter-
posed;
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
dreaming 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 re-
 mained
 Unrecognized; 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 pleas-
 ant 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 harbor
 there.
 He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
 Singled 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
 Abstrusest 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,
 (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 favored
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 honored—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 off-
spring, dwelt;

A virtuous household, though exceeding
poor!

Pure livers 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 peril-
ous 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 tene-
ment

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 im-
pressed

So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose

presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had re-
ceived

A precious gift; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he 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—nor this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after-day

Of boyhood, many an hour in caves for-
lorn,

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 recognize
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
Unutterable 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, how 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 de-
sires,

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 under-
stand,

And with a superstitious eye of love.

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 de-
sires

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,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavors? Yet, still upper-
most,

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 birthplace, 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, failing 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 braced, 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 re-
straints,

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 con-
strains

The Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow
vales,

(Spirit attached to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast 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 de-
light;

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 PEDLER'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 labor, 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 wretch-
edness

With coward fears. He could *afford* to
suffer

With those whom he saw suffer. Hence
it came

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.

¹ See Note.

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 endeared.
— Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits,
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,
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 vigor 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
sports
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 with-
out remark.
Active and nervous was his gait; his
limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelli-
gence.
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 gray, 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
Dappling 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, "'T is," said I, "a burn-
ing 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 cheer-
 less spot
 Withdrawing, 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. "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 sub-
 ject 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 sum-
 mer 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. Mean-
while, abridged

Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calami-
tous 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-requited labor 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

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 mingled, the various
tasks

Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
But this endured not; his good humor
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 't was 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, "'t is 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,
"It 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! 'T is 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 blessèd 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 inquired

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. — 'T was 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 found that she was absent. In the shade,
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look, — only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
 Hung down in heavier tufts; and that bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew,
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared
 To lag behind the season, and had lost
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift
 Had broken their trim border-lines, and straggled

O'er paths they used to deck : carnations,
once

Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
For the peculiar pains they had required,
Declined their languid heads, wanting
support.

The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths
and bells,

Had twined about her two small rows of
peas,

And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour
Was wasted. — Back I turned my restless
steps;

A stranger passed; and, guessing whom I
sought,

He said that she was used to ramble far. —
The sun was sinking in the west; and now
I sate with sad impatience. From within

Her solitary infant cried aloud;

Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent. From the bench I
rose;

But neither could divert nor soothe my
thoughts.

The spot, though fair, was very desolate —
The longer I remained, more desolate :

And, looking round me, now I first ob-
served

The corner stones, on either side the porch,
With dull red stains discolored, and stuck
o'er

With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the
sheep,

That fed upon the Common, thither came
Familiarly, and found a couching-place
Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows
fell

From these tall elms; the cottage-clock
struck eight; —

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

Your very soul to see her: evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward
were cast;

And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was

low,
Her body was subdued. In every act

Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind

Self-occupied; to which all outward things

Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the
fire

We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they
came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she re-
ceived;

And I exhorted her to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by
prayer.

I took my staff, and, when I kissed her
babe,
The tears stood in her eyes. I left her
then

With the best hope and comfort I could
give:

She thanked me for my wish;—but for
my hope

It seemed she did not thank me.

I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
When on its sunny bank the primrose
flower

Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the
Spring.

I found her sad and drooping: she had
learned

No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
She knew not that he lived; if he were
dead,

She knew not he was dead. She seemed
the same

In person and appearance; but her house
Bespoke a sleepy hand of negligence;
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the
hearth

Was comfortless, and her small lot of
books,

Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling
leaves

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 with-
drew,

And once again entering the garden saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her: weeds de-
faced

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 inquired
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 neighbor'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, whereso'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 arbor oftentimes she sate
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
gray 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 sol-
dier'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 inquiry; 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

Checked 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 du-
to One

Who, in her worst distress, had ofttimes 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 tranquillity,

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 maintain,

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 Wanderer, whose character is further illustrated—Morning scene, and View of a Village Wake—Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he purposes to visit—View, from an eminence, of the Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retreat—Sound of singing from below—A funeral procession—Descent into the Valley—Observations drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book accidentally 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—Repas there—View, from the window, of two mountain summits; and the Solitary's description of the companionship 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 honored Race
Drew happier, loftier, 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;
 Both while he trod the earth in humblest
 guise
 Accoutred with his burthen and his staff;
 And now, when free to move with lighter
 pace.

What wonder, then, if I, whose favorite
 school
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural
 lanes,
 Looked on this guide with reverential
 love?
 Each with the other pleased, we now pur-
 sued
 Our journey, under favorable 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 re-
 gard
 Accompanied those strains of apt dis-
 course,
 Which nature's various objects might in-
 spire;
 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 re-
 ceived
 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 per-
 plexed,
 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, al-
 layed
 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 con-
 demned.

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 ærial 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 jour-
ney long,

By this dark hill protected from thy
beams!

Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent
wish;

But quickly from among our morning
thoughts

'T was chased away: for, toward the west-
ern side

Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people; wherefore
met?

Blithe 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 favors. — Tabor
and pipe

In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boons

Of merriment a party-colored 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 vapory 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 full 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 con-
cealed,

You will receive, before the hour of noon,
Good recompense, I hope, for this day's
toil,

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 gayety;
Lax, buoyant — less a pastor with his flock
Than a soldier among soldiers — lived and
roamed

Where Fortune led: — and Fortune, who
oft 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 possessed!

The Mother followed: — miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he
prayed

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, repaired

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 Christian'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 re-
ceived

From nature, an intense and glowing
mind.

Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew
weak,

And mortal sickness on her face appeared,
He colored 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 on a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away —
The splendor, which had given a festal air
air

To self-importance, hallowed it, and
veiled

From his own sight — this gone, he tor-
feited

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
throve

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 opprest

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 re-
solved,

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 neigh-
boring vales

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 re-
quires.

— 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 recognize

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-colored earthen-ware, Aptly 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 swollen 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 inconsider-
ate 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:
'T is 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
but 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,
hither 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
honored 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 yon 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 'T is more than human! Many precious rites

And customs of our rural ancestry Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope, Will last forever. 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 corse 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 soe'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 unlifted 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.”—“ ’T was 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 ’t is
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 remem-
brance 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 solitary clock

That on mine ear ticked with a mourn-
ful 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

Said gayly, “ 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 ardor than an unripe girl
Left one 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 gray-
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 —'

A fall of voice,
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,

Had scarcely closed this high-wrought
strain of rapture
Ere 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 man-
kind,

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 Pen-
sioner;

The portion gave of coarse but whole-
some 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 labor, 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
vales,

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 vapors coursed
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,
Honor 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 neighboring
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 peace-
ably,

Snug 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 vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously dis-
closed,

Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far

And self-withdrawn into a boundless
depth,

Far sinking into splendor — 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, where-
unto

The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 't was 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 fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace ap-
peared

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; 't was 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 pallid 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 re-
ceived

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 gray-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— Despondency of the Solitary
gently reproved— 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— Disappoint-
ment and disgust— Voyage to America— Dis-
appointment 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,

And, deep within that lonesome valley,
stood

Once more beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky. — Anon exclaimed our
Host—

Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
The shade of discontent which on his brow
Had gathered, — "Ye have left my cell, —
but see

How Nature hems you in with friendly
arms!

And by her help ye are my prisoners still.
But which way shall I lead you? — how
contrive,

In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
That the brief hours, which yet remain,
may reap

Some recompense of knowledge or de-
light?"

Sosaying, round he looked, as if perplexed;
And, to remove those doubts, my gray-
haired Friend

Said — "Shall we take this pathway for
our guide? —

Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
Its line had first been fashioned by the flock
Seeking a place of refuge at the root
Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded
boughs

Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
From which she draws her meagre sus-
tenance.

There in commodious shelter may we rest.

Or let us trace this streamlet to its source;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthly sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and
green herbs,

The mountain infant to the sun comes
forth,

Like human life from darkness."—A quick
turn

Through a strait passage of encumbered
ground,

Proved that such hope was vain:—for
now we stood

Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water, that composed this rill,

Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,

Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.
All further progress here was barred;—

And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,

Here would not linger, willingly detained?
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 disjointed a pair were
seen,

That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth:

Barren 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 decried the wealth which is your
own.

Among these rocks and stones, methinks,
I see

More than the heedless impress that be-
longs

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 birthplace! 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!"¹

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

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 humor, 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 *then*
 suffice

To quicken, and to aggravate — to feed
 Pity and scorn, and melancholy pride,

Not less than that huge Pile (from some
 abyss

Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
 Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
 Confines the shrilled-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 de-
 light,

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 't is 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 oft
 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 of prominent stone. dis-
 guised

¹ See Note.

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 interveined
 With sparkling mineral, or should crystal
 cube
 Lurk in its cells — and thinks himself en-
 riched,
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than be-
 fore!
 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 leafy 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 de-
 sponding 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 allurements, 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 no-
 where
 A habitation, for consummate good,
 Or for progressive virtue, by the search
 Can be attained, — a better sanctuary
 From doubt and sorrow, than the sense-
 less grave?"

"Is this," the gray-haired Wanderer
 mildly said,
 "The voice, which we so lately over-
 heard,
 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, me-
 thinks
 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 worthier explanation, say at once
 With the American (a thought which suits
 The place where now we stand) that cer-
 tain men
 Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
 And these were the first parents of man-
 kind:
 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 fount,
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 subtilty, from wish to cheat
Irrisome sensations; but by love of truth

Urged on, or haply by intense delight
In feeding thought, wherever thought
could feed)

I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,
For to my judgment such they then ap-
peared,

Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,
From me, those dark impervious shades,
that hang

Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine. — Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been
told

Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs
refreshed.

— 'Blow winds of autumn! — let your
chilling breath

'Take the live herbage from the mead,
and strip

'The shady forest of its green attire, —
'And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse

'The gentle brooks! — Your desolating
sway,

'Sheds,' I exclaimed, 'no sadness upon
me,

'And no disorder in your rage I find.
'What dignity, what beauty, in this
change

'From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
'Alternate and revolving! How benign,

'How rich in animation and delight,
'How bountiful these elements — com-
pared

'With aught, as more desirable and fair,
'Devised by fancy for the golden age;

'Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
'In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,

'Through the long year in constant quiet
bound,

'Night hushed as night, and day serene
as day!'

— But why this tedious record? — Age,
we know

Is garrulous; and solitude is apt

To anticipate the privilege of Age,
From far ye come; and surely with a hope
Of better entertainment:—let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more
loth
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 sterner quiet, closed
The Stoic's heart against the vain ap-
proach
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! gen-
tle 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, drove,
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 unavengeable, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want,
Friendship betrayed, affection unre-
turned,
Love with despair, or grief in agony;—
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by pleas-
ure, 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 steadfast law.

What other yearning was the master tie
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aërial, 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 sub-
lime:
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 re-
deemed

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! Na-
ture'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! 't is 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 sum-
mer 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 forever.
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 favors, 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 re-
newed.

“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, honored
Friend!

Your heart had borne a pitiable 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 bare-
ness

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,
Preferring 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 honor, 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 neigh-
borhood,

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;

Whence, unmolested wanderers, we be-
held

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
combs;

Where arbors 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.’

Ohappy 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
 Rule 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 ad-
 dressed

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 —
 Endearing 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 blessed-
 ness,

Give back faint echoes from the historian's
 page ;

So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-
 course,

Depressed I hear, how faithless is the
 voice

Which those most blissful days reverber-
 ate.

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 pre-
 scribed ;

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 re-
 moved.

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 up-
 held
 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 bloom-
 ing girl,
 Caught in the gripe of death, with such
 brief time
 To struggle in as scarcely would allow
 Her cheek to change its color, was con-
 veyed
 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 dis-
 turbed,
 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
 Incalculably distant; so, I felt
 That consolation may descend from far
 (And that is intercourse, and union, too,)
 While, overcome with speechless grati-
 tude,
 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 astounded, 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 over-
 thrown
 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,
 Dazzling the soul. Meanwhile, prophetic
 harps
 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, whate'er is wanting to
 yourselves

'In others ye shall promptly find; — and
 all,
 'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
 'Shall with one heart honor their com-
 mon 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
 zeal
 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 uninvoled; 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 proceed!
 But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
 How rapidly the zealots of the cause
 Disbanded—or 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 charactered 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 — inveterately 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 tran-
 quil 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
 down
 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
 advanced;
 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 thought-
 less 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 dis-
tress

To a long voyage on the silent deep!
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 endeavors 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, howso'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 quickest
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 en-
 croaching 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 stream¹
 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!

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)

Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,
 I sympathized at leisure with the sound;
 But that pure archetype of human great-
 ness,

¹ See Note.

I found him not. There, in his stead,
 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

Whoe'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 Providence the only adequate support under affliction—Wanderer's ejaculation—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate sorrow—Exhortations—How received—Wanderer applies his discourse to that other cause of dejection 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 tranquillity—Rural Solitude favorable to knowledge of the inferior Creatures; Study of their habits and ways recommended; exhortation to bodily exertion 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 prevented 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—Wanderer rebuts this charge, and contrasts the dignities of the Imagination with the presumptuous littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Recommends 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 legitimate Union of the Imagination, affections, understanding, 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 fix 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 unworthily conceived, endured

Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,

To the dishonor 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 un-
 quenched;
 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, labor, 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 favor, 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 gray-haired Wanderer steadfastly re-
 plied,
 Answering the question which himself
 had asked,
 "Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-
 shaken,
 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 un-
 disturbed;
 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 steadfast 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 unim-
 prisoned 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 remem-
 ber
 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 magnifi-
cence!

Those fervent raptures are forever
flown;
And, since their date, my soul hath
undergone
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.
'T is, by comparison, an easy task¹
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 't is 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 them-
selves 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 disap-
proves.

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; despondency 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
An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held

When wanted most; a confidence impaired
So pitiably, 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 de-
stroyed.

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,

¹ See Note.

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

Zeal, 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 power¹
 Is matched unequally with custom, time,
 And domineering faculties of sense
 In *all*; in most, with superadded foes,
 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 revered and obeyed,

As God's most intimate presence in the soul,

And his most perfect image in the world.
 — Endeavor 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
 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, methought,

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

¹ See Note.

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 whereon 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 unreprieved by Providence, thus
speaking

To the inattentive children of the world:
‘Vainglorious Generation! what new
powers

‘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 unconsoled, 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 zeal.

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 be¹
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

¹ See Note.

*Erect himself, how poor a thing is
Man!*¹

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 be-
yond, —

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 de-
light

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 inter-
pose,

"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 de-
pend,

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 favor most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sus-
tain,

¹ Daniel.

These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city; on the barren seas
Are not unfelt; and much might recom-
mend,

How much they might inspirit 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 trans-
gress:

These, with a soothed or elevated heart,
May we behold; their knowledge regis-
ter;

Observe their ways; and, free from envy,
find

Complacency 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,' feeds 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 as-
cends

Drawn towards her native firmament of
heaven,

When the fresh eagle, in the month of
May,

Upborne, 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 moun-
 tain's heart
 The solemn voice appeared to issue, start-
 ling
 The blank air — for the region all around
 Stood empty of all shape of life, and si-
 lent
 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
 wilds,
 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 labor, 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 pen-
 sive 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 vales
 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 faded storm;
 The mild assemblage of the starry heav-
 ens;
 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
 Infect the thoughts: the languor of the
 frame
 Depresses the soul's vigor. 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 twink-
 ling
 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 yon command-
 ing rock
 Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the
 stone
 In thunder down the mountains; with all
 your might
 Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red
 deer
 Fly to those harbors, driven by hound
 and horn
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pur-
 suit;
 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 vapors, 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,
 prolonged!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking
 from my lips
 The strain of transport, "whosoe'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 tranquillizing 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 ex-
 pressed
 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, ob-
 served
 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; — fur-
 nished thus,
 How can you droop, if willing to be up-
 raised?

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 humor, 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 recognizes ever and anon
 The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
 Why need such man go desperately as-
 tray,
 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 re-
 mark
 On outward things, with formal inference
 ends;
 Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
 At once — or, not recoiling, is per-
 plexed —
 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 whereso'er
 he moved,
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.
 He heard, borne on the wind, the articu-
 late voice
 Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared
 Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
 Or through the groves gliding like morn-
 ing mist
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and
 talked
 With wingèd 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 con-
 demned

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, localized 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 dis-
 pense

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, sover-
 eignty.

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 plauted 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 inter-
persed;

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 sleep-
ing 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 be-
stowed

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 con-
tempt

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 armèd 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 sev-
ered hair,

' My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
' Thankful for my beloved child's return.

' Thy banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod,
' Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the
crystal lymph

' With which thou dost refresh the thirsty
lip,

'And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!'
 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 favorite 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 to the 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 laborer, 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 appeased.
 This knowledge ample recompense affords
 For manifold privations; he refers
 His notions to this standard; on this rock
 Rest 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
charged

They came and go, appeared and disappear,

Diverting evil purposes, remorse
Awakening, chastening an intemperate
grief,

Or pride of heart abating: and, when'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 dark-
some 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: —

“’T is 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 harbored them, — the souls retain-
ing 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 throned on
crags?

A blessed festoration, 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 miscon-
ceived,

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
favored 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 world
within,

Bejoyless 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 analyzed
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 't was 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 threescore
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 as 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." — Speak-
ing 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 unbenign 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: whatsoever 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;

When youth's presumptuousness is mel-
lowed 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 unproved enjoyment; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air

Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower
scents
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen
pride
And chambers of transgression, now for-
lorn.
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 discon-
solate,
The vapory 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 unconsuming 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 incorporated, 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 succor; 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, re-
wards
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-con-
demned,
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 colors 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 ex-
pressed

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 ebb 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 un-
clouded 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 rocks;
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
Athwart 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 spa-
cious fields,

Where on the labors of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide em-
brace

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 sufferings, 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 fervor 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
illusivè — 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 unbelief in the doctrine of Immor-
tality.

“FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one
rude House,

And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks! — Farewell, attrac-
tive 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,

Lingering 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 dis-
ordered times,

Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anchorites, like piety of old;

Men, who, from faction sacred, and un-
stained

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 over-
look

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 sun-
shine

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 gray 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 common-
wealth,

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 vouch-
safed

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 unsuppress
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 ances-
tors

Have dwelt through ages, Patrons of this
Cure.

To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole
domain,

Owes that presiding aspect which might
well

Attract your notice; statelier than could
else

Have been bestowed, through course of
common chance,

On an unwealthy 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 fervid 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 Encincture'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 undiscolored. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drape-
ry lined;

And marble monuments were here dis-
played

Thronging the walls; and on the floor
beneath

Sepulchral stones appeared, with em-
blems 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 honor 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-
tombd;

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 thrive, 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 re-
hearsed

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 curvèd 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 Re-

cluse
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
neighbor'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 fear dissolves,
To stretch his limbs, bemocking, 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 re-
ceived

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, erewhile in majesty
He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 't is 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 — miser-
able,

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 rejected, 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 thought-
less peace,
By foresight or remembrance, undis-
turbed!

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 subterraneous 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 inquire,

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?"

And Man," said I, "be in his noblest
shape

Thus pitifully 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,
By which, on Christian lands, from age to
age

Profession mocks performance. Earth is
sick,

And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk

Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
And social neighborhood; look we to
ourselves;

A light of duty shines on every day
For all; and yet how few are warmed
or cheered!

How few who mingle with their fellow-
men

And still remain self-governed, and
apart,

Like this our honored Friend; and thence
acquire

Right to expect his vigorous decline,
That promises to the end a blest old age!"

"Yet," with a smile of triumph thus
exclaimed

The Solitary, "in the life of man,
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring
is there,

In spite of many a rough untoward blast,
Hopeful and promising with buds and
flowers;

Yet where is glowing Summer's long
rich day,

That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with
bounteous fruit,

Where is she imaged? in what favored
climate

Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
— Yet, while the better part is missed,
the worse

In man's autumnal season is set forth
With a resemblance not to be denied,
And that contents him; bowers that hear
no more

The voice of gladness, less and less supply
Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;
And, with this change, sharp air and fall-
ing leaves,
Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

How gay the habitations that bedeck
This fertile valley! Not a house but
seems

To give assurance of content within;
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 favored ground. But
chance-regards,

And notice forced upon incurious ears;
These, if these only, acting in despite
Of the encomiums by my Friend pro-
nounced

On humble life, forbid the judging mind
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
And noiseless commonwealth. The sim-
ple race

Of mountaineers (by nature's self re-
moved

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 labored novelties at best
 Imperfect substitutes, whose use and
 power
 Evince the want and weakness whence
 they spring.”

While in this serious mood we held
 discourse,
 The reverend Pastor toward the church-
 yard gate
 Approached; and, with a mild respectful
 air
 Of native cordiality, our Friend
 Advanced to greet him. With a gracious
 mien
 Was he received, and mutual joy pre-
 vailed.
 Awhile they stood in conference, and I
 guess
 That he, who now upon the mossy wall
 Sate 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 ap-
 peared,
 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
 gray,
 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 un-
 sound?
 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 undistempred 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 him-
 self;
 What sees he but a creature too per-
 turbed;
 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 sub-
 ject
 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 infirm 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 ap-
 proached.
 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 unilluminated, 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 dis-
 pense
 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 do-
 main,
 To some, too lightly minded, might ap-
 pear
 A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
 — This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
 Is to that other state more apposite,
 Death and its twofold 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 Wan-
 derer 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
firm

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 ingenious 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 aught 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 unincited by 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 Recluse — "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 honor; 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
content.

— 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 aëry 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

¹ See Note.

Your instances; for they are both best known,
 And by frail man most equitably judged.
 Epitomize the life; pronounce, you can,
 Authentic epitaphs on some of these
 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 sleep-
 ing sunbeam;
 But 't is 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 color, 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 be-
 guiles
 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 re-
 turns;
 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 gray-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 tired 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 dis-
 tant 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
 Ceased, when she learned through what
 mishap I came,

And by what help had gained those dis-
 tant fields.
 Drawn from her cottage, on that æry
 height,
 Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,
 Or paced the ground — to guide her Hus-
 band 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 splendor 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 honored 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 re-
turns.
'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 tem-
pers suit; —
'But, above all, my thoughts are my sup-
port,
'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 labor 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 expand-
ing 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 contend-
ing

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 fertilizing moisture,' said the Swain,
'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding
dews

'And damps, through all the droughty
summer day

'From out their substance issuing, main-
tain

'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 or seed and soil
That yields such kindly product. He,
whose bed

Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor
Pensioner

Brought yesterday from our sequestered
dell

Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
If living now, could otherwise report
Of rustic loneliness: that gray-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 paused — 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 reason's 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
compose
Earth's melancholy vision through the
space
Of all her climes — these wretched, these
depraved,
To virtue lost, insensible of peace,
From the delights of charity cut off,
To pity dead, the oppressor and the
oppress;
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,
And slaves who will consent to be de-
stroyed —
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,
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, "'t is 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, pro-
claims.
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.

¹ See Note.

There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and
scooped

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 end-
less 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
Worthies 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 harmonizing influence of
Solitude upon two men of opposite principles,
who had encountered agitations in public life —
The rule by which Peace may be obtained ex-
pressed, and where — Solitary hints at an over-
powering Fatality — Answer of the Pastor —
What subjects he will exclude from his Narra-
tives — Conversation upon this — Instance of an
unamiable character, a Female, and why given
— Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from un-
guarded 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 Widower, 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

Whereon he sits! Whose deep founda-
tions 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 unproved. The voice, that
grets

The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea sur-
rounds

This favored 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
ne'er

That true succession fail 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, unop-
posed;

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)

¹ See Note.

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

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
 sires

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, be-

 queathed
With their last breath, from out the smoul-

 dering flame,
The faith which they by diligence had

 earned,
Or, through illuminating grace, received,

For their dear countrymen, and all man-
 kind.

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 kindness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labor 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!”

The Vicar smiled, —
“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, ’t is but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty
wears

In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
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 steadfast 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 sickliness 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,
Discolored, then divested.

’T is 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 unversed.
‘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; — ’t is 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 exhaling 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 yon 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 foiled —
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,
Unseconded, 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 slant-
ing 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 Laborer, such may dig
their way,

‘Unshaken, unseduced, 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 gray,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly 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 writhes 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 inquire
How such consummate elegance was bred
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice;
’T was Nature’s will; who sometimes
undertakes,

For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
Hence, for this Favorite — lavishly en-
dowed

With personal gifts, and bright instinctive
wit,

While both, embellishing each other,
stood

Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanor, and by dance and song,
And skill in letters — every fancy shaped
Fair expectations; nor, when to the
world’s

Capacious field forth went the Adven-
turer, 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 gayety! 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
nerves

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
blithe

Than this fallen Spirit? in those dreary
holds

His talents lending to exalt the freaks
Of merry-making beggars, — nor pro-
voked

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 minstrel of voluptuous blandish-
ment;

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.”

“T is 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
Infect 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 fellow-
ship

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 endeavored to pre-
 vent
 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 obscured 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 moralized 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 bitter-
 ness,
 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) slunk from the
 world
 To the deep shade of those untravelled
 Wilds;
 In which the Scottish Laird had long pos-
 sessed
 An undisturbed abode. Here, then, they
 met,
 Two doughty champions; flaming Jacob-
 ite
 And sullen Hanoverian! You might
 think
 That losses and vexations, less severe
 Than those which they had severally sus-
 tained,
 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 fellow-
 ship;
 And if, at times, they fretted with the
 yoke,
 Those very bickerings made them love it
 more.

A favorite 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 — spurn-
ing
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 favorite 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 mouldered 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 re-produce 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 unlet-
tered 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 obeisance 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
 gray
 For robes with regal purple tinged; con-
 vert
 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 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 recognized by all" — "Ah! do not
 think,"
 The Wanderer somewhat eagerly ex-
 claimed,
 "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 in-
 spires,
 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 pro-
 nounced;
 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
 fling
 Colors 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, deserved 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 Dales-
 men 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 feel
 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, where'er we turn, of innocent
 lives,

Of each domestic charity fulfilled,
 And sufferings meekly borne — I, for my
 part,

Though with the silence pleased that here
 prevails,

Among those fair recitals also range,
 Soothed 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,

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, es-
 teem,

And admiration; lifting up a veil,
 A sunbeam introducing among hearts
 Retired 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 gray cottage by the murmuring
 stream

Than in fantastic conqueror's roving
 camp,

Or 'mid the factious senate, unappalled
 Whoe'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 to-
 wards earth,

But in projection carried, as she walked
 Forever 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 pain-
 ful 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 servi-
tude,

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 imprest
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 honor, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious thrift;
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 de-
plored.

Dread life of conflict ! which I oft com-
pared

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 fathom-
ing.

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 griped
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. — One ver-
nal 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 Church-
yard 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 neighbor; 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,

Show 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 Magdalene.
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 morn-
ing dew,

In the prime hour of sweetest scents and
airs.

—Serious and thoughtful was her mind;
and yet,

By reconcilment exquisite and rare,

The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-girl

Were such as might have quickened and inspired

A Titian's hand, address 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 honors, 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 softly, 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-beguiling 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, hear 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,
Bedropped with tears. 'T will 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 waking 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
serene
Of day-spring, in the gloomy east, re-
vealed,
And greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till
this hour,'
Thus, in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
'There was a stony region in my heart;
'But He, at whose command the parchèd
rock
'Was smitten, and poured forth a quench-
ing 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 unful-
filled;
And if heart-rending thoughts would oft
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 ob-
serve
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.
'T is, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired;
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
nurture,
Forbade her all communion with her own:
Week after week, the mandate they en-
forced.

— So near! yet not allowed, upon that sight
 To fix her eyes—alas! 't was hard to bear!
 But worse affliction must be borne—far worse;
 For 't is 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 recognized
 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 gray-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 Armathwaite?"

The Vicar answered,

"In that green nook, close by the
Churchyard 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 he rest. No theme his fate
supplies

For the smooth glozings of the indulgent
world;

Nor need the windings of his devious
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-
vow.

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,

Carries 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 endeavors 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 fearlessly 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 favorite 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 hum
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 honored hand,
 herself,
 While she was yet a little-one, had learned.
 Mild Man! he is not gay, but they are
 gay;
 And the whole house seems filled with
 gayety.
 —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 distin-
 guished qualities — His untimely death — Exulta-
 tion of the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture
 — 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 splendor of the setting sun
 Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign
 brow,
 On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)
 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
 sate
 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 honored
 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. Strains
 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 de-
 stroyed.

“These grassy heaps lie amicably
 closed,”
 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 together
 Unsociably 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 heathy
 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 green-
 wood 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 humor, 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 revel-
led 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, whate'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 con-
strained

To punctual labor 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 house-
hold 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-fenced, 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 tintured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festal
days,

Covered the smooth blue slabs of moun-
tain-stone

With which the parlor-floor, in simplest
guise

Of pastoral homesteads, had been long
inlaid.

Those pleasing works the Housewife's
skill produced:

Meanwhile the unседentary 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 end my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-
side,

Screened from assault of every bitter
blast;

While the dark shadows of the summer
leaves

Danced in the breeze, checkering 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 lulling fits of vain de-
light

Uproused 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 ad-
vanced

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 heav-
en'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! save
 that here
 Was something which to mortal sense
 might sound
 Like harshness,—that the old gray-
 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-
 prized 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 rearer from the seed?
 ‘A man of hope and forward-looking mind
 ‘Even to the last!’ — Such was he, un-
 subdued.
 But Heaven was gracious; yet a little
 while,
 And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng
 Of op’r projects, and his inward hoard

Of unsunned 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 be-
 hold)
 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)
 Thus 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 neighboring
 vale
 A Priest abides before whose life such
 doubts
 Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature
 lie
 Retired from notice, lost in attributes

Of reason, honorably 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 laborer, 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,

Honor assumed or given: and him, the
WONDERFUL,

Our simple shepherds, speaking from the
heart,

Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent chapelry 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, per-
chance,

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, re-
sumed;

“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 cele-
brate

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 vapory
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 de-
light,

And grave encouragement, by song in-
spired?

— 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

The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the laboring 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 labors; 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-laborer 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 re-
source;

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,
Nor 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-
nance,

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 complained;
 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 birthplace; 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 eyeballs 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:
Gray 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, — gayety 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 vigor 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 thought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless
lord!

Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight; hears, 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 vapors
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 Morecamb-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 laboring 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 fir,

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 holds¹
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 Joy-
FUL 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 rivalry 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 unlamented drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans
long!

¹ See Note.

— 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 throes
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
door,

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 duteously 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 pre-
cious boon
Itself had been unlooked-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 un-
forewarned,
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 troubler 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.
Ye rains of April, duly wet this earth!
Spare, burning sun of midsummer, these
sods,

That they may knit together, and there-
with

Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.

Dear Youth, by young and old alike be-
loved,

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 out-
shine

Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may
have marked,

By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool

Glow at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native

vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth ap-
pear;

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

quoit

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 rain-
 bow 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
 glead,
 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 gray to martial scarlet
 changed,
 That flashed uncouthly 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 labor, 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.

Often have I marked him, at some lei-
 sure 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 in-
 land 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 widespread 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,
 huge woods,
 'And mountains white with everlasting
 snow!'

— And, surely, he, that spake with kind-
ling 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
When grove was felled, and altar was
cast down,
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-in-
flamed,
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 ex-
claimed:
"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 connatural 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 favorite 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, ap-
peared

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 re-
laxed,

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 honors. 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 peal
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 awful 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 cheeks; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humors of habitual spleen
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man

Solace and self-excuse, had sometimes
urged
To self-abuse a not ineloquent 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 craggy
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 thence
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 broidered 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 house is
gone;

And, through improvidence or want of
love

For ancient worth and honorable things,
The spear and shield are vanished, which
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 Erthing, 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 gray-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 — heaping 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 honor, sailed

¹ See Note.

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 grati-
 tude,
 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 labor for redress
 Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
 By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
 (If I may venture of myself to speak,
 Trusting that not incongruously I blend
 Low things with lofty) I too shall be
 doomed
 To outlive 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 't were
 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 — Favorable 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 Pas-
 tor — 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 t' is 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
my 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
Wearied 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 good
Knight

Would be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful
scorn,

If consciousness could reach him where he
lies

That one, albeit of these degenerate times,
Deploring 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. Er-
rant those,

Exiles 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 de-
fects

By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse: and to these poor
men

Nature (I but repeat your favorite 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 de-
gree,

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 panegyric 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 forever. — 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 labors 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 lent¹

Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;

¹ See Note.

Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
Of some bare hill, with wonder kened
from far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry's com-
mand,

How quick, how vast an increase! From
the germ

Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produced
Here a huge town, continuous and com-
pact,

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 vapor 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 ap-
proach

With hostile purposes the blessèd 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
darkness spreads

O'er hill and vale," the Wanderer thus
expressed

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 tull many a region, once like this
The assured domain of calm simplicity
And pensive quiet, an unnatural light
Prepared for never-resting Labor's eyes
Breaks from a many-windowed fabric
hug;

And at the appointed hour a bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
behest —

A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined pile,
A fresh band meets them, at the crowded
door —

And in the courts — and where the rum-
bling 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 wonted 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 profaner rites
Which we, a generation self-extolled,
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 of 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 forgetful-
ness ! ”

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 es-
cape

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 passion-
ate 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 neighborhood, 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 con-
demns

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 ap-
 pear
 Sublime from present purity and joy!
 The limbs increase; but liberty of mind
 Is gone forever; 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 languid
 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—
 perceived.
 —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 as
 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 white
 growth
 An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
 Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
 burnt brows,
 By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their
 lips,
 Naked, and colored 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 suppli-
 cants
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are
 found;
 And with their parents occupy the skirts
 Of furze-clad commons; such are born
 and reared
 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
 slips 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 gayety of cultivated fields.
 Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
 Do I remember oft-times to have seen
 'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest
 watch,
 Till the swift vehicle approach, they
 stand;
 Then, following closely with the cloud of
 dust,
 An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
 Heels 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! 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 gypsy tribe,
 These, bred to little pleasure in them-
 selves,
 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 labor 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 cumbrous frock, that to the
 knees
 Invests 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-conning of the Christ-cross-
 row,
 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 sottish 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 glitter-
 ing 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 clos-
 ing 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 inter-
 posed

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 sur-
face o'er

With pure cerulean gravel, from the
heights

Fetched by a neighboring 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 allurements soft and fair,
The mansion's self displayed; — a rever-
end 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 mul-
lions old;

The cornice, richly fretted, of gray 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 as-
suming

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, harbor 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 recognized her honored
friend,

The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt
kiss

The gladsome Child bestows at his re-
quest;

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 pru-
dence 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 impar-
 tial 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 beams
 Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
 Was spread, and we partook a plain
 repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we be-
 guiled
 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 un-suppressed,
 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 do-
 main;
 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 de-
 light.
 —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 in-
 spired,
 When, as our questions led, he told at
 large
 Of that day's prowess! Him might I
 compare,
 His looks, tones, gestures, eager elo-
 quence,
 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 gray-haired Friend was moved; his
 vivid eye
 Glistened with tenderness; his mind, I
 knew,
 Was full; and had, I doubted not, re-
 turned,
 Upon this impulse, to the theme — ere-
 while
 Abruptly broken off. The ruddy boys
 Withdrew, 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 per-
 vades 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 privi-
 leges 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 con-
 sidered as a mere Instrument — The condition of
 multitudes deplored — Former conversation re-
 curred 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 con-
 trasts with ancient Barbarism the present appear-
 ance of the scene before him — The change as-
 cribed 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: — howe'er removed
 From sense and observation, it subsists
 In all things, in all natures; in the stars
 Of azure heaven, the unending 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 revered
 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 vigor; thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that as-
cends,

Undaunted, toward the imperishable
heavens,

From her own lonely altar?

Do not think
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 't is 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 gazing 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,
Yea 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 favor, suited to our need?
What more than that the severing should
confer

Fresh power to commune with the in-
visible world,

And hear the mighty stream of tendency
Uttering, 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 labor 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 ne-
glect;

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, par-
take

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 acknowledg-
ment

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 't is
known

That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers them-
selves 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 neighborhood."

"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 wis-
dom 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 for-
get

The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, un-
taught;

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 my-
self

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 en-
thrall'd

'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 indigenious 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 favored
ground,

Where circumstance and nature had com-
bined

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 nice
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 soul

Ponders 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!

A few short hours of each returning day
The thriving prisoners of their village
school:

And thence let loose, to seek their pleas-
ant homes

Or range the grassy lawn in vacancy:
To breathe and to be happy, run and shout
Idle, — but no delay, no harm, no loss:
For every genial power of heaven and
earth,

Through all the seasons of the changeful
year,

Obsequiously doth take upon herself
To labor for them; bringing each in turn
The tribute of enjoyment, knowledge,
health,

Beauty, or strength! Such privilege is
theirs,

Granted alike in the outset of their course
To both; and, if that partnership must
cease,

I grieve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
"Much as I glory in that child of yours,
Repine not for his cottage-comrade, whom
Belike no higher destiny awaits

Than the old hereditary wish fulfilled;
The wish for liberty to live — content
With what Heaven grants, and die — in
peace of mind,

Within the bosom of his native vale.

At least, whatever fate the noon of life
Reserves for either, sure it is that both
Have been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
Whether regarded as a jocund time,
That in itself may terminate, or lead
In course of nature to a sober eve.
Both have been fairly dealt with; look-
ing back

They will allow that justice has in them
Been shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent
voice

And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth

And best protection, this imperial Realm
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*,
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute¹ to secure
For all the children whom her soil main-
tains

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 savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lisping babe pro-
claims

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 an-
nounced,

This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who them-
selves

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

¹ See Note.

Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good — which, Eng-
land, 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 de-
stroyed.

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 possess, and
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, avaunt 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 labor 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 favors 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 humanized 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
complete

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 beau-
tiful,

Beneath him, showed his shadowy coun-
ter-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 descant
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 address; 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 gypsy-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: — stiller 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,

(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
 Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
 Whose ends are gained? Behold an em-
 blem 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 shaggysteeps on which the careless goat
 Browsed by the side of dashing 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 clomb a green hill's side; and, as we
 clomb,
 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 favorite 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 ex-
 claimed:

"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 splendors, 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
Un sullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of
earth

Shall be — divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonor, cleansed from mortal stain.
— Accomplish, then, their number; and
conclude

Time's weary course! Or if, by the decree,
The consummation 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 de-
tained.

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 blest 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 demeanor, 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 solemnized; and
there —

Amid impending 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 voluminous,

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! who gave

(For so they fancied) glorious victory.

— A few rude monuments of mountain-stone

Survive; all else is swept away. — How bright

The appearances of things! From such, how changed

The existing worship; and with those compared,

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 commands, have made

Your very poorest rich in peace of thought And in good works; and him, who is

endowed

With scantiest knowledge, master of all truth

Which the salvation of his soul requires. Conscious of that abundant favor 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, morn 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 splendors; gray 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 sheltering 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 bestowed
 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 favors."
 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 labors may not leave untold.

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 inspired;
 And from the infernal God's '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, winged 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 thou tread'st on
 will rejoice.
 Not to appal 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 fore-
 told
 That the first Greek who touched the
 Trojan stand
 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
 decreed
 Thou should'st 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!”
 Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
 Parcæ 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 de-
 stroys
 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
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
 bloom?
 Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
 years,
 And Æson 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 favorite 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 color 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
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged
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 enter-
prise
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, beloved
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
fountains, 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 sym-
pathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

“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 ferver of a dream, opposed to
love.” —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
 Round the dear Shade she would have clung — 't is 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 corpse She 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'er-thrown
 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!¹

¹ For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. xvi. cap. 44; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

— "His Laodamia,

It comes.—"

DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

This poem was first introduced by a stanza that I have since transferred to the Notes, for reasons there given, and I cannot comply with the request expressed by some of my friends that the rejected stanza should be restored. I hope they will be content if it be, hereafter, immediately attached to the poem, instead of its being degraded to a place in the Notes.²

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)

² See Note.

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 fear-
ful 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 Mænalus 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 Imple-
ment
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labor 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
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 in-
volved

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.

1820.

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 LO-
MOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE
RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVID-
UAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION
ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

THE BROWNIE’S CELL.

I.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quak-
ing 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 succor, though the tomb

Had fixed, forever 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 wearisome;
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
harbor 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 colors,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

1814.

1820.

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. 271.

LORD of the vale! astounding Flood;
The duller 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 gray 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-vest boat, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

1814.

1820.

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 were 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 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 cataracts! 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 color, 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 disenchanting 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 favored 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-hewn seat
 Still hint that quiet best is found,

¹ On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

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 fervor to the sightless eye;
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain;
 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,
 Forever 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.

1814.

1827.

IV.

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

(See page 226.)

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 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!
'T were 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 vapors 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.

1814.

1820.

"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 in all its degrading shifts, mendicity 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 de-
creed
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,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low deil 'mid Roslin's faded grove:
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.
1814. 1815.

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;
Yet for one happy issue; — and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learnèd, MURFITT saw and
read; —

Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
He conned the new-born Lay with grate-
ful 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.

Nov. 13, 1814.

1815.

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
distress,

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!
MARCH, 1815. 1816.

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 favor of our English Poets and Rhetor-
icians, who by their wit will know how to use
them judiciously."

WHERE be the temples which, in Brit-
ain'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 neighboring countries through his
 righteous sway;
 He poured rewards and honors 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,
 Dire poverty assailed;
 And, tired with slight his pride no more
 could brook,
 He towards his native country cast a
 longing 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 Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's
 side!

From that wild region where the crown-
 less 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 recognize 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 Artegal;
 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 't is just
 That now I should restore what hath been held in trust.”

A while the astonished Artegal 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,

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 thee
 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 Artegal 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 pitiably blind:
 Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st 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
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 realized.”

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 in-
tent,

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 honored
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 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 favorable 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 crystalline sky,

Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys
of song,

And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

1815.

1816.

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-sullyng 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.

1815.

1816.

"THE FAIREST, BRIGHTEST, HUES OF ETHER FADE." ¹

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 "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 ² 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:

¹ This and the following eight sonnets were composed between the years 1810-15.

² See the Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*.

Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted, on the
breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

1815.

"WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN,
HIS JUDGMENT BLIND."

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment
blind;

Remembrance persecutes, and Hope be-
trays;

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 color life's dark cloud with orient
rays.

Imagination is that sacred power,

Imagination lofty and refined;

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples
bind

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest
shower,

And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest
wind.

1815.

"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN
OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR."

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful
hour!

Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
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 be-
hold,

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!

1815.

"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;

Who meekly yields, and is obscured —
content

With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

1815.

"EVEN AS A DRAGON'S EYE THAT
FEELS THE STRESS."

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the
stress

Of a bedimmed 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,
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.
1815.

“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 laborer, 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 concentred hazels that enclose
Yon old gray 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, gray 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.
1815.

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 un-
graced,
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!

1815.

“BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE
POET SEEKS.”

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pur-
sue
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.

1815.

"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's return

Was the most 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 un-
born

Could to my sight that heavenly face
restore.

1815.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED
FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.
JANUARY 18, 1816.¹

The first stanza of this Ode was composed
almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount,
before church-time, and on such a morning and
precisely with such objects before my eyes as are
here described. The view taken of Napoleon's
character and proceedings is little in accordance
with that taken by some historians and critical
philosophers. I am glad and proud of the differ-
ence, and trust that this series of poems, infinitely

¹ See Note.

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, as
power, and, in that false splendor to lose sight
of its real nature and constitution as it often acts
for the gratification of its possessor without
reference to a beneficial end—an infirmity that
has characterized men of all ages, classes, and
employments, since Nimrod became a mighty
hunter before the Lord.

I.

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude

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 splendor, 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!
 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 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 sacri-
 fice;
 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 Honor, 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 failing never failed —
 Who paints how Britain struggled and
 prevailed
 Shall represent her laboring 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 battered 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
 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!

VII.

No more — the guilt is banished,
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe
 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
 measures
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred
 pleasures?

¹ See Note.

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 favor,
 That else insensibly departs,
 And loses its sweet savor!
 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 forever bright!
 What offering, what transcendent monu-
 ment,
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
 — Not work of hands; but trophies that
 may reach
 To highest heaven — the labor 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 e'er shall be;

Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favored Nation,
Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation!

Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit!
Oh, 't is 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 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!

1816.

1816.

ODE.

I.

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 splendors to devour;

But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from sad-
dening 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 't is 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 de-
clare,

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 beseem 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
greet

The peaceful guest advancing from afar.
Bright be the Fabric, as a star

Fresh risen, and beautiful within! — there
meet

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-robed 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
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 — 't is 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 pre-
vail;
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 christianized 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 labor to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in
pure good will.

1816.

1816.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Composed immediately after the "Thanksgiv-
ing Ode," to which it may be considered as a
second part.

I.

"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 unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is re-
sented,
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 forever to the black abyss.
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and
love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-
prove!”
The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness
infinite.

1816.

1816.

ODE.

— Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
— clarius indicant
Laudes, quam — Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ 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 unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favors 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 pas-
toral downs,
The azure sea upswelled 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 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!”

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, dight

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 gray-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 splendor 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 agonized 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 labor 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 debarred

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 favored 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;

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 labored 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!

JANUARY, 1816.

1816.

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 up-
held,

Threatened her foes, — or, pompously
at rest,

Seemed to bisect her orbèd 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 sove-
reignty,

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 in-
secure!

And Hope was maddened by the drops
that fell

From shades, her chosen place of short-
lived rest.

Shame followed shame, and woe sup-
planted 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, im-
becility

Again engendering anguish,
The same weak wish returns, that had
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.

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,
Propped 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,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and for-
lorn;

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 shrank, 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
Lifo 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 reinless 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!

FEBRUARY, 1816.

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 boun-
ties vain!

FEBRUARY, 1816.

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 hardi-
hood;

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. 1832.

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 pur-
sue.¹

1816.

1827.

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,

¹ See Note.

In words like these: "Up, Voice of song!
proclaim

"Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim:
"For lo! the Imperial City stands released

"From bondage threatened by the embattled East,

"And Christendom respire; from guilt and shame

"Redeemed, from miserable fear set free
"By one day's feat, 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

1816.

1816.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(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 ardor 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!

1816.

1816.

OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY 1816.

THE Bard—whose soul is meek as dawn-
ing day,

Yet trained to judgments righteously
severe,

¹ See Filicaia's ode.

Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing 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—

Assailed 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!

1816.

1816.

"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.

1816.

1827.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;

¹ "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assail."—*Spenser*.

And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown
old

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 't is a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest
Heaven!

1816.

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 ex-
periment — for it was nothing more — an experi-
ment begun for amusement, and I now think a
less fortunate one than when I first named it to
you. Having been displeas'd in modern trans-
lations 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 spirited translation can scarcely
be accomplished in the English language with-
out admitting a principle of compensation. On
this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and
merely send the following passage, taken at ran-
dom, from a wish to comply with your request.

W. W.

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
wingèd 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 inter-
vene,

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 Ascanius to the Tyrian walls;
He comes, my dear delight, — and costli-
est 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 Ascanius steeped in placid rest;
Then wafts him, cherished on her careful
breast,

Through upper air to an Idalian glade,
Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
With breathing flowers embraced, and
fragrant shade.

But Cupid, following cheerily his guide
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hid;
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 gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon *Æneas*, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts
he tries;

She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot un-
blest!)

How great a God, incumbent o'er her
breast,

Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees,
Blots out *Sichæus*, 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 favors
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, Iopassings
 The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
 The labors 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;
 — Whysuns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights
 Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights.
 The learnèd 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 paramour—
 “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.”

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

Contemptible 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.”

1816.

1820.

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 acquaintance 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 favorite 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 precipitous
 Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
 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, es-
poused.

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. 1820.

TO —

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT
OF HELVELLYN.

Written at Rydal Mount. The lady was Miss
Blackett, 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 moun'tain-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 colors 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. 1820.

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
minimis. — PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

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 de-
greens)

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 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 splendor gave, her silence
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 dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the
sky

The foliaged 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
cares
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral
Muse!

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 simpler ear
Of thy contented Votary
Such melody to hear!

Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the haw-
thorn-tree,

To lie and listen,— till o'er-drowsèd sense

Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence —
 To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
 — A slender sound! yet hoary Time
 Doth 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 statist 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 de-
 light —

Safe through the winter storm in quiet
 dwells!

v.

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 curvèd 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. — Hum-
 ming Bee!

Thy sting was needless then, perchance
 unknown,
 The seeds of malice were not sown;
 All creatures met in peace, from fierce-
 ness 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!

1817.

1820.

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 unrealize 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 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 hornèd 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 befit •
 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 flowing fount 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 ne'er 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 favorite of the Soul!
 1817. 1820.

• 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 neighborhood. 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 neighbors has said — "Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him *booi*ng 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 throve 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 recompense
 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! 't is 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 outspread,
 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 un-
 cheered

(As whose 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
 sunshine,

Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
 Are the domains of tender memory!

1817.

1820.

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED 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 arbor,
 And the torrent murmuring by;
 For the sun is in his harbor,
 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, wheeling
 On her pinions swift and strong?

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 honor
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

1817.

1820.

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 was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The verses were composed in 1817, but the application 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 mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!" —

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 't is 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 endeavoring!”

1817.

1820.

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 handiwork 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 vapory 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!"

1817.

1820.

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
Stole 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.

1827.

SEQUEL TO THE "BEGGARS," 1802.

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?
For whose free range the dædal earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth;
With tools for ready wit to guide;
And ornaments of seemlier 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 bequeathed
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 bound-
ing;

With songs the budded groves resounding;
And to my heart are still endeared
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 favorite 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 whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom!

1817.

1827.

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 neighboring stream
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,

A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy
bounds

He recognized 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 shrink’st as momentarily 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 favors 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.

1820.

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!
 1818. 1820.

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
 Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
 Uphold a Monument as fair
 As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
 Like marble, white, like ether, pure;
 As if, beneath, some hero lay,
 Honored 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!
 1818. 1820.

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, dishonoring not her station,
 Would my Life present to Thee,
 Gracious God, the pure oblation
 Of divine tranquillity!
 1818. 1820.

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!

1818.

1820.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING
OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLEN-
DOR AND BEAUTY.

Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mound 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 't is 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 sov-
ereign height,

Warbled, for heaven above and earth be-
low,
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimier 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, purpleal
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!¹
— 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!

¹ See Note.

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 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.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 't was 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!
— 'T is past, the visionary splendor fades;
And night approaches with her shades.
1818. 1820.

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 vapors, or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intimations 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 light-
nings prow!

Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied num-
bers, tear
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!
FEBRUARY, 1819. 1819.

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLOW-
ING, 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. 1819.

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or guile,
When giants scooped from out the rocky
ground,

¹ Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in the letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) are invariably found to flow through these caverns.

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 Phœbus! 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.

1819.

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 per-
ceive

The local Deity, with oozy 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.

1819.

“AËRIAL 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.

AËRIAL 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 fare-
well—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.

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
cell

With emerald floored, and with purpleal
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.

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 maze 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.

1819.

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,
Glistening 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! —

O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sor-
row, blind!"

1819.

1819.

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE 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 odors lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of
Spring,

And pensive monitor of fleeting years.

1819.

1819.

ON SEEING A TUFT OF SNOW-
DROPS 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.

1820.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VAL-
LEYS 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-
worn:

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.

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-wheel. 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 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 advantage (in some cases disadvantage) that, not being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gossiping 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 repre-
hend;

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 with-
out 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.

1819.

1819.

"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 re-
store!

1819.

1819.

"I HEARD (ALAS! 'T WAS ONLY
IN A DREAM)."

I HEARD (alas! 't was only in a dream)
Strains — which, as sage Antiquity be-
lieved,

By waking ears have sometimes been re-
ceived

Wafted adown 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
Hollow¹

Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the im-
mortal quires!

She soared — and I awoke, struggling in
vain to follow.

1819.

1819.

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

To overshadow than multiply his beams
By soft reflection — grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our
human sense

Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now,
attired

In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use
Was fashioned; whether, by the hand of
Art,

That eastern Sultan, amid flowers en-
wrought

¹ See the Phædon of Plato, by which this
Sonnet was suggested.

On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with
the chase.

O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of the
groves,

Approach; — and, thus invited, crown
with rest

The noon-tide hour: though truly some
there are

Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
This venerable Tree; for, when the wind
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking
sound

(Above the general roar of woods and
crag)

Distinctly heard from afar — a doleful
note!

As if (so Grecian shepherds would have
deemed)

The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost
Haunts the old trunk; lamenting deeds
of which

The flowery ground is conscious. But no
wind

Sweeps now along this elevated ridge;
Not even a zephyr stirs; — the obnoxious
Tree

Is mute; and, in his silence, would look
down,

O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,
On thy reclining form with more delight
Than his coevals in the sheltered vale
Seem to participate, the while they view
Their own far-stretching arms and leafy
heads

Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,
That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying
stream!

1819.

1820.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy; — while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list! — though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

1819.

1820.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,
From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

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 wingèd 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 Herculean 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!

1819.

1820.

"THERE IS A LITTLE UNPRE-
TENDING RILL."

This Rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Lowwood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name! — It quivers down the
hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious
will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is
brought
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year
treads on year!
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst
say
That, while ten thousand pleasures dis-
appear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.
1820. 1820.

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
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!
1820. 1820.

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!
1820. 1820.

"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 immor-
tal 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

Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,

'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;

And while the youthful year's prolificart—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning

Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

1820.

1820.

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 rifled 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 reliques, 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 here.

1820.

1820.

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 gray-haired forehead, and rejoice

In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!
1820. 1820.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE 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 gnawing tooth:

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!

Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers

The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,

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!
1820. 1820.

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,
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.

1820.

1820.

JUNE, 1820.

FAME 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-varying
 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 oars
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.
1820. 1820.

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

¹ Wallachia is the country alluded to.

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.

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.

'T 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 Dames resemble whom we here
 behold,

How fearful were it down through open-
 ing 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

1820.

1822.

II.

BRUGÈS.¹

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe
of power:

The splendor fled; and now the sunless
hour,

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!

1820.

1822.

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

¹ See Note.

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!
1820. 1822.

IV.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO.

A WINGÈD Goddess — clothed in vesture
wrought

Of rainbow colors; 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 cot,
And monuments that soon must dis-

appear;

Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while

patriot-zeal

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!

1820.

1822.

V.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIÈGE.

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 color, especially between
Namur and Liège, 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 per-
haps 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 favorite playground, are with crimson stains

Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew's?
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 gray rocks clustering in pensive shade—

That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise

From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

1820.

1822.

VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charle-
maine?

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 labor left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky cres-
cent bleach.¹

1820.

1822.

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 aspir-
ing heat

Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose
gorgeous wings

And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 't were 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!

1820.

1822.

VIII.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS
OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweep-
ing by,

As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green

Earth reels:

¹ See Note.

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.

1820. 1822.

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!*¹

1820. 1822.

X.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
 Doth DANUBE spring to life!¹ The wandering
 Stream
 (Who loves the Cross, yet to the Cres-
 cent'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 mo-
 ment's flight
 Hath reached the encincture 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.

1820. 1822.

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 man-
 kind!
 '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 musi-
 cal:
 Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
 Or Idleness in tatters mendicant

¹ See Note

The strain should flow — free Fancy to
 enthrall,
 And with regret and useless pity haunt
 This bold, this bright, this sky-born,
 WATERFALL!¹

1820.

1822.

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 grow-
 ing;

Flowers that peep forth from many a
 cleft and chink,

And, from the whirlwind of his anger,
 drink

Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blow-
 ing:

They suck — from breath that, threaten-
 ing 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.

1820.

1822.

XIII.

MEMORIAL.

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF
 THUN.

“*DEM
 ANDENKEN
 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.

¹ See Note.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
 A gravelled pathway treading,
 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.

1820.

1822.

XIV.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHO-
 LIC 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,
 Whate'er we look on, at our side
 Be Charity! — to bid us think,
 And feel, if we would know.

1820.

1822.

XV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

O LIFE! without thy checkered scene
 Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,

Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence 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.

1820.

1822.

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!

1820.

1822.

XVII.

ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.¹

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.

¹ See Note.

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, 't was enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain
thirsted to detain.

1820.

1822.

XVIII.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,² 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 cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aërial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succor — 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,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,

² Mount Righi.

A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

1820.

1822.

XIX.

EFFUSION.

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER
OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew
the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to
have been placed, when the Father's archery was
put to proof under circumstances so famous in
Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought
not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valor, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy
show,

While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors
old,

Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye
behold!

Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy
bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from on
high
Looks down—the bright and solitary
Moon,

Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze
of noon

Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;

Then might the passing Monk receive a
boon

Of saintly pleasure from these pictured
walls,

While, on the warlike groups, the mellow-
ing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their trials
come

Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal
doom,

Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree:
He quakes not like the timid forest game,
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free;
Assured that Heaven its justice will pro-
claim,

And to his Father give its own unerring
aim.

1820.

1822.

XX.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

BY antique Fancy trimmed—though
lowly, bred

To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ! are
seen

The genuine features of the golden mean;
Equality by Prudence governèd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead;
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace,
serene

As that of the sweet fields and meadows
green

In unambitious compass round thee spread.
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian
steep,

Holding a central station of command,
Might well be styled this noble body's
HEAD;

Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrench-
ments deep,

Its HEART; and ever may the heroic Land
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom
keep!¹

¹ Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the
French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first
time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers
of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws
of their governors.

1820.

1822.

XXI.

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
 (So 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 re-
 cline,
 Mindful how others by this simple Strain
 Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain
 named
 Of God himself from dread pre-emi-
 nence —
 Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
 Yield to the Music's touching influence;
 And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

1820.

1822.

XXII.

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 Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterized by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at being favored 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 splendor, 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-colored 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 honored red-
 breast) may strew
 The desolate Slumberer with moss and
 with leaves.

FUENTES once harbored the good and the
 brave,
 Nor to her was the dance of soft pleas-
 ure 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!

1820.

1822.

XXIII.

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 2000 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 sealike 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 Poms 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

1820.

1822.

XXIV.

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 Steed,
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!

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.

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,
Though robbed of many a cherished
dream,

And crossed by many a shattered scheme,
What stirring wonders wilt thou see
In the proud Isle of liberty!
Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine
With thoughts which no delights can
chase,

Recall a Sister's last embrace,
His Mother's neck entwine;
Nor shall forget the Maiden coy
That *would* have loved the bright-haired
Boy!

III.

My Song, encouraged by the grace
That beams from his ingenuous face,
For this Adventurer scruples not
To prophesy a golden lot;
Due recompense, and safe return
To COMO's steeps — his happy bourn!
Where he, aloft in garden glade,
Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
The towering maize, and prop the twig
That ill supports the luscious fig;
Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof
With purple of the trellis-roof,
That through the jealous leaves escapes
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
— Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child
To share his wanderings! him whose look
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,
So touchingly he smiled —
As with a rapture caught from heaven —
For unasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

I.

WITH nodding plumes, and lightly drest
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground

For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood — to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report —
A startling thunder quick and short!
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
And, if there be a favored hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace —
This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
And drove Astræa from the earth.
— A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised;
Even by the sun and air unprired;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
Apart, besides his silent goats,
Sate watching in a forest shed,
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head;
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence.
Father of all! though wilful Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural
blessedness!

1820.

1822.

XXV.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFEC-
TORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA
DELLA GRAZIA — MILAN. ¹

THO' searching damps and many an en-
vious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal
grace,

¹ See Note.

The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to
awe

The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder — and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every
trace

O! disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, fore-
head, cheek,

And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings — still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth!

1820.

1822.

XXVI.

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 gayly 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 vapor stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'T was 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 curvèd 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 height² —
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)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the laboring 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,

¹ See Note.² Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

What countenance hath this Day put on
for you?

While we looked round with favored eyes,
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 Winander-
mere?

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.

1820.

1822.

XXVII.

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 Labor, never urged to toil,
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;
Whom grief hath spared — who sheds no
tear

But in sweet pity; and can hear
Another's praise from envy clear.

II.

Such (but O lavish Nature! why
That dark unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a Spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own?)
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,

Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting 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 strain)
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 Helvetic Maid.

IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic greensward meets
Returning reluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloof, saluted by her voice!
Blithe 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

1 See address to a Highland Girl, p. 221.

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 gladliest 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 Votress by Lugano's side;
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
 descried!

1820.

1822.

XXVIII.

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
 Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
 While clariions prate of kingdoms to be won —
 Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
 Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
 By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
 Memento uninscribed of Pride o'er-thrown;
 Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
 In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
 Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
 The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
 Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
 Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
 What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death.

1820.

1822.

XXIX.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadiest
 wood
 To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
 floor,
 To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
 When the stillness of evening hath deep-
 ened its roar;
 To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM,
 to muse
 In POMPEII preserved by her burial in
 earth;
 On pictures to gaze where they drank in
 their hues;
 And murmur sweet songs on the ground
 of their birth.

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of
 Rome,
 Could I leave them unseen, and not yield
 to regret?
 With a hope (and no more) for a season
 to come,
 Which ne'er may discharge the magnifi-
 cent debt?
 Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatness
 inurned
 Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
 Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness I
 turned
 From your infinite marvels, the sadness
 was just.

Now, risen e'er the light-footed Chamois
 retires
 From dew-sprinkled grass to heights
 guarded with snow,
 Toward the mists that hang over the land
 of my Sires,
 From the climate of myrtles contented I
 go.
 My thoughts become bright like yon
 edging of Pines
 On the steep's lofty verge: how it black-
 ened the air!
 But, touched from behind by the Sun, it
 now shines
 With threads that seem part of his own
 silver hair.

Though the toil of the way with dear
 Friends we divide,
 Though by the same zephyr our temples
 be fanned
 As we rest in the cool orange-bower side
 by side,
 A yearning survives which few hearts
 shall withstand:
 Each step hath its value while homeward
 we move; —
 O joy when the girdle of England appears !
 What moment in life is so conscious of
 love,
 Of love in the heart made more happy by
 tears?

1820.

1822.

xxx.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from
 the cover?
 Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
 As multitudinous a harmony
 Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos
 over,
 When, from the soft couch of her sleep-
 ing Lover,
 Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the moun-
 tain dew
 In keen pursuit — and gave, where'er she
 flew,
 Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.
 A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on
 Through the bleak concave, wakes this
 wondrous chime
 Of æry voices locked in unison, —
 Faint — far-off — near — deep — solemn
 and sublime! —
 So, from the body of one guilty deed,
 A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting
 thoughts, proceed !

1820.

1822.

xxx1.

PROCESSIONS.

SUGGESTED 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 in-
 tents

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 commemo-
 rate

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 damsels of Ammonian Jove
 Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
 While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
 They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
 Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
 Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
 When universal sea the mountains over-
 flowed.

Why speak of Roman Poms? 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 Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
 Appeared — to govern Christian pageant-
 ries:

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 Alpine
 trees
 Spiry and dark, around their House of
 prayer,
 Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIÈRE.

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 ¹
 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 his vaults of everlasting
 snow;
 Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
 Not swans descending with the stealthy
 tide,
 A livelier sisterly resemblance show
 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 !

1820.

¹ See Note.

1822.

XXXII.

ELEGIAC 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 neighborhood 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 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 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 Kùsnacht, 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 ²
 Of mountains, through a deep ravine,
 Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
 "Our Lady of the Snow."

² Mount Righi — Regina Montium.

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 undefiled,
The towers of old LUCERNE.

We parted upon solemn ground
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky;
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
That gives to common pleasures birth;
And nothing in our hearts we found
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathizing Powers of air,
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,
Herbs, moistened by Virginian dew,
A most untimely grave to strew,
Whose turf may never know the care
Of *kindred* human hands!

Beloved by every gentle Muse
He left his Transatlantic home:

Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss! — what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised — or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
On RIGHT'S silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their
prey —
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.¹

1820.

1822.

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

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.

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!
 1820. 1822.

XXXIV.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE
HARBOR OF BOULOGNE.¹

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 Con-
 queror! —
 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!
 1820. 1822.

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
 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 ruminat¹, couched on the grassy lea;
 And hear far-off the mellow horn pro-
 claim
 The Season's harmless pastime. Ruder
 sound
 Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange de-
 light,
 While consciousnesses, not to be dis-
 owned,
 Here only serve a feeling to invite
 That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,
 And makes this rural stillness more pro-
 found.

1820.

1822.

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
 unknown? —
 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."
 1820. 1822.

¹ See Note.

XXXVII.

DESULTORY 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 license to depart?
One tribute more: unbidden feelings start
Forth from their covert; slighted ob-
jects rise;

My spirit is the scene of such wild art
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning
flies,

Visibly leading on the thunder's harmo-
nies.

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
Recoiled — 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

Labor their proper greatness to subdue;
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime
Where life and rapture flow in plentitude
sublime.

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge
Across thy long deep Valley, furious
Rhône!

Arch that *here* rests upon the granite
ridge

Of Monte Rosa — *there* on frailer 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!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern
FORKS,¹

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 pro-
found

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 Mou..t 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 honored Bridge² —
that cheers

The Patriot's heart with pictures rude
and stern,

An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source,
endears

That work of kindred frame, which
spans the lake

¹ At the head of the Vallais. See Note.

² See Note.

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;

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 Helvetian 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
neighborhood.

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.¹

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 honor 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 neighborhood 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 neighborhood 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 Ha!

¹ See Note.

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 realized 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 seaside 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 Millum.

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
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 Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor 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.

Yet, 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 through ours.

For pleasure hath 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, of 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 slights 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!
1820.

1820.

I.

NOT envying Latian shades — if yet they
threw
A grateful coolness round that crystal
Spring,
Blandusia, 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 foun-
tains 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 morn-
ing 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!

1820

1820.

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every
taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honors 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
lair¹
Through paths and alleys roofed with
darkest green;
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter
keen!

1820.

1820.

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 mon-
ument,
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!

1820.

1820.

¹ The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.

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,
Tridding 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!

1820.

1820.

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 gray;

Whose ruddy children, by the mother's
eyes

Carelessly watched, sport through the
summer day,

Thy pleased associates:—light as end-
less May

On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

1820.

1820.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social
trees

It lacked not old remains of hawthorn
bowers,

Where small birds warble to their para-
mours;

And, earlier still, was heard the hum of
bees;

I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sun-
dry 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,¹

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 favorites of
Heaven.

1820.

1820.

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

The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself en-
gage

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 dark-
ling wren

That tunes on Duddon's banks her slen-
der voice.

1820.

1820.

¹ See Note.

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 hideous 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
 yild'st no more
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness here-
 tofore,
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and
 pollute!

1820.

1820.

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-swoln 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!

1820.

1820.

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 tauntingly with-
 draws —
 She sues for help with piteous utterance!
 Chidden she chides again; the thrilling
 touch
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for
 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!

1820.

1820.

XI.

THE FAËRY 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 — haply 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 charac-
 ter? —
 Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
 On the shrill wind of midnight? or where
 floats
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossa-
 mer?

1820.

1820.

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!

1820.

1820.

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 spouting
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 pol-
lard ash,

Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts
that lash

The matted forests of Ontario's shore
By wasteful steel unsmitten — then would I
Turn into port; and, reckless of the gale,
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
While the warm hearth exalts the man-
tling ale,

Laugh with the generous household heart-
ily

At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!
1820. 1820.

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

1806.

1807.

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 affray,
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 endeavor! 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?

1820.

1820.

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long be-
guile
Or plague the fancy mid the sculptured
shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a
smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the
while,
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they
rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where
they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant — Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and
steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded
side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase
or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or
deified! ¹

1820. 1820.

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted
yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven
croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that be-
strew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the
rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly
dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the
twinkling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's
height, ²

¹ See Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*.

² See Note.

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!

1820.

1820.

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and
fear,"

Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are
wrecked,

Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name best suits
thee here)

Mother of Love! for this deep vale, pro-
tect

Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright
effect,

Gifted to purge the vapory atmosphere
That seeks to stife it; — as in those days
When this low Pile ³ a Gospel Teacher
knew,

Whose good works formed an endless
retinue:

A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse por-
trays;

Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert
drew;

And tender Goldsmith crowned with
deathless praise!

1820.

1820.

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

MY frame hath often trembled with de-
light

When hope presented some far-distant
good,

That seemed from heaven descending,
like the flood

Of yon pure waters, from their aëry height
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite;

Who, 'mid a world of images imprint

³ See Note.

On the calm depth of his transparent
breast,
Appears to cherish most that Torrent
white,

The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
And seldom hath ear listened to a tune
More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
Swoln by that voice — whose murmur
musical

Announces to the thirsty fields a boon
Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall
fall.

1820.

1820.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detain

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,

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 thyrus wide and high!

1820.

1820.

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 be-
loved;

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 Mem-
ory;

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!

1820.

1820.

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 pro-
found

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!

1820.

1820.

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
Clamor of boys and innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings 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.

1820.

1820.

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
stragglng weed

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbor — 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.

1820.

1820.

XXV.

METHINKS 't were 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
Atween his downy wings be furnished,
here

Would lodge her, and the cherished bur-
den 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.

1820.

1820.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content? for fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the Streams — un-
heard, unseen;

Through tangled woods, impending 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;

Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise
Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile
reins.

1820.

1820.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless
heap,

Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,
Is 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 with-
stand,

All worse assaults may safely be defied.
1820. 1820.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
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.
1820. 1820.

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.

1820.

1820.

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.

1820.

1820.

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.
1820. 1820.

XXXII.

NOT hurled precipitous from steep to
steep;
Lingering 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 their nature — now ex-
pands
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.
1820. 1820.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendor: 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!
1820. 1820.

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 forever
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*
1820. 1820.

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,

¹ See Note.

And neighbors rest together, here con-
found
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.
1820. 1822.

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 splendor dost appear
Embodied to poetic eyes,
While traversing this nether sphere,
Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
Daughter of Hope! her favorite Child,
Whom she to young Ambition bore,
When hunter's arrow first defiled
The grove, and stained the turf with gore;
Thee 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 favorite 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
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 severer 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-slackening voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,

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 speak'st — 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 calented 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,

'T is 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 refulgent
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 hill¹

That a brief while heaves with convulsive
throes —

¹ See Note.

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.

VI.

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree,

One rarely absent from thy train
More humble favors 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

Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the
melancholy,

Pours 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 favorite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,

The wide earth's storehouse 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. 1822.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.¹

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 enquired into and discussed. The former particular is 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 favor 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

¹ See Note.

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."

I.

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 tri-
 umphing,

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

Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that
 have crowned

Full of the unworthy brow of lawless force;
 And, for delight of him who tracks its
 course,

Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

1821.

1822.

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?

1821.

1822.

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 ques-
tioning,

Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy
flight,

Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hate crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.

Haughty the Bard: can these meek doc-
trines blight

His transports? whither 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, hear;

Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

1821.

1822.

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.

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 prescience 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.

1821.

1822.

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, *crest*;
And where the boatman of the Western
Isles

Slackens his course — to mark those holy
piles

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 foun-
tain-head

In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

1821.

1822.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT¹ for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon
linked

Which God's ethereal storehouses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate
Lord

It rages; some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through the
ineffectual 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.¹

1821.

1822.

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.

1821.

1822.

¹ See Note.

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 humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

1821.

1822.

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-bap-
tized!

But chastisement shall follow peace de-
spised.

The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate
land

By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant
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.

1821.

1822.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST
THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!— they *have* risen: of brave An-
 aurin ask
 How they have scourged old foes, per-
 fidious 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!

1821.

1822.

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking
 aid
 Of hallelujahs¹ tost 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 honors 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,

Will build their savage fortunes only
 there;

Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they
 were.

1821.

1822.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.¹

*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!

1821.

1822.

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:

¹ See Note.

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 sym-
pathies;

DE-IRIANS — he would save them from
God's IRE;

Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA — they shall sing
Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King!

1821.

1822.

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

FOREVER hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which
ye tread,

And blest the silver Cross, which ye, in-
stead

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 —

Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would free!

Rich conquest waits them: — the tem-
pestuous 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.

1821.

1822.

XV.

PAULINUS.¹

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 appall
And strike with reverence. The Monarch
leans

Toward the pure truths this Delegate pro-
pounds.

Repeatedly 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!

1821.

1822.

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
flit

“Safe from the wintry tempest. Flutter-
ing,

“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 be-
stowed!”²

1821.

1822.

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore;

The Council closed, the Priest in full ca-
reer

Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a
spear

¹ See Note.

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.

1821.

1822.

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 compre-
 hend;
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
 Of elevation; let their odors 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!

1821.

1822.

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.¹

How beautiful your presence, how be-
 nign,
 Servants of God! who not a thought will
 share

¹ See Note.

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.

1821.

1822.

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!

1821.

1822.

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.

1821.

1822.

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
 Hurl'd 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 equi-
 page
 Would elevate my dreams. A beechen
 bowl,
 A maple dish, my furniture should be;
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hoot-
 ing 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.

1821.

1822.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

BUT what if One, through grove or flow-
 ery 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 free'd
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the bil-
 lows beat
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun th
 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!¹

1821.

1822.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND
 SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought
 pains,
 The people work like congregated bees;²
 Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
 Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
 From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely
 rains
 Or needful sunshine; prosperous enter-
 prise,
 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.

1821.

1822.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
 To scatter seeds of life on barbarous
 shores;

¹ He expired dictating the last words of a trans-
 lation of St. John's Gospel. ² See Notc.

Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn
floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants,
come
To their belovèd cells: — or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they
urge their why,
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.
1821. 1822.

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.¹
Though small his kingdom as a spark or
gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-
spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred
shares.
1821. 1822.

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 undegener-
ate 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.

1821.

1822.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest
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 fell
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.
1821. 1822.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl
obey!¹
Dissension, checking arms that would re-
strain

¹ See Note.

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 hushed, a
 clear
 And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

1821.

1822.

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.¹
 O suffering Earth! be thankful: sternest
 clime
 And rudest age are subject to the thrill
 Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

1821.

1822.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares
 The evanescence of the Saxon line.

¹ Which is still extant.

Hark! 't is 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,
 Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
 Even so a thralldom, studious to expel
 Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
 To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

1821.

1822.

XXXII.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, over-
 powered
 By wrong triumphant through its own
 excess,
 From fields laid waste, from house and
 home devoured
 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.

1821.

1836.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "pro-
 faneness 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 re-
 bounds,
 And, in awe-stricken Countries far and
 nigh,
 Through " Nature's hollow arch " that
 voice resounds.¹

1821.

1822.

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thick-
 ening swarms
 Along the west; though driven from Aqu-
 taine,
 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 dis-
 dain;
 Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian
 hills detain
 Their tents, and check the current of their
 arms.
 Then blame not those who, by the might-
 iest 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 Un-
 believer
 The precious Tomb, their haven of salva-
 tion.

1821.

1822.

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 Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
 To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal
 sway.

1821.

1822.

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 seemingly 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.

1821.

1822.

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 scourged 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.

1821.

1822.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred
head,

To Cæsar'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.

1821.

1822.

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 as-
signed,

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 recompense! from land to
land

The ancient thrones of Christendom are
stuff

For occupation of a magic wand,
And 't is the Pope that wields it: —
whether rough

Or smooth his front, our world is in his
hand!

1821.

1822.

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: — woful 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.

O 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, com-
pares,

And in the sternest sentence which his
voice

Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

1821.

1845.

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,
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

1821.

1845.

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

*"Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains
withal*

"A brighter crown." 1— On yon Cister-
tian 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 re-
tires,

And æry harvests crown the fertile lea.

1821.

1822.

1 See Note.

IV.

DEPLORABLE 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

Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high
claim

To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

1821.

1835.

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 mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

1821.

1822.

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 pomps 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 for-
 lorn
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

1821.

1822.

VII.

CONTINUED.

AND what melodious sounds at times pre-
 vail!
 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 honorable pride;
 The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the
 dove.

1821.

1822.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
 Through these bright regions, casting
 many a glance

Upon the dream-like issues — the romance
 Of many-colored life that Fortune pours
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
 Their labors 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 unties
 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
 panted!

1821.

1822

IX.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
 While from the Papal Unity there came,
 What feebler 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 out-
 ward frame

Of worship, glory and grace, which who
 shall blame

That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
 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,
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and
 make

The unconverted soul with awe submit.

1821.

1845.

X.

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed
 the root

In the blest 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.
 1821. 1845.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
 The tapers burn; the odorous incense
 feeds
 A greedy flame; the pompous mass pro-
 ceeds;
 The Priest bestows the appointed consec-
 ration;
 And, while the HOST is raised, its eleva-
 tion
 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 Rhone
 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.
 1820. 1822.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Sav-
 iour 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.
 1821. 1835.

XIII.

PRaised be the Rivers, from their moun-
 tain springs
 Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy ban-
 ners 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!
 1821. 1835.

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 endeavors 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.

1821.

1822.

XV.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY 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
address,

Ploughs her bold course across the wonder-
ing 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.

1821.

1822.

XVI.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect

¹ See Note.

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 Poitiers —
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 woful strife,

Gathers unblighted strength from hour to
hour.

1821.

1822.

XVII.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with
sudden fear,

And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:

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 ene-
mies

“How the bold Teacher’s Doctrine, sanc-
tified

“By truth, shall spread, throughout the
world dispersed.”

1821.

1822.

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

“WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease

“And cumbrous wealth — the shame of
your estate;

" 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
 'T is 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.

1821. 1822.

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 cloistered 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 favor
 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!

1821. 1822.

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

YET more, — round many a Convent's
 blazing fire
 Unhallowed 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-
 DOM'S HERE!"

1821.

1822.

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may
 assuage,
 No sacrifice avert, 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 hung 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 head before these desperate
 shocks—
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story
 tells,
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

1821.

1822.

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more
 meek
 Through saintly habit than from effort due

¹ See Note.

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

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.

1821.

1822.

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?
1821. 1822.

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!
1821. 1822.

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;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
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 unforgiven 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!
1821. 1822.

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the Scaf-
fold some—

Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
“Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit

“Upon his throne;” unsoftened, undis-
 mayed
 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.
 1821. 1822.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
 From Sages justly honored 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, re-
 clined
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell
 moan
 Renews. 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.
 1821. 1822.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn
 away,
 And goodly fruitage with the mother
 spray;
 ’T were 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 gray —
 Upwhirled, 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.
 1821. 1822.

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.
 1821. 1822.

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise? — for noth-
 ing 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 holi-
 ness; —

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.

1821. 1827.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

“SWEET is the holiness of Youth” —
 so felt
 Time-honored 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
 often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the
 mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 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!

1821. 1822.

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, coëval with the earliest blush

Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre — coming but to go;
 And some break forth when others’ sor-
 rows crush
 The sympathizing 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.

1821. 1822.

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POFERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule,
 discrowned
 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 un-
 known tongue.

1821. 1827.

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is un-
 rolled!
 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
 foretold

¹ See Note.

A torch of inextinguishable light;
 The Other gains a confidence as bold;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
 Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
 Of saintly Friends the "murderer's"
 chain partake,
 Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
 Earth never witnessed object more sub-
 lime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!
 1821. 1827.

XXXV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided
 hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom
 repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throb doth Cran-
 mer 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 com-
 plete;
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's com-
 mand
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense
 endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous
 attestation!¹
 1821. 1822.

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
 decrees are just:

¹ For the belief in this fact, see the contem-
 porary Historians.

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 —
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and un-
 furled —
 Friends strike at friends — the flying shall
 pursue —
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to
 rest!

1821.

1822.

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 for-
 get
 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
 poisonous weeds;
 Their forms are broken staves; their pas-
 sions, steeds
 That master them. How enviably blest
 Is he who can, by help of grace, enthroned
 The peace of God within his single breast!
 1821. 1822.

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an en-
 vious 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 con-
straint

Black as the clouds its beams dispersed,
while shone,

By men and angels blest, the glorious light?
1821. 1822.

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 JEWEL
gave

To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile: ¹
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 odors 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.

1821.

1822.

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! laboring 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 tender-
est prayer!—

The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have
sought

Firmly between the two 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.
1821. 1822.

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 labor, 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—¹
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause;

Totters the Throne; the new-born Church
is sad,

For every wave against her peace unites.
1821. 1822.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is
one

(Nor idles that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant*
to be.

¹ See Note.

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.

1821.

1822.

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE
RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain,¹ 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.

1821.

1822.

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we
move,

To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness con-
tent;

¹ The Jung-frau.

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 re-
prove;

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 wilder-
ness!

Her blessings cursed — her glory turned
to shame!

1821.

1822.

XLV.

LAUD.²

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to
spare,

An old weak Man for vengeance thrown
aside,

Laud, "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 sup-
plied,

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 con-
vey

(What time a State with madding faction
reels)

The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

1821.

1822.

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy
boldest string,

The faintest note to echo which the blast

² See Note.

Caught from the hand of Moses as it
 passed
 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.
 1821. 1822.

PART II.

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 Grasmere 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 neighborhood.

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,
 keeping pace
 Each with the other in a lingering race
 Of dissolution, melted into air.
 1821. 1822.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision
 spake
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which
 might seem
 Wholly dissevered from our present
 theme;
 Yet, my beloved Country! I partake
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
 Thou, too, dost visit oft 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.
 1821. 1822.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes — with rapture greeted, and
 caressed
 With frantic love — his kingdom to re-
 gain?
 Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
 For all she taught of hardiest 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 !

1821.

1822.

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the
wind

Charged with rich words poured out in
thought's defence;

Whether the Church inspire that elo-
quence,

Or a Platonic Piety confined

To the sole temple of the inward mind;

And One there is who builds immortal
lays,

Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice be-
hind;

Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel

Sad thoughts; for from above the starry
sphere

Come secrets, whispered nightly to his
ear;

And the pure spirit of celestial light

Shines through his soul — “ that he may
see and tell

Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

1821.

1822.

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence
the pen

Was shaped that traced the lives of these
good men,

Dropped from an Angel's wing. With
moistened eye

We read of faith and purest charity

In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen :

Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to
die !

Methinks their very names shine still and
bright;

Apart — like glow-worms on a summer
night;

Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen — like stars on
high,

Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

1821.

1822.

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous
day

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-deceiv-
ing wit

Lures not from what they deem the cause
of God.

1821.

1822.

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH
COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a sup-
pliant 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,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street,
 where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain 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 cased in adamant.
 1821. 1827.

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,
 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.
 1821. 1822.

IX.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

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 steadfast
 hope,
 Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast
 eye.

1821.

1822.

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 dissevered thence, its course is
 short.

1821.

1822.

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 re-
 bel
 Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and
 Low,
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are
 rife;

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.
 1821. 1827.

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 pleasure:
 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.
 1821. 1822.

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

¹ This and the two following were added in 1842. See Note.

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 ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.
 1821. 1845.

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 whose Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.—
 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 circles move.
 1821. 1845.

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,
 Fixed 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
 urn
 The pure stream of patient Energy.

1821.

1845.

XVI.

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if
 deep
 (As yours above all offices is high)
 Deep 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:
 Laboring as ever in your Master's sight,
 Making your hardest task your best de-
 light,
 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!

1821.

1845.

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 inter-
 vals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native
 falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war —
 Such to this British Isle her christian
 Fanés,
 Each linked to each for kindred services;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glit-
 tering vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
 trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

1821.

1822.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity, belong
 To the neat mansion,¹ where, his flock
 among,
 The learnèd Pastor dwells, their watch-
 ful Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathèd
 sword;
 Though pride's least lurking thought ap-
 pear 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 labors all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

1821.

1822.

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!

¹ See Note.

Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn
cheer.

Upon that circle traced from sacrec 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.

1821.

1822.

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! —

Fitliest 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.

1821.

1822.

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!

1821.

1822.

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,

Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faith-
ful tie:

Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible com-
mand

Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-
appear:

O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

1821.

1822.

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and
dale,

With holiday delight on every brow:
'T is passed away; far other thoughts
prevail;

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-robed Ser-
 vant 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 child-
 hood sets.

1821.

1822.

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 we 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.

1821.

1822.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be
 tied:
 One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
 Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacra-
 ment!
 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,
 Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners
 died.
 Ye, who have duly weighed the sum-
 mons, 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)
 Armor divine, and conquer in your cause!
 1821. 1827.

XXVI.

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 com-
 mands.
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
 "The which would endless matrimony
 make;"
 Union that shadows forth and doth par-
 take
 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.
 1821. 1845.

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.

1821.

1845.

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.

1821.

1845.

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.

1821.

1845.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers 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* im-
plore

In vain who, for a rightful cause, give
breath

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.

Suppliants! the God to whom your cause
ye trust

Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

1821.

1845.

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?”

1821.

1845.

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.¹

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 ap-
proves!

1821.

1822.

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had
dared to leave

Less scanty measure of those graceful rites

¹ See Note.

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 discom-
fort 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.

1821.

1822.

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 unimagined touch of Time.

1821.

1822.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my down-
ward 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!

1821.

1822.

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of
 France

Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
 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 vigi-
 lance

Of true compassion greet them. Creed
 and test

Vanish before the unreserved embrace
 Of catholic humanity: — distress
 They came, — and, while the moral tem-
 pest roars

Throughout the Country they have left,
 our shores

Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

1821.

1827.

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

¹ See Note.

Sickened by injuries, dreading worse de-
 signed,

From month to month trembling and un-
 assured,

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 be-
 tween

License and slavish order, dares be free.

1821.

1822.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled armies, not! to be with-
 stood —

What serve they? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The State (ah, surely not preserved in
 vain!)

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 Eng-
 land'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!

1821.

1822.

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.

1821.

1822.

XL.

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 vapors. 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: ¹ 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.

1821.

1822.

XLI.

NEW CHURCHYARD.

THE encircling ground, in native turf ar-
rayed,

Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favoring Hea-
ven;

¹ See Note.

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.

1821.

1822

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 thrud 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-
dors cheer

Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

1821.

1822.

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 laboring for a scanty band
 Of white robed Scholars only — this im-
 mense
 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
 Lingerings — and wandering on as loth to
 die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness
 yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality,
 1821. 1822.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our
 sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows
 hide
 Their Portraitures, their stone-work glim-
 mers, dyed
 In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves un-
 seen,
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 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 mazystrife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before
 the eye
 Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy !
 1821. 1822.

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 dan-
 cing 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.
 1821. 1822.

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 purpleal flame;
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its
 name
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn
 and even
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is
 driven
 Along the nether region's rugged frame !¹
 Earth prompts — Heaven urges; let us
 seek the light,
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun
 When first our infant brows their lustre
 won;
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow
 more bright
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
 At the approach of all-involving night.
 1821. 1822.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the
 WORD

¹ See Note.

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!

1821.

1822.

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;

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.

1823.

1827.

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 neighborhood 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.

I.

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, Naught but the heaven-directed spire, And steeple tower (with pealing bells Far-heard) — our only citadels.

II.

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,

¹ Bekangs Ghyll — or the dell of Nightshade — in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

III.

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!

IV.

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.

V.

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.

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 his setting shrouds.

VII.

A soul so pitiably 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 favored
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 vapors 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. 1827.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he performe 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 dedicated. These observances of our ancestors, and the causes of them, are the subject of the following 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
uprose.

He rose, and straight — as by divine command,
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 resigned,
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.

1827.

“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 æry 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.

1827.

“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 endeavor,
 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 forever;

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

1823.

1827.

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.

1827.

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.

1827.

"HOW RICH THAT FOREHEAD'S
 CALM EXPANSE."

Written at Rydal Mount. Mrs. Wordsworth's
 impression is that the Poem was written at Cole-
 orton: 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.

1827.

TO —

Written at Rydal Mount. Prompted by the
 undue importance attached to personal beauty by
 some dear friends of mine.

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,
 Which blow at daybreak, droop e'er even-
 song;
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess
 that ours,

Measured by what we are and ought to be,
 Measured by all that, trembling, we fore-
 see,
 Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,
 If we are creatures of a *winter's* day;
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to dis-
 close
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the
 breathing rose?
 Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
 Could not the entrance of this thought
 forbid:
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly
 fade,
 So soon be lost.

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth
 "To draw, out of the object of his eyes,"
 The while on thee they gaze in simple
 truth,
 Hues more exalted, "a refined Form,"
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the
 worm,
 And never dies.

1824.

1827.

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?

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 bosom to the sun endeared?
 If such their harsh untimely doom,
 It falls 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 subtly 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 or 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.

1827.

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 *Caro Albergo*, 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 saunterer 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 favorite
Dee,

Along the VALE OF MEDITATION ¹ 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 CAFAILGARROCH, 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;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of
Time!

SEPTEMBER 1824.

1827.

¹ Glyn Myrwr.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEV-
IL'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 inces-
sant shocks

From that young Stream, that smites the
throbbing rocks

Of Via mala? 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!

1824.

1827.

COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS
OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES.

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roof-
less halls,

Wandering with timid footsteps oft be-
trayed,

The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to up-
braid

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 recompense, his gift, is thine !
 1824. 1827.

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 fearful 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 conversation, 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,
 Forever 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, —
 Whenaught that breathes had felt a wound;
 Such look the Oppressor might confound,
 However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
 From out 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 strikest — absence perisheth,
 Indifference is no more;
 The future brightens on our sight;
 For on the past hath fallen a light
 That tempts us to adore.

1824.

1827.

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!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE."

1824.

1842.

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 neighborhood 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 honored 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,
When they no more their Pastor's voice
Could hear to guide them in their choice
Through good and evil, help might have,
Admonished, from his silent grave,
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
For peace on earth and bliss in heaven.

1824.

1842.

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 plummy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendor 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 shrills 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,

Harbors 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 favored
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?
1825. 1827.

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!

1825.

1827.

"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. 1827.

ODE.

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

This and the following poem originated in the
lines "How delicate the leafy veil," etc. — My
daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour
through our mountains with Mr. and Mrs. Carr
in 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,
Bliſſe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreſan 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 ſlim 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 honor 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;
Hearts alſo ſhall thy leſſons reach
That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The baſhful freed from fear,
While riſing, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Huſh, feeble lyre! weak words reſuſe
The ſervice to prolong!
To yon exulting thruſh the Muſe
Entruſts the imperſect ſong;
His voice ſhall chant, in accents clear,
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the firſt ſilver ſtar appear,
The ſovereignty of May.

1826.

1835.

TO MAY.

THOUGH many ſuns have riſen and ſet
Since thou, bliſſe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty ſcorn;
There are who to a birthday ſtrain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odors! 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 praife thee, genial Power!
Through ſummer heat, autumnal cold,
And winter's drearieſt hour.

Earth, ſea, thy preſence feel — nor leſs,
If yon 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 lips 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 favors 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 virgin earth
“The happiest for your home;
“Heaven’s bounteous love through me
is 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 “the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken” in the shade!
Vernal fruitions 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 yon 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. 1835.

“ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE’ER
SERENE THE SKY).”

“No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imboud.”
Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I
wondered 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 serenethe sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,

No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
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;
To expectations spreading with wild
growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted
troth.

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 splendor round a leafy wood;
But not a hint from underground, 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 exultation 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
stern;
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.

1827.

"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 gray
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 — favored 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.

1835.

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

These verses perhaps had better be transferred to the class of "Italian Poems." 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 declined 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;
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood
A votive Column, spared by fire and
flood:—

And, though the passions of man's fret-
ful 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 embost
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 odors from her flowery
wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from rills in shep-
herds' 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, pomps, and cares of
Rome,

Whence half the breathing world received
its doom;

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;¹—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 honored 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

¹ See Note.

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 elseunclouded 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 enter-
prise,
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 unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the
Mind.

1826.

1827.

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 honor 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 depletes!
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine
bright,
Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars."

1827.

1827.

TO ———

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
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 Buonaparté." One
was never written down: the third, which was, I
believe, preserved, I cannot particularize.

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 atone
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! ¹

1827.

1827.

“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
owes its hues

To flesh and blood; no Goddess from
above,

No fleeting Spirit, but my own true love?
1827. 1827.

“WHY, MINSTREL, THESE UN-
TUNEFUL MURMURINGS.”

“WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful mur-
murings —

Dull, flagging notes that with each other
jar?”

“Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
From its own country, and forgive the
strings.”

See Note.

A simple answer! but even so forth-
springs,

From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
Divine of words quickening insensate
things.

From the submissive necks of guiltless men
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe
recoils;

Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the
toils

Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then
That the poor Harp distempered music
yields

To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?
1827. 1827.

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 Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
When twilight shades darken the moun-
tain's 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 Hea-
ven protect

Its own; though Rulers, with undue re-
spect,

Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient
heart.

1827.

1827.

DECAY OF PIETY.

Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednes-
days 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 fervor of devotion meek.

I see the places where they once were
known,

And ask, surrounded even by kneeling
crowds,

Is ancient Piety forever 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. 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 honors; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the mel-
ody

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
Faëryland

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. 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 honors 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 slights the
claim

Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.
1827. 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 ap-
peal;

But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount end;

A truth which they alone shall compre-
hend

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 unincum-
bered Mind

By some weak aims at services assigned
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven
amiss.

1827.

1827.

"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN
POETIC PAINS."

*There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know; — 't was rightly
said;*

Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their light-
est 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.

1827.

1827.

RECOLLECTION OF THE POR-
TRAIT 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 'broidered 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-de-
scribed.

Who trembles now at thy capricious mood?
'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty
King,

We rather think, with grateful mind se-
date,

How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of
good,

Which neither force shall check nor time
abate!

1827.

1827.

"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 be-
guile

The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banish-
ment

From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round
us move,

Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Basile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of
love,

Though man for brother man has ceased
to feel.

1827.

1827.

"WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND
EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD."

This is taken from the account given by Miss
Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long
confined to her bed by sickness, from the inau-
imate object on which this Sonnet turns.

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 com-
forter,

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.

1827.

1827.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Nor the whole warbling grove in concert
heard

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 de-
clared.

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-
hold perch

To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed
thy wing,

And thy erratic voice be faithful to the
Spring!

1827.

1827.

THE INFANT M—— M——

The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only
daughter of my friend and cousin Thomas Monk-
house.

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 nought untunes that Infant's voice;
no trace

Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with 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.

1827.

TO ROTH A Q——.

Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law, Mr.
Quillinan.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this head
was gray

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 steadfast hope the contract to fulfil;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful moun-
tain Stream¹

Whose murmur soothed thy languid
Mother's ear

After her throes, 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.

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 favoring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite

¹ The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere
from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

Than flesh and blood; when'er thou
 meet'st my sight,
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered
 cheek,
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleam-
 ing white,
 And head that droops because the soul is
 meek,
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I com-
 pare;
 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. 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,
 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 founda-
 tion 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.”
 1827. 1827.

“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 æry name to immortalize.
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
 Gave specious coloring 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!
 1827. 1827.

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 gray,
 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 speed
 through air,
 And rolls the planets through the blue
 profound;
 Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor
 forbear
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.¹
 1827. 1827.

CONCLUSION.

TO —

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
 That animates the scenes of public life²

¹ See Note.

² This line alludes to Sonnets which will be
 found in another Class.

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 honor rest upon the senseless clay.
1827. 1827.

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.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when
the owl

Tries his two voices for a favorite strain —
Tu-whit — Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting
fowl

Forebodes mishap or seems but to com-
plain;

Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked In-
dians stray,

Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK
AWAY!"

And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR
WILL!"¹

¹ See Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*.

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

Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philo-
mel;

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,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy
cloud;

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal
spark;

The happiest bird that sprang out of the
Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds! — Su-
premely 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
meek 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-wearied voice.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, darling warbler! — that love-
prompted strain,

("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 daylight known deter from that pursuit,
'T is 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!

1828.

1832.

THE TRIAD.

Written at Rydal Mount: The Girls, Edith Southey, my daughter Dora, and Sara Coleridge.

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 measure!
— Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aerie,
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 splendor — 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 queen, where grandeur is un-
known;

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 pre-
 pares;
 O Thou, against whose lip, without its
 smile
 And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
 Whose goodness, sinking deep, would
 reconcile
 The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
 To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
 Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of
 Wallace —
 Who that hath seen thy beauty could con-
 tent
 His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly
 day?
 Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
 His strong hand on the wind, if it were
 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 wood-
 bine 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 Phœbus
 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 I
 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 dazzling
 sheen;
 But mark her glowing cheek, her vesture
 green!
 And, as if wishful to disarm
 Or to repay the potent Charm,
 She bears the stringèd lute of old ro-
 mance,
 That cheered the trellised arbor's privacy,
 And soothed war-wearied knights in raf-
 tered hall.
 How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee!
 So tripped the Muse, inventress of the
 dance;
 So, truant 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,
 shy,
 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 rifles blossoms on a tree,
 Turning them inside out with arch au-
 dacity.
 Alas! how 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:
Hers is not a cheek shame-stricken,
But her blushes are joy-flushes;
And the fault (if fault it be)
Only ministers to quicken
Laughter-loving gayety,
And kindle sportive wit —
Leaving this Daughter of the mountains
free

As if she knew that Oberon king of Faëry
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, whate'er their
hue,

With all their fragrance, all their glis-
tening,

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 mar-
ble tomb to strew.

The Charm is over! the mute Phantoms
gone,

Nor will return — but droop not, favored
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.

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 favorable issue.

HOPE rules a land forever 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 faëry 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 improve.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, 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 favored 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 pro-
found
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.

1829.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED.

'T is 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.

Blest 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 grafted, 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 he 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
'Mid 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.

1842.

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 neighboring 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 endeavored to make them appear. We 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,

¹ See Note.

With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,
 Thou would'st forego the neighboring
 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!

1828.

1835.

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 rosebud 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 colors, 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
 Life's daily tasks with them to share
 Who, whether from their lowly bed
 They rise, or rest the weary head,
 Ponder the blessing they entreat
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,
 While they give utterance to the prayer
 That asks for daily bread.

1828.

1829.

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-four (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 off 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 tenth Stanza)—The mind recalled to sounds acting casually and severally—Wish uttered (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 11th Stanza) realized, in 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.

THY functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and
blind;
Intricate 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 requiems 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 lull perchance ten thousand thousand
flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am,*
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, 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 nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darken-
ing 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 vet-
eran'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 Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten 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 unweaponed 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 plausible wings of Love.

vi.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
trod!

O Thou, through whom the temple rings
with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak
of God,

Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, woingly 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 issue
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 mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet
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 grosser
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 equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and wear:
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic
verse

Her wan disasters could disperse.

ix.

The GIFT to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill,
Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,

Where men were monsters. A last grace
he craves,

Leave for one chant; — the dulcet sound
Steals 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 Mænalian 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 labored 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 con-
trolled,
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
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and meas-
ure keep

For praise and ceaseless gratulation,
poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man, his earth-born
chronicler;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim fore-
seeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and
tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though
earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve,
her stay
Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.
DECEMBER, 1828. 1835.

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS.

This occurred at Brugès in 1828. Mr. Cole-
ridge, 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 Brugès 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
Flung 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,
'T was 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 gayly o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?
1828. 1835.

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN
A VASE.

They were a present from Miss Jewsbury, of
whom mention is made in the note at the end of
the next poem. The fish were healthy to all ap-
pearance 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 con-
tinued to prosper in their new place of abode,
but one night by an unusually great flood they
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 Humors 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, 't is pure;
 Your birthright is a fence
 From all that haughtier kinds endure
 Through tyranny of sense.
 Ah! not alone by colors 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.

1829.

1835.

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

ADDRESSED 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
Swells like 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 freshen-
ing gale!

If unproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
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 foot-
fall 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 fared,
While not one joy of ours by them was
shared.

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's rever-
end brow) —

Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,
Though sure of plaudits on his costly
stage,

Though fed with dainties from the snow-
white hand

Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,
But gladly would escape; and, if need
were,

Scatter the colors from the plumes that
bear

The emancipated captive through blithe
air

Into strange woods, where he at large
may live

On best or worst which they and Nature
give?

The beetle loves his unpretending 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 softest
down;

A noble instinct; in all kinds the same,
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of
the name,

If doomed to breathe against his lawful
will

An element that flatters him — to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward show
For the least boon that freedom can be-
stow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,
A natural meal — days, months, from
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 uncrossed
By cares in which simplicity is lost?

That life — the flowery path that winds
by stealth —

Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;

Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome
By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,

And the vain splendors of Imperial Rome? —

Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,
And fiction animate his sportive lyre,
Attuned to verse that, crowning light Dis-

tress

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 gayety and wit;

He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,
Shrinking from each new favor to be shed,
By the world's Ruler, on his honored

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 doleful bower for penitential song,
Where Man and Muse complained of

mutual wrong;

While Cam's ideal current glided by,
And antique towers nodded their fore-

heads 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 heeded not too late
Stifle 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

1825.

1835.

¹ There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: 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.

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
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 *he* 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 endeavor 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

¹ See Note.

Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each hu-
mane 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 the 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 pro-
tect

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 Labor, ’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,

’T were well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.

Not from his fellows only man 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.

1829.

1835.

“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 color which cabbages and plants of that genius exhibit through the various stages of their growth and decay. A richer display of color 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 Inversneyd 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 analyzing, decomposing, and anatomizing is inevitably unfavorable 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 *Savant* who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves — to
strive

In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like æry Sprites
To feats of arms address!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

1829.

1835.

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.

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 labors 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.

1835.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"*Miserrimus*." 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 alms of charitable Jacobites.

"*Miserrimus*," 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 vileness. Stranger,
pass

Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

1829.

1829.

A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN
DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sate while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story.

'T IS said that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face
from face,
Nev'ne 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.

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 wooed 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.

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck 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
Life, which to every one that breathes is
full of care."

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it ends 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 Prin-
 cess,
 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 pur-
 pose 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
 cannot 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 con-
 verse :
 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 then, 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 command-
 ments
 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 infirm 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, beheld
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 her
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 her
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 that
dark night
Will holy Church disperse by means of
gospel-light."

XXI.

Swiftly went that gray-haired Servant,
Soon returned a trusty Page
Charged with greetings, benedictions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stran-
ger's way,
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears
allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While beneath their castle-walls,
Runs a deafening noise of wel-
come:—
Blest, though every tear that falls
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes a meeting seem most like a
dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes
strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had
made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's
hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd
did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved,
Christian meekness smoothed for all the
path of life,
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love,
their only strife.

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies
sculptured
As between two wedded wives —
Figures with armorial signs of race and
birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while
yet on earth.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.¹

Early in life this story had interested me, and I often thought it would make a pleasing subject for an opera or musical drama.

PART I.

ENOUGH of rosebud lips, and eyes

Like harebells bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
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 un-
barred,

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 dappling 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 Tsar."
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.

¹ See Note.

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 neighborhood;
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 healthful 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 labor 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 wild
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!

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.

'T is sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus 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!

PART IV.

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 deparment, 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 harborless,
 And honor want a home;
 And happy were I, if the Tsar
 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 rumored 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 Tsar 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 source,
 And I to her will go;
 From that humane and heavenly course,
 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;
 'T was when the Parents, who had
 mourned
 So 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 bridal garments drest;
 Meek Catherine had her own reward;
 The Tsar bestowed a dower;
 And universal Moscow shared
 The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial
 feast

Was held with costly state;
 And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
 The Foster-parents sate;
 Encouraged by the imperial eye,
 They shrank not into shade;
 Great was their bliss, the honor high
 To them and nature paid!

1830.

1835.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

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 stanza 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
 streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd 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
 transformation.

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 spires in blacker clouds are lost,
 Like spiteful Fiends that vanish, crost

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 forever fresh and young,
Breasts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
Top-gallant high, rebounding and re-
bounding!

But Ocean under magic heaves,
And cannot spare the Thing he cher-
ished:
Ah! what avails that she was fair,
Luminous, blithe, and debonair?
The storm has stripped her of her
leaves;
The Lily floats no longer! — She hath
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 pitied, *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 him-
self 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 heathen
power
Was carved — a Goddess with a Lily
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 peerless;
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 cheer-
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 endeavor:
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 forever.

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 relique, but how fair the while !
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves re-
vealed
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 Damsel, 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-illuminated 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 hate-
ful;
Dutiful Child, her lot how hard!

Is this her piety's reward?
Those watery locks, that bloodless
cheek!
O winds without remorse! O shore un-
grateful!

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
Neighbors
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 match-
less labors.

Her birth was heathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered:
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 corse: then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with ob-
servance 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 significants 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 favored One, the Flower
may bloom

Once more: but, if unchangeable her
doom,

If life departed be forever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapor, 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 Agravaine 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 despites
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights;

And all the thoughts that lengthened
out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thus as-
sembled.

What patient confidence was here!
And there how many bosoms panted!
While drawing toward the car Sir
Gawaine, mailed

For tournament, his beaver veiled,
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
wooded

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 Guinever 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 arbor 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 whosoe'er approached of
strength was shorn,
Though King or Knight the most re-
nowned 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 color dawned upon the Damsel's
cheek;

And her lips, quickening with uncer-
tain 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 immor-
tality;

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 rehearses
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 favoring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

1830.

1835.

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 neighbor'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, blessèd Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song:
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre —
That coo again! — 't is not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire.

1830.

1835.

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 gayety 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 sighs 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-meeek 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.

'T is 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.

1835.

“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.

1835.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL,
 THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H.
 BEAUMONT, BART.

These verses were in part composed on horse-
 back 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 Inscrip-
 tion 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
 forbade,

A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.

Yet *here* at least — though few have num-
 bered 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 sylvæ
 bowers.

Oh, fled forever! 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 honored head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye,
voice, mien,

More than theatric force to Shakspeare's
scene; —

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 cher-
ished 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 flit-
ting by

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
Reca'll 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.

Nov. 6, 1830.

1835.

"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 Cambridge, 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 troth
 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 favored life, may honor
 both.

Nov. 6, 1830.

1835.

TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

Painted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
 Esq., for St. John's College, Cambridge.

The last six 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 Sainly Foundress, take thy
 place;
 And, if Time spare the colors for the grace
 Which to the work surpassing skill hath
 dealt,
 Thou, on thy rock reclined, though king-
 doms 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
 Unrecognized 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.

1835.

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 slights;
 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 fall;
 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 cheered,
 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 reprove
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,
 Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wand 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. 1835.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

COMPOSED (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 off 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 home 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 Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan,—"I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write 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. Laidlow, 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

kindly expressed his regret that he could not await 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 a chair, told and acted odd stories in a humorous way. With this exhibition and 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 demeanor 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 the residence he had built, and where he had long lived in so much prosperity and happiness. But what struck me most was the patient kindness with which he supported himself under the many fretful expressions that his sister Anne addressed to him or uttered in his hearing. She, poor thing, as mistress of that house, had been subject, after her mother's death, to a heavier load of care and responsibility and greater sacrifices of time than one of such a constitution of body and mind was able to bear. Of this, Dora 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 favorite 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 harmonize 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 warder,
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 free-born mind entralling,
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 chan-
ging;
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 Sons
 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 Sorrento'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 venturous 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,
 At parent Nature's grateful call,
 With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
 Such looks of love and honor
 As thy own Yarrow gave to me
 When first I gazed upon her;
 Beheld 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 ?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localized 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 forever, 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 !
 1831. 1835.

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 Eildon's triple
 height :

Spirits of Power, assembled there, com-
 plain

For kindred Power departing from their
 sight :

While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a
 blithe 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;

Blessing 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,
 Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !
 1831. 1835.

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 Langholme. 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 neighborhood, 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 fear-
 less sleep;
 Which moonlit elves, far seen by credu-
 lous 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
 smites
 The spangled turf, and neighboring
 thickets ring
 With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring!
 1831. 1835.

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 benefices, 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 derided 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 piety 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.

1831.

1835.

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 colors; 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 raindrops
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.

1831.

1835.

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 colored 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 watch-
ful 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,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

1831.

1835.

VII.

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or
mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy;
The target mouldering like ungathered
fruit;
The smoking steamboat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's
head —
All speak of manners withering to the root,
And of old honors, 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!

1831.

1835.

VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE.

"That makes the Patriot-spirit." It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the High-

landers 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.

1831.

1835.

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 mention 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 remarkable as contrasted with my Scotch and Continental tours, of which are to be found in this volume so many memorials.

DISHONORED Rock and Ruin! that, by
law

Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarr'd
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 eyrie'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.

1831.

1835.

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 honor misconceived, or fancied
wrong,

What feuds, not quenched but fed by
mutual woe.

Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, un-
tamed

By civil arts and labors of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those
fierce Men,

Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed

For patriarchal occupations, named
Yontowering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive
Glen" ?¹

1831.

1835.

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
a brook

Swoln 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, hardy Moun-
taineer !

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.

1831.

1835.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED
MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE,
NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave,
in strains

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

¹ In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

Together, — 'mid trim walks and artful
bowers,

To be looked down upon by ancient hills,
That, for the living and the dead, demand
And prompt a harmony of genuine powers;
Concord that elevates the mind, and stills.

1831.

1835.

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 fowl 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.

1831.

1835.

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 vapor 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!¹

1831.

1835.

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
neighborhood. 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. 595,
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.

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.

1831.

1835.

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 Daylight, fled
from earth,

In the gray sky hath left his lingering
Ghost,

Perplexed as if between a splendor lost
And splendor 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?

1831.

1835.

XVII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY
WEATHER.

In my Sister's Journal is an account of Both-
well 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 roamed¹ 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

¹ See Note.

Than blame the present, that our wish
hath crost.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugi-
tive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!
1831. 1835.

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 naturalize this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange brother-
hood
(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.
Sateate *as these*; and stilled 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.
1831. 1835.

XIX.

THE AVON
A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.

"Yet is it one that other rivulets bear." There
is the Shakspeare 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
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 inno-
cent blood
Has mixt its current with the limpid
flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory
rears:
Never for like distinction may the good
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with
unpleas'd ears.
1831. 1835.

XX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMI-
NENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The extensive forest of Inglewood has been
enclosed within my memory. I was well ac-
quainted 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 hnge 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 be-
strown;
The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,
That he may watch by night, and lessons con
Of power that perishes, and rights that
fade.

1831.

1835.

XXI.

HART'S—HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne
affixt
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle
art,
Among its withering topmost branches
mixt,
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!¹

1831.

1835.

XXII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

THE Lovers took within their 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

¹ See Note.

Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would
rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only
sings:
Thuseverywhere to truth Tradition clings,
Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.
Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monu-
ments
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.

1831.

1835.

XXIII.

COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

Suggested by the recollection of Julian's
Bower and other traditions connected with this
ancient forest.

On the roadside between Penrith and Apple-
by, there stands a pillar with the following in-
scription:—

"This Pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by
Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., for
a memorial of her last parting with her pious
mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumber-
land, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory where-
of she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed
to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d
day of April forever, 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 en-
deavor;

And, fastening on those lines an eye
 tear-glazed,
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God
 be praised!"

1831.

1835.

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 chasten 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 Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time
 recalls;

Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

1831.

1835.

XXV.

APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
 Abrupt—as without preconceived de-
 sign

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 beseem 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 feel-
 ings 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 ca-
 ressed

More than enough; a fault so natural
 (Even with the young, the hopeful, or
 the gay)

For prompt forgiveness will not sue in
 vain.

1831.

1835.

XXVI.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe
 towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a
 woman of the humbler class who wore one of
 those Highland Broaches. I talked with her
 about it; and upon parting with her, when I said
 with a kindness I truly felt—"May that Broach
 continue in your family through many genera-
 tions to come, as you have already possessed it"
 —she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed
 not a little moved.

The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs, with the plaid and kilt, to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

IF to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
No common light of nature blest
The mountain region of the west,
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impervious to the tide of war:
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
And 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame,
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold;
As might beseem the fairest Fair,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
No fancied lustre on the wall
Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The heroic Age expired — it slept
Deep in its tomb: — the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his sons had trod:
Malvina! where art thou? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate;
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers — horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
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 favorite 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 novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapors, 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

1831.

1835.

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 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

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 aërial harmonies;
From humble violet — modest thyme —
Exhaled, the essential odors 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 kindest 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

anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

— Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
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 unsensualize the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humors 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-cloven by the plough
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapors 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 blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

1832.

1835.

“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 burring 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!
1832. 1835.

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 flitting from the bough
To nestle in the rock.

Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April's mimicries!

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 honor of their Queen.

Yet, sooth, those little starry 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, out-brave

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.
1832. 1835.

LOVING AND LIKING.

IRREGULAR VERSES.

ADDRESSED 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 endeavor
To take the intruder into favor;
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;
'T is *love* that remains till our latest day:
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints above.

1832.

1835.

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 pro-
found,

This People, once so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impiously unbound!

1832.

1832.

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 behavior to women, of whatever age, I found them, I may say almost always, to be married men.

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold;
 Inviolate, whate'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

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 —
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
 And red-breasts warble when sweet
 sounds are rare.

1832.

1832.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS
 PICTURE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

This Sonnet, though said to be written on seeing the Portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, composed 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 colors; 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 labored to enslave
 The World, sole-standing high on the bare
 hill —

Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent
 face

Tinged, 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.

1832.

1832.

“IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY
 LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.”

These versés were written some time after we had become 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 mountains, 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 content: —

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 vouchsafed,

Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

1832.

1836.

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 labored 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 brae
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 flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an 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:

'T is gone — a ruthless spoiler's prey,
Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,
'T is 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.

1835.

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 promising that the wishes and prayers and prophecies which I then breathed forth in verse are, through God's mercy, likely to be realized.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, etc." — LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And in tenderest nakedness,
Flung by laboring 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!

But, O Mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy throes;
By the silent thanks, now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this *one* release —
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than moral recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping laborer,
Oft-times makes its bounty known
By its shadow round him thrown;
So, by checkerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell — too bright
Haply for corporeal sight!
Ministers of grace divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death —
Beautiful, while very weakness

Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That — whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years —
Heavenly succor, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises, —
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a wingèd hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart;
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her prest,
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

1833.

1835.

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that

the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of
showing

Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sunk into a kindly sleep.

We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hopes that within the Father's heart
prevail,

Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow
to fail;

And if the harp pleased his gay youth,
it rings

To his 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 main-
tain their sway,

And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truths 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 fee;

Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,

She soars — and here and there her pin-
ions rest

On proud towers, like this humble cot-
tage, 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 harbored ships, whose pride is on
the sea,

Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of
glee,

Honoring 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 reprov'd?
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 re-

vered 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 unbe-
guiled) —

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 quake
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 breath-
ing 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 or-
dained,

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 expedience 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 bravado 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 laboring 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 be-
hest

Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,
And everyman 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 mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be
seen!

Else shall your blood-stained hands in
frenzy reap

Fields gayly sown when promises were
cheap. —

Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false 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, ungrate-
ful 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 sleep-
ing 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.

1835.

"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.

1835.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST
OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

The lines were composed on the road between
Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit

to my son, then rector of the former place. This
and some other Voluntaries originated in the con-
cluding lines of the last paragraph of this poem.
With this coast I have been familiar from my
earliest childhood, and remember being struck for
the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven
and the white waves breaking against its quays
and piers, as the whole came into view from the
top of the high ground down which the road (it
has since been altered) then descended abruptly.
My sister, when she first heard the voice of the
sea from this point, and beheld the scene spread
before her, burst into tears. Our family then
lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often
mentioned among us as indicating the sensibility
for which she was so remarkable.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a stream-
ing fire,

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender
gleams,

Prelude of night's approach with sooth-
ing dreams.

Look round;— of all the clouds not one
is moving;

'T is the still hour of thinking, feeling,
loving.

Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to
lie:—

Comes that low sound from breezes rust-
ling o'er

The grass-crowned headland that conceals
the shore?

No; 't is the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can*
be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to
rebuke

Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the
flood

Of ocean roused into its fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me
remain;

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. 1835.

(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, interminglings 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 bemoaned;
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 vesper 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. 1835.

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 follow-
ing 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 Frith of
Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona;
and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inver-
ary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through
parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-
shire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden,
and homewards by Ullswater.

I.

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 guardian-
ship, self-sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp
new-strung
For summer wandering quit their house-
hold 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.
1833. 1835.

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, re-
fined 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 em-
braced;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the
past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be revered which ought to last.
1833. 1835.

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 keep'st
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 ENG-
LAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and
rhyme!
1833. 1835.

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 de-
famed,
And the habitual murmur that atones
For thy worst rage, forgotten.¹ Oft as
Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thou-
sand thrones
Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,
The concert, for the happy, then may vie
With liveliest peals of birthday harmony:
To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons.
1833. 1835.

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
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was
worn,
Meed of some Roman chief — in triumph
borne
With captives chained; and shedding from
his car
The sunset splendors of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!
1819? 1835.

¹ See Note.

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;
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
arraign,

And only love keep in your hearts a place.
1833. 1835.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKER-
MOUTH 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 has 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, thy

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."

1833.

1835.

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

So named from the religious House which
stood close by. I have rather an odd anecdote
to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the land-
lady 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 door.
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 dis-
appear,

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 honors 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

1833.

1835.

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.

My son John, who was then building a parson-
age on his small living at Brigham.

PASTOR and Patriot! — at whose bidding
rise

These modest walls, amid a flock that
need,

¹ See Note.

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 pur-
 sue,
 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.
 1833. 1835.

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 shroud)
 She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian
 seer,

Sighed on the wing as her foot prest the
 strand,
 With step prelude to a long array
 Of woes and degradations hand in hand —
 Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
 Stilled by the ensanguined block of
 Fotheringay!¹

1833.

1835.

XI.

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT
OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE
COAST OF CUMBERLAND.²

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
 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 sea,
 And regular as if locked in certainty —
 Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the
 storm!
 That Courage may find something to per-
 form;
 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

¹ See Note.

Hast thou looked down upon, that such a
thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse en-
wrought:
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 Cumbrian
coast,

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 day-
break,

And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled
seas,

And cheering off his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon
Headland of St. Bees.

To aid the Votress, 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 sacrilegious 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
ties¹

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

¹ See Note.

Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succor 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

Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chid-
ings sharp

May sometimes greet the strolling min-
strel's harp,

It is not then when, 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 re-
joice

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 Panyms hands re-
lease

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 chari-
ties,

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, gath-
ered 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 do-
mains?—

The thoughtful Monks, intent their God
to please,

For Christ's dear sake, by human sym-
pathies

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

1833.

1835.

XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST
 OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF
 MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-
 comb,

In his lone course the Shepherd oft will
 pause,

And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or
 gloom,

On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
 Of all her peaks and ridges. What he
 draws

From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
 cause,

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.

1833.

1835.

¹ See "Excursion," seventh part; and "Ec-
 clesiastical Sonnets," second part, near the be-
 ginning.

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 bent
 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 im-
 pelled,

The air controlled, the stars their courses
 held;

But element and orb on *acts* did wait
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, in-
 stinct

With will, and to their work by passion
 linked.

1833.

1835.

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 overleap,
 In progress toward the fount of Love, —
 the throne

Of Power whose ministers the records
 keep

Of periods fixed, and laws established,
 less

Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness

1833.

1835.

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 of-
fence;

Blest 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
str

'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

1833.

1835.

XVI.

BY THE SEASHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling
Brine,

With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, 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

1833.

1835.

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 circumstances 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.

1833.

1835.

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 neighbor-
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!

1833.

1835.

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 favored 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

1833.

1835.

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 gray-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of
heavenly fire

¹ See Note.

² Rushen Abbey.

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!"

1833.

1835.

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 com-
panions was an elderly man, who in a muddy way
(for he was tipsy) explained and answered, 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 satis-
fied 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 ex-
press, especially to a stranger.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
mound

(Still marked with green turf circles nar-
rowing

Stage above stage) would sit this Island's
King,

The laws to promulgate, enrobed and
crowned;

While, compassing the little mount
around,

Degrees and Orders stood, each under
each:

Now, like to things within fate's easiest
reach

The power is merged, the pomp a grave
has found.

Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!³ that
thine eye

Over three Realms may take its widest
range;

³ See Note.

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.
 1833. 1835.

XXI.

DESPOND who will — I heard a voice ex-
 claim,
 "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,
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Con-
 queror'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."
 1833. 1835.

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.
 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 laboring 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 pleasure as cannot

be cultivated without ease and leisure. Yet if one 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 fore-
 head high:
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's
 eclipse,
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
 Towering above the sea and little ships;
 Fordwarfsthe 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 fare;
 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.

1833.

1835.

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 wingèd Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could
pursue,

From this dull Monster and hersooty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would de-
spise

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.

1833.

1835.

XXV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLIE CASTLE.¹

See former series, "Yarrow Revisited," etc.,
p. 762.

THE captive Bird was gone; — to cliff or
moor

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 beam-
less 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!

1833.

1835.

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLIE EAGLE.

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,

¹ See Note.

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 domes-
tic fowl,

Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life! — The
roe,

Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no
quarry;

Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eying 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.
1833. 1835.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MAC-
PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

The verses —

"Or strayed

From hope and promise, self-betrayed,"
were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehen-
sions 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 vapors have I watched, that won
Prismatic colors 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 imboud

In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (intrusted 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 gray stone, and high-born name
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
 Let Truth, stern arbitress 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;
 Musæus, 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,
 Bedewed 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 plentitude 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
 Mæonides of ampler mind;
 Such Milton, to the fountain head
 Of glory by Urania led!

1827?

1835.

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.¹

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* Votary 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!

1833.

1835.

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,

¹ See Note.

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.
 1833. 1835.

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 with-
 out 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,
 Not by black arts but magic natural!
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade
 a Chief.
 1833. 1835.

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 contemplated by Spirits pure
 With mute astonishment, it stands sus-
 tained
 Through every part in symmetry, to
 endure,
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
 hours,
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.¹

1833.

1835.

XXXII.

IONA.

ON to Iona! — What can she afford
 To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
 Heaved over ruin with stability
 In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
 (Thy Paramour, mighty Nature! and
 Time's Lord)
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom;
 but why,
 Even for a moment, has our verse de-
 plored
 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

1833.

1835.

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 unpossesst,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

1833.

1835.

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 color gray.
But what is color, 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 ven-
geance 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 laid
bare,

Come links for social order's awful chain.
1833. 1835.

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, fare-
well! —

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 whereabouts, to warn the approaching
sail.

1833.

1835.

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful City,
We who are 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.

1833.

1835.

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 adverts 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 *biold* 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.

1833.

1835.

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 Paradise¹ that honor
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 neighbor dues of neighbor-
hood;

But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought[†]
restrained—

¹ See Note.

For things far off we toil, while many a
 good
 Not sought, because too near, is never
 gained.

1833.

1835.

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 parlor 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 resemblance, as these things always are, even when taken from the living subject, and more ghastly in this instance from the peculiarity of the features. 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 perhaps of all Europe — afforded a lesson to which the dullest of casual visitors could scarcely be insensible. 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 reconciled,

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.

1833.

1835.

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILITY! the sovereign aim wert
 thou

In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
 The Tragic Muse thee served with
 thoughtful 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 soften-
 ing 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.

1833.

1835.

XLI.

NUNNERY.

I became acquainted with the walks of Nun-
 nery when a boy: they are within easy reach of
 a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Pen-
 rith, 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 Alps¹ 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 steep
 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 Nun-
 nery Dell?
 Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!²
 1833. 1835.

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, howso'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 em-
 brace
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and
 Time,
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his
 brother Space,
 Accepts from your bold hands the prof-
 ered crown
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer
 sublime.
 1833. 1835.

¹ The chain of Crossfell. ² See Note.

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
 1833. 1835.

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 honor; 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.

³ See Note.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolize; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's
Glory!

1833.

1835.

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee in-
clines,

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.¹

1833.

1835.

XLVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

This poem might be dedicated to my friends,
Sir G. Beaumont 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 Lyulph'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
down-stairs, 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.

¹ See Note.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph'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 Jewel 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 Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

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 Eglamore, and prest
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

² A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. *FORCÆ* is the word used in the Lake District for *Waterfall*.

They parted. — Well with him it fared
 Through widespread regions errant;
 A knight of proof in love's behoof,
 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 thrids 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 Eglamore!

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 Eglamore, 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 valor, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
 He moved with stealthy pace;
 And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
 He recognized 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!

1833.

1835.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——

HALLSTEDS, ULLSWATER.

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,
 You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
 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!

1833.

1835.

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 forbears 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,
 What'er the senses take or may refuse,
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed
 her dews
 Of inspirations on the humblest lay.

1833.

1835.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASHORE.

These lines were suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast near Whitehaven, at the time when I was composing those verses among the "Evening Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea. It was in that neighborhood I first became acquainted with the ocean and its appearances and movements. My infancy and early childhood were passed at Cockermouth, about eight miles from the coast, and I well remember that mysterious 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 intimations of what was going on in its native element. 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 Betrothèd *was* 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 honors, long for rest;

Or, having known the splendors of success,

Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

1833.

1845.

“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 respited, 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. 1835.

BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a
close,
Hints to the thrush 't is 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 favored
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 splendor, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual pro-
gress led,

For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;

How welcome wouldst thou be to this
green Vale

Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightin-
gale!

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.

1835.

“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 with-
drawn

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 eye shuts up the whole usurping
host

(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)

And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'T is well — but what are helps of time
and place,

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, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

1834.

1835.

"THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED ON
THIS OAK-CROWNED HILL."

Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Easdale, are most favorable 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 super-
stition 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 trans-
ferred

To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not un-
heard.

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 revered in the studious
grove;

And, near the golden sceptre grasped by
Jove,

His Eagle's favorite perch, while round
him sate

The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's
side: —

Hark to that second larum! — far and wide
The elements have heard, and rock and
cave replied.

1834.

1835.

THE LABORER'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 labors 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 100th 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 at noontide :
Then here reposing 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,
An altar is in each man's cot,
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 glory 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-stript 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 *hers* who long hath lain,
With languid limbs and patient head,

1835.

Reposing on a lone sick-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
 Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
 Blessing the bed she lies upon" ?¹
 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
 Lamps 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,
 Entrance 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 *lil*, or perch on chair,
 Though some may frown and make a stir,
 To scare him as a trespasser,
 And he belike 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;

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.

With images about her heart,
 Reflected from the years gone by,
 On human nature's second infancy.
 1834. 1835.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE
 PENCIL OF F. STONE.

This Portrait was 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
 everywhere,
 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, whose'er
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean 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 color 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 over-topped
 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 favorite; 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 diffused
 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 *here* 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 magnificent Convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escorial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to
room,

A British Painter (eminent for truth
In character, and depth of feeling, shown
By labors 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 master-
piece,

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

Upon this solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of
years,

Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the Substance, we the
Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to
speak:

And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic Portrait! have to verse con-
signed

In thy calm presence those heart-moving
words:

Words that can soothe, more than they
agitate;

Whose spirit, like the angel that went
down

Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the visitation was disturbed.

— But! why this stealing tear? Companion
mute,

On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee
well,

My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell! ¹

1834.

1835.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's
skill,

Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and
graced

With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou,
too,

With thy memorial flower, meek Por-
traiture!

From whose serene companionship I
passed

Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still;
thou also—

Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that en-
dear

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 ended
For each and all of us, together joined

¹ The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escorial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

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 oppo-
 sites,
 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.

1835.

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.

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.

1835.

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

demeanor 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 Favored, favored not the
 least)

Left, 'mid the Records of this Book in-
 scribed,

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 in-
 spired,

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
 honored 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 dropt
 Like those self-solacing, those under,
 notes
 Trilled by the redbreast, when 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 retiredness 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 gentle-
 ness,
 As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
 (Such the immunities of low estate,
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
 Her sacred recompense 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.

1834.

1835.

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,
 Dost 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!—
 I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
 FRIEND;
 So 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 labor's
sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the wind-
ing Streams,

Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy
beams;

A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, checkering 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 vapory 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
trance

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 un-
rest, —

Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardest
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 favoring 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 as-
cend,

And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S
FRIEND!

1835. 1836.

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,
Spares thy mild splendor; 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, unproved, even yet may
trace

Faint traces 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 't is given thee to
disperse.

May sage and simple, catching with one
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, steadfast, and with loftier
scope,

Than thy revival yields, for gladsome
hope!

1835.

1836.

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 honored 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 school-fellows 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 humors 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 labors 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 recompense 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 con-
verse 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 thought-
ful 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,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.

From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields¹

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;

¹ See Note.

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,
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 untrodden 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 threescore 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 chari-
 ties,
 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 — 't is 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, humanizing, hallowing
 powers,
 Whether withheld, or for her sake un-
 sought —
 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 thro' life they
might have been
 In union, in partition only such;
 Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
 High;
 Yet, thro' 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 dis-
 tress,
 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 out-
 ward 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 un-
 known.

1835.

1836.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

These verses were written extempore, immedi-
 ately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shep-
 herd'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 favorably 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 zealous and diligent laborer: 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 labor 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 expeditiously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spoil 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 ménage* ought to be without them. 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 the least 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 adverting to it.

WHEN first, descending from the moor-lands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick 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 steadfast 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,
Had 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 Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.¹

NOVEMBER, 1835.

1836.

UPON SEEING A COLORED 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 6 P.M., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, 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 than 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 I 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 colors, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing
crest

¹ See Note.

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 re-
 pose;

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-wearied 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 prom-
 ised rest

Seeking with indefatigable quest

Above a world that deems itself most wise

When most enslaved by gross realities!

JUNE 23, 1835.

1836.

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. 1835.

“BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED,
 MARY CAME.”

This lady was named Carleton; she, along
 with a sister, was brought up in the neighbor-
 hood 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 *be* 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.

1835.

1835.

SONNETS.

I.

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered
bough,

So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more un-

sightly 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

(Misdemeanor 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.

1835. 1835.

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 discovered 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 formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such was Mr. Walker's conjecture.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the
ground

Upturned with curious pains, the Bard,
a Seer,

Takes fire:—The men that have been
reappear;

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

Hoards 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 suck-
ling Twins

The unlettered ploughboy pities when he
wins

The casual treasure from the furrowed
soil.

1835?

1835.

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, *Wert 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?

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 art 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?

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 descried,
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 strife-furled Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds re-
vealed.

1835?

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 case-
ment drew,

Whence the poor unregarded Favorite,
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? 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 honor, never
yet

"By us with hope encountered, be upset; —
"For once I burst my bands, and cry,
applaud!"

Then whispered she, "The Bill is carry-
ing 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? 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.

1836.

1837.

"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 re-
moved

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.

1837.

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 slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in 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 rugged crags from whose base the water of Vauclose 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.

TO

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! 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 eye, *did* in fact kindle at them, for the lines, "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 Paterdale, and I could not but admire the vigor 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 't is fair,
'T will 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 Seaforth, a lady whose friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged, with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied 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 overlooking 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

reached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: "How can I," replied 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, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. 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 situation: more than once I believe were 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 intercourse 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 neighborhood."

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 suc-

cessively 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 unfrequently 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 endeavors 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 vapor, like a towering cloud, dis-
solved.

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,

AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbor and its namesake — town,
and flood

Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams — the fresh verdure of
this lawn

Strewn with gray rocks, and on the hori-
zon's verge,

O'er intervenient waste, through glimmer-
ing haze,

Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped
hill

With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
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 attired
 With golden blossoms opening at the feet
 Of my own Fairfield. The glad greet-
 ing given,
 Given with a voice and by a look re-
 turned
 Of old companionship, Time counts not
 minutes
 Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar
 fields,
 The local Genius hurries me aloft,
 Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
 With dream-like smoothness, to Hel-
 vellyn's top,
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudi-
 nous,
 (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 moun-
 tain's trunk
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual
 moan
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
 The shepherd struggles with them. On-
 ward thence
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside
 fell,
 And by Glenridding-screes, and low
 Glencoign,
 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
 't is fair,
 'T will 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;
 And more than all, that Eminence which
 showed
 Her splendors, 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 out-
 spread
 To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my
 Soul!

¹ See Note.

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 be-
 quests,
 Failed to reanimate and 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 wander-
 ings, 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 favored 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—'t is 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
 O'er 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 offspring
 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 fret-
 work looked
 O'er the blank Area of sacred earth

Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply
delled

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 aught 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 cloistral
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 splendor unextinguished, pomp un-
scathed,

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 heav-
iest foot

Provokes 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
wreaths

Life's cup when almost filled with years,
like mine

— How lovely robed in forenoon light
and shade,

Each ministering to each, didst thou ap-
pear,

Savona, Queen of territory fair
As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its
length

Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remem-
brance 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 Chiabrera! — 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
verse¹

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,

Honor 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,

¹ See Note.

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

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 as-
signed

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 disdain
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 en-
dures.

O come, if undishonored 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 con-
vened

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 vis-
ion,

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 impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both pre-
pared

To suffer pains with heathen scorn and
hate

Inflicted; — blessèd 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 snatches 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 pitiably 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 Weal
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
ends

Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacher-
ous 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
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may
shed

Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbor-
hood, 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

APRIL, 1837.

1842.

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he
first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species

¹ See Note.

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,
 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.¹

1837.

1842.

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

¹ See Note.

moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind's eye 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, 't were
 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.

1837.

1842.

IV.

AT ROME — REGRETS — IN ALLUSION TO
 NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HIS-
 TORIANS

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 splendors 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.

1837.

1842.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the
same

Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it
came.

Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have
dared

Such deeds to paint, such characters to
frame,

But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest
claim.

None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded
style:

Not in like sort the Runic Scald was
moved;

He, nursed 'mid savage passions that
defile

Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's
riotous Hall.

1837.

1842.

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 Clío 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, whate'er the theme might
be

Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servant how the
lyre

Should animate, but not mislead, the
pen.¹

1837.

1842.

VII.

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 indig-
nation and sorrow expressed by some Italian
noblemen of their acquaintance upon the sur-
render, 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

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!

1837.

1842.

¹ Quem virum — lyra —
— sumes celebrare Clío?

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,

Startling 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.

1837.

1842.

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
Fulfillment; 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.

1837.

1842.

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.

1837.

1842.

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 mouldering energies.
 Yet why prolong this mournful strain? —
 Fallen Power,
 Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might pro-
 voke
 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.
 1837. 1842.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to con-
 flict 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 name¹
 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.
 1837. 1842.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

FOR action born, existing to be tried,
 Powers manifold we have that intervene

¹ Sanguinetto.

To stir the heart that would too closely
 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
 hill and plain
 Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong
 command,
 This spot — his shadowy death-cup in
 his hand.
 1837. 1842.

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25, 1837.

Among a thousand delightful feelings con-
 nected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo,
 there is a personal one which is rather melan-
 choly. 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 com-
 panions 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. Robin-
 son had twice or thrice directed my attention
 to it.

LIST — 't was 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 on,
 We have pursued, through various lands,
 a long

And pleasant course; flower after flower
 has blown,
 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,
 Whate'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 yon
 House, have ceased
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, 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 disci-
 pline,
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and
 works
 By unsought means for gracious purposes;
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by
 changeful earth,
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

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, and 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 aërial 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.
1837. 1842.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came be-
reft,

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 ap-
prove?

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.

1837.

1842.

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with des-
perate flight,

All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labor accomplishes, or patience bears —
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds
perceive

How subtly works man's weakness, sighs
may have

For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
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.¹

1837.

1842.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITTE OR UPPER CONVENT 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?

¹ See Note.

How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,

Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?

Strange contrast! — verily the world of dreams,

Where mingle, as for mockery combined,
Things in their very essence at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes

That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,

Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¹

1837.

1842.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.¹

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embower."²

I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Strangers' 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 one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic 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 prompted 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.

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest
wood

To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered
floor!"

Fond wish that was granted at last, and
the Flood,

That lulled 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-besprent meadows his genius
we trace

Turned to humbler delights, in which
youth might confide,

That would yield him fit help while pre-
figuring that Place

Where, if Sin had not entered, Love
never had died.

¹ See Note.

² See for the two *first lines*, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass."

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 favored 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 realized 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 Eter-
nity flow.

1837.

1842.

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

Upon what evidence the belief rests that this
stone was a favorite seat of Dante, I do not
know; but a man would little consult his own in-

terest 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 honorable 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 com-
edies; and why should they? He was a man
distinguished in his day; and the sequestered
neighborhood 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 favorite seat. A
throne,

In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile

The mind, depressed by thought of great-
ness 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 sate
down,

And, for a moment, filled that empty
Throne.

1837.

1842.

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—in answer to one who had spoken of his being in 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 win
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!”

1837.

1842.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent 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.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair
face,

Hers in whose sway alone my heart de-
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.

1837.

1842.

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 incline
 More readily the more my years require
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

1837.

1842.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN
 THE APENNINES.

The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, 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 invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it 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 ruminates, 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.

1837.

1842.

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 compared,

For whom his toil with early day begins.
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will
 (As if her labor 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 conform:

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.

1837.

1842.

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

I had proof in several instances that the Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their favorers, are opening their eyes to the necessity of patience, and are intent upon spreading knowledge 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.

FAIR 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 withdrew,

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 coloring
 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!

1837.

1842.

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 con-
 flict strong.

1837.

1842.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE
 OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS,
 1837.

I.

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 un-
 knit.

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 Forti-
 tude,

The light of Knowledge, and the warmth
 of Love.

1837.

1842.

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to
 lean

On Patience coupled with such slow en-
 deavor,

That long-lived servitude must last forever.
 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 hastiest 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.

1837.

1842.

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.
1837. 1842.

"WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY
COULD DEFY."

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, 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 everything to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—

Nor discipline nor valor 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. 1837.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs. Luff'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 humors 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. 1842.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star, to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurements 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 presides

In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;

Science advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?

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 sympathize

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. 1838.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY
 MORNING, 1838.

This and the sonnet entitled “The Pillar of Trajan,” p. 721, 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 favors. 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
 morning too,

Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum;
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of sad-
 dening hue,

For victories there won by flower-crowned
 Spring,

Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.
 1838. 1838.

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?
 1838. 1838.

“HARK! ’T IS THE THRUSH,
 UNDAUNTED, UNDEPREST.”

HARK! ’t is the Thrush, undaunted, unde-
 prest,

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.

1838.

“’T IS HE WHOSE YESTER-
 EVENING’S HIGH DISDAIN.”

’T IS He whose yester-evening’s high dis-
 daian

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 deprest, 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 sad-
ness.

1838.

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

Entanglings 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.

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 forever, 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 't is 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!

1838.

1838.

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 honored
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.

1838.

“BLEST STATESMAN HE, WHOSE
MIND’S UNSELFISH WILL.”

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind’s un-
selfish will

Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts :
whose eye

Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho’ assaults run
high,

They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil

Its duties; — prompt to move, but firm to
wait, —

Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely
found;

That, for the functions of an ancient
State —

Strong by her charters, free because im-
bound,

Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate —
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance
unsound.¹

1838.

1838.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have
here

Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn
from spots

Where they bloomed singly, or in scat-
tered knots),

Each kind in several beds of one parterre;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,

And that, so placed, my Nurslings may
requite

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 —

¹ See Note.

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!
1838. 1838.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.

FORTH rushed from Envy sprung and Self-
conceit,

A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,
And through the astonished Island swept
in storm,

Threatening to lay all orders at her feet
That crost her way. Now stoops she to
entreat

License 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 Sutor; frustrate her re-
quest —

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.
1838. 1838.

SONNETS

UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

IN SERIES.²

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 gray towers that
still

Rise up as if to lord it over air —
Might soothe in human breasts the sense
of ill,

² First published in the *Quarterly Review*.

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.

1839.

1841.

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.

1839.

1841.

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 ex-
plored;

He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty, — Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wil-
ful 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.

1839.

1841.

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 Honor's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to with-
stand

In the weak love of life his least command.

1839.

1841.

V.

NOT to the object specially designed,
Howe'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.

1839.

1841.

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 pre-
vent.

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 shedder of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his
own?

1839.

1841.

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 *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And love the end, which all through
peace must seek.

But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to con-
trol

And keep vindictive thirstings 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.

1839.

1841.

VIII.

FIT retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's em-
brace,

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" pre-
vail.

1839.

1841.

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.

1839.

1841.

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 sift
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 jeopardized through foulest
crime:

The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-
born lights."

Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

1839.

1841.

XI.

AH, 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.

1839.

1841.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when re-
morse

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 forever blast.

1839.

1841.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the
sound

Of his own voice, who from the judg-
ment-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!

1839.

1841.

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler
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 labor 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, whatsoe'er the
way

Each takes in this high matter, all may
move

Cheered with the prospect of a brighter
day.

1839.

1841.

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 re-
flection,

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,

1850.

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 for-
lorn

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 thank-
ful tears,

Such as start forth, not seldom, to ap-
prove

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. 1, 1840.*

1850.

POOR ROBIN.¹

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 here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and 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 garland, 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

¹ The small wild *Geranium* known by that name.

assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may without impropriety 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 one desire

Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,

Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how 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
lacking 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 straw-
berry fruit.

But while a thousand pleasures come un-
sought,

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 humor to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names
to show

Bright colors whether they deceive or
no? —

Nay, we would simply praise the free
good-will

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 de-
spised,

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.

1842.

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
War-horse 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

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!

AUG. 31, 1840.

1842.

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 't is 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 birthplace
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, whate'er to common sight
appears,

Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.
1841. 1842.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank sur-
prise

This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;

O, my Belovèd! 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.

1842.

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING
FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN."

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had over-
thrown

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.

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 pleas-
ure'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 steady
fast light,
Love from her depths, and Duty in her
might,
And Faith — these only yield secure relief.

MARCH 8, 1842.

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 excite 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 descant, 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 pre-
pare
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 unsued 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
bowers
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.

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.

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.

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 cannot 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.

1842.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

1842.

I.

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting 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 characterized.

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 unfold?

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.

1842.

1842.

II.

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 favorite 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 splendor, shall we covet 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 steadfast things attune

Calm expectations — leaving to the gay And volatile their love of transient bowers, The house that cannot pass away be ours.

1842.

1842.

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 equalize; And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw

Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

1842.

1842.

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.

1842.

1842.

V.

CONTINUED.

WHO ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill com-
bined,

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 hurri-
cane,

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 com-
mand,

Is to control and check disordered Powers?

1842.

1842.

VI.

CONCLUDED.

LONG-FAVORED 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.

1842.

1842.

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

1842.

1842.

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,

¹ See Notes.

While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circum-
stance.

— 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.

1842.

1842.

THE NORMAN BOY.

The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs. 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.

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 nut 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? airthful 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
livelier 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
favored 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 labor 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 —
recorded 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
't was bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle
eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-
touched, their fancies feed.¹

1842.

1842.

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 neighborhood. 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
Honor ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there
the door

¹ See Note.

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 day-
 light 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-
 wept.

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 bright-
 er, 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 of
 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.

1842.

1842.

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 soli-
 tude 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 re-
 nounced.
 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 con-
 tent.
 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.

1842.

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 steadfast as the rocks; the brook it-
self,

Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motion-
less.

And yet, even now, a little breeze, per-
chance

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 soothe
his thoughts.

1842.

1842.

“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, espy
Shade upon the sunshine lying

Faint and somewhat pensively;
And downward Image gayly 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-
seeching,

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.

1842.

TO THE CLOUDS.

These verses were suggested while I was walk-
ing 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
agoing, and the rest followed almost immediately.

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd 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 mother's lap—and
rest?
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first
mine eyes
Beheld in your impetuous march the like-
ness
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, com-
pares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of
birds
Aërial, 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 jubi-
lant,
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
Poising your splendors high above the
heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen
God?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eager-
ness 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 own 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 bil-
lowy 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
Bends to the favorite 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 Light-
nings!

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.

1842.

"WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD
HAS A FAVORED LOT."

WANSFELL! this Household has a fa-
vored 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

¹ The hill that rises to the south-east, above
Ambleside.

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.

1845.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.²

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 moun-
tains, fans

A flame within them that despises death
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they ad-
vance,

But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
A silver cross encased 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.

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,

² Published in *La Petite Chouannerie*.

Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
 Favor divine, exalting human love;
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northum-
 bria'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 gener-
 ous 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 per-
 turbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he per-
 ceives
 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 DAR-
 LING'S name!

1843.

1845.

"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

¹ Ambleside.

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 re-
 ject)
 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.

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
 Have I received this proof of pains be-
 stowed
 By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
 That, in our native isle, and every land,
 The Church, when trusting in divine com-
 mand
 And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
 O may these lessons be with profit scanned
 To thy heart's wish, thy labor 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.

1845.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE 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 Southey feed upon your precious lore,

To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,

Adding immortal labors of his own — Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal

For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,

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.

DECEMBER, 1843.

1845.

ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Is then no nook of English ground secure From rash assault?¹ Schemes of retirement sown

In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure

¹ The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel to their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of one of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbor of the owner advised him to fell for profit's sake. “Fell it!” exclaimed the

As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,

Must perish; — how can they this blight endure?

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 Orresthead

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.

OCT. 12, 1844.

1845.

“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,

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.

Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call
 on you
 To share the passion of a just disdain.
 1844. 1845.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash
 undoing,
 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 dewes 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 cawing occupants with joy pro-
 claim
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing
 but a name!
 1844. 1845.

“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. 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 succor 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 steadfast 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.

JUNE 6, 1845.

1845.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Laborers to THIS
ground
Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit,
they walk
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard; to grave demeanor 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 reprov'd,
While thus these simple-hearted men are
moved?

JUNE 21, 1845.

1845.

"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.

1845.

1845.

"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.

1845.

1845.

TO A LADY

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD
WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DRAW-
INGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS
IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady! 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 pomps 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.

1845.

“GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER 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.

1845.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

It has been said that the English, though their country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptations to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic 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 met with on the few Commons which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellations, 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 towards those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life with 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 wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round in 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 marvel-
 lous power)

Thus leans, with hanging brow and body
 bent
 Earthward in uncomplaining languish-
 ment

The dying Gladiator. 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 inno-
 cent 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.

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 sum-
mer's guest,

Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When files of staliest 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 imprest
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 thou-
sand 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 feed-
ing,

Called the dejected Lingerer, *Loves lies
bleeding.*

1845.

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.

WOULDEST 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' tem-
pests 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
beguiled,

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 unhopd 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 hum-
blest 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 starry
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 forbear-
ance try,

And those that seek his help, and for his
mercy sigh.

1845.

1845.

“SO FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL
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 de-
light

Would through the clouds break forth on
human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn
thine eye

On earth, air, ocean, or the starry 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.

1845.

1845.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
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
troth! —

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-dishonor black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome
den.

1845.

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
Forever. — 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 pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps re-
trace,

Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

1845.

1845.

"THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF
POESY AFFECT."

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the moun-
tain 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.

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 conserva-
tories, 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 Glendoveers
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.

1845.

1845.

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 be-
 haved —
 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.

1846.

1850.

"WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS
 MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED."

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wis-
 dom'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 labor 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 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.

1846.

1850.

"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 Laborer 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 de-
 mand,

By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
 There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

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 prof-
fered 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 recompense 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.

1850.

"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.

1850.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's hap-
piest 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.

1850.

"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 yon 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.

1846.

1850.

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 lackey 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.

1850.

“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.

1846.

1850.

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
dearth.

Though poor and destitute of friends thou
art,

Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mourn-
ful 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.

1850.

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.

1849.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE
ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAM-
BRIDGE, 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 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 Clare-
 mont's desolate hall.

AIR — (SOPRANO).

Time a checkered 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 steadfast 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.

1847.

1847.

Here, in
To go on
to the
Just
Not in
The
Have
We
Last
And
by
I
The

Al
A
We
The
I

NOTES.

Page 41.

"*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 53.

"*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 208.

"*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 displeasing 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. 672.

Page 209.

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 advan-

tages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for 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 214.

“*To the Daisies.*”

This Poem, and the 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 apaied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour.”

1807.

Page 220.

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 white-

washed; 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 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 parlor. The walls were colored 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 parlor on the left. In the room above the parlor 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 farmhouse. 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 neighborhood 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 233.

"*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. 94; and see (to make up the deficiencies of this class) "The Excursion," *passim*.

Page 239.

"*The Seven Sisters.*"

The Story of this Poem is from the German of FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 252.

"*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 257.

"*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 258.

"*The buzzing 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 263.

After the line, "*Can any mortal clog come to her,*" followed in the MS. an in-

cident 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 389.

"*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."
Shakspeare's Sonnets.

Page 391.

"*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 402.

"*Danger which they fear, and honor
which they understand not.*"

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir P. Sidney.

Page 407.

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 409.

"*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 of 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 anything 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 represented; "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 honors 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 honors 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 neighborhood, 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 honorable 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 409.

"*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 410.

*"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 411.

*"Armor 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 411.

"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 neighborhood, "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 Nortons, 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 gray 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 Simonseat 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 gray 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 horned 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 413.

“*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 413.

“*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 413.

“*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 413.

“*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*l.* According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber.”

Page 415.

“*When Lady Aäliza 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 415.

“*Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door.*”

“At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly 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 Cliffords, seemed to survive.”

Page 415.

“*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 Honors 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 favorable 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 endeavor 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 favorite pursuit with them.

Page 419.

*"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 421.

*"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 421.

"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 Fosse, 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 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 honor of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil'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 425.

*"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 Clif-fords. 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 429.

——— “*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 neighborhood 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 430.

“*In the deep fork of Amerdale.*”

“At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, 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 431.

“*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, “F.N.” for John Norton, and the motto, “*God us ayde.*”

Page 431.

“*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 neighboring 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 neighborhood. 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 436.

"Zaragoza."

In this Sonnet I am under some obligations to one of an Italian author, to which I cannot refer.

Page 469.

"— 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 Cæsar 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 civilizing 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 honorable 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 493.

"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 hâc tellure, verè gratum, et

philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror; cùm ex celsissimâ rupe specularundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hinc æquor cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego faciliè prætulero Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hîc spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hîc elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem 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, coarcvatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum et insanæ rerum strages: quas cùm intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram respiciebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quâ verò mare, horrendum præceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Præterea facies illa marina adeò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo 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 exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomuit.

Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute: sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus

limpidæ aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vicinam vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpens, et per varios mæandros, quasi ad protrahendam vitam, in magno mari absorptus subito periit. 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., Editio secunda.*

Page 504.

"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 there-

fore 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 507.

"*T is, 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 508.

"*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 403.

Page 509.

"*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 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 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

The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as
near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Page 532.

"*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 537.

"*And suffering Nature grieved that one
should die.*"

Southey's Retrospect.

Page 537.

"*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 sympathizing reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.

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: 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 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 *Ælina*, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were

first sung at burials, after engraven 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 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 gayety 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 unfolder 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 monstrosity 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 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 honored 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 birthplace 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 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 cypress in which it is embosomed. Thoughts in the same temper as these have already been expressed with true sensibility by an ingenuous 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 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 humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
'T were brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathized,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decrees 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
'T is 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 favorably 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 analyze 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 equalizing 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 solemnized 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 spiritualizes 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, 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 unaffecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labor 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 "equalizes 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 tranquillizing 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 tombstone. 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 unsubstantialized. 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 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 honorably 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 everlast-

ing 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 honored bones
The labor of an age in pillèd stones,
Or that his hollowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-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 lifelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

Page 538.

“*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 564.

"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 569.

"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 572.

———"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 583.

"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 593.

"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-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 Favorite!

Page 608.

"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 labors could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendor 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 satisfaction, 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 consecration 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 valor 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 irre-

sistibly 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 favorable. 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 honorable 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 honors 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 610.

"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."

LORD BROOKE.

Page 618.

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 Schwartzberg 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 635.

"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 honor to rank among my friends.

Page 645.

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 645.

"Brugès."

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 portray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Brugès, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of the splendor 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. Brugès 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 endeavors 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 Brugès 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 646.

"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 'BECHE DE ROLAND.'" — *Raymond's Pyrenees.*

Page 647.

"Miserere Domine."

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE REMORSE." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 647.

"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 honor of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 648.

"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, 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 characterized 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 649.

"*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 honor which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 653.

"*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 654.

"*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 labor, 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 658.

"*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 660.

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 expedi-

tion, 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 Cæsar, 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 Honor," a Column—which was not completed at the time we were there.

Page 660.

"We mark majestic herds of cattle, free
To ruminatè."

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 661.

"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 661.

—————"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 661.

"Calls me to pace her honored 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 662.

"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; not was there any reason why a prose state-

ment 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 have 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 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’ he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn’s meander,
AND NA’ THINK LANG.”

Page 665.

“There bloomed the strawberry of the
wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapph-
ire 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 azure vault illumines.
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 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 splendor 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 668. 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 Stoneside 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 Seathwaite 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."—*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 favorable 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 gray 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 color, 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 unviolated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. 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-morrows" 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 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 concussion," 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 neighboring 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 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 labor. 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 neighborhood, 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 humor 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 candor and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honor 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*l.*, of which is paid in cash, viz. 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Esq., of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; 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 behavior of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will 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 40*l.* 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 endeavors, 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 favor 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 Sea-thwaite, and the nomination was offered 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 favor 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. Scanty 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 endeavors, 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 behavior, 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 favorable 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 neighboring 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*l.*; 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 labors 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 labor, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the same 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 neighborhood, 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 labors (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 labors 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 neighbors 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 neighbors, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labor. 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 honor 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 endeavored 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 unfavorable, 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 neighbors, 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 neighbors as themselves, and do as they would be done unto — that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labors 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 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 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

¹ Mr. Walker's charity being of that kind which "seeketh not her own," he would rather forego his rights than distract for dues which the parties liable refused, as a point of conscience, to pay.

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 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is 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 unfavorable 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 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, characterized 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 slid 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 Seahwaite. 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 goth year, and even then, the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of gray 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 cure: 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 honor, 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-humored. 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.”

“Honor, 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. Y^e said 9th of May, y^e 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 gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas.”

Page 672.

“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 674.

“Living hill.”

“while the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still.”
DR. DARWIN.

Page 675.

“Ecclesiastical Sonnets.”

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honored 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 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, Jan. 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 676.

“*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 favorite 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 677.

“*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: — “*Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repente arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur.*”

Page 678.

“*Nor wants the cause the panic-striking
aid
Of hallelujahs.*”

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus. — See Bede.

Page 678.

“*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, particularize Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe 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 678. 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 679. Sonnet xv.

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness: — "Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu."

Page 679.

"*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, polluit ac destruxit eas, 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 680.

———— "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 680. 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 aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurbent, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 681.

"*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 682.

— "*pain narrows not his cares.*"

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 682.

"*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 686.

"*Here Man more purely lives,*" etc.

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

Page 689.

"*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 *patis*, 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 690.

"*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 693.

"*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 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.*

Similiar 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 695.

“*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 695.

————— “*craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad.*”

A common device in religious and political conflicts. — See *Strype in support of this instance*

Page 696.

“*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 labored 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 vigor.*”

Page 700.

“*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 adverting 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 701.

*"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 established 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 favorable 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 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, open upon the view. This humble and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 672.

Page 705. 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 706.

"Teaching us to forget them or forgive."

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.

Page 706.

—— *"had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension."*

See Burnet, who is usually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."

Page 707.

*"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 708.

*"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 721.

“*more high the Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed.*”

Here and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 723.

“*Something less than joy but more than
dull content.*”

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 727.

“*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 851. 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 723.

“*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 favorite unmolested.

Page 742.

“*Descending to the worm in charity.*”

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby’s valuable works.

Page 748.

“*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 769.

“*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 whiskey 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 cocks, 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 re-

turning in the boat, ventured to say was ‘bonnier than Løch 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 colors 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 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 Faeryland 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 colors!" —*MS.*

Page 769.

"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, harmonizing 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 unpleasant 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 excluding 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 Banockburn. 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 771.

"*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 Burns'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 neighborhood 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 784.

"*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 rememberable kind: —

'— ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.'

Page 785.

"*By hooded Votaresses,*" 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 786.

"*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 786.

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 neighborhood; 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 neighborhood 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 787.

"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 formalizing 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 790.

"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 791.

"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 791.

"Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!"

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 793.

"On revisiting Dunolly Castle."

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some laborers employed about the place.

Page 795.

"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 favorable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.

Page 795.

"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 795.

"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 797.

"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 neighborhood 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 799.

"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 799.

"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 relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 800.

"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 814.

"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 817.

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 824.

"Although 't is fair,
'T will 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 Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honor of conducting him thither.

Page 827.

"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 441-443.

Page 828.

"Aquapendente."

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 labors 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 829.

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 834.

"Camaldoli."

This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo, (or Rumwald, as our ancestors Saxonized 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; symbolized 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 835.

"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 would 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 835.

"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 them-

selves 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 843.

"All change is perilous, and all chance unsound."

SPENSER.

Page 853.

"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 realized; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the sonnet on page 869 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 856.

"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 endeavored 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.

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

PART I.

Wordsworth wished the Sonnets on Liberty to be held as one Poem. The list of these Sonnets is therefore given below in the order in which Wordsworth printed them, so that they may be read together.

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