









WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

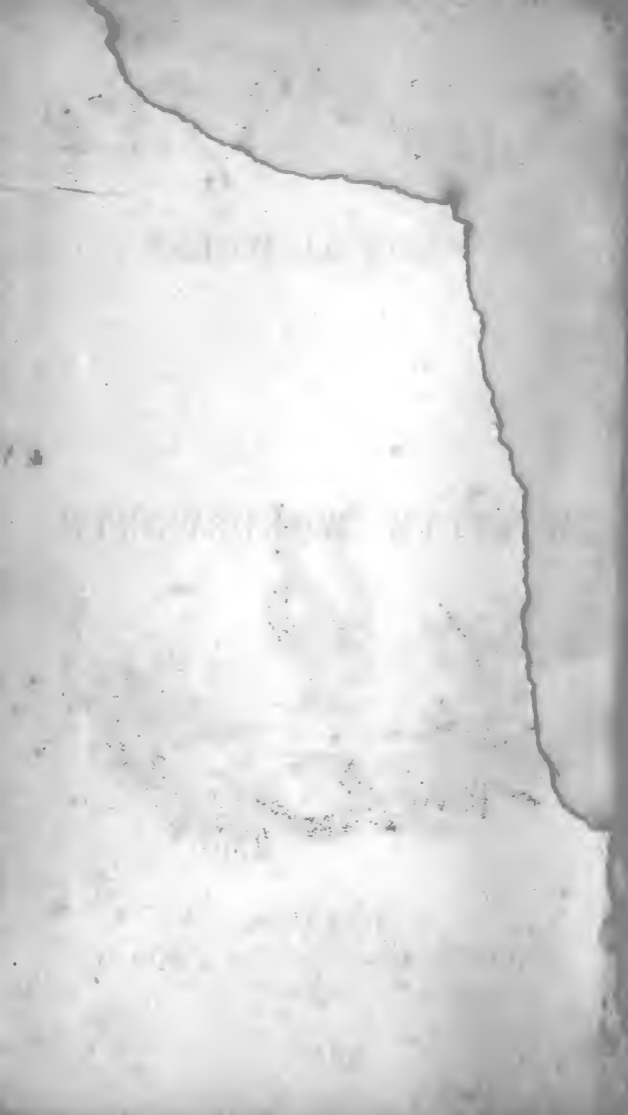


# Poetical Works



BOSTON:

1857.





THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—◆—  
A NEW EDITION.  
—◆—

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**THE EXCURSION:**

**BEING A PORTION OF**

**THE RECLUSE.**

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K. G., &C., &C.

---

OFF, 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.



# THE EXCURSION.

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## P R E F A C E .

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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 exam

ine 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, 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.

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 inter

vention of Characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system ; it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course ; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the meantime the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of *The Recluse*, may be acceptable as a kind of Prospectus of the design and scope of the whole Poem :

“ 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 sooths  
 Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh  
 The good and evil of our mortal state.  
 — To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,  
 Whether from breath of outward circumstance,  
 Or from the Soul — an impulse to herself,  
 I would give utterance in numerous Verse.  
 Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope —  
 And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith ;  
 Of blessed consolations in distress ;  
 Of moral strength, and intellectual Power ;  
 Of joy in widest commonalty spread ;  
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
 Inviolate retirement, subject there  
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
 Of that Intelligence which governs all ;  
 I sing — ‘ fit audience let me find, though few !’  
 “ So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard,  
 Holiest of Men, — 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 composed  
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 proclaims

How exquisitely the individual Mind  
 (And the progressive powers perhaps no less  
 Of the whole species) to the external World  
 Is fitted : — and how exquisitely, too,  
 Theme this but little heard of among Men,  
 The external World is fitted to the Mind ;  
 And the creation (by no lower name  
 Can it be called) which they with blended might  
 Accomplish : — this is our high argument.  
 — Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft  
 Must turn elsewhere — to travel near the tribes  
 And fellowships of men, and see ill sights  
 Madding passions mutually inflamed ;  
 Must he a 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 inspirest  
 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

---

\* Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

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 manners ; — nurse  
My heart in genuine freedom : — All pure thoughts  
Be with me ; — so shall thy unfailing love  
Guide and support, and cheer me to the end ! ”

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

### THE WANDERER.

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#### ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon — The Author reaches a ruined Cottage, upon a Common, and there meets with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whom he gives an account — The Wanderer, while resting under the shade of the trees that surround the Cottage, relates the History of its last Inhabitant.

’TWAS summer, and the sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o’er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;  
Pleasant to him who on the 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. Other lot was mine;  
Yet with good hope that soon I should obtain  
As grateful resting-place, and livelier joy.  
Across a bare wide Common I was toiling  
With languid steps that by the slippery ground  
Were baffled; nor could my weak arm disperse  
The hosts of insects gathering round my face,  
And ever with me as I paced along.

Upon that open level 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  
Him whom 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 meanwhile  
Was hidden from my view, and he remained  
Unrecognised; but, stricken by the sight,  
With slackened footsteps I advanced, and soon  
A glad congratulation we exchanged



At such unthought-of meeting. — For the night  
We parted, nothing willingly; and now  
He by appointment waited for me here  
Beneath the shelter of these clustering elms.

We were tried Friends: amid a pleasant vale,  
In the antique market village where were passed  
My school-days, 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 discourse:  
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 Offspring, 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 perilous days  
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,  
Equipped with satchel, to a School, that stood  
Sole Building on a mountain's dreary edge,  
Remote from view of City spire, or sound  
Of Minster clock! From that bleak Tenement  
He, many an evening, to his distant home  
In solitude returning, saw the Hills  
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone  
Beheld the stars come out above his head,  
And travelled through the wood, with no one near  
To whom he might confess the things he saw.  
So the foundations of his mind were laid.  
In such communion, not from terror free,  
While yet a Child, and long before his time,  
He had perceived the presence and the power  
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed  
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
And color so distinct, that on his mind  
They lay like substances, and almost seemed  
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received  
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 forlorn,  
 And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags,  
 He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,  
 Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
 Or by creative feeling overborne,  
 Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
 Even in their fixed and steady lineaments  
 He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
 Expression ever varying!

Thus informed,

He had small need of books; for many a Tale  
 Traditionary, round the mountains hung,  
 And many a Legend, peopling the dark woods,  
 Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
 And gave the Mind that apprehensive power  
 By which she is made quick to 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-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, 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, beneath him lay  
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched  
 And in their silent faces did 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 desires,  
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart  
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,  
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,  
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired  
Wisdom, which works thro' patience; thence he learr'd,  
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought,  
To look on Nature with a humble heart  
Self-questioned where it did not understand,  
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest Town  
He duly went with what small overplus

His earnings might supply, and brought away  
The Book that most had tempted his desires  
While at the stall he read. Among the hills  
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Song,  
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,  
The annual savings of a toilsome life,  
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that explain  
The purer elements of truth involved  
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,  
(Especially perceived where Nature droops  
And feeling is suppressed,) preserve the mind  
Busy in solitude and poverty.  
These occupations oftentimes deceived  
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,  
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf  
In pensive idleness. What could he do,  
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,  
With blind endeavors? Yet, still uppermost,  
Nature was at his heart, as if he felt,  
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
In all things that from her sweet influence  
Might tend to wean him. Therefore, with her hues,  
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,  
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows  
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,  
Upon its bleak and 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 restraints,  
He now was summoned to select the course  
Of humble industry that promised best  
To yield him no unworthy maintenance.  
Urged by his Mother, he essayed to teach  
A Village school — but wandering thoughts were then



A misery to him; and the Youth resigned  
A task he was unable to perform.

That stern yet kindly Spirit who constrains  
The Savoyard to quit his native 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 bent beneath his load!  
Yet do such Travellers find their own delight;  
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,  
Gained merited respect in simpler times;  
When Squire, and Priest, and they who round them  
dwelt,

In rustic sequestration — all dependent  
Upon the PEDLAR'S toil — supplied their wants,  
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought.  
Not ignorant was the Youth that still no few  
Of his adventurous Countrymen were led  
By perseverance in this track of life  
To competence and ease; — for him it bore  
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,  
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 wretchedness  
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. 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 refreshed  
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,  
Or 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 without remark.  
Active and nervous was his gait ; his limbs  
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.  
Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek  
Into a narrower circle of deep red,  
But had not tamed his eye ; that, under brows  
Shaggy and 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.

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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, " 'Tis," said I, " a burning day ;  
My lips are parched with thirst, but you, it seems,  
Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,  
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb  
The fence where that aspiring shrub looked out  
Upon the public way. It was a plot  
Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds  
Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,  
The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,  
Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems  
In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap  
The broken wall. I looked around, and there,  
Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs  
Joined in a cool, damp nook, espied a Well  
Shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern.  
My thirst I slaked, and from the cheerless 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 yon Spring I stood  
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel  
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond  
Of brotherhood is broken; time has been  
When, every day, the touch of human hand  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
In mortal stillness; and they ministered  
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
To the soft handling of the Elements:  
There let the relic lie — fond thought — vain words  
Forgive them; — never — never did my steps  
Approach this door, but she who dwelt within  
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her  
As my own child. Oh, sir! the good die first,  
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket. Many a Passenger  
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,  
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn  
From that forsaken Spring; and no one came  
But he was welcome; no one went away  
But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,  
The light extinguished of her lonely Hut,  
The Hut itself abandoned to decay,  
And She forgotten in the quiet grave!

“I speak,” continued he, “of One whose stock  
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lowly roof.  
She was a Woman of a steady mind,  
Tender and deep in her excess of love,  
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy

Of her own thoughts: by some especial care  
Her temper had been framed, as if to make  
A Being — who, by adding love to peace,  
Might live on earth a life of happiness.  
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side  
The humble worth that satisfied her heart:  
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal  
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell  
That he was often seated at his loom,  
In summer, ere the Mower was abroad  
Among the dewy grass — in early spring,  
Ere the last Star had vanished. They who passed  
At evening, from behind the garden fence  
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,  
After his daily work, until the light  
Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost  
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent  
In peace and comfort; and a pretty Boy  
Was their best hope — next to the God in Heaven

“Not twenty years ago, — but you I think  
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, — there came  
Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left  
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add  
A worse affliction in the plague of war;  
This happy land was stricken to the heart!  
A Wanderer then among the Cottages  
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw  
The hardships of that season; many rich  
Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;  
And of the poor did many cease to be,  
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged  
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled  
To numerous self-denials, Margaret  
Went struggling on through those calamitous years

With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,  
When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay  
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease  
He lingered long; and when his strength returned  
He found the little he had stored, to meet  
The hour of accident or crippling age,  
Was all consumed. A second Infant now  
Was added to the troubles of a time  
Laden, for them and all of their degree,  
With care and sorrow; shoals of Artisans  
From ill-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 his 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 blended, where he might, 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,  
Without an errand, would direct his steps,



Or wander here and there among the fields.  
 One while he would speak lightly of his Babes,  
 And with a cruel tongue: at other times  
 He tossed them with a false, unnatural joy;  
 And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks  
 Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'  
 Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,  
 'Made my heart bleed.'

At this the Wanderer paused;  
 And, looking up to those enormous Elms,  
 He said, "'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.  
 At this still season of repose and peace,  
 This hour when all things which are not at rest  
 Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies  
 Is filling all the air with melody;  
 Why should a tear be in an Old Man's eye?  
 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! 'Tis a common Tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of Man's life,  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form. But without further bidding  
I will proceed.

“While thus it fared with them,  
To whom this Cottage, till those hapless years,  
Had been a blessed home, it was my chance  
To travel in a Country far remote;  
And when these lofty Elms once more appeared,  
What pleasant expectations lured me on  
O'er the flat Common! With quick step I reached  
The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch;

But, when I entered Margaret looked at me  
A little while; then turned her head away  
Speechless, — and, sitting down upon a chair,  
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,  
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last  
She rose from off her seat, and then, — O Sir!  
I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name:  
With fervent love, and with a face of grief  
Unutterably helpless, and a look  
That seemed to cling upon me, she 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  
Which placed it there: and ere that day was ended,  
That long and anxious day! I learned from One  
Sent hither by my Husband to impart  
The heavy news, — that he had joined a Troop  
Of Soldiers, going to a distant Land.  
— He left me thus — he could not gather heart  
To take a farewell of me; for he feared  
That I should follow with my Babes, and sink  
Beneath the misery of that wandering Life.’

“This Tale did Margaret tell with many tears.  
And, when she ended, I had little power  
To give her comfort, and was glad to take  
Such words of hope from her own mouth as served  
To cheer us both:—but long we had not talked  
Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,  
And with a brighter eye she looked around,  
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.  
We parted.—’Twas the time of early spring;  
I left her busy with her garden tools;  
And well remember, o’er that fence she looked,  
And, while I paced along the foot-way path,  
Called out, and sent a blessing after me,  
With tender cheerfulness; and with a voice  
That seemed the very sound of happy thoughts.

“I roved o’er many a hill and many a dale,  
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,  
Through many a wood, and many an open ground,  
(In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,  
Drooping or blithe of heart, as might befall;  
My best companions now the driving winds,  
And now the ‘trotting brooks’ and whispering trees,  
And now the music of my own sad steps,  
With many a short-lived thought that passed between,  
And disappeared. I journeyed back this way,  
When, in the warmth of Midsummer, the wheat  
Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,  
Springing afresh, had o’er the hay-field spread  
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,  
I 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 lines, and straggled o'er  
The 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 pease,  
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 observed  
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 were downward 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 received;  
 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  
 Methought she did not thank me.

“I returned,  
 And took my rounds along this road again  
 Ere 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  
Bespake 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 its Mother caught the trick of grief,  
And sighed among its playthings. Once again  
I turned towards the garden gate, and saw  
More plainly still, that poverty and grief  
Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced  
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass:  
No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,  
No winter greenness; of her herbs and flowers,  
It seemed the better part were 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.’ Towards the House  
Together we returned; and 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, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask  
For him whom she had lost. We parted then—  
Our final parting for, from that time forth,  
Did many seasons pass ere I returned  
Into this tract again.

“Nine tedious years;  
From their first separation, nine long years;  
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;  
A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been  
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend  
That in yon 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 soldier's red,  
Or crippled Mendicant in Sailor's garb,  
The little Child who sate to turn the wheel  
Ceased from his task; and she with faltering voice  
Made many a fond 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  
Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived  
Through the long winter, reckless and alone;  
Until her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,  
Was sapped; and while she slept, the nightly damps  
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day  
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,  
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still  
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds  
Have parted hence: and still that length of road,  
And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,  
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my Friend,  
In sickness she remained; and here she died,  
Last human tenant of these ruined Walls."

The Old Man ceased: he saw that I was moved.  
From that low Bench, rising instinctively,

I turned aside in weakness, nor had power  
To thank him for the Tale which he had told.  
I stood, and leaning o'er the Garden wall,  
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and it seemed  
To comfort me while with a Brother's love  
I blessed her—in the impotence of grief.  
At length towards the Cottage I returned  
Fondly,—and traced, with 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:  
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer 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, did to my heart convey  
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  
The passing shows of Being leave behind,  
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live  
Where meditation was. 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.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE SECOND.

### THE SOLITARY.

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#### 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 — Feelings of the Author at the sight of it — 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 — Brief conversation — The Cottage entered — Description of the Solitary's apartment — Repast there — View from the window of two mountain summits — and the Solitary's description of the 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 — Quit 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 impassioned thoughts  
From his long journeyings and eventful life,  
Than this obscure Itinerant had skill  
To gather, ranging through the tainer 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 pursued  
Our journey—beneath 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 regard  
Accompanied those strains of apt discourse

Which Nature's various objects might inspire ;  
And in the silence of his face I read  
His overflowing spirit. ' Birds and beasts  
And the mute fish that glances in the stream  
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,  
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,  
The fowl domestic, and the household dog,  
In his capacious mind — he loved them all ;  
Their rights acknowledging, he felt for all.  
Oft was occasion given me to perceive  
How the calm pleasures of the pasturing Herd  
To happy contemplation soothed his walk ;  
How the poor Brute's condition, forced to run  
Its course of suffering in the public road, —  
Sad contrast ! all too often smote his heart  
With unavailing pity. Rich in love  
And sweet humanity, he was, himself,  
To the degree that he desired, beloved.  
— Greetings and smiles we met with all day long,  
From faces that he knew ; we took our seats  
By many a cottage hearth, where he received  
The welcome of an Inmate come from far.  
— 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 disputes  
With his own mind, unable to subdue  
Impatience, through inaptness to perceive  
General distress in his particular lot ;  
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain  
Struggling against it, with a soul perplexed,  
And finding in himself no steady power  
To draw the line of comfort that divides  
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,  
From the injustice of our brother men ;

To Him appeal was made, as to a judge,  
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed  
The perturbation; listened to the plea;  
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave  
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard  
With softened spirit—even when it condemned.  
Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,  
Now as his choice directed, now as mine;  
Or both, with equal readiness of will,  
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze  
Of accident. But when the rising sun  
Had three times called us to renew our walk,  
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,  
As if the thought were but a moment old,  
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.  
We started—and he led towards the hills,  
Up through an ample vale, with higher hills  
Before us, mountains stern and desolate;  
But, in the majesty of distance, now  
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair  
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,  
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The Wealthy, the Luxurious, by the stress  
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,  
May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs  
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise  
From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;  
And They, if blest with health and hearts at ease,  
Shall lack not their enjoyment—but how faint  
Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,  
Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all  
That we beheld; and lend the listening sense  
To every grateful sound of earth and air;  
Pausing at will—our spirits braced, our thoughts



Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,  
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

Mount slowly, Sun! that we may journey long,  
By this dark hill protected from thy beams!  
Such is the summer Pilgrim's frequent wish;  
But quickly from among our morning thoughts  
'Twas chased away: for, toward the western side  
Of the broad Vale, casting a casual glance,  
We saw a throng of People;—wherefore met?  
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 and reprove  
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boons  
Of merriment a parti 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  
Here would I linger and 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 contend;  
 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?  
 We must proceed — a length of journey yet  
 Remains untraced." Then, pointing with his staff  
 Raised toward those craggy summits, his intent  
 He thus imparted.

"In a spot that lies  
 Among yon mountain fastnesses concealed,  
 You will receive, before the hour of noon,  
 Good recompense, I hope, for this day's 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 full their joy,  
 How free their love ! nor did that love decay,  
 Nor joy abate, till — pitiable doom !  
 In the short course of one undreaded year,  
 Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'erthrew  
 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  
 By pain to turn his thoughts towards the grave,  
 And face 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, doubled-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 renounced.  
And every day and every place enjoyed  
The unshackled Layman's natural liberty;  
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.  
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 — he still retained  
'Mid such abasement, what he had received  
From nature — an intense and glowing mind.  
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty grew weak,  
And mortal sickness on her face appeared,  
He 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 in a tossing sea.

“The glory of the times fading away,  
The splendor which had given a festal air  
To self-importance, hallowed it, and veiled  
From his own sight, — this gone, he forfeited  
All joy in human nature; was consumed,  
And vexed, and chafed, by levity and scorn,  
And fruitless indignation; galled by pride;  
Made desperate by contempt of Men who 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 every chance,  
 Among these rugged hills; where now he dwells,  
 And wastes the sad remainder of his hours  
 In self-indulging spleen, that doth not want  
 Its own voluptuousness; — on this resolved,  
 With this content, that he will live and die  
 Forgotten, — at safe distance from a 'world  
Not moving to his mind.'”

These serious words

Closed the preparatory notices  
 That served my Fellow-traveller to beguile  
 The way, while we advanced up that wide Vale.  
 Diverging now (as if his quest had been  
 Some secret of the Mountains, Cavern, Fall  
 Of water — or some boastful 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 tumultous 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 neighboring 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 requires.  
 — In rugged arms how soft it seems to lie,  
 How tenderly protected! Far and near  
 We have an image of the pristine earth,  
 The planet in its nakedness; were this  
 Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,  
 First, last, and single in the breathing world.  
 It could not be more quiet: peace is here  
 Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale  
 Of public news or private; years that pass  
 Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay  
 The common penalties of mortal life,  
 Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent I lay  
 In silence musing by my Comrade's side,



He also silent: when, from out the heart  
 Of that profound Abyss a solemn Voice,  
 Or several voices in one solemn sound,  
 Was heard — ascending: mournful, deep, and slow  
 The Cadence, as of Psalms — a funeral dirge!  
 We listened, looking down upon the Hut,  
 But seeing no one: meanwhile from below  
 The strain continued, spiritual as before;  
 And now distinctly could I recognise  
 These words: — “*Shall in the Grave thy love be known,  
 In Death thy faithfulness?*” — “God rest his soul!”  
 The Wanderer cried, 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 sly 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, upon 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, sheep-foldwise,  
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 ornaments 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 parti-colored earthen ware  
Aptly disposed, had lent its help to raise  
One of those petty structures. “Gracious Heaven.”  
The Wanderer cried, “it cannot but be his,  
And he is gone!” The Book, which in my hand  
Had opened of itself, (for it was swoln

With searching damp, and seemingly had lain  
 To the injurious elements exposed  
 From week to week,) I found to be a work  
 In the French Tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,  
 His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!"  
 Exclaimed my Friend: "here, then, has been to him  
 Retreat within retreat, a sheltering place  
 Within how deep a shelter! He had fits,  
 Even to the last, of genuine tenderness,  
 And loved the haunts of children: here, no doubt,  
 Pleasing and pleased, he shared their simple sports,  
 Or sate companionless; and here the Book,  
 Left and forgotten in his careless way,  
 Must by the Cottage Children have been found:  
 Heaven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!  
 To what odd purpose have the Darlings turned  
 This sad Memorial of their hapless Friend!"

"Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find  
 Such Book in such a place!" "A Book it is,"  
 He answered, "to the Person suited well,  
 Though little suited to surrounding things;  
 'Tis strange, I grant; and stranger still had been  
 To see the Man who owned it, dwelling here,  
 With one poor Shepherd, far from all the world!  
 Now, if our errand hath been thrown away,  
 As from these intimations I forebode,  
 Grieved shal. 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 relic, 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 tall and meagre person, 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 lea 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: the sickness from his face  
Passed like a fancy that is swept away;  
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 much of what had vanished was returned,  
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 why; — but he, perchance, this day  
Is shedding Orphan's tears; and you yourself

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 any where, but in a place like this  
 'Tis more than human! Many precious rites  
 And customs of our rural ancestry  
 Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,  
 Will last for ever. Often have I stopped  
 When on my way, I could not choose but stop,  
 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, to its home,  
 Its final home in 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 unuplifted heads,  
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,  
 And that most awful scripture which declares  
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!  
 — Have I not seen? — Ye likewise may have seen —  
 Son, Husband, Brothers — Brothers side by side,  
 And Son and Father also side by side —  
 Rise from that posture; and in concert move,  
 On the green turf following the vested Priest,  
 Four dear Supporters of one senseless Weight,  
 From which they do not shrink, and under which  
 They faint not, but advance towards the grave  
 Step after step — together, with their firm  
 Unhidden faces; he that suffers most,  
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,  
 The most serene, with most undaunted eye!  
 Oh! blest are they who live and die like these,  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!

“That poor Man taken hence to-day,” replied  
 The Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile  
 Which did not please me, “must be deemed, I fear  
 Of the unblest; for he will surely sink  
 Into his mother earth without such pomp  
 Of grief, depart without occasion given  
 By him for such array of fortitude.  
 Full seventy winters hath he lived, and mark!  
 This simple Child will mourn his one short hour  
 And I shall miss him; scanty tribute! yet,  
 This wanting, he would leave the sight of men,  
 If love were his sole claim upon their care,  
 Like a ripe date which in the desert falls  
 Without a hand to gather it.” At this  
 I interposed, though loth to speak, and said.  
 “Can it be thus, among so small a band

As ye must needs be here? In such a place  
 I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight  
 Of a departing cloud!" "Twas not for love,"  
 Answered the sick man with a careless voice,  
 "That I came hither; neither have I found  
 Among Associates who have power of speech,  
 Nor in such other converse as is here,  
 Temptation so prevailing as to change  
 That mood, or undermine my first resolve."  
 Then, speaking in like careless sort, he said  
 To my benign Companion, — "Pity 'tis  
 That fortune did not guide you to this house  
 A few days earlier; then would you have seen  
 What stuff the Dwellers in a Solitude,  
 That seems by Nature hollowed out to be  
 The seat and bosom of pure innocence,  
 Are made of; — an ungracious matter this!  
 Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too  
 Of past discussions with this zealous Friend  
 And Advocate of humble life, I now  
 Will force upon his notice; undeterred  
 By the example of his own pure course,  
 And that respect and deference which a Soul  
 May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched  
 In what she values most — the love of God  
 And his frail creature man; — but ye shall hear -  
 I talk, and ye are standing in the sun,  
 Without refreshment!"

Saying this, he led  
 Towards 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; and the solitary clock  
Ticked, as I thought, with melancholy 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 gaily, "This is my domain, my cell,  
My hermitage, my cabin, — what you will —  
I love it better than a snail his house.  
But now Ye shall be feasted with our best."  
So, with more 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 around 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 load  
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 sate  
 Tronching 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 Rhapsody,  
 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 mankind,  
 As to your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed,  
 When ye looked down upon us from the crag;  
 Islanders of a stormy mountain sea —  
 We are not so; — perpetually we touch  
 Upon the vulgar ordinance of the world,  
 And he, whom this our Cottage hath to-day  
 Relinquished, lived dependent for his bread  
 Upon the laws of public charity.  
 The Housewife, tempted by such slender gains  
 As might from that occasion be distilled  
 Opened, as she before had done for me.

Her doors to admit this homeless Pensioner;  
The portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare  
Which appetite required — a blind dull nook  
Such as she had — the *kennel* of his rest!  
This, in itself not ill, would yet have been  
Ill borne in earlier life; but his was now  
The still contentedness of seventy years.  
Calm did he sit beneath the wide-spread tree  
Of his old age; and yet less calm and meek,  
Willingly 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 Haymakers, 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 peaceably,  
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 the Shepherds homeward 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 disclosed,  
Was of a mighty City — boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous 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, whereunto  
The vapors had receded, taking there  
Their station under a cerulean sky.  
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!  
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,  
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
Molten together, and composing thus,  
Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.  
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared  
Of open court, an object like a throne  
Beneath 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.  
Below me was the earth; this little Vale  
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible —  
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.  
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode  
Of spirits in beatitude: my heart  
Swelled in my breast. 'I have been dead,' I cried.  
'And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?'  
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!  
— But I forget our Charge, as utterly  
I then forgot him: — there I stood and gazed;  
The apparition faded not away,  
And I descended. Having reached the House,  
I found its rescued Inmate safely lodged,  
And in serene possession of himself,

Beside a genial fire, that seemed to spread  
A gleam of comfort o'er 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 received  
No harm, and uncomplaining as before  
Went through his usual tasks, a silent change  
Soon showed itself; he lingered three short weeks;  
And from the Cottage hath been borne to-day.

“So ends my dolorous Tale, and glad I am  
That it is ended.” At these words he turned,  
And, with blithe air of open fellowship,  
Brought from the Cupboard wine and stouter cheer,  
Like one who would be merry. Seeing this,  
My 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.



# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE 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 re-proved—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length—His domestic felicity—afflictions—dejection—Roused by the French Revolution—Disappointment and disgust—Voyage to America—Disappointment and disgust pursue him—His return—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A HUMMING Bee — a little tinkling Rill —  
A pair of Falcons, wheeling on the wing,  
In clamorous agitation, round the crest  
Of a tall rock, their airy Citadel —  
By each and all of these the pensive ear  
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,  
When through the Cottage threshold we had passed,  
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 delight?”  
So saying, 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,  
A place of refuge seeking at the root  
Of yon black Yew-tree; whose protruded boughs  
Darken the silver bosom of the crag,  
From which she draws her meagre sustenance.  
There in commodious shelter may we rest.  
Or let us trace this Streamlet to his 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 disjoined, 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 belongs  
To lonely Nature's casual work; they bear  
A semblance strange of power intelligent,  
And of design not wholly worn away.  
Boldest of plants that ever faced the wind,  
How gracefully that slender Shrub looks forth  
From its fantastic birth-place! And I own,  
Some shadowy intimations haunt me here,  
That in these shows a chronicle survives  
Of purposes akin to those of Man,  
But wrought with mightier arm than now prevails  
—Voiceless the Stream descends into the gulf  
With timid lapse;—and lo! while in this Strait  
I stand—the chasm of sky above my head  
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no domain  
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,  
Or to pass through, but rather an Abyss  
In which the everlasting Stars abide;  
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth might tempt  
The curious eye to look for them by day.  
—Hail Contemplation! from the stately towers,  
Reared by the industrious hand of human art  
To lift thee high above the misty air  
And turbulence of murmuring cities vast;  
From academic groves, that have for thee  
Been planted, hither come and find a Lodge  
To which thou mayest resort for holier peace,—  
From whose calm centre, Thou, through height or depth,  
Mayest penetrate, wherever Truth shall lead:  
Measuring through all degrees, until the scale  
Of Time and conscious Nature disappear  
Lost in unsearchable Eternity!”

A pause ensued; and with minuter care  
 We scanned the various features of the scene:  
 And soon the Tenant of that lonely Vale  
 With courteous Voice thus spake —

“I should have grieved  
 Hereafter, not escaping self-reproach,  
 If from my poor Retirement ye had gone  
 Leaving this Nook unvisited; but, in sooth,  
 Your unexpected presence had so roused  
 My spirits, that they were bent on enterprise;  
 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 shrill-voiced whirlwind, round and round  
Eddying within its vast circumference,  
On Sarum's naked plain;—than pyramid  
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved;  
Or Syria's marble Ruins towering high  
Above the sandy Desert, in the light  
Of sun or moon. Forgive me, if I say  
That an appearance which hath raised your minds  
To an exalted pitch, (the self-same cause  
Different effect producing,) is for me  
Fraught rather with depression than delight,  
Though shame it were, could I not look around,  
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.  
Yet happier in my judgment, even than you,  
With your bright transports, fairly may be deemed,  
The wandering Herbalist, — who, clear alike  
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing thoughts,  
Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,  
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard  
Of transitory interest, and peeps round  
For some rare Floweret of the hills, or Plant  
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for wins,  
Or learns, at least, that 'tis not to be won:  
Then, keen and eager as a fine-nosed Hound  
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along  
Through wood or open field, the harmless Man  
Departs, intent upon his onward quest!  
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,  
Less to be envied, (you may trace him 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 or prominent stone disguised,  
In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature

With her first growths — detaching by the stroke  
 A chip or splinter — to resolve his doubts;  
 And, with that ready answer satisfied,  
 The substance classes by some barbarous name,  
 And hurries on; or from the fragments picks  
 His specimen, if haply interveined  
 With sparkling minera, or should crystal cube  
 Lurk in its cells — and thinks himself enriched,  
 Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!  
 Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,  
 Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill  
 Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime  
 The mind is full — no pain is in their sport."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is near,  
 Who cannot but possess in your esteem  
 Place worthier still of envy. May I name,  
 Without offence, that fair-faced Cottage-boy?  
 Dame Nature's Pupil of the lowest Form,  
 Youngest Apprentice in the School of Art  
 Him, as we entered from the open Glen,  
 You might have noticed, busily engaged,  
 Heart, soul, and hands, — in mending the defects  
 Left in the fabric of a leaky dam,  
 Raised for enabling this penurious stream  
 To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)  
 For his delight — the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the desponding 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 nowhere  
 A habitation, for consummate good.  
 Nor for progressive virtue, by the search  
 Can be attained — a better sanctuary  
 From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?"

"Is this," the gray-haired Wanderer mildly said,  
 "The voice, which we so lately overheard,  
 To that same Child addressing tenderly  
 The Consolations of a hopeful mind?  
 'His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.'  
 These were your words; and, verily, methinks  
 Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop  
 Than when we soar!"

The Other, not displeased,  
 Promptly replied — "My notion is the same.  
 And I, without reluctance, could decline  
 All act of Inquisition whence we rise,  
 And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become  
 Here are we, in a bright and breathing World —  
 Our Origin, what matters it? In lack  
 Of worthier explanation, say at once,  
 With the American, (a thought which suits  
 The place where now we stand,) that certain Men  
 Leapt out together from a rocky Cave;  
 And these were the first Parents of Mankind!  
 Or, if a different image be recalled  
 By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice



Of insects, chirping out their careless lives  
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,  
Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit  
As sound — blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked  
With golden Grasshoppers, in sign that they  
Had sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil  
Whereon their endless generations dwelt.  
But stop! — these theoretic fancies jar  
On serious minds; then, as the Hindoos draw  
Their holy Ganges from a skyey 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  
Irksome 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 appeared,  
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 be 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,  
Thus I exclaimed, ‘ no sadness sheds on 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 — compared  
 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  
 The world-excluding groves, the Brotherhood

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 approach  
 Of admiration, and all sense of joy?”

His Countenance gave notice that my zeal  
 Accorded little with his present mind;  
 I ceased, and he resumed: — “Ah! gentle Sir,  
 Slight, if you will, the *means*; but spare to slight  
 The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,  
 As the prime object of a wise Man’s aim, —  
 Security from shock of accident,  
 Release from fear; and cherished peaceful days  
 For their own sakes, as mortal life’s chief good,  
 And only reasonable felicity.  
 What motive drew, what impulse, I would ask,  
 Through a long course of later ages, 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 unreturned,  
 Love with despair, or grief in agony;  
 Not always from intolerable pangs  
 He fled; but, compassed round by pleasure, sighed  
 For independent happiness; craving peace,

The central feeling of all happiness,  
 Not as a refuge from distress or pain,  
 A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce.  
 But for its absolute self; a life of peace.  
 Stability without regret or fear;  
 That hath been, is, and shall be evermore  
 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  
 Aerial, or in green secluded Vale,  
 One after one, collected from afar,  
 An undissolving Fellowship? — What but this,  
 The universal instinct of repose,  
 The longing for confirmed tranquillity,  
 Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime.  
 The life where hope and memory are as one,  
 Earth quiet and unchanged; the human Soul  
 Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed  
 To meditation in that quietness!  
 Such was their scheme: — thrice happy he who gained  
 The end proposed! And, — though the same were  
     missed  
 By multitudes, perhaps obtained by none, —  
 They, for the attempt, and for the pains employed,  
 Do, in my present censure, stand redeemed  
 From the unqualified disdain that once  
 Would have been cast upon them, by my Voice  
 Delivering her decisions from the seat  
 Of forward Youth — that scruples not to solve  
 Doubts, and determine questions, by the rules  
 Of inexperienced judgment, ever prone

To overweening faith; and is inflamed,  
 By courage, to demand from real life  
 The test of act and suffering — to provoke  
 Hostility, how dreadful when it comes,  
 Whether affliction be the foe, or guilt!

“A Child of earth, I rested, in that stage  
 Of my past course to which these thoughts advert,  
 Upon earth's native energies; forgetting  
 That mine was a condition which required  
 Nor energy, nor fortitude — a calm  
 Without vicissitude; which, if the like  
 Had been presented to my view elsewhere,  
 I might have even been tempted to despise.  
 But that which was serene was also bright;  
 Enlivened happiness with joy o'erflowing,  
 With joy, and — oh! that memory should survive  
 To speak the word — with rapture! Nature's boon,  
 Life's genuine inspiration, happiness  
 Above what rules can teach, or fancy feign;  
 Abused, as all possessions are abused  
 That are not prized according to their worth.  
 And yet, what worth? what good is given to Men  
 More solid than the gilded clouds of heaven?  
 What joy more lasting than a vernal flower?  
 None! 'tis the general plaint of human-kind  
 In solitude, and mutually addressed  
 From each to all, for wisdom's sake — this truth  
 The Priest announces from his holy seat;  
 And, crowned with garlands in the summer grove,  
 The Poet fits it to his pensive lyre.  
 Yet, ere that final resting place be gained,  
 Sharp contradictions may arise by doom  
 Of this same life, compelling us to grieve  
 That the prosperities of love and joy

Should be permitted oft-times, to endure  
 So long, and be at once cast down for ever.  
 Oh! tremble, Ye, to whom hath been assigned  
 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  
 On 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 sericus eye, and thus his speech renewed:--

“You never saw, your eyes did never look  
 On the bright Form of Her whom once I loved  
 Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,

A sound unknown to you; else, 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;  
 I would not yet be of such wintry barrenness  
 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 neighborhood,  
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 Wanderer's, we beheld  
The shining Giver of the Day diffuse  
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and land  
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires,  
As our enjoyments, boundless. From those Heights  
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan 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.'

“But 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 addressed  
To an Authority enthroned above  
The reach of sight; from whom, as from their source  
Proceed all visible ministers of good  
That walk the earth — Father of heaven and earth,  
Father, and King, and Judge, adored and feared!  
These acts of mind, and memory, and heart,  
And spirit — interrupted and relieved  
By observations transient as the glance  
Of flying sunbeams, or to the outward form  
Cleaving with power inherent and intense,  
As the mute insect fixed upon the plant  
On whose soft leaves it hangs, and from whose cup  
Draws imperceptibly its nourishment —  
Endeared my wanderings; and the Mother's kiss  
And Infant's smile awaited my return.

“In privacy we dwelt — a wedded pair —  
Companions daily, often all day long;

Not placed by fortune within easy reach  
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught  
Beyond the allowance of our own fire-side,  
The Twain within our happy cottage born,  
Inmates, and heirs of our united love ;  
Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
By the endearing names of nature bound,  
And with no wider interval of time  
Between their several births than served for One  
To establish something of a leader's sway ;  
Yet left them joined by sympathy in age ;  
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.  
On these two pillars rested as in air  
Our solitude.

“It soothes me to perceive,  
Your courtesy withholds not from my words  
Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle Friends,  
As times of quiet and unbroken peace  
Though, for a Nation, times of blessedness,  
Give back faint echoes from the Historian's page ;  
So, in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,  
Depressed I hear, how faithless is the voice  
Which those most blissful days reverberate.  
What special record can, or need, be given  
To rules and habits, whereby much was done,  
But all within the sphere of little things,  
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,  
And precious interests? Smoothly did our life  
Advance, not swerving from the path prescribed.  
Her annual, her diurnal round alike  
Maintained with faithful care. And you divine  
The worst effects that our condition saw,  
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,  
And in their progress imperceptible ;

Not wished for, sometimes noticed with a sigh,  
(Whate'er of good or lovely they might bring)  
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good,  
And loveliness endeared — which they removed.

“Seven years of occupation undisturbed  
Established seemingly a right to hold  
That happiness; and use and habit gave  
To what an alien spirit had acquired  
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,  
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,  
I lived and breathed; most grateful, if to enjoy  
Without repining or desire for more  
For different lot, or change to higher sphere  
(Only except some impulses of pride  
With no determined object, though upheld  
By theories with suitable support)  
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy  
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;  
Else, I allow, most thankless. But, at once,  
From some dark seat of fatal Power was urged  
A claim that shattered all. Our blooming Girl,  
Caught in the gripe of Death, with such brief time  
To struggle in as scarcely would allow  
Her cheek to change its color, was conveyed  
From us to regions inaccessible,  
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach  
Of living Man, though longing to pursue.  
— With even as brief a warning — and how soon,  
With what short interval of time between,  
I tremble yet to think of — our last prop,  
Our happy life's only remaining stay —  
The Brother followed; and was seen no more!

“Calm as a frozen Lake when ruthless Winds

Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,  
The Mother now remained; as if in her,  
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,  
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,  
This second visitation had no power  
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;  
And to establish thankfulness of heart  
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.  
The eminence on which 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 gratitude,  
And, with a holier love inspired, I looked  
On her — at once superior to my woes,  
And Partner of my loss. O, heavy change!  
Dimness o'er this clear Luminary crept  
Insensibly; — the immortal and divine  
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure Glory,  
As from the pinnacle of worldly state  
Wretched Ambition drops 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 o'erthrown  
 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 rebounded;  
 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 common kind’

“Thus was I reconverted to the world;  
 Society became my glittering Bride,  
 And airy hopes my Children! From the depths  
 Of natural passion seemingly escaped,  
 My soul diffused herself in wide embrace  
 Of institutions, and the forms of things,  
 As they exist, in mutable array,  
 Upon life’s surface. What, though in my veins  
 There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I breathed  
 The air of France,—not less than Gallic 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 uninvoked; and, in still groves,  
 Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay  
 Of thanks and expectation, in accord  
 With their belief, I sang Saturnian Rule  
 Returned — a progeny of golden years  
 Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.  
 — With promises the Hebrew Scriptures seem:  
 I felt the 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, outdone,  
 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  
Whate'er Abstraction furnished for my needs  
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,  
And propagate, by liberty of life,  
Those new persuasions. Not that I rejoiced,  
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 sometimes drew  
From my unguarded heart. The tranquil shores  
Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhaps,  
I might have been entangled among deeds,  
Which, now, as infamous, I should abhor —  
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relished  
Strangely the exasperation of that Land,  
Which turned an angry beak against the 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 thoughtless crew;  
And who among them but an Exile, freed  
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit  
Among the busily-employed, not more  
With obligation charged, with service taxed,  
Than the loose pendant, to the idle wind  
Upon the tall mast streaming;—but, ye Powers  
Of soul and sense—mysteriously allied,  
O, never let the Wretched, if a choice  
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress  
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 refused  
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!  
How promising the Breeze! Can aught produced  
In the old World compare, thought I, for power,  
And majesty with this gigantic Stream,  
Sprung from the Desert? And behold a City  
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these  
To me, or I to them? As much at least  
As He desires that they should be, whom winds  
And waves have wafted to this distant shore.

In the condition of a damaged seed,  
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.  
Here may I roam at large; — my business is  
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel;  
And, therefore, not to act — convinced that all  
Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er  
Beginning, ends in servitude — still painful,  
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,  
On nearer view, a motley spectacle  
Appeared, of high pretensions — unreproved  
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 quickliest 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 encroaching axe,  
Or soil endured a transfer in the mart  
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,  
Primeval Nature's Child. A Creature weak  
In combination, (wherefore else driven back  
So far, and of his old inheritance  
So easily deprived? but, for that cause,  
More dignified, and stronger in himself;

Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.  
True, the Intelligence of social Art  
Hath overpowered his Forefathers, and soon  
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;  
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
Than her destructive energies, attend  
His Independence, when along the side  
Of Mississippi, or that Northern Stream  
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;  
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life  
And his innate capacities of soul,  
There imaged: or, when having gained the top  
Of some commanding Eminence, which yet  
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
Regions of wood and wide Savannah, vast  
Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees  
Free as the Sun, and lonely as the Sun,  
Pouring above his head its radiance down  
Upon a living and rejoicing World!

“So, westward, toward 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 greatness,  
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 cannot find; what I myself 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 conceive  
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, and rocks, 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, a 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 be again encountered. Such a stream  
Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares  
In the best quiet to its 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!"

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE FOURTH.

### DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

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#### ARGUMENT.

State of feeling produced by the foregoing Narrative—A belief in a superintending Providence the only adequate support under affliction—Wanderer's ejaculation—Account of his own devotional feelings in youth involved—Acknowledges the difficulty of a lively faith—Hence immoderate sorrow—Doubt or despondence not therefore to be inferred—Consolation to the Solitary—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—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 presumptive littleness of certain modern Philosophers—Recommends other lights and guides—Asserts the power of the Soul to regenerate herself—Soli-

tary asks how — Reply — Personal appeal — Happy that the imagination and the affections mitigate the evils of that intellectual slavery which the calculating understanding is apt to produce — 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 doubtless yielding some relief to his,  
 While we sate listening with compassion due.  
 Such pity yet surviving, with firm 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 every where — as One  
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,  
From childhood up, the ways of poverty;  
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
And from debasement rescued. By thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched;  
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers  
From Paradise transplanted; wintry age  
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;  
And, if they 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 replied,  
Answering the question which himself had asked,  
“Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
And Passions hold a fluctuating seat:  
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
Duty exists;—immutably survive,  
For our support, the measures and the forms,  
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;  
Whose kingdom is, where Time and Space are not.  
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,  
Do with united urgency require,  
What more that may not perish? Thou, dread Source  
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,  
That, in the scale of Being, fill their place,  
Above our human region, or below,  
Set and sustained;—Thou, who didst wrap the cloud  
Of Infancy around us, that Thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity a while  
Mightest hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—  
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,  
And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
Restorest 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 unimprisoned Mind  
 May yet have scope to range among her own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still, it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top  
 Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld  
 The Sun rise up, from distant climes returned  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day  
 His bounteous gift! or saw him toward the Deep  
 Sink — with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended; then, my Spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude;  
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,  
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,  
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!

"Those fervent raptures are for ever flown:  
 And, since their date, my Soul hath 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.

'Tis, by comparison, an easy task  
Earth to despise; but, to converse with Heaven —  
This is not easy: — to relinquish all  
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,  
And stand in freedom loosened from this world,  
I deem not arduous: — but must needs confess  
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame  
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires;  
And the most difficult of tasks to *keep*  
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.  
— Man is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,  
Which, when they should sustain themselves 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,  
Through this, 'tis able to maintain its hold,  
In that excess which Conscience disapproves.  
For who could sink and settle to that point  
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be  
As long and perseveringly to mourn  
For any Object of his love, removed  
From this unstable world, if he could fix  
A satisfying view upon that state  
Of pure, imperishable blessedness,  
Which reason promises, and Holy Writ  
Insures to all Believers? Yet mistrust  
Is of such incapacity, methinks,  
No natural branch; dependency far less.  
— 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,  
Infer not hence a hope from those withheld  
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, full oft the innocent Sufferer sees  
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs  
To realize the Vision, with intense  
And over-constant yearning — there — there lies  
The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.  
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,  
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,  
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim  
For any passion of the soul that leads  
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths  
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course  
Along the line of limitless desires.  
I, speaking now from such disorder free,  
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled peace,  
I cannot doubt that They whom you deplore  
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake  
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In mercy, carried infinite degrees  
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:  
Hope, below this, consists not with belief  
In perfect Wisdom, guiding mightiest Power,  
That finds no limits but her own pure Will.

“Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed  
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,  
To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain

Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,  
That, though immovably convinced, we want  
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 Power  
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 despise,  
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 green-sward, 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  
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  
For such exalted confidence could e'er  
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 unproved by Providence, thus speaking  
To the inattentive Children of the World,  
'Vain-glorious 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 Tartarian 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 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 tranquility.  
They act, or they recede, observe, and feel;  
'Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
The centre of this World, about the which  
Those revolutions of disturbances  
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
Predominate; whose strong effects are such  
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;  
*And that unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!*'

"Happy is He who lives to understand —  
Not human Nature only, but explores  
All natures, — to the end that he may find  
The law that governs each; and where begins  
The union, the partition where, that makes  
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings."

The constitutions, powers and faculties,  
Which they inherit, — cannot step beyond, —  
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign  
To every Class its station and its office,  
Through all the mighty Commonwealth of things;  
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.  
Such Converse, if directed by a meek,  
Sincere, and humble Spirit, teaches love;  
For knowledge is delight; and such delight  
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is  
To thought and to the climbing intellect,  
It teaches less to love, than to adore;  
If that be not indeed the highest Love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to intepose,  
"The dignity of Life is not impaired  
By aught that innocently satisfies  
The humbler cravings of the heart; and He  
Is a still happier Man, who, for those heights  
Of speculation not unfit, descends;  
And such benign affections cultivates  
Among the inferior Kinds; not merely those  
That he may call his own, and which depend,  
As individual objects of regard,  
Upon his care, — from whom he also looks  
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond, —  
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,  
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.  
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life  
And solitude, that they do favor most,  
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain  
These pure sensations; that can penetrate  
The obstreperous City; on the barren Seas  
Are not unfelt, — and much might recommend,

How much they might 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 scul  
Of Man offended, liberty is here,  
And invitation every hour renewed,  
To mark: *their* placid state, who never heard  
Of a command which they have power to break,  
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress;  
These, with a soothed or elevated heart,  
May we behold; their knowledge register;  
Observe their ways; and, free from envy, find  
Complacence there:—but wherefore this to You?  
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,  
The Redbreast feeds in winter from your hand;  
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung  
For the small Wren to build in;—not in vain,  
The barriers disregarding that surround  
This deep Abiding-place, before your sight  
Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly—and soars,  
Small Creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers  
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns  
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends  
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 solemn bleat;  
Sent forth as if it were the Mountain's voice,  
As if the visible Mountain made the cry.

Again!—The effect upon the soul was such  
 As he expressed from out the mountain's heart  
 The solemn bleat appeared to issue, startling  
 The blank air—for the region all around  
 Stood silent, empty of all shape of life;  
 —It was a 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 themselves.  
 And, in soft tone of speech, he thus resumed:—

“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 guardianship  
 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 selfsame influence rules  
 The Feathered kinds; the Fieldfare's pensive flock,  
 The cawing Rooks, and Sea-news from afar,  
 Hovering above these inland Solitudes,  
 By the rough wind unscattered, at whose call  
 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 heavens;  
 And the great Sun, earth's universal Lord!

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall find  
 Who seeks not; and to him who hath not asked  
 Large measure shall be dealt. Three sabbath days  
 Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent  
 Of mere humanity, You clomb those Heights;  
 And what a marvellous and heavenly Show  
 Was to your sight revealed! The Swains moved on  
 And heeded not; you lingered, and perceived.

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 paper, through a watch  
 Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling  
 In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star  
 Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.  
 Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways  
 That run not parallel to Nature's course.  
 Rise with the Lark ! your Matins shall obtain  
 Grace, be their composition what it may,  
 If but with hers performed ; climb once again,  
 Climb every day, those ramparts ; meet the breeze  
 Upon their tops, — adventurous as a Bee  
 That from your garden thither soars, to feed  
 On new-blown heath ; let yon commanding 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 these harbors, driven by hound and horn  
 Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit  
 So, wearied to your Hut shall you return,  
 And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills  
 A kindling eye ; — poetic 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, —  
 'Be this continued so from day to day,  
 Nor let the fierce commotion have an end,  
 Ruinous though it be, from month to month!'"

"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 expressed  
 With brotherly resemblance. Turn your steps  
 Wherever fancy leads, by day, by night,  
 Are various engines working, not the same  
 As those by which your soul in youth was moved,  
 But by the great Artificer endued  
 With no inferior power. You dwell alone;  
 You walk, you live, you speculate alone;  
 Yet doth Remembrance, like a sovereign Prince,  
 For you a stately gallery maintain  
 Of gay or tragic pictures. You have seen,  
 Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed  
 With no incurious eye; and books are yours,  
 Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
 Preserved from age to age; more precious far  
 Than that accumulated store of gold  
 And orient gems, which, for a day of need,  
 The Sultan hides within ancestral tombs.  
 These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.  
 And music waits upon your skilful touch,  
 Sounds which the wandering Shepherd from these  
 Heights  
 Hears, and forgets his purpose; — furnished thus,  
 How can you droop, if willing to be 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  
A not unwholesome food, and earth and air  
Supply his morbid humor with delight.  
— Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease  
And easy contemplation — gay parterres,  
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades  
And shady groves for recreation framed.  
These may he range, if willing to partake  
Their soft indulgences, and in due time  
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks  
And course of service Truth requires from those  
Who tend her Altars, wait upon her Throne,  
And guard her Fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,  
And recognises ever and anon  
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul,  
Why need such man go desperately astray,  
And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death?'  
If tired with Systems — each in its degree  
Substantial — and all crumbling in their turn,  
Let him build Systems of his own, and smile  
At the fond work — demolished with a touch!  
If unreligious, let him be at once,  
Among ten thousand Innocents, enrolled  
A Pupil in the many-chambered school,  
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

“Life's Autumn past, I stand on Winter's verge,

And daily lose what I desire to keep :  
 Yet rather would I instantly decline  
 To the traditionary sympathies  
 Of a most rustic ignorance, and take  
 A fearful apprehension from the owl  
 Or death-watch, — and as readily rejoice,  
 If two auspicious magpies crossed \*my way ;  
 To this would rather bend than see and hear  
 The repetitions wearisome of sense,  
 Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place ;  
 Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark  
 On outward things, with formal inference ends :  
 Or, if the Mind turn inward, 'tis perplexed,  
 Lost in a gloom of uninspired research ;  
 Meanwhile, the Heart within the Heart, the seat  
 Where Peace and happy Consciousness should dwell  
 On its own axis restlessly revolves,  
 Yet nowhere finds the cheering light of truth.

“ Upon the breast of new-created Earth  
 Man walked ; and when and wheresoe'er he moved,  
 Alone or mated, Solitude was not.  
 He heard, upon the wind, the articulate Voice  
 Of God ; and Angels to his sight appeared,  
 Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise ;  
 Or through the groves gliding like morning mist  
 Enkindled by the sun. He sate, and talked  
 With winged Messengers, who daily brought  
 To his small Island in the ethereal deep  
 Tidings of joy and love. From these pure Heights  
 (Whether of actual vision, sensible  
 To sight and feeling, or that in this sort  
 Have condescendingly been shadowed forth.  
 Communications spiritually maintained,  
 And Intuitions moral and divine)

Fell Human-kind — to banishment condemned  
 That flowing years repealed not: and distress  
 And grief spread wide; but Man escaped the doom  
 Of destitution; — Solitude was not!

— Jehovah — shapeless Power above all Powers,  
 Single and one, the omnipresent God,

By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,

Or cloud of darkness, 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 dispense

Judgments, that filled the Land, from age to age,

With hope, and love, and gratitude, and fear;

And with amazement smote; — thereby to assert .

His scorned or unacknowledged Sovereignty.

And when the One, ineffable of name,

Of nature indivisible, withdrew

From mortal adoration or regard,

Not then was Deity engulfed, nor Man,

The rational Creature, left, to feel the weight

Of his own reason, without sense or thought

Of higher reason and a purer will,

To benefit and bless, through mightier power;

— Whether the Persian — zealous to reject

Altar and Image, and the inclusive walls

And roofs of Temples built by human hands --

To loftiest heights ascending, from their tops

With myrtle-wreathed Tiara on his brow,

Presented sacrifice to Moon and Stars,

And to the winds and Mother Elements,

And the whole Circle of the Heavens, for him

A sensitive Existence, and a God,

With lifted hands invoked, and songs of praise

Or, less reluctantly to bonds of sense

Yielding his Soul, the Babylonian framed  
 For influence undefined a personal Shape;  
 And, from the Plain, with toil immense, upreared  
 Tower eight times planted on the top of Tower;  
 That Belus, nightly to his splendid Couch  
 Descending, there might rest; upon that Height  
 Pure and serene, diffused — to overlook  
 Winding Euphrates, and the City vast  
 Of his devoted Worshippers, far-stretched,  
 With grove, and field, and garden, interspersed;  
 Their Town, and foodful Region for support  
 Against the pressure of beleaguering war.

“Chaldean Shepherds, ranging trackless fields,  
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies  
 Spread like a sea, in boundless solitude,  
 Looked on the Polar Star, as on a Guide  
 And Guardian of their course, that never closed  
 His steadfast eye. The Planetary Five  
 With a submissive reverence they beheld;  
 Watched, from the centre of their sleeping flocks  
 Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move  
 Carrying through Ether, in perpetual round,  
 Decrees and resolutions of the Gods;  
 And, by their aspects, signifying works  
 Of dim futurity, to man revealed.  
 — The Imaginative Faculty was Lord  
 Of observations natural; and, thus  
 Led on, those Shepherds made report of Stars  
 In set rotation passing to and fro,  
 Between the orbs of our apparent sphere  
 And its invisible counterpart, adorned  
 With answering Constellations, under earth,  
 Removed from all approach of living sight  
 But present to the Dead; who, so they deemed,

Like those celestial Messengers beheld  
All accidents, and Judges were of all.

“The lively Grecian, in a Land of hills,  
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,  
Under a cope of variegated sky,  
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, did his hand bestow  
On fluent Operations a fixed shape;  
Metal or Stone, idolatrously served.  
And yet — triumphant o’er this pompous show  
Of Art, this palpable array of Sense,  
On every side encountered; in despite  
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets  
By wandering Rhapsodists; and in contempt  
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged  
Amid the wrangling Schools — a SPIRIT hung,  
Beautiful Region! o’er thy Towns and Farms,  
Statues and Temples, and memorial Tombs;  
And emanations were perceived; and acts  
Of immortality, in Nature’s course,  
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt  
As bonds, on grave Philosopher imposed  
And armed Warrior; and in every grove  
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,  
When piety more awful had relaxed.  
— ‘Take, running River, take these Locks of mine’  
Thus would the Votary say — ‘this severed hair,  
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,  
Thankful for my beloved Child’s return.  
Thy banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod.

Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the crystal lymph  
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,  
And moisten all day long 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  
Does 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 while 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, who in the sunshine carres,  
On the green turf, a dial — to divide  
The silent hours; and who to that report  
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt  
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  
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,  
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content.

Imagination — not permitted here  
 To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,  
 On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,  
 And trivial ostentation — is left free  
 And puissant to range the solemn walks  
 Of time and nature, girded by a zone  
 That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.  
 Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side  
 Of his poor hut, or on the mountain top,  
 Or in the cultured field, a Man so bred  
 (Take from him what you will upon the score  
 Of ignorance or allusion) 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, whene'er  
 For less important ends those Phantoms move,  
 Who would forbid them, if their presence serve,  
 Among wild mountains and unpeopled 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 up his eyes  
Towards the crescent Moon, with grateful heart  
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed  
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:  
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her Nymphs,  
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove  
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes  
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)  
Swept in the storm of chase, as Moon and Stars  
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
When winds are blowing strong. The Traveller slaked  
His thirst from Rill or gushing Fount, and thanked  
The Naiad.—Sunbeams upon distant Hills  
Gliding apace, with Shadows in their train,  
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed  
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed, their wings,  
Lacked not, for love, fair Objects, whom they wooed  
With gentle whisper. Withered Boughs grotesque,  
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,  
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth  
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;  
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns  
Of the live Deer, or Goat's depending beard,—  
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood  
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,  
'The simple Shepherd's awe-inspiring God!'

As this apt strain proceeded, I could mark  
 Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow  
 Of our Companion, gradually diffused;  
 While, listening, he had paced the noiseless turf,  
 Like one whose untired ear a murmuring stream  
 Detains; but tempted now to interpose,  
 He with a smile exclaimed -

'Tis well you speak

At a safe distance from our native Land,  
 And from the Mansions where our youth was taught  
 The true Descendants of those godly Men  
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,  
 Shrine, Altar, Image, and the massy Piles  
 That harbored them, — the Souls retaining yet  
 The churlish features of that after Race  
 Who fled to caves, and woods, and naked 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 St. Giles,  
 To watch again with tutelary love  
 O'er stately Edinburgh throned on crags?  
 A blessed restoration, to behold  
 The Patron, on the shoulders of his Priests,  
 Once more parading through her crowded streets  
 Now simply guarded by the sober Powers  
 Of Science, and Philosophy, and Sense!"

This answer followed: "You have turned my thoughts

Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose  
 Against Idolatry with warlike mind,  
 And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk  
 In caves, and woods, and under dismal rocks,  
 Deprived of shelter, covering, fire, and food;  
 Why? — for this very reason that they felt,  
 And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,  
 A Spiritual Presence, oft-times misconceived;  
 But still a high dependence, a divine  
 Bounty and government, that filled their hearts  
 With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;  
 And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,  
 That through the desert rang. Though 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,  
 Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious Souls —  
 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 'twas ever meant  
That we should pry far off yet be unraised;  
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,  
Viewing all objects unremittingly  
In disconnexion 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 end 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, infinite 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 Memors do not err,  
 With laurel planted upon hoary hairs,  
 In sign of conquest by his Wit achieved,  
 And benefits his wisdom had conferred,  
 His tottering Body was with wreaths of flowers  
 Opprest, far less becoming ornaments  
 'Than Spring oft twines about a mouldering Tree;  
 Yet so it pleased a fond, a vain old Man,  
 And a most frivolous People. Him I mean  
 Who penned, to ridicule confiding Faith,  
 This sorry Legend; which by chance we found  
 Piled in a nook, through malice, as might seem,  
 Among more innocent rubbish.” — Speaking thus,  
 With a brief notice when, and how, and where,  
 We had espied the Book, he drew it forth;  
 And courteously, as if the act removed,  
 At once, all traces from the good Man's heart  
 Of unbenign aversion or contempt,  
 Restored it to its owner. “Gentle Friend,”  
 Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,  
 “You have known better Lights and Guides than these  
 Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose  
 A noble mind to practise on herself,  
 And tempt Opinion to support the wrongs  
 Of Passion: whatsoe'er he 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 mellowed down,  
And Manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;  
When Wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,  
Upon the boughs of sheltering Leisure hung  
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops  
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream  
Of unreprieved 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 forlorn.  
O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!  
Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive  
To reconcile his Manhood to a couch  
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,  
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past,  
For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset  
With floating dreams, disconsolate and black,  
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, in a little Boat  
 That holds but him, and can contain no more!  
 Religion tells of amity sublime  
 Which no condition can preclude; of One  
 Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants.

All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs ;  
 But is that bounty absolute ? — His gifts,  
 Are they not still, in some degree, rewards  
 For acts of service ? Can his Love extend  
 To hearts that own not Him ? Will showers of *grace*  
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
 Fall to refresh a parched and withered land ?  
 Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load  
 At the Redeemer's feet ? ”

In rueful tone,  
 With some impatience in his mien, he spake ;  
 Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged  
 To calm the Sufferer when his story closed ;  
 I looked for counsel as unbending now ;  
 But a discriminating sympathy  
 Stooped to his apt reply, —

“ As Men from Men  
 Do, in the constitution of their Souls,  
 Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;  
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink  
 One deeper than another, self-condemned,  
 Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame,  
 So manifold and various are the ways  
 Of restoration, fashioned to the steps  
 Of all infirmity, and tending all  
 To the same point, — attainable by all ;  
 Peace in ourselves, and union with our **God**.  
 For you, assuredly, a hopeful road  
 Lies open : we have heard from You a voice,  
 At every moment softened in its course  
 By tenderness of heart ; have seen your Eye,  
 Even like an Altar lit by fire from Heaven,  
 Kindle before us. — Your discourse this day.



That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow  
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades  
Of death and night, has caught at every turn  
The 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 her smooth-lipped Shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard, — sonorous cadences! whereby  
To his belief, the Monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with his 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 unclouded Sky,  
To rest upon their circumambient walls;  
A Temple framing of dimensions vast,  
And yet not too enormous for the sound  
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst  
Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
To glorify the Eternal! What if these  
Did never break the stillness that prevails  
Here, if the solemn Nightingale be mute,  
And the soft Woodlark here did never chant  
Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide  
Impulse and utterance. The whispering Air  
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,  
And blind recesses of the caverned 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 humble power  
 Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend  
 Even here, where her amenities are sown  
 With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad  
 To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields  
 Where on the labors of the nappy Throng  
 She smiles, including in her wide embrace  
 City, and Town, and Tower, — and Sea with Ships  
 Sprinkled; — be our Companion, while we track  
 Her rivers populous with gliding life;  
 While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,  
 Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;  
 Roaming, or resting under grateful shade  
 In peace and meditative cheerfulness;  
 Where living Things, and Things inanimate,  
 Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social Reason's inner sense,  
 With inarticulate language.

“For the Man,

Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms  
 Of Nature, who with understanding heart  
 Doth know and love such Objects as excite  
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
 No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel  
 The joy of that pure principle of Love  
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught  
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
 But seek for objects of a kindred love  
 In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.  
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives  
 His feelings of aversion softened down;  
 A holy tenderness pervade his frame.  
 His sanity of reason not impaired,  
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear.

From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round  
 And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks  
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things  
 He only knows by name; and, if he hear,  
 From other mouths, the language which they speak,  
 He is compassionate; and has no thought,  
 No feeling, which can overcome his love.

“ And further; by contemplating these Forms  
 In the relations which they bear to Man,  
 He shall discern, how, through the various means,  
 Which silently they yield, are multiplied  
 The spiritual Presences of absent Things.  
 Trust me, that for the Instructed, time will come  
 When they shall meet no object but may teach  
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds  
 Of human suffering, or of human joy.  
 So shall they learn, while all things speak of Man  
 Their duties from all forms; and general laws,  
 And local accidents, shall tend alike  
 To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer  
 The ability to spread the blessing 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,  
Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled  
By strict necessity, along the path  
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,  
Whate'er we feel, by agency direct  
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and nurse  
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats  
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights  
Of love divine, 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 ;  
For they sank into me — the bounteous gift  
Of One whom time and nature had made wise,  
Gracing his language 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  
Upon the mountain sides, in contrast bold  
With ample shadows, seemingly, no less  
Than those resplendent lights, his rich bequest,  
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 aspect may be read  
A plain assurance 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 slept,  
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.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE FIFTH.

### THE PASTOR.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley — Reflections — Sight of a large and populous Vale — Solitary consents to go forward — Vale described — The Pastor's dwelling, and some account of him — The Churchyard — 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 profession accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life — Inconsistency of the best men — Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind — General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth — Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive — Pastor approaches — Appeal made to him — His answer — Wanderer in sympathy with him — Suggestion that the least ambitious Inquirers may be most free from error — The Pastor is desired to give some Portraits of the living or dead from his own observations of life among these Mountains — and for what purpose — Pastor consents — 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 — What sensations they excite — Funeral and sepulchral Observances, whence — Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived — Profession of Belief in the doctrine of Immortality.

FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,  
 And its small lot of life-supporting fields,  
 And guardian rocks!—Farewell, attractive Seat  
 To the still influx of the morning light  
 Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled  
 From human observation, as if yet  
 Primeval Forests wrapped thee round with dark  
 Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,  
 Majestic Circuit, beautiful Abyss,  
 By Nature destined from the birth of things  
 For quietness profound!

Upon the side

Of that brown Slope, the outlet of the Vale,  
 Lingering behind my Comrades, thus I breathed,  
 A parting tribute to a spot that seemed  
 Like the fixed centre of a troubled World.  
 And now, pursuing leisurely my way,  
 How vain, thought I, it is 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 calm forgetfulness.  
 -- Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times  
 Should be allowed a privilege to have  
 Her Anchorites, like Piety of old;  
 Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained  
 By war, might, if so minded, turn aside  
 Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few  
 Living to God and Nature, and content  
 With that communion. Consecrated be



The Spots where such abide! But happier still  
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends  
That meditation and research may guide  
His privacy to principles and powers  
Discovered or invented; or set forth,  
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,  
In lucid order; so that, when his course  
Is run, some faithful Eulogist may say,  
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,  
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere  
Accompanied these musings;— fervent thanks  
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;  
A choice that from the passions of the world  
Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat,  
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,  
Secluded, but not buried; and with song  
Cheering my days, and with industrious thought,  
With ever-welcome company of books,  
By virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,  
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,  
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel  
Worn in the moorland, till I overtook  
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine  
Halting together on a rocky knoll,  
From which the 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 every where, appeared  
 Fair Dwellings, single, or in social knots;  
 Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
 On the hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,  
 Now in its morning purity arrayed.

"As, 'mid some happy Valley of the Alps,"  
 Said I, "once happy, ere tyrannic Power,  
 Wantonly breaking in upon the Swiss,  
 Destroyed their unoffending Commonwealth,  
 A popular equality reigns here,  
 Save for one House of State beneath whose roof  
 A rural Lord might dwell." — "No feudal pomp,"  
 Replied our Friend, a Chronicler who stood  
 Where'er he moved upon familiar ground,  
 "Nor feudal power is there; but there abides,  
 In his allotted Home, a genuine Priest,

The Shepherd of his Flock or, as a King  
 Is styled, when most affectionately praised,  
 The Father of his People. Such is he;  
 And rich and poor, and young and old, rejoice  
 Under his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed  
 To me some portion of a kind regard;  
 And something also of his inner mind  
 Hath he imparted — but I speak of him  
 As he is known to all. The calm delights  
 Of unambitious piety he chose,  
 And learning's solid dignity; though born  
 Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.  
 Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew  
 From academic bowers. He loved the spot, —  
 Who does not love his native soil? he prized  
 The ancient rural character, composed  
 Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed  
 And undisguised, and strong and serious thought:  
 A character reflected in himself,  
 With such embellishment as well beseems  
 His rank and sacred function. This deep vale  
 Winds far in reaches hidden from our eyes,  
 And one, a turreted manorial Hall  
 Adorns, in which the good's Man's Ancestors  
 Have dwelt through ages — Patrons of this Cure.  
 To them, and to his own judicious pains,  
 The Vicar's Dwelling, and the whole Domain,  
 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 halting we pursued our way;  
 Nor reached the Village Churchyard till the sun,  
 Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen

Above the summit 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, 'mid some thick grove,  
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 inoffensive marks of earthly state  
And vain distinction. A capacious pew  
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined  
And marble Monuments were here displayed  
Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath  
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven,  
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small  
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.  
— The tribute by these various records claimed,  
Without reluctance did we pay; 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 entombed,  
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 throve, like Plants, uninjured by the Storm  
That laid their Country waste. No need to speak  
Of less particular notices assigned  
To youth or Maiden gone before their time,  
And Matrons, and unwedded Sisters old;  
Whose charity and goodness were rehearsed  
In modest panegyric. "These dim lines,  
What would they tell?" said I,—but, from the task  
Of puzzling out that faded Narrative,  
With whisper soft my venerable Friend  
Called me; and, looking down the darksome aisle,  
I saw the Tenant of the lonely Vale

Standing apart; with curved arm reclined  
 On the baptismal Font; his pallid face  
 Uprturned, as if his mind were wrapt, 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 Recluse  
 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 ligh.  
 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,  
 As unconcerned as when he plants a tree?  
 I was abruptly summoned by his voice  
 From some affecting images and thoughts,  
 And from the company of serious words.  
 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 fingers—to let fall a tear;  
And, as the heavy cloud of sleep 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 his Minor hold in trust  
Rights that transcend the humblest heritage  
Of mere Humanity, present their Charge,  
For this occasion daintly adorned,  
At the baptismal Font. And when the pure  
And consecrating element hath cleansed  
The original stain, the Child 's there received

Into the second Ark, Christ's Church, with trust  
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float  
 Over the billows of this troublesome world  
 To the fair land of everlasting Life.

Corrupt affections, covetous desires,  
 Are all renounced; high as the thought of man  
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;  
 A dedication made, a promise given  
 For due provision to control and guide.  
 And unremitting progress to ensure  
 In holiness and truth."

"You cannot blame,"

Here interposing fervently I said,  
 "Rites which attest that Man by nature lies  
 Bedded for good and evil in a gulf  
 Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn  
 Those services, whereby attempt is made  
 To lift the Creature toward that eminence  
 On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty  
 He stood; or if not so, whose top serene  
 At least he feels 'tis given him to descry;  
 Not without aspirations, evermore  
 Returning, and injunctions from within  
 Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust  
 That what the soul perceives, if glory lost,  
 May be, through pains and persevering hope,  
 Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,  
 Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered — "no;  
 The outward ritual and established forms  
 With which communities of Men invest  
 These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows  
 To which the lips give public utterance,



Are both a natural process ; and by me  
 Shall pass uncensured ; though the issue prove,  
 Bringing from age to age its own reproach,  
 Incongruous, impotent, and blank, — but, oh !  
 If to be weak is to be wretched — miserable,  
 As the lost Angel by a human voice  
 Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,  
 Far better not to move at all than move  
 By the impulse sent from such illusive Power,  
 That finds and cannot fasten down ; that grasps ;  
 And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps ;  
 That tempts, emboldens — doth a while sustain,  
 And then betrays ; accuses and inflicts  
 Remorseless punishment ; and so retreads  
 The inevitable circle : better far  
 Than this, to graze the herb in thoughtless peace,  
 By foresight, or remembrance, undisturbed !

“Philosophy ! and thou more vaunted name,  
 Religion ! with thy statelier retinue,  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity — from the visible world  
 Choose for your Emblems whatso'er ye find  
 Of safest guidance and 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 enquire,  
 Island or Grove, that hides a blessed few,  
 Who, with obedience willing and sincere,  
 To your serene authorities conform;  
 But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,  
 Have ye withdrawn from Passion's crooked ways,  
 Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? — If the Heart  
 Could be inspected to its inmost folds  
 By sight undazzled with the glare of praise,  
 Who shall be named — in the resplendent line  
 Of Sages, Martyrs, Confessors — the Man  
 Whom the best might of Conscience, Truth, and Hope  
 For one day's little compass, has preserved  
 From painful and discreditable shocks  
 Of contradiction, from some vague desire  
 Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse  
 To some unsanctioned fear?"

“If this be so,  
 And Man,” said I, “be in his noblest shape  
 Thus pitiably infirm; then, He who made,  
 And who shall judge, the Creature, will forgive.  
 — Yet, in its general tenor, your complaint  
 Is all too true; and surely not misplaced:  
 For, from this pregnant spot of ground, such thoughts  
 Rise to the notice of a serious Mind  
 By natural exhalation. With the Dead  
 In their repose, the Living in their mirth,  
 Who can reflect, unmoved, upon the round  
 Of smooth and solemnized complacencies,  
 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 clime  
 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 in internal warmth;  
 And, with this change, sharp air and falling leaves,  
 Foretelling total Winter, blank and cold.

"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 Friend pronounced  
 On humble life, forbid the judging mind  
 To trust the smiling aspect of this fair  
 And noiseless Commonwealth. The simple race  
 Of Mountaineers (by Nature's self removed  
 From foul temptations, and by constant care  
 Of a good Shepherd tended as themselves  
 Do tend their flocks) partake Man's general lot  
 With little mitigation. They escape,  
 Perchance, guilt's heavier woes ; and do not feel  
 The tedium of fantastic idleness ;  
 Yet life, as with a 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 prevailed.  
 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 his lonely House  
Within the circuit of those guardian rocks.  
— For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:  
Nature had framed them both, and both were marked  
By circumstance, with intermixture fine  
Of contrast and resemblance. To an Oak  
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten Oak,  
Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,  
One might be likened: flourishing appeared,  
Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,  
The Other — like a stately Sycamore,  
That spreads, in gentler pomp, its honeyed 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 unsound?  
So that the only substance which remains,  
(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run,)  
Among so many shadows, are the pains  
And penalties of miserable life,  
Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!  
— Our cogitations this way have been drawn,  
These are the points,” the Wanderer said, “on which  
Our inquest turns. — Accord, good Sir! the light  
Of your experience to dispel this gloom:

By your persuasive wisdom shall the Heart  
That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered."

"Our Nature," said the Priest, in mild reply,  
"Angels may weigh and fathom: they perceive,  
With undistempered and unclouded spirit,  
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,  
That speculative height we may not reach.  
The good and evil are our own; and we  
Are that which we would contemplate from far.  
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain —  
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep —  
As Virtue's self; like Virtue is beset  
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.  
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,  
Blind were we without these: through these alone  
Are capable to notice, or discern,  
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be  
Indifferent judges. Spite of proudest boast,  
Reason, best Reason, is to imperfect Man.  
An effort only, and a noble aim;  
A crown, an attribute of sovereign power,  
Still to be courted — never to be won!  
— Look forth, or each man dive into himself;  
What sees he but a Creature too perturbed,  
That is transported to excess; that yearns,  
Regrets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;  
Hopes rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;  
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair?  
Thus truth is missed, and comprehension fails.  
And darkness and delusion round our path  
Spread, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks  
Within the very faculty of sight.

‘Yet for the general purposes of faith

In Providence, for solace and support,  
We may not doubt that who can best subject  
The will to Reason's law, and 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 forbidding tract of cheerless view;  
Even as the same is looked at, or approached.  
Thus, when in changeful April snow has fallen,  
And fields are white, if from the sullen north  
Your walk conduct you hither, ere the Sun  
Hath gained his noontide height, this church-yard, 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 wintery cheerlessness and gloom  
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;  
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,  
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense  
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,  
Upon the southern side of every grave  
Have gently exercised a melting power,  
*Then* will a vernal prospect greet your eye,  
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,  
Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the snow,  
Vanished or hidden; and the whole Domain,  
To some too lightly minded might appear  
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours

— This contrast, not unsuitable to Life,  
 Is to that other state more opposite,  
 Death and its two-fold aspect; wintry — one,  
 Cold sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out.  
 The other, which the ray divine hath touched,  
 Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.”

“ We see, then, as we feel,” the Wanderer thus  
 With a complacent animation spake,  
 “ And in your judgment, Sir! the Mind’s repose  
 On evidence is not to be ensured  
 By act of naked Reason. Moral truth  
 Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;  
 And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape.  
 And undisturbed proportions; but a thing  
 Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;  
 And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,  
 Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head  
 Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere  
 I re-salute these sentiments, confirmed  
 By your authority. But how acquire  
 The inward principle that gives effect  
 To outward argument; the passive will  
 Meek to admit; the active energy,  
 Strong and unbounded to embrace, and 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 ingenuous Mind, apt to be set aright;  
 This, in the lonely Dell discoursing, you  
 Declared at large; and by what exercise  
 From visible nature or the inner self



Power may be trained, and renovation brought  
 To those who need the gift. But, after all,  
 Is 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 even-tide,  
 The narrow avenue of daily toil  
 For daily bread."

"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed  
 The pale Recluse — "praise to the sturdy plough,  
 And patient spade, and shepherd's 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,  
 And have the Dead around us, take from them  
 Your instances; for they are both best known,  
 And by frail man most equitably judged.  
 Epitomise the life; pronounce, You can,  
 Authentic epitaphs on some of these

Who, from their lowly mansions hither brought,  
 Beneath this turf lie mouldering at our feet.  
 So, by your records, may our doubts be solved;  
 And so, not searching higher, we may learn  
*To prize the breath we share with human kind;  
 And look upon the dust of man with awe.*"

The Priest replied. — "An office you impose  
 For which peculiar requisites are mine;  
 Yet much, I feel, is wanting — else the task  
 Would be most grateful. True, indeed it is  
 That They whom Death has hidden from our sight  
 Are worthiest of the Mind's regard; with these  
 The future cannot contradict the past:  
 Mortality's last exercise and proof  
 Is undergone; the transit made that shows  
 The very soul, revealed as she departs.  
 Yet, on your first suggestion, will I give,  
 Ere we descend into these silent vaults,  
 One Picture from the living. —

"You behold,  
 High on the breast of yon dark mountain — dark  
 With stony barrenness, a shining speck,  
 Bright as a sunbeam sleeping, till a shower  
 Brush it away, or cloud pass over it;  
 And such it might be deemed — a sleeping sunbeam  
 But 'tis a plot of cultivated ground,  
 Cut off, an island in the dusky waste;  
 And that attractive brightness is its own.  
 The lofty Site, by nature framed to tempt  
 Amid a wilderness of rocks and stones  
 The Tiller's hand, a Hermit might have chosen,  
 For opportunity presented, thence  
 Far forth to send his wandering eye o'er land

And ocean, and look down upon the works,  
And 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,  
And on the bosom of the mountain dwell  
— 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 above 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 beguiles  
By intermingled work of house and field  
The summer's day, and winter's; with success  
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,  
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of content,  
Until the expected hour at which her Mate  
From the far-distant Quarry's vault returns;  
And by his converse crowns a silent day  
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of mind,  
In scale of culture, few among my Flock  
Hold lower ranks than this sequestered Pair;

But humbleness of heart 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 lone wayfaring Man, I once was brought.  
 Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell  
 While I was traversing yon mountain-pass,  
 And night succeeded with unusual gloom  
 So that my feet and hands at length became  
 Guides better than mine eyes — until a light  
 High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,  
 For human habitation; but I longed  
 To reach it, destitute of other hope.  
 I looked with steadiness, as Sailors look  
 On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,  
 And saw the light — now fixed — and shifting now —  
 Not like a dancing meteor, but in line  
 Of never-varying motion, to and fro.  
 It is no night-fire of the naked hills,  
 Thought I, some friendly covert must be near.  
 With this persuasion thitherward my steps  
 I turn, and reach at last, the guiding Light;  
 Joy to myself! but to the heart of Her

Who there was standing on the open hill,  
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)  
Alarm and disappointment! The alarm  
Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,  
And by what help had gained those distant fields.  
Drawn from her Cottage, on that open height,  
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood,  
Or paced the ground—to guide her Husband home,  
By that unwearied signal, kened afar;  
An anxious duty! which the lofty Site,  
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,  
Imposes, whensoever 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 face—composed  
Of features elegant; 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, these features and that mien  
 May have descended, though I see them here.  
 In such a Man, so gentle and subdued,  
 Withal so graceful in his gentleness,  
 A race illustrious for heroic deeds,  
 Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.  
 This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld  
 By sundry recollections of such fall  
 From high to low, ascent from low to high,  
 As books record, and even the careless mind  
 Cannot but notice among men and things)  
 Went with me to the place of my repose.

“Roused by the crowing cock at dawn of day,  
 I yet had risen too late to interchange  
 A morning salutation with my Host,  
 Gone forth already to the far-off seat  
 Of his day's work. ‘Three dark mid-winter months  
 Pass,’ said the Matron, ‘and I never see,  
 Save when the Sabbath brings its kind release,  
 My helpmate's face by light of day. He quits  
 His door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.  
 And, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the  
 bread

For which we pray; and for the wants provide  
 Of sickness, accident, and helpless age.  
 Companions have I many; many Friends,  
 Dependants, Comforters—my Wheel, my Fire,  
 All day the House-clock ticking in mine ear,  
 The cackling Hen, the tender Chicken brood,  
 And the wild Birds that gather round my porch.  
 This honest Sheep-dog's countenance I read;  
 With him can talk; nor blush to waste a word  
 On Creatures less intelligent and shrewd.  
 And if the blustering Wind that drives the clouds

Care not for me, he lingers round my door,  
 And makes me pastime when our tempers suit;  
 — But, above all, my Thoughts are my support.”  
 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 expanding heart,  
 “The untutored Bird may found, and so construct,  
 And with such soft materials line her nest,  
 Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,  
 That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.  
 Powers, not unjustly linked 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 for less than I could wish to hope,  
 Far less than once I trusted and believed —  
 I love to hear of Those, who, not contending  
 Nor summoned to contend for Virtue’s prize,  
 Miss not the humbler good at which they aim:



Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt  
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn  
Into their contraries the petty plagues  
And hindrances with which they stand beset.  
— In early youth, among my native hills,  
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed  
A few small Crofts of stone-encumbered ground.  
Masses of every shape, and size, that lay  
Scattered about under the mouldering walls  
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,  
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,  
As if the Moon had showered them down in spite  
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared  
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones  
A fertilising moisture,' said the Swain,  
'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeling dews  
And damps, through all the droughty Summer day,  
From out their substance issuing, maintain  
Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up  
So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!'  
But thinly sown these Natures; rare, at least,  
The mutual aptitude of seed and soil  
That yields such kindly product. He — whose bed  
Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner  
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-consorted 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 you 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, is a strange spectacle —  
A rueful sight the wild shore strewn with wrecks,  
And trod by people in afflicted quest  
Of friends and 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 Opprest;  
Tyrants who utter the destroying word,  
And slaves who will consent to be destroyed —  
Were of one species with the sheltered few,  
Who, with a dutiful and tender hand,  
Did lodge, in an appropriate spot,  
This file of Infants; some that never breathed  
The vital air; and others, who, 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 decayed  
 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:"  
 Or, if the change demanded no regret,  
 Observed the liberating stroke — and blessed.  
 — And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?  
 Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man,  
 (Though claiming high distinction upon earth  
 As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,  
 His own peculiar utterance for distress  
 Or gladness.) No," the philosophic Priest  
 Continued, "'tis not in the vital seat  
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid  
 From the pure Soul, the Soul sublime and pure;  
 With her two faculties of Eye and Ear,  
 The one by which a Creature, whom his sins  
 Have rendered prone, can upward look to Heaven,  
 The other that empowers him to perceive  
 The voice of Deity, on height and plain,  
 Whispering those truths in stillness, which the *World*  
 To the four quarters of the winds, proclaims.  
 Not without such assistance could the use  
 Of these benign observances prevail.  
 Thus are they born, thus fostered, and maintained:

And by the care prospective of our wise  
Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,  
The fluctuation and decay of things,  
Embodied and established these high Truths  
In solemn Institutions: — Men convinced  
That Life is Love and Immortality,  
The Being one, and one the Element.  
There lies the channel, and original bed,  
From the beginning, hollowed out and 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 perverse.  
The faith partaking of those holy times,  
Life, I repeat, is energy of Love  
Divine or human; exercised in pain,  
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."



# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE SIXTH.

### THE PASTOR.

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#### 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 Narratives 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 disposition may have led him to end his days here — Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonising influence of Solitude upon two Men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life — The Rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed — and where Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality — Answer of the Pastor: — What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives — Conversation upon this — Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, — and why given — Contrasted with this, a meek Sufferer from unguarded and betrayed love — Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender — With this Instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a 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 Foundations lie  
In veneration and the People's love;

Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.  
— Hail to the State of England! And conjoin  
With this a salutation as devout,  
Made to the spiritual Fabric of her Church:  
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom  
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared  
In beauty of Holiness, with ordered pomp,  
Decent, and unreprieved. The voice, that greets  
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;  
That, mutually protected and sustained,  
They may endure, long as the sea surrounds  
This 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;  
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, unopposed;  
Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt  
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage  
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;  
And, if the desolating hand of war  
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow—  
Upon the thronged abodes of busy Men  
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds  
Exclusively with transitory things)



An air and mien of dignified pursuit;  
Of sweet civility — on rustic wilds.  
— The poet, fostering for his native land  
Such hope, entreats that Servants may abound  
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, bequeathed,  
With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame  
The faith which they by diligence had earned,  
Or, through illuminating grace, received,  
For their dear Countrymen, and all mankind.  
O high example, constancy divine!

Even such a man (inheriting the zeal  
 And from the Sanctity of elder times  
 Not deviating — a Priest, the like of whom,  
 If multiplied, and in their stations set,  
 Would o'er the bosom of a joyful Land  
 Spread true Religion, and her genuine fruits)  
 Before me stood that day; on holy ground  
 Fraught with the relics of mortality,  
 Exalting tender themes, by just degrees  
 To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;  
 The head and mighty paramount of truths;  
 Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,  
 For mortal Creatures, conquered and secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith  
 Announced, as a preparatory act  
 Of reverence 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 he was crazed in brain  
 By unrequited love: and 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,  
 "Believe it not — oh! never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered, "deeply loved.  
 Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared  
 At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;  
 — Rejected — yea repelled — and, if with scorn  
 Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 'tis but  
 A high-prized plume which female beauty wears  
 In wantonness of conquest, or puts on  
 To cheat the world, or from herself to 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 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 had 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 is 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. 'Tis affirmed  
 By Poets, skilled in Nature's secret ways,  
 That Love will not submit to be controlled  
 By mastery :—and the good Man lacked not Friends  
 Who strove to instil this truth into his mind, —  
 A mind in all heart-mysteries 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.<sup>1</sup>  
 The attempt was made;—'tis needless to report  
 How hopelessly:—but Innocence is strong,  
 And an entire simplicity of mind,  
 A thing more sacred in the eye of Heaven,  
 That opens, for such Sufferers, relief  
 Within their souls, a fount 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 : who 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,  
 Of schemes and wishes; in the daylight walked  
 Giddy and restless; ever and anon  
 Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;  
 And truly might be said to die of joy!  
 He vanished; but conspicuous to this day  
 The Path remains that linked his Cottage-door  
 To the Mine's mouth; a long, and slanting track  
 Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,  
 Worn by his daily visits to and from  
 The darksome centre of a constant hope.  
 This Vestige, neither force of beating rain,  
 Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw,  
 Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;  
 And it is named, in memory of the event,  
 The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."

"Thou from whom  
 Man has his strength," exclaimed the Wanderer, "oh.  
 Do thou direct it!—to the Virtuous grant  
 The penetrative eye which can perceive  
 In this blind world the guiding vein of hope,  
 That, like this 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. Yef the sign,  
 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, more light than He;  
And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,  
More willingly reserved! If ye inquire  
How such consummate elegance was bred  
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice, —  
'Twas Nature's will; who sometimes undertakes,  
For the reproof of human vanity,  
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.  
Hence, for this Favorite, lavishly endowed



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 Adventurer, there  
 Were he and his attainments overlooked,  
 Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,  
 Cherished for him, he suffered to depart,  
 Like blighted buds; or clouds that mimicked Land  
 Before the Sailor's eye; or diamond drops  
 That sparkling decked the morning grass; or aught  
 That *was* attractive — and hath ceased to be!  
 — Yet, when this Prodigal returned, the rites  
 Of joyful greeting were on him bestowed,  
 Who, by humiliation undeterred,  
 Sought for his weariness a place of rest  
 Within his Father's gates. — Whence came He?  
     clothed

In tattered garb, from hovels where abides  
 Necessity, the stationary Host  
 Of vagrant Poverty; from rifted barns  
 Where no one dwells but the wide-staring Owl  
 And the Owl's Prey; from these bare Haunts, to which  
 He had descended from the proud Saloon,  
 He came, the Ghost of beauty and of health,  
 The Wreck of gaiety! But soon revived  
 In strength, in power refitted, he renewed  
 His suit to Fortune; and she smiled again  
 Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose,  
 Thrice sank as willingly. For He, whose 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, — now, provoked  
To laughter multiplied in louder peals  
By his malicious wit; then, all enchained  
With mute astonishment, themselves to see  
In their own arts outdone, their fame eclipsed,  
As by the very presence of the Fiend  
Who dictates and inspires illusive feats,  
For knavish purposes! The City, too,  
(With shame I speak it) to her guilty bowers  
Allured him, sunk so low in self-respect  
As there to linger, there to eat his bread,  
Hired Minstrel of voluptuous blandishment;  
Charming the air with skill of hand or voice,  
Listen he 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 — of different 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 who sleep."

"Tis strange," observed the Solitary, "strange  
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,  
That in a Land where Charity provides  
For all that can no longer feed themselves,  
A man like this should choose to bring his shame  
To the parental door; and with his sighs  
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 fellowship  
Of kindred mould. — Such haply here are laid!"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius of our Hills,  
Who seems by these stupendous barriers cast  
Round his Domain, desirous not alone  
To keep his own, but also to exclude  
All other progeny, doth sometimes lure,  
Even by this 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 prevent  
Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped  
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores  
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time  
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,  
For his 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,  
Under 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 bitterness,  
When he had crushed a plentiful estate  
By ruinous Contest, to obtain a Seat  
In Britain's Senate. Fruitless was the attempt;  
And, while the uproar of that desperate strife  
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,  
The vanquished Whig, beneath 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 these untravelled Wilds;  
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed  
An undisturbed Abode. Here, then, they met,—  
Two doughty Champions; flaming Jacobite  
And sullen Hanoverian!—You might think  
That losses and vexations, less severe  
Than those which they had severally sustained,  
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal  
For his ungrateful cause. No,—I have heard  
My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm  
Of that small Town, encountering thus, they filled,  
Daily, its Bowling-green with harmless strife;  
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the Church;  
And vexed the Market-place. But in the breasts  
Of these Opponents gradually was wrought,  
With little change of general sentiment,  
Such change towards each other, that their days  
By choice were spent in constant fellowship;  
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,  
Those very bickerings made them love it more.

“A favorite boundary to their lengthened walks

This Church-yard was. And, whether they had come  
Treading their path in sympathy, and linked  
In social converse, or by some short space  
Discreetly parted, to preserve the peace,  
One Spirit seldom failed to extend its sway  
Over both minds, when they awhile had marked  
The visible quiet of this holy ground,  
And breathed its soothing air; — the Spirit of hope  
And saintly magnanimity; that, spurning  
The field of selfish difference and dispute,  
And every care which transitory things,  
Earth, and the kingdoms of the earth, create,  
Doth, by a rapture of forgetfulness,  
Preclude forgiveness, from the praise debarred,  
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 reproduce the troubles he destroys.  
 But, while his blindness thus is occupied,  
 Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will  
 Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,  
 Which the World wants, shall be for thee confirmed."*

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlettered Muse,"  
 Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of thought  
 Accords with Nature's language; — the soft voice  
 Of yon white torrent, falling down the rocks,  
 Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.  
 If, then, their blended influence be not lost  
 Upon our hearts, — not wholly lost, I grant,  
 Even upon mine, — the more are we required  
 To feel for those, among our fellow-men,  
 Who, offering no 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?  
 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; convert  
 The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp  
 Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse  
 Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.  
 — Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills,  
 The generations are prepared; the pangs,  
 The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife  
 Of poor humanity's afflicted will  
 Streggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest, in answer, "these be terms  
 Which a divine philosophy rejects,  
 We, whose established and unfailing trust  
 Is in controlling Providence, admit  
 That, through all stations, human life abounds  
 With mysteries; — for, if Faith were left untried,  
 How could the might, that lurks within her, then  
 Be shown? her glorious excellence — that ranks  
 Among the first of Powers and virtue — proved?  
 Our system is not fashioned to preclude  
 That sympathy which you for others ask;  
 And I could tell, not travelling for my theme  
 Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes  
 And strange disasters; but I pass them by,  
 Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace  
 — Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat  
 Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight  
 By the deformities of brutish vice:  
 For, in such Portraits, though a vulgar face  
 And a coarse outside of repulsive life,  
 And unassuming manners, might at once  
 Be recognised by all —" "Ah! do not think."



The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,  
 "Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,  
 (Gain shall I call it? — gain of what? — for whom?)  
 Should breathe a word tending to violate  
 Your own pure spirit. Not a step we look for  
 In slight of that forbearance and reserve  
 Which common human-heartedness inspires,  
 And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,  
 Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else."

"True," said the Solitary, "be it far  
 From us to infringe the laws of charity.  
 Let judgment here in mercy be pronounced;  
 This, self-respecting Nature prompts, and this  
 Wisdom enjoins; but, if the thing we seek  
 Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind  
 How, from his lofty throne, the Sun can 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 Church-yard, beautiful and green,  
 Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge, —  
 A heaving surface, almost wholly free  
 From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
 And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
 And everlasting flowers. These Dalesmen trust

The lingering gleam of their departed Lives  
To oral records and the silent heart ;  
Depository faithful, and more kind  
Than fondest Epitaph ; for, if that 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, esteem,  
 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 will I single 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  
 While 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 tow’rds earth.

But in projection carried, as she walked,  
For ever musing. Sunken were her eyes ;  
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual thought  
Was her broad forehead ; like the brow of One  
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a painful glare  
Of overpowering light. While yet a Child,  
She, 'mid the humble Flowerets of the vale,  
Towered like the imperial Thistle, not unfurnished  
With its appropriate grace, yet rather seeking  
To be admired, than coveted or loved.

Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign Queen,  
Over her Comrades ; else their simple sports,  
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,  
Had crossed her, only to be shunned with scorn.

— Oh ! pang of sorrowful regret for those  
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,  
That they have lived for harsher servitude,  
Whether in soul, in body, or estate !

Such doom was hers ; yet nothing could subdue  
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface  
Those brighter images — by books 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 unrelenting, 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 parsimonious care,  
 Which got, and sternly hoarded, each day's gain.

“ Thus all was re-established, and a pile  
 Constructed, tha' 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 which it deplored.  
 Dread life of conflict! which I oft compared  
 To the agitation of a brook that runs  
 Down rocky mountains — buried now and lost  
 In silent pools, now in strong eddies chained, —  
 But never to be charmed to gentleness;  
 Its best attainment fits of such repose  
 As timid eyes might shrink from fathoming.

“ A sudden illness seized her in the strength  
 Of life's autumnal season. — Shall I tell  
 How on her bed of death the Matron lay,  
 To Providence submissive, so she thought;  
 But fretted, vexed, and wrought upon — almost  
 To anger, by the malady that 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 dying Woman heard to say  
 In bitterness, 'and must she rule and reign,  
 Sole Mistress of this house, when I am gone?  
 Sit by my fire — possess what I possessed —  
 Tend what I tended — calling it her own!  
 Enough; — I fear, too much. — One vernal evening,  
 While she was yet in prime of health and strength.  
 I well remember, while I passed her door,  
 Musing 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.' — She is safe,  
 And her uncharitable acts, I trust,  
 And harsh unkindness, are all forgiven;  
 Though, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe!"

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THE Vicar paused; and tow'rd 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.  
 Under the shade we all sat 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.  
It mild discourse, and manners that conferred  
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,  
Yea, doubtless, on the 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 morning 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 addrest to picture forth  
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade;  
What time the Hunter's earliest horn is heard  
Startling the golden hills. A wide-spread Elm  
Stands in our Valley, named **THE JOYFUL TREE**,  
From dateless usage which our Peasants hold  
Of giving welcome to the first of May  
By dances round its trunk. — And if the sky  
Permit, like 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 deftly, and the nicest Maiden's locks  
Less gracefully were braided; — but this praise,  
Methinks, would better suit another place.

“ She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved,  
— The road is dim, the current unperceived,  
The weakness painful and most pitiful,  
By which a virtuous Woman, in pure youth,  
May be delivered to distress and shame.  
Such fate was hers. — the last time Ellen danced,  
Among her Equals, round **THE JOYFUL TREE**,  
She bore a secret burthen; and full soon  
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow, —  
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,  
Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.



It was the season sweet, of budding leaves,  
 Of days advancing toward their utmost length,  
 And small birds singing to their happy mates.  
 Wild is the music of the autumnal wind  
 Among the faded woods; but these 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 firmanent 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. 'Twill please you to be told  
That, studiously withdrawing from the eye  
Of all companionship, the Sufferer yet  
In lonely reading found a meek resource;  
How thankful for the warmth of summer days,  
When she could slip into the Cottage-barn,  
And find a secret oratory there;  
Or, in the garden, under friendly veil  
Of their long twilight, pore upon her book  
By the last lingering help of open sky,  
Till the 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 looked 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 revealed,  
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 parched rock  
Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream  
Hath softened that obduracy, and made  
Unlooked-for gladness in the desert place,

To save the perishing ; and, henceforth, I look  
 Upon the light with cheerfulness, for thee,  
 My Infant ! and that good Mother dear,  
 Who bore me, — and hath prayed for me in vain ; --  
 Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain.  
 She spake, nor was the assurance unfulfilled,  
 And if heart-rending thoughts would 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 observe  
 Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,  
 Whose window, somewhat sadly, it adorns.  
 — Through four months' space the Infant drew its food  
 From the maternal breast ; then scruples rose ;  
 Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and  
     crossed  
 The sweet 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 with contented spirit undertook  
 A Foster-Mother's office.

“ 'Tis, 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 nurse,  
Forbade her all communion with her own;  
Week after week, the mandate they enforced.  
— So near! — yet not allowed, upon that sight  
To fix her eyes — alas! 'twas hard to bear!  
But worse affliction must be borne — far worse:  
For 'tis Heaven's will — that, after a disease  
Begun and ended within three days' space,  
Her Child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,  
Her own — deserted Child! — Once, only once,  
She saw it in that mortal malady;  
And, on the burial day, could scarcely gain  
Permission to attend its obsequies.  
She reached the house — last of the funeral train;  
And some One, as she entered, having chanced  
To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,  
'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a spirit  
Of anger never seen in her before,  
'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down she sate,  
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,  
And whatso'er the 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 was wasted day by 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,

Beneath 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, although 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 Wilfred Armathwaite?" — The Vicar answered,  
"In that green nook, close by the Church-yard wall,  
Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself  
In memory and for warning, and in sign  
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,  
Of reconcilment 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 dwel  
And yet where 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 assured,  
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 sigh  
Of the Bees murmuring round their sheltered hives  
In that Enclosure; while the mountain 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 gaiety.  
— Thrice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed  
The Wife, from whose consolatory grave  
I turned, that ye in mind might witness where,  
And how, her Spirit yet survives on Earth."

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

### THE CHURCH-YARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,

CONTINUED.

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#### 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 — Interrupted 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 — distinguished qualities — and untimely death — Exultation 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 Penmannaur)  
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 destroyed.

“These grassy heaps lie amicably close,”  
Said I, “like surges heaving in the wind  
Upon 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 play-ground 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,  
 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 school-boy of eight years;  
 But still, methinks, I see them as they passed  
 In order, drawing tow'rd 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 beneath the green-wood Tree?  
Or are they Strollers, 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 revelled long,  
 Frolicked industriously, a simple Clerk  
 By hopes of coming patronage beguiled  
 Till the heart sickened. So each loftier aim  
 Abandoning, and all his showy Friends,  
 For a life's stay, though slender yet assured,  
 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 scantily provided Cure

Not long had been endowed; and far remote  
The Chapel stood, divided from that House  
By an unpeopled tract of mountain waste.  
— 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 constrained  
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 distrest in mind;  
And, by as 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 sate his gentle Mate  
And three fair Children, plentifully fed  
Though simply, from their little household farm;  
With acceptable 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 on the walls,



Yet were the windows of the low Abode  
By shutters weather-fended, which at once  
Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.  
There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;  
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,  
That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,  
Were nicely braided, and composed a work  
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace  
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;  
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool,  
But tintured daintily with florid hues,  
For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,  
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain stone  
With which the parlor-floor, in simplest guise  
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.  
—These 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, upon its mossy roof.  
Time, which had thus afforded willing help  
To beautify with Nature's fairest growth  
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 delight  
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.  
— These transports, with staid looks of pure good-will  
And with soft smile, his Consort would reprove.  
She, far behind him in the race of years,  
Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced  
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,  
To that still region whither all are bound.  
— Him might we liken to the setting Sun  
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,  
Struggling and bold, and shining from the west  
With an inconstant and unmellowed light;  
She was a soft attendant Cloud, that hung  
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;  
From which it did itself imbibe a ray  
Of pleasing lustre. — But no more of this;  
I better love to sprinkle on the sod  
That now divides the Pair, or rather say  
That still unites them, praises, like heaven's dew  
Without reserve descending upon both.

‘Our very first in eminence of years  
This old Man stood, the Patriarch of the Vale!  
And, to his unmolested mansion, Death  
Had never come, through space of forty years

Sparing both old and young in that Abode.  
 Suddenly then they disappeared: not twice  
 Had summer scorched the fields; not twice had fallen  
 On those high Peaks, the first autumnal snow,  
 Before the greedy visiting was closed,  
 And the long-privileged House left empty — swept  
 As by a plague: yet no rapacious plague  
 Had been among them; all was gentle death,  
 One after one, with intervals of peace.  
 — A happy consummation! an accord  
 Sweet, perfect — to be wished for! 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, unsubdued.  
 But Heaven was gracious; yet a little while.  
 And this Survivor, with his cheerful throng

Of open schemes, and all 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 behold)  
 By yet a higher privilege once more  
 Were gathered to each other."

Calm of mind

And silence waited on these closing words;  
 Until the Wanderer (whether moved by fear  
 Lest in those passages of life were some  
 That might have touched the sick heart of his Friend  
 Too nearly, or intent to reinforce  
 His own firm spirit in degree deprest  
 By tender sorrow for our mortal state)  
 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  
 In 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 conquests over her dominion gained,  
 To which her forwardness 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 'twixt 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,  
Hither, ere long, that lowly, great, good Man  
Will be conveyed. An unelaborate Stone  
May cover him; and by its help, perchance,  
A century shall hear his name pronounced,  
With images attendant on the sound;  
Then, shall the slowly gathering twilight close  
In utter night; and of his course remain  
No cognizable vestiges, no more  
Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words  
To speak of him, and instantly dissolves.  
— Noise is there not enough in doleful war,  
But that the heaven-born poet must stand forth,  
And lend the echoes of his sacred shell,  
To multiply and aggravate the din?  
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love —  
And, in requited passion, all too much  
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear —  
But that the Minstrel of the rural shade  
Must tune his pipe insidiously to nurse  
The perturbation in the suffering breast,  
And propagate its kind, far as he may?  
— Ah, who (and with such rapture as befits  
The hallowed theme) will rise and celebrate  
The good Man's deeds and purposes; retrace  
His struggles, his discomfiture 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 delight,  
 And grave encouragement, by song inspired  
 — Vain thought! but wherefore murmur or repine?  
 The memory of the just survives in Heaven:  
 And, without sorrow, will this ground receive  
 That venerable clay. Meanwhilè the best  
 Of what it holds 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 tow'rds me, like a long straight path  
 Traced faintly in the green-sward; 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 al' things silent, wheresoe'er he moved

Yet, by the solace of his own pure thought  
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 farther'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, had each its own resource;  
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ



Announcing immortality and joy  
 To the assembled spirits of the just,  
 From imperfection and decay secure.  
 — Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:  
 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 countenance,  
 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, who cannot see, advancing  
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,  
Or in the woods, that could from him conceal  
Its birth-place; none whose figure did not live  
Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth  
Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;  
The ocean paid him tribute from the stores  
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,  
His genius mounted to the plains of Heaven.  
—Methinks I see him — how his eye-balls rolled  
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired, —  
But each instinct with spirit: and the frame  
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
Fancy, and understanding; while the voice  
Discoursed of natural or moral truth  
With eloquence, and such authentic power,  
That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood  
Abashed, and tender pity overawed.”

A noble, and, to unreflecting minds,

A marvellous spectacle," the Wanderer said,  
 "Beings like these present! But proof abounds  
 Upon the earth, that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be.  
 And to the mind among her powers of sense  
 This transfer is permitted, — not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may win;  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity; nor last nor least for this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of Death,  
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.  
 Unto the men who see not as we see  
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,  
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.  
 And know we not that from the blind have flowed  
 The highest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

Among the humbler Worthies, at our feet  
 Lying insensible to human praise,  
 Love, or regret, — *whose* lineaments would next  
 Have been portrayed, I guess not! but it chanced  
 That, near the quiet church-yard 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 oite  
 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  
 Towrd’s 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 holds  
 Within its shade, as in a stately tent  
 On all sides open to the fanning breeze,  
 A grave assemblage, seated while they shear  
 The fleece-encumbered flock;—the JOYFUL ELM,  
 Around whose trunk the Maidens dance in May;—  
 And the LORD'S OAK;— would plead their several  
 rights

In vain, if He were master of their fate;  
 His sentence to the axe would doom them all.  
 — But, green in age, and lusty as he is,  
 And promising to keep his hold on earth  
 Less, as might seem, in 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 word,  
 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!  
 — 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 heath, and from his open door,  
 Day after day the gladness is diffused  
 To all that come, and almost 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 the 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 precious 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 upstayed,  
 Range round the garden walk, while She perchance  
 Was catching at some novelty of Spring,  
 Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell  
 Drawn by the sunshine — at that hopeful season

The winds of March, smiting insidiously,  
 Raised in the tender passage of the throat  
 Viewless obstruction; whence — all unforewarned,  
 The Household lost their pride and soul's delight.  
 — But Time hath power to soften all regrets,  
 And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress  
 Due resignation. Therefore, though some tears  
 Fail not to spring from either Parent's eye  
 Oft as they hear of sorrow like their own,  
 Yet this departed Little-one, too long  
 The innocent trowler of their quiet, sleeps  
 In what may now be called a peaceful grave.

“On a bright day, the brightest of the year,  
 These mountains echoed with 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 therewith  
 Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!  
 Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss,  
 Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,  
 To me as precious as my own! — Green herbs  
 May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)  
 Over thy last abode, and we may pass  
 Reminded less imperiously of thee;—  
 The ridge itself may sink into the breast  
 Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;  
 Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,  
 Thy image disappear!

“The mountain Ash  
 No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove



Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head  
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine  
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,  
By a brook side or solitary tarn,  
How she her station doth adorn;— the pool  
Glowes at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks  
Are brightened round her. In his native Vale  
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;  
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts  
By his ingenious 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 coit  
Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him  
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch  
Of the lark's flight, — or shaped a rainbow curve.  
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!  
The indefatigable fox had learned  
To dread his perseverance in the chase.  
With admiration would he lift his eyes  
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand  
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:  
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak

To guard the royal brood. The sailing 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.

“From Gallia's coast a 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.

“Oft have I marked him, at some leisure hour,  
Stretched on the grass or seated in the shade  
Among his Fellows, while an ample Map

Before their eyes lay carefully outspread,  
From which the gallant Teacher would discourse,  
Now pointing this way, and now that. — ‘Here flows,  
Thus would he say, ‘the Rhine, that famous Stream!  
Eastward, the Danube tow’rd this inland sea,  
A mightier river, winds from realm to realm;—  
And, like a serpent, shows his glittering back  
Bespotted with innumerable isles:  
Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk; observe  
His capital city!’ — Thence — along a tract  
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears  
His finger moved, distinguishing the spots  
Where wide-spread conflict then most fiercely raged  
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal Fields  
On which the Sons of mighty Germany  
Were taught a base submission. — ‘Here behold  
A nobler race, the Switzers, and their Land;  
Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,  
And mountains white with everlasting snow!’  
— And, surely, he, that spake with kindling brow  
Was a true Patriot, hopeful as the best  
Of that young Peasantry, who, in our days,  
Have fought and perished for Helvetia’s rights, —  
Ah, not in vain! — or those who, in old time,  
For work of happier issue, to the side  
Of Tell came trooping from a thousand huts,  
When he had risen alone! No braver Youth  
Descended from Judean heights, to march  
With righteous Joshua; or appeared in arms  
When grove was felled, and altar was cast down,  
And Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-inflamed,  
And strong in hatred of idolatry.”

This spoken, from his seat the Pastor rose,  
And moved towards the grave; instinctively

His steps we followed; and my voice exclaimed,  
 "Power to the Oppressors of the world is given,  
 A might of which they dream not. Oh! the curse  
 To be the Awakener of divinest thoughts,  
 Father and Founder of exalted deeds,  
 And to whole nations bound in servile straits  
 The liberal Donor of capacities  
 More than heroic! this to be, nor yet  
 Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet  
 Deserve the least return of human thanks;  
 Winning no recompense but deadly hate  
 With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn!"

When these involuntary words 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.  
 Why do ye quake, intimidated Thrones?  
 For, not unconscious of the mighty debt  
 Which to outrageous Wrong the Sufferer owes,  
 Europe, through all her habitable seats,  
 Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who still  
 Exist, as pagan Temples stood of old,  
 By very horror of their impious rites  
 Preserved; are suffered 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, appeared,  
 In him to stand before my swimming eyes,  
 Unconquerably virtuous and secure.

— No more of this, lest I offend his dust.  
 Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

“ One summer’s day — a day of annual pomp  
 And solemn chase — from morn to sultry noon  
 His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,  
 The red-deer driven along its native heights  
 With cry of hound and horn; and, from that toil  
 Returned with sinews weakened and relaxed,  
 This generous Youth, too negligent of self,  
 Plunged — ’mid a gay and busy throng convened  
 To wash the fleeces of his Father’s flock —  
 Into the chilling flood.

“ Convulsions dire

Seized him, that self-same night; and through the space  
 Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched,  
 Till nature rested from her work in death.

— To him, thus snatched away, his Comrades paid  
 A soldier’s 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 these memorial words,  
The pining Solitary turned aside,  
Whether through manly instinct to conceal  
Tender emotions spreading from the heart  
To his worn cheek; or with uneasy shame  
For those cold 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 tow’rd 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 pomp of spear and shield,  
And borne upon a Charger covered o'er  
With gilded housings. And the lofty Steed —  
His sole companion, and his faithful friend,  
Whom he, in gratitude, let loose to range  
In fertile pasture — 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 IRTHING, 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 exclaimed,  
“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,  
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 himself  
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 reconfirmed — 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 overthrow;  
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 subsists:  
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 altercation, 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  
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 the Tenants out into the fields,  
 Like wild Beasts without home ! Their hour was come  
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,  
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt ?  
 Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help,  
 Save at worst need, from bold impetuous force,  
 Fitliest 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 'twere seemlier  
     now

To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks  
 For the pathetic Records which his voice  
 Hath here delivered ; words of heartfelt truth,  
 Tending to patience when Affliction strikes ;  
 To hope and love ; to confident repose  
 In God ; and reverence for the dust of Man."

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

### THE PARSONAGE.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long—Invitation to his House—Solitary disinclined to comply—Rallies the Wanderer; and somewhat 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—Gives Instances—Physical science unable to support itself—Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society—Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill—Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed—Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor—Path leading to his House—Its appearance described—His Daughter—His Wife—His Son (a Boy) enters with his Companion—Their happy appearance—The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

THE pensive Sceptic of the lonely Vale  
To those acknowledgments subscribed his own,  
With a sedate compliance, which the Priest  
Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said,  
“If Ye, by whom invited I commenced

These narratives of calm and humble life,  
 Be satisfied, 'tis well,—the end is gained;  
 And, in return for sympathy bestowed  
 And patient listening, thanks accept from me.  
 —Life, Death, Eternity! momentous themes  
 Are they — and might demand a Seraph's tongue,  
 Were they not equal to their own support;  
 And therefore no incompetence of mine  
 Could do them wrong. The universal forms  
 Of human nature, in a Spot like this,  
 Present themselves at once to all Men's view:  
 Ye wished for act and circumstance, that make  
 The Individual known and understood;  
 And such as my best judgment could select  
 From what the place afforded have been given,  
 Though apprehensions crossed me that my zeal  
 To his might well be linked, who unlocks  
 A Cabinet with gems or pictures stored,  
 And draws them forth — soliciting regard  
 To this, and this, as worthier than the last,  
 Till the Spectator, who awhile was pleased  
 More than the Exhibitor himself, becomes  
 Weary and faint, and longs to be released.  
 — But let us hence! my Dwelling is in sight,  
 And there — ”

At this the Solitary shrunk  
 With backward will; but wanting not address  
 That inward motion to disguise, he said  
 To his Compatriot, smiling as he spake;  
 — “The peaceful 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. Errant 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 they seek  
Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil  
Full oft procured, yet Such may claim respect,  
Among the Intelligent, for what this course  
Enables them to be, and to perform,  
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,  
While solitude permits the mind to feel;  
Instructs and prompts her to supply defects  
By the division of her inward self,  
For grateful converse: and to these poor Men  
(As I have heard you boast with honest pride)  
Nature is bountiful, where'er they go;  
Kind Nature's various wealth is all their own.  
Versed in the characters of men; and bound,  
By ties of daily interest, to maintain  
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;  
Such have been, and still are in their degree,  
Examples efficacious to refine  
Rude intercourse; apt Agents to expel,  
By importation of unlooked-for Arts,  
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;  
Raising, through just gradation, savage life  
To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.  
— Within their moving magazines is lodged  
Power that comes forth to quicken and exal

Affections seated in the Mother's breast,  
And in the Lover's fancy; and to feed  
The sober sympathies of long-tryed 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, 'tis gone;  
Their purer service, in this realm at least,  
Is past for ever. — An inventive Age  
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet  
To most strange issues. I have lived to mark  
A new and unforeseen Creation rise  
From out the 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 Thorpe 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 wide  
And formidable length of plashy lane,  
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaded

Or easier links connecting place with place)  
Have vanished,—swallowed up by stately roads  
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom  
Of Britain's farthest Glens. The Earth has lent  
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the Sail  
Of traffic glides with ceaseless interchange,  
Glistening along the low and woody dale,  
Or on the naked mountain's lofty side.  
Meanwhile, at social Industry's command,  
How quick, how vast an increase! From the germ  
Of some poor Hamlet, rapidly produced  
Here a huge Town, continuous and compact,  
Hiding the face of earth for leagues—and there,  
Where not a Habitation stood before,  
Abodes of men irregularly massed  
Like trees in forests, spread through spacious tracts,  
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fires  
Hangs permanent and plentiful as wreaths  
Of 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 sun  
Of Keels that rest within her crowded ports  
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays;  
That animating spectacle of Sails  
Which, through her inland regions, to and fro  
Pass with the respirations of the tide,  
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,  
Hence a dread arm of floating Power, a voice

Of Thunder, daunting those who would approach  
With hostile purposes the blessed Isle,  
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat  
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

“And yet, O happy Pastor of a Flock  
Faithfully watched, and, by that loving care  
And Heaven's good providence, preserved from taint!  
With You I grieve, when on the darker side  
Of this great change I look; and there behold  
Such outrage done to Nature as compels  
The indignant Power to justify herself;  
Yea, to avenge her violated rights,  
For England's bane. When soothing 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 full 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 huge,  
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 rumbling Stream.



That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,  
Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed  
Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,  
Mother, and little Children, Boys and Girls,  
Enter, and each the 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 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 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 plain 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 unpropped  
 By Virtue. He with sighs of pensive grief,  
 Amid his calm abstractions, would admit  
 That not the slender privilege is theirs  
 To save themselves from blank forgetfulness ! ”

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen  
 I said, “ And, did in truth these vaunted Arts  
 Possess such privilege, how could we escape  
 Regret and painful sadness, 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,  
 Society, and order, and chaste love,  
 And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
 And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer ;  
 That made the very thought of Country-life  
 A thought of refuge, for a Mind detained  
 Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd ? ”

Where now the beauty of the Sabbath, kept  
 With conscientious reverence, as a day  
 By the Almighty Lawgiver pronounced  
 Holy and blest? and where the winning grace  
 Of all the lighter ornaments attached  
 To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,  
 "Fled utterly! or only to be traced  
 In a few fortunate Retreats like this;  
 Which I behold with trembling, when I think  
 What lamentable change, a year — a month —  
 May bring; that Brook converting as it runs  
 Into an Instrument of deadly bane  
 For those, who, yet untempted to forsake  
 The simple occupations of their Sires,  
 Drink the pure water of its innocent stream  
 With lip almost as pure. Domestic bliss,  
 Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)  
 How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart  
 Lo! in such 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 command  
 — 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, preconsumes  
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 subdued  
The soul deprest, dejected — even to love  
Of her dull tasks, and close captivity.  
— Oh, banish far such wisdom as condemns  
A native Briton to these inward chains,  
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep,  
Without his own consent, or knowledge, fixed!  
He is a Slave to whom release comes not,  
And cannot come. The Boy, where'er he turns  
Is still a prisoner; when the wind is up  
Among the clouds and in 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  
From out those languid eyes could break, or blush

Mantle upon his cheek. Is this the form,  
 Is that the countenance, and such the port,  
 Of no mean being? One who should be clothed  
 With dignity befitting his proud hope;  
 Who, in his very childhood, should appear  
 Sublime — from present purity and joy!  
 The limbs increase, but liberty of mind  
 Is gone for ever; this organic Frame,  
 So joyful in her 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 her 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;  
 Then, if there were not, 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 own blanched hair

Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;  
 Or wearing, we might say, in that white growth  
 An ill-adjusted turban, for defence  
 Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-burnt brows  
 By savage Nature's unassisted care.  
 Naked, and coloured like the soil, the feet  
 On which they stand; as if thereby they drew  
 Some nourishment, as Trees do by their roots.  
 From Earth, the common Mother of us all.  
 Figure and mien, complexion and attire,  
 Are leagued to strike dismay, but outstretched hand  
 And whining voice denote them Supplicants  
 For the least boon that pity can bestow.  
 Such on the breast of darksome heaths are found;  
 And with their Parents dwell upon the skirts  
 Of furze-clad commons; such are born and reared  
 At the mine's mouth, beneath impending rocks,  
 Or in the chambers of some natural cave;  
 And 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. Upon the 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 Gipsy tribe,  
These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,  
Are profitless to others. Turn we then  
To Britons born and bred within the pale  
Of civil polity, and early trained  
To earn, by wholesome labor in the field,  
The bread they eat. A sample should I give  
Of what this stock produces 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 :— his joints are stiff ;  
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 may be taxed with aught

Of sottish vice or desperate breach of law,

To which in after years he may be roused.

--- This Boy the Fields produce: his spade and hoe --

The Carter's whip that on his shoulder rests

In air high-towering with a boorish pomp,

The sceptre of his sway; his Country's name,

Her equal rights, her churches, and her schools --

What have they done for him? And, let me ask,

For tens of thousands uninformed as he?

In brief, what liberty of mind is here?"

This ardent sally pleased the mild good Man,

To whom the appeal couched in its closing words

Was pointedly addressed; and to the thoughts

That, in assent or opposition, rose

Within his mind, he seemed prepared to give

Prompt utterance; but, rising from our seat,

The hospitable Vicar interposed

With invitation urgently renewed.

— We followed, taking as he led, a Path

Along a hedge of hollies, dark and tall,

Whose flexile boughs, descending 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 the surface o'er

With pure cerulean gravel, from the heights



Fetch'd by the 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 reverend Pile  
With bold projections and recesses deep;  
Shadowy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood  
Fronting the noontide Sun. We paused to admire  
The pillared Porch, elaborately embossed;  
The low wide windows with their mullions old;  
The cornice richly fretted, of 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 assuming  
A mere 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 request;  
And, up the flowery lawn as we advanced,  
Hangs on the Old Man with a happy look,  
And with a pretty restless hand of love.  
— We enter — by the Lady of the Place  
Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port.  
A lofty stature undepressed by Time,  
Whose visitation had not wholly spared  
The finer lineaments of form and face;  
To that complexion brought which prudence trusts in  
And wisdom loves. — But when a stately Ship  
Sails in smooth weather by the placid coast  
On homeward voyage, what — if wind and wave  
And hardship undergone in various climes,  
Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,  
And that full trim of inexperienced hope  
With which she left her haven — not for this,  
Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze  
Play on her streamers, fails she to assume  
Brightness and touching beauty of her own,  
That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared  
This goodly Matron, shining in the beams  
Of unexpected pleasure. Soon the board  
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled

The mid-day hours with desultory talk;  
From trivial themes to general argument  
Passing, as accident or fancy led,  
Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose  
And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve  
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary  
Resumed the manners of his happier days;  
And, in the various conversation, bore  
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;  
Yet with the grace of one who in the world  
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had now  
Occasion given him to display his skill,  
Upon the steadfast vantage ground of truth  
He gazed with admiration unsuppressed  
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,  
Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,  
In softened perspective; and more than once  
Praised the consummate harmony serene  
Of gravity and elegance — diffused  
Around the Mansion and its whole domain;  
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste  
And female care — “A blessed lot is yours!”  
The words escaped his lip with a tender sigh  
Breathed over them; but suddenly the door  
Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys  
Appeared — confusion checking their delight.  
— Not Brothers they in feature or attire,  
But fond Companions, so I guessed, in field,  
And by the river’s margin — whence they come,  
Anglers elated with unusual spoil.  
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 O, the animation in the mien  
Of those two Boys! Yea, in the very words  
With which the young Narrator was inspired,  
When, as our questions led, he told at large  
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare  
His look, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,  
To a bold Brook that splits for better speed,  
And, at the self-same moment, works its way  
Through many channels, ever and anon  
Parted and reunited: 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, returned,  
Upon this impulse, to the theme erewhile  
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.

# THE EXCURSION.

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## BOOK THE NINTH.

### DISCOURSE OF THE WANDERER, AND AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LAKE.

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#### ARGUMENT.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe — Its noblest seat, the human soul — How lively this principle is in Childhood — Hence the delight in Old Age of looking back upon Childhood — The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted — These not to be looked for generally but under a just government — Right of a human Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument — Vicious inclinations are best kept under by giving good ones an opportunity to show themselves — The condition of multitudes deplored, from want of due respect to this truth on the part of their superiors in society. — Former conversation recurred to, and the Wanderer's opinion set in a clearer light — Genuine principles of equality — Truth placed within reach of the humblest — 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 — Wanderer breaks off — Walk to the Lake — Embark — Description of scenery and amusements — Grand spectacle from the side of a hill — Address of Priest to the Supreme Being — In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him — The change ascribed to Christianity — Apostrophe to his Flock, living and dead — Gratitude to the Almighty — Return over the Lake — Parting with the Solitary — Under what circumstances.

“To every Form of being is assigned,”  
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,  
“An *active* principle: — howe’er removed  
From sense and observation, it subsists  
In all things, in all natures, in the stars  
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,  
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone  
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,  
The moving waters, and the invisible air.  
Whate’er exists hath properties that spread  
Beyond itself, communicating good,  
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;  
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,  
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link  
It circulates, the Soul of all the Worlds.  
This is the freedom of the Universe;  
Unfolded still the more, more visible,  
The more we know; and yet is 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-morrow!)  
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 ascends  
Undaunted, tow'rd 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 'tis not impossible to sit  
In awful sovereignty — a place of power —  
A Throne, that may be likened unto his,  
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks  
Down from a mountain-top, — say one of those  
High Peaks, that bound the vale where now we are  
Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,  
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,  
With all the shapes upon 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 invisible 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 neglect;  
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil;  
To whom kind Nature, therefore, may afford  
Proof of the sacred love she bears for all;  
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, may ensure.  
For me, consulting what I feel within,

In times when most existence with herself  
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,  
That, far as kindly Nature hath free scope  
And Reason's sway predominates, even so far,  
Country, society, and time itself,  
That saps the Individual's bodily frame,  
And lays the generations low in dust,  
Do, by the Almighty Ruler's grace, partake  
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth  
And cherishing, with ever-constant love,  
That tires not, nor betrays. Our Life is turned  
Out of her course, wherever Man is made  
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool  
Or implement, a passive Thing employed  
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment  
Of common right or interest in the end ;  
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.  
Say, what can follow for a rational Soul  
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good  
And strength in evil? Hence an after-call  
For chastisement, and custody, and bonds,  
And oft-times Death, avenger of the past,  
And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare  
Entrust the future. Not for these sad issues  
Was Man created ; but to obey the law  
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis known  
That when we stand upon our native soil,  
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress  
Our active powers, those powers themselves become  
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities :  
They sweep distemper from the busy day,  
And make the Chalice of the big round Year  
Run o'er with gladness ; whence the Being moves  
In beauty through the world ; and all who see  
Bless him, rejoicing in his 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 themselves  
 They cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts  
 To know what they must do; their wisdom is  
 To look into the eyes of others, thence  
 To be instructed what they must avoid:  
 Or rather let us say, how least observed,  
 How with most quiet and most silent death,  
 With the least taint and injury to the air  
 The Oppressor breathes, their human Form divine,  
 And their immortal Soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you — you have spared  
 My voice the utterance of a keen regret,  
 A wide compassion which with you I share.  
 When, heretofore, I placed before your sight  
 A Little-one, subjected to the Arts  
 Of modern ingenuity, and made  
 The senseless member of a vast machine,  
 Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;  
 Think not that, pitying him, I could forget  
 The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught  
 The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,  
 And miserable hunger. Much, too much  
 Of this unhappy lot, in early youth  
 We both have witnessed, lot which I myself  
 Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:  
 Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,  
 Through which I struggled, not without distress  
 And sometimes injury, like a Lamb enthralled

'Mid thorns and brambles; or a Bird that breaks  
Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,  
Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls  
Should open while they range the richer fields  
Of merry England, are obstructed less  
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,  
Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt  
That tens of thousands at this day exist  
Such as the Boy you painted, lineal Heirs  
Of those who once were Vassals of her soil,  
Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees  
Which it sustained. But no one takes delight  
In this oppression; none are proud of it;  
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;  
A standing grievance, an 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 combined  
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;  
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,  
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind  
Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

Alas! what differs more than man from man?  
And whence that difference? whence but from himself?  
For see the 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 presumed.  
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; no special boon

For high and not for low, for proudly graced  
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends  
To heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth  
As from the haughty 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 betwixt Man and Man.

“But let us rather turn our gladdened thoughts  
Upon the brighter scene. How blest that Pair  
Of blooming Boys (whom we behold 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 pleasant 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, this is sure, 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; looking 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 Statute to secure  
 For all the Children whom her soil maintains  
 The rudiments of Letters, and inform  
 The mind with moral and religious truth,  
 Both understood, and practised, — so that none,  
 However destitute, he left to droop  
 By timely culture unsustained; or run  
 Into a wild disorder; or be forced  
 To drudge through weary life without the aid  
 Of intellectual implements and tools;  
 A savage Horde among the civilized,  
 A servile Band among the lordly free!  
 ‘This sacred right, the lisping Babe proclaims

To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will  
For the protection of his innocence ;  
And the rude Boy, — who, having overpast  
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,  
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
To impious use — by process indirect  
Declares his due, while he makes known his need  
— This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,  
This universal plea in vain addressed,  
To eyes and ears of Parents who themselves  
Did, in the time of their necessity,  
Urge it in vain ; and, therefore, like a prayer  
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,  
It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;  
Who, if indeed she own a Mother's heart,  
And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
The unquestionable good ; which England, safe  
From interference of external force,  
May grant at leisure ; without risk incurred  
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

“Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs  
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,  
Long-reverenced Titles cast away as weeds ;  
Laws overturned ; — and Territory split,  
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,  
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes,  
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust  
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.  
Meantime the Sovereignty of these fair Isles  
Remains entire and indivisible ;



And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds  
Within the compass of their several shores  
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each  
Might still preserve the beautiful repose  
Of heavenly Bodies shining in their spheres.  
— The discipline of slavery is unknown  
Amongst 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 possessed,  
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 send their fragrance forth,  
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 — beyond —  
The Lake, though bright, is of a 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  
Beneath her 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 overarched  
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed  
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw  
A two-fold Image; on a grassy bank  
A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood  
Another and the same! Most beautiful,  
On the green turf, with his imperial front  
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,  
The breathing Creature stood; as beautiful,  
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counterpart.  
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,  
 Like those reflected in yon quiet Pool,  
 Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,  
 To great and small disturbances exposed.”

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.  
 — When we had cautiously embarked, the Pair  
 Now for a prouder service were address'd ;  
 But an inexorable law forbade,  
 And each resigned the oar which he had seized.  
 Whereat, with willing hand I undertook

The needful labor; grateful task! to me  
 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. Now, the reedy marge  
 Cleared, with a strenuous arm I dipped the oar,  
 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 bend our course; or while  
 We seek that other, on the western shore,—  
 Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,  
 Supporting gracefully a massy Dome  
 Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate  
 A Grecian Temple rising from the Deep.”

“Turn where we may,” said I, “we cannot err  
 In this delicious Region.” Cultured slopes,  
 Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,  
 And mountains bare—or clothed with ancient woods,  
 Surrounded us; and, as we held our way  
 Along the level of the glassy flood,  
 They ceased not to surround us; change of place,  
 From kindred features diversely combined,  
 Producing change of beauty ever new.  
 —Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light  
 Of living nature, cannot be portrayed  
 By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;  
 But is the property of him alone  
 Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,

And in his mind recorded it with love!  
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse  
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks  
Of trivial occupations well devised,  
And unsought pleasures springing up by chance,  
As if some friendly Genius had ordained  
That, as the day thus far had been enriched  
By acquisition of sincere delight,  
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,  
A gipsy fire we kindled on the shore  
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fringed — and there  
Merrily seated in a ring, partook  
The beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb.  
— Launched from our hands, the smooth stone skimmed  
the lake;  
With shouts we roused 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 sly 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 reëmbarked,  
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  
 It seems extinct; nor shall the fanning breeze  
 Revive its ashes. What care we for this,  
 Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here  
 Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!  
 And, in this unpremeditated slight  
 Of that which is no longer needed, see  
 The common course of human gratitude!"

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose  
 Of the still evening. Right across the Lake  
 Our pinnacle moves: then, coasting creek and bay,  
 Glades we behold — and into thickets peep —  
 Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes  
 To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat  
 Browsed by the side of dashing waterfalls.  
 Thus did the Bark, meandering with the shore,  
 Pursue 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,  
 Of 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 the intrusion of a 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 reclining — 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 ne'er shall I forget  
When these particular interests were effacea  
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,  
Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious, pierced  
Through their ethereal texture, had become  
Vivid as fire—clouds separately poised,  
Innumerable multitude of Forms  
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;  
And giving back, and shedding each on each,  
With prodigal communion, the bright hues  
Which from the unapparent Fount of glory  
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.  
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep  
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open side  
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes intent  
On the refulgent spectacle—diffused  
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible space,  
The Priest in holy transport thus exclaimed:—

“Eternal Spirit! Universal God!  
Power inaccessible to human thought,



Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned  
To furnish; for this effluence of Thyself,  
To the infirmity of mortal sense  
Vouchsafed; this local transitory type  
Of thy paternal 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  
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink  
Imperishable majesty streamed forth  
From thy empyreal Throne, the elect of Earth  
Shall be — divested at the appointed hour  
Of all dishonor — cleansed from mortal stain.  
— Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude  
Time's weary course! Or if, by thy 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 acknowledge, linger still;  
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state  
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love  
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

“So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,  
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail  
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,  
Shall it endure? Shall enmity and strife,  
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;  
And the kind never perish? Is the hope  
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain  
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,  
And ne'er to fail? Shall that 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 morning wakes, among sweet 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,  
At this affecting hour, might almost think  
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,  
Beneath 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 given,  
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits  
Of yet another summer's day, consumed  
In wandering with us through the Valleys fair,  
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, is 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.

PETER BELL

A TALE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

GEORGE THE SECOND

BY

JOHN BURNET

The history of the reign of George the second, from the death of Queen Anne, to the death of the king, is a most interesting and important period in the history of Great Britain. It is a period of great political and military events, and of great personal interest to the king and his subjects. The king's reign was marked by the Seven Years' War, the Jacobite rebellion, and the death of the king's only son, Prince Frederick. The king's reign was also marked by the death of his only daughter, Princess Anne, and the death of his only son, Prince Frederick. The king's reign was a period of great political and military events, and of great personal interest to the king and his subjects.



# PETER BELL:

## A TALE.

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What's in a NAME?

• • • • •  
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

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TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. P. L.,  
&c., &c.

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 my 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.

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## 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,  
 Whose shape is 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 fills 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 throng 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.

And there it 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 for ever!

Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,  
"Was ever such a homesick Loon,  
Within a living Boat to sit,  
And make no better use of it,—  
A Boa 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 pursuing  
Without impediment or let,  
My radiant Pinnacle, you forget  
What on the earth is doing.

There was a time when all mankind  
Did listen with a faith sincere  
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;  
*Then* Poets fearlessly rehearsed  
The wonders of a wild career.

Go — (but the world's a sleepy world,  
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late)  
Take with you some ambitious Youth;  
For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,  
Am 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 — to elevate?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create?

A potent wand doth Sorrow wield,  
What spell so strong as guilty fear?  
Repentance is a tender Sprite;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
Tis lodged within her silent tear.

But grant my wishes, — let us now  
Descend from this ethereal height;  
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,  
More daring far than Hippogriff,  
And be thy own delight!

To the stone-table in my garden,  
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,  
The Squire is come; — his daughter Bess  
Beside him in the cool recess  
Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened;  
They know not I have been so far; —  
I see them there, in number nine,  
Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine —  
I see them — there they are!

There sits the Vicar and his Dame;  
 And there my good friend, Stephen Otte.  
 And, ere the light of evening fail,  
 To them I must relate the Tale  
 Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew my sparkling Boat in scorn,  
 Spurning her freight with indignation!  
 And I, as well as I was able,  
 On two poor legs, tow'rd my stone-table,  
 Limped on with some 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.

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PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight river side  
 Groaned the poor Beast.—alas! in vain;



The staff was raised to loftier height,  
And the blows fell with heavier weight  
As Peter struck — and struck again.

Like winds that lash the waves, or smite  
The woods, autumnal foliage thinning —  
“Hold!” said the Squire, “I pray you hold.  
Who Peter was let that be told,  
And start from the beginning.”

——— “A Potter, Sir, he was by trade,”  
Said I, becoming quite collected;  
“And wheresoever he appeared,  
Full twenty times was Peter feared  
For once that Peter was respected.

He, two-and-thirty years or more,  
Had been a wild and woodland rover,  
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar  
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,  
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,  
And well he knew the spire of Sarum,  
And he had been where Lincoln bell  
Flings o'er the fen its ponderous knell,  
Its far-renowned alarum!

At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,  
And merry Carlisle had he been;  
And all along the Lowlands fair,  
All through the bonny shire of Ayr —  
And far as Aberdeen.

And he had been at Inverness ;  
And Peter, by the mountain rills,  
Had danced his round with Highland lasses ;  
And he had lain beside his asses  
On lofty Cheviot Hills :

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,  
Among the rocks and winding scars ;  
Where deep and low the hamlets lie  
Beneath their little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars :

And all along the indented coast,  
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam ;  
Where'er a knot of houses lay  
On headland, or in hollow bay ; —  
Sure never man like him did roam .

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,  
Have been fast bound, a begging Debtor ; —  
He travelled here, he travelled there ; —  
But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell ;  
They were his dwellings night and day, —  
But Nature ne'er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did Nature lead him as before ;  
A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more

Small change it made in 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 comē 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 cheerfully 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 he is among the trees;  
When, turning round his head, he sees  
A solitary Ass.

“A prize,” cried Peter, stepping back  
To 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 heel his shaggy side;  
But still the Ass his station kept

“What’s this?” cried Peter, brandishing  
A new-peeled sapling;—though I deem  
This threat was understood full well,  
Firm, as before, the Sentinel  
Stood by the silent stream.

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.



What followed? — yielding to the shock,  
The Ass, as if to take his ease,  
In quiet uncomplaining mood,  
Upon the spot where he had stood,  
Dropped gently down upon his knees.

And then upon his side he fell,  
And by the river's brink did lie;  
And, as he lay like one that mourned,  
The Beast on his tormentor turned  
His shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mild reproachful look,  
A look more tender than severe;  
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,  
He turned the eye-ball in his head  
Towards the 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.

And Peter halts to gather breath,  
And, while he halts, was clearly shown  
(What he before in part had seen)  
How gaunt the Creature was, and lean,  
Yea, wasted to a skeleton.

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:  
That instant, while outstretched he lay  
To all the echoes, south and north,  
And east and west, the Ass sent forth  
A loud and piteous 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 an endless shout,  
The long dry see-saw of this 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 Peter now uplifts his eyes;  
 Steady the moon doth look, and clear  
 And like themselves the rocks appear,  
 And quiet are the skies.

Whereat, in resolute mood, once more,  
 He stoops the Ass's neck to seize —  
 Foul purpose, quickly put to flight!  
 For in the pool a startling sight  
 Meets him, beneath the shadowy trees

Is it the moon's distorted face?  
 The ghost-like image of a cloud?  
 Is it the 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?  
 Or a gay ring of shining fairies,  
 Such as pursue their brisk 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 one intent upon 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 drops, a senseless weight, as if his life were  
     flown.

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PART SECOND.

WE left our Hero in a trance,  
 Beneath the alders, near the river;  
 The Ass is by the river side,  
 And, where the feeble breezes glide,  
 Upon the stream the moonbeams quiver

A happy respite!— but at length  
 He feels the glimmering of the moon;  
 Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly sighing --  
 To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,  
 Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head — he sees his staff;  
He touches — 'tis to him a treasure.  
Faint recollection seems to tell  
That he is yet where mortals dwell —  
A thought received with languid pleasure

His head upon his elbow propped,  
Becoming less and less perplexed,  
Skyward 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 all this while —  
What aim is his? 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 — his purpose and his wish  
The Suppliant shows, well as he can;  
Thought Peter, Whatso'er betide,  
I'll go, and he my way will guide  
To the cottage of the drowned man.

This hoping, Peter 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 takes his way towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound !  
And Peter honestly might say,  
The like came never to his ears,  
Though he has been, full thirty years,  
A Rover — night and day !

'Tis not a plover of the moors,  
'Tis not a bittern of the fen ;  
Nor can it be a barking fox,  
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,  
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen !

The Ass is startled, and stops short  
Right in the middle of the thicket ;  
And Peter, wont to whistle loud,  
Whether alone or in a crowd,  
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess ?  
Well may you tremble and look grave !  
This cry, that rings along the wood —  
This cry, that floats adown the flood,  
Comes from the entrance of a cave !

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,  
And, if I had the power to say  
How sorrowful the wanderer is,  
Your heart would be as sad as his,  
Till you had kissed his tears away.

Holding 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  
What seeks the boy? — the silent dead —

His father! — Him doth he require,  
Whom he hath 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 distress  
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 noise 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 befel.

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 footstep true  
Descending slowly, till the two  
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along a narrow dell,  
A fair smooth pathway you discern,  
A length of green and open road —  
As if it from a fountain flowed —  
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side  
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;  
Temples like those among the Hindoos.  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey-windows,  
And castles all with ivy green !

And, while the Ass pursues his way  
Along this solitary dell,  
As pensively his steps advance,  
The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell !

That unintelligible cry  
Hath left him high in preparation,  
Convinced that he, or soon or late,  
This very night will meet his fate —  
And so he sits in expectation!

The strenuous Animal hath clomb  
With the green path, — and now he wends  
Where, shining like the smoothest sea,  
In undisturbed immensity  
A level plain extends.

But whence that faintly-rustling sound  
Which, all too long, the pair hath chased?  
— A dancing leaf is close behind,  
Like plaything for the sportive wind  
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spies the withered leaf,  
It yields no cure to 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 this comfortless 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 Creature'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 darting pains,  
 As meteors shoot through heaven's wide plains,  
 Pass through his bosom, and repass!

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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 good man's 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, full 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 torment the good  
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.

I know you, potent Spirits! well,  
How, with the feeling and the sense  
Playing, ye govern foes or friends,  
Yoked to your will, for fearful 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 I have often felt  
In darkness and the stormy night ;  
And well I know, 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 fell that I am all unfit  
For such high argument.

I've played and danced with my narration --  
I loitered long ere I began:  
Ye waited then on my good pleasure, --  
Pour out indulgence, still, in measure  
As liberal as you 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 clearly for that crimson stain,  
His evil spirit up again  
Does like an empty bucket mount

And Peter is a deep logician  
 Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;  
 "Blood drops — leaves rustle — yet," quoth he,  
 "This poor man never, but for me,  
 Could have had Christian burial.

And, say the best you can, 'tis plain,  
 That here hath 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 confound his spiteful mirth,  
 A murmur, pent within the earth,  
 In the dead earth beneath the road,

Rolled audibly! — it swept along —  
A muffled noise — a rumbling sound!  
'Twas by a troop of miners made,  
Plying with gunpowder their trade,  
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect! — for, surely,  
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,  
Believed that earth was charged to quake  
And yawn for his unworthy sake,  
'Twas Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn;  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffened them, maintain their post;  
So he, beneath the gazing moon! —

Meanwhile the pair have reached a spot  
Where, sheltered by a rocky cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove.

Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.

Deep-sighing as he passed along,  
Quoth Peter, "In the shire of Fife,  
'Mid such a ruin, following still  
From land to land a lawless 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,  
And a confusing 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!

A lonely house her dwelling was,  
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 aitar  
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  
 Reëchoed by a naked rock,  
 Is from that tabernacle — List !  
 Within, a fervent Methodist  
 Is preaching to no heedless flock.

“ Repent ! repent ! ” he cries aloud,  
 “ While yet ye may find mercy ; — strive  
 To love the Lord with all your might ;  
 Turn to him, seek him day and night,  
 And save your souls alive !

Repent ! repent ! though ye have gone,  
 Through paths of wickedness and woe,  
 After the Babylonian harlot,  
 And, though your sins be red as scarlet,  
 They shall be white as snow ! ”

Even as he passed the door, these words  
Did plainly come to Peter's ears ;  
And they such joyful tidings were,  
The joy was more than he could bear! —  
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!  
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!  
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;  
Through all his iron frame was felt  
A gentle, a relaxing power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak ;  
Weak all the animal within ;  
But, in its helplessness, grew mild  
And gentle as an infant child,  
An infant that has known no sin.

'Tis said that, through prevailing grace,  
He, not unmoved, did notice now  
The cross upon thy shoulders scored,  
Meek Beast! in memory of the Lord  
To whom all human-kind shall bow ;

In memory of that solemn day  
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
By an immeasurable stream  
Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass.  
Towards a gate in open view,  
Turns up a narrow 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  
Had gone two hundred yards, not more;  
When to a lonely house he came;  
He turned aside towards the same,  
And stopped before the door.

Thought Peter, 'Tis the poor man's home!  
He listens — not a sound is heard  
Save from the trickling household rill;  
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,  
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound,  
In hope 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 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 Sufferer cast  
Upon the Beast that near her stands;  
She sees 'tis he, that 'tis the same;  
She calls the poor Ass by his name,  
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss — untimely stroke '  
If he had died upon his bed!  
— He knew not one forewarning pain  
He never will come home again —  
Is dead — for ever dead!"

Beside the Woman Peter stands;  
His heart is opening more and more;  
A holy sense pervades his mind;  
He feels what he for human kind  
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,  
The Woman rises from the ground —  
"Oh, mercy! something must be done —  
My little Rachael, you must run, —  
Some willing neighbor must be found.

"Make haste, my little Rachael, do, —  
The first you meet with, bid him come;  
Ask him to lend his horse to-night;  
And this good Man, whom Heaven requite,  
Will help to bring the body home."

Away goes Rachael 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 to the pillow gives 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 past 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 inward grief and 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!

Towards 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, —  
“Oh! 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.



# THE IDIOT BOY

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## THE IDIOT BOY.

'Tis eight o'clock, — a clear March night, —  
The Moon is up, — the Sky is blue,  
The Owlet, in the moonlight air,  
Shouts, from nobody knows where ;  
He lengthens out his lonely shout,  
Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

— Why bustle thus about your door,  
What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?  
Why are you in this mighty fret ?  
And why on horseback have you set  
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy ?

There's scarce a soul that's 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 abed 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 up upon the 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 hope 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 comfort soon 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 — 'tis almost ten —  
 Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans ;  
 The clock gives warning for eleven ;  
 'Tis on the stroke — "He must be near,"  
 Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,  
 As sure as there's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,  
 And Johnny is not yet in sight,  
 — The Moon's in heaven, as Betty sees,  
 But Betty is not quite at ease ;  
 And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,  
 On Johnny vile reflections cast :  
 "A little idle sauntering Thing !"  
 With other names, an endless string ;  
 But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty's drooping at the heart,  
 That happy time all past and gone,  
 "How can it be he is so late ?  
 The Doctor he has made him wait,  
 Susan ! they'll both be here anon."

And Susan's growing worse and worse,  
 And Betty's in a sad *quandary* ;  
 And then there's nobody to say  
 If she must go, or she must stay  
 She's in a sad *quandary*.



The clock is on the stroke of one ;  
But neither Doctor nor his Guide  
Appears along the moonlight road ;  
There's neither horse nor man abroad,  
And Betty's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear  
Of sad mischances not a few,  
That Johnny may perhaps be drowned,  
Or lost, perhaps, and never found ;  
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this  
With, "God forbid it should be true!"  
At the first word that Susan said,  
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,  
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you.

I must be gone, I must away,  
Consider, Johnny's but half-wise ;  
Susan, we must take care of him,  
If he is hurt in life or limb" —  
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,  
"What can I do to ease your pain?  
Good Susan, tell me, and I'll stay ;  
I fear you're in a dreadful way,  
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!  
There's nothing that can ease my pain."  
Then off she hies ; but with a prayer  
That God poor Susan's life would spare  
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she goes,  
And far into the moonlight dale;  
And how she ran, and how she walked,  
And all that to herself she talked,  
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,  
In great and small, in round and square,  
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,  
In brush and brake, in black and green,  
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.

The bridge is past — far in the dale;  
And now the thought torments her 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.

“Oh saints! what is become of him?  
Perhaps he's climbed into an oak,  
Where he will stay till he is dead;  
Or, sadly he has been misled,  
And joined the wandering gipsy-folk

“Or him that wicked Pony's carried  
To the dark cave, the goblins 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.

And now she's got into the town,  
 And to the Doctor's door she hies ;  
 'Tis silence all on every side ;  
 The town so long, the town so wide,  
 Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the Doctor's door,  
 She lifts the knocker, — rap, rap, rap ;  
 The Doctor at the casement shows  
 His glimmering eyes that peep and doze !  
 And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

"Oh, Doctor! Doctor! where's my Johnny?"

"I'm here, — what is't you want with me?"

"Oh, 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.

“ Oh, woe is me! Oh, 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:  
“ Oh, cruel! I'm almost three-score;  
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,  
O, 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 like a silent Horseman-Ghost,  
He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,  
A fierce and dreadful hunter he ;  
Yon valley, now so trim and green,  
In five months' time, should he be seen,  
A desert wilderness will be !

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,  
And like the very soul of evil,  
He's galloping away, away,  
And so will gallop on for aye,  
The bane of all that dread the devil !

I to the Muses have been bound  
These fourteen years, by strong indentures :  
O, gentle Muses ! let me tell  
But half of what to him befel ;  
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 you, 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:  
 — 'Tis 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, 'tis no ghost,  
 'Tis 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 every where;  
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 posts up hill and down,  
And to the wood at length is come;  
She spies her Friends, she shouts a greeting;  
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-who, to-who,  
And the sun did shine so cold."  
— Thus answered Johnny in his glory,  
And that was all his travel's story.

**MICHAEL:**  
**A PASTORAL POEM.**



# MICHAEL :

## A PASTORAL POEM.

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If from the public way you turn your steps  
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
You will suppose that with an upright path  
Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent  
The pastoral Mountains front you, face to face.  
But, courage ! for around that boisterous Brook  
The mountains have all opened out themselves,  
And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen ; but they  
Who journey thither find themselves alone  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky.  
It is in truth an utter solitude ;  
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell  
But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones !  
And to that place a story appertains,  
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,  
Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside,  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that s'wake 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 Vaie  
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 Stream and Rocks  
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed  
The common air; the hills, which he so oft  
Had climbed with vigorous steps; 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 past in singleness.  
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, began  
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 their cleanly supper-board, and there,  
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,  
Sat round their basket piled with oaten cakes,  
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their  
meal

Was ended, LUKE (for so the Son was named)  
And his old Father both partook themselves  
To such convenient work as might employ  
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card  
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair  
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,  
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,  
That in our ancient uncouth country style  
Did with a huge projection overbrow  
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 sat,  
Father and Son, while late 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 neighborhood,  
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 Dummail-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  
Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all —  
Than that a child, more than all other gifts,  
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 bore to him,  
His Heart and his Heart's joy! For oftentimes  
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 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  
Had work by his own door, or when he sat  
With sheep before him on his Shepherd's stool,  
Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door  
Stood, — and, from its enormous breadth of shade  
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,  
Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.  
There, while they two were sitting in the shade,  
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep  
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts  
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up  
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek  
Two steady roses that were five years old,  
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut  
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped  
With iron, making it throughout in all  
Due requisites a perfect Shepherd's Staff,  
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt  
He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed  
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;  
And, to his office prematurely called,  
There stood the Urchin, as you will divine,  
Something between a hinderance 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 eighteenth year.  
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple Household lived  
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came  
Distressful tidings. Long before the time  
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound  
In surety for his Brother's Son, a man  
Of an industrious life, and ample means, —  
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
Had prest upon him, — and old Michael now  
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture,  
A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for calamity,  
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 gathered so much strength  
That he could look his trouble in the face,  
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell

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  
'Twere 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  
May come again 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 moneys to the poor,  
And, at his birth-place, built a Chapel floored  
With Marble, which he sent from foreign lands.  
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,  
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,  
And her face brightened. The Old Man was glad,  
And thus resumed : — “ Well, Isabel, this scheme,  
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.  
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
— We have enough — I wish indeed that I  
Were younger, — but this hope is a good hope.  
— Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best  
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth  
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :  
— If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night.”  
Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth  
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days  
Was restless morn and night, and all day long  
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare  
Things needful for the journey of her son.  
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work : for, when she lay  
By Michael's side, she through the two last 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 appeared  
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length  
The expected letter from their Kinsman came,  
With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;  
To which requests were added that 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 word  
The Housewife answered, talking much of things  
Which, if at such short notice he should go,  
Would surely be forgotten. But at length  
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll  
In that deep Valley, Michael had designed  
To build a Sheep-fold; and before he heard  
The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
For this same purpose he had gathered up

A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge  
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:  
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,  
And thus the Old Man spake to him:—"My Son,  
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart  
I look upon thee, for thou art the same  
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,  
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.  
I will relate to thee some little part  
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good  
When thou art from me, even if I should speak  
Of things thou canst not know of.—After thou  
First camest into the world—as oft befalls  
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away  
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue  
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,  
And still I loved thee with increasing love.  
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside  
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;  
When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy  
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,  
And in the open fields my life was passed  
And on the mountains; else I think that thou  
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.  
But we were playmates, Luke; among these hills,  
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young  
Have played together, nor with me didst thou  
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."  
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words  
He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand,  
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see  
That these are things of which I need not speak.  
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee

A kind and a good Father: and herein  
I but repay a gift which I myself  
Received at others' hands; for, though now old  
Beyond the common life of man, I still  
Remember them who loved me in my youth.  
Both of them sleep together; here they lived,  
As all their Forefathers had done; and when  
At length their time was come, they were not loth  
To give their bodies to the family mould.  
I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.  
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,  
And see so little gain from threescore years.  
These fields were burthened when they came to me  
Till I was forty years of age, not more  
Than half of my inheritance was mine.  
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,  
And till these three weeks past the land was free.  
— It looks as if it never could endure  
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
That thou shouldst 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 couldst 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 purpose. 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  
Mayst 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 returnest, thou in this place wilt see  
A work which is not here: a covenant  
'Twill be between us. — But, whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,  
And, as his Father had requested, laid  
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight,  
The Old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart  
He pressed his Son, he kissed him, and wept;  
And to the house together they returned.  
-- Hushed was that house in peace, or seeming peace,  
Ere the night fell: — with morrow's dawn the Boy  
Began his journey, and when he had reached  
The public Way, he put on a bold face;  
And all the 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 Sheep-fold. Meantime Luke began  
To slacken in his duty; and, at length,  
He in the dissolute city gave himself  
To evil courses; ignominy and shame  
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of Love;  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:  
I have conversed with more than one who well  
Remember the Old Man, and what he was  
Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
He went, and still looked up towards the sun,  
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. 'Tis not forgotten yet,  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the Old Man — and 'tis believed by all

That many and many a day he thither went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen  
Sitting alone, with that 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 Sheep-fold wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he died.

— Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate  
Was sold, and went into a Stranger's hand.

The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR  
Is gone — the ploughshare has been through the ground  
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought  
In all the neighborhood: — yet the Oak is left  
That grew beside their Door; and the remains  
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.



THE BROTHERS.

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## THE BROTHERS.

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"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 church-yard  
Is neither epitaph nor monument,  
Tombstone nor name — only the turf we tread  
And a few natural graves."

To Jane, his wife,  
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.  
It was a July evening, and he sate  
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves  
Of his old cottage, — as it chanced, that day,  
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone  
His wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,

While from the twin cards toothed with glittering wire,  
He fed the spindle of his youngest child,  
Who, in the open air, with due accord  
Of busy hands and back-and-forward steps,  
Her large round wheel was turning. Towards the field  
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,  
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,  
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent  
Many a long look of wonder: and at last,  
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge  
Of carded wool which the old man had piled,  
He laid his implements with gentle care,  
Each in the other locked; and, down the path  
That from his cottage to the church-yard led,  
He took his way, impatient to accost  
The stranger, whom he saw still lingering there.

'Twas one well-known to him in former days,  
A Shepherd lad; who ere his sixteenth year  
Had left that calling, tempted to entrust  
His expectations to the fickle winds  
And perilous waters; with the mariners  
A fellow mariner;—and so had fared  
Through twenty seasons; but he had been reared  
Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.  
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
Of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind  
Between the tropics filled the steady sail,  
And blew with the same breath through days and  
    weeks,  
Lengthening invisibly its weary line  
Along the cloudless Main, he, in those hours  
Of tiresome indolence, would often hang



Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze ;  
 And, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam  
 Flashed round him images and hues that wrought  
 In union with the employment of his heart,  
 He, thus by feverish passion overcome,  
 Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
 Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
 Saw mountains, saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
 On verdant hills — with dwellings among trees,  
 And shepherds clad in the same country grey  
 Which he himself had worn.

And now, at last,

From perils manifold, with some small wealth  
 Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Isles,  
 To his paternal home he is returned,  
 With a determined purpose to resume  
 The life he had lived there ; both for the sake  
 Of many darling pleasures and the love  
 Which to an only brother he has borne  
 In all his hardships, since that happy time  
 When, whether it blew foul or fair, they two  
 Were brother shepherds on their native hills.  
 — They were the last of all their race : and now  
 When Leonard had approached his home, his heart  
 Failed in him ; and, not venturing to inquire  
 Tidings of one so long and dearly loved,  
 He to the solitary church-yard turned ;  
 That, as he knew in what particular spot  
 His family were laid, he thence might learn  
 If still his Brother lived, or to the file  
 Another grave was added. He had found  
 Another grave, — near which a full half hour  
 He had remained ; but, as he gazed, there grew  
 Such a confusion in his memory,

That he began to doubt, and even to hope  
That he had seen this heap of turf before, —  
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 church-yard gate  
Stopped short, — and thence, at leisure, limb by limb  
Perused him with a gay complacency.

Ay, thought the Vicar, smiling to himself,  
'Tis one of those who needs must leave the path,  
Of the world's business to go wild alone:  
His arms have a perpetual holiday;  
The happy man will creep about the fields,  
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring  
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles  
Into his face, until the setting sun  
Write Fool upon his forehead. Planted thus  
Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate  
Of this rude church-yard, 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, welcome come  
 And welcome gone, they are so like each other,  
 They cannot be remembered? Scarce a funeral  
 Comes to this church-yard once in eighteen months,  
 And yet, some changes must take place among you  
 And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see, that with our threescore years and ten,  
 We are not all that perish. — I remember  
 (For many years ago I passed this road)  
 There was a foot-way all along the fields  
 By the brook-side — 'tis gone — and that dark cleft  
 To me it does not seem to wear the face  
 Which then it had!

*Priest.* Nay, Sir, for aught I know,  
 That chasm is much the same —

*Leonard.* But, surely, yonder —

*Priest.* Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend  
 That does not play you false. On that tall pike  
 (It is the loneliest place of all these hills)  
 There were two springs which bubbled side by side.  
 As if they had been made that they might be  
 Companions for each other: the huge crag  
 Was rent with lightning — one hath disappeared;  
 The other, left behind, is flowing still.  
 For accidents and changes such as these,  
 We want not store of them; — a 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 fire-side —  
 Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians,  
 Commend me to these valleys!

*Leonard.* Yet your Church-yard  
 Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,  
 To say that you are heedless of the past:  
 An orphan could not find his mother's grave:  
 Here's neither head nor foot-stone, plate of brass,  
 Cross-bones nor skull, — type of our earthly state  
 Nor emblem of our hopes: the dead man's home  
 Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

*Priest.* Why, there, Sir, is a thought that's new to  
 me!

The stone-cutters, 'tis true, might beg their bread  
 If every English church-yard were like ours;  
 Yet your conclusion wanders from the truth:  
 We have no need of names and epitaphs;  
 We talk about the dead by our fire-sides.  
 And then, for our immortal part! *we* want  
 No symbols, Sir, to tell us that plain tale:  
 The thought of death sits easy on the man  
 Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

*Leonard.* Your Dalesmen, then, do in each other's  
 thoughts  
 Possess a kind of second life: no doubt

You, Sir, could help me to the history  
Of half these graves?

*Priest.* For eight-score winters past,  
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,  
Perhaps I might; and, on a winter evening,  
If you were seated at my chimney's nook,  
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,  
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round;  
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.  
Now there's a grave — your foot is half upon it, —  
It looks just like the rest; and yet that man  
Died broken-hearted.

*Leonard.* 'Tis a common case.  
We'll take another: who is he that lies  
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those three graves?  
It touches on that piece of native rock  
Left in the church-yard wall.

*Priest.* That's Walter Ewbank.  
He had as white a head and fresh a cheek  
As ever were produced by youth and age  
Engendering in the blood of hale fourscore.  
Through five long generations had the heart  
Of Walter's forefather's o'erflowed the bounds  
Of their inheritance, that single cottage —  
You see it yonder! and those few green fields.  
They toiled and wrought, and still, from sire to son,  
Each struggled, and each yielded as before  
A little — yet a little, — and old Walter  
They left to him the family heart, and land  
With other burdens than the crop it bore.  
Year after year the old man still kept up  
A cheerful mind, — and buffeted with bond,  
Interest, and mortgages; at last he sank  
And went into his grave before his time.  
Poor Walter! whether it was care that spurred him

God only knows, but to the very last  
 He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.  
 His pace was never that of an old man:  
 I almost see him tripping down the path  
 With his two grandsons after him:—but you,  
 Unless our Landlord be your host to-night,  
 Have far to travel,—and on these rough paths  
 Even in the longest day of midsummer—

*Leonard.* But those two Orphans!

*Priest.* Orphans!—Such they were—  
 Yet not while Walter lived:—for, though their parents  
 Lay buried side by side as now they lie,  
 The old man was a father to the boys,  
 Two fathers in one father; and if tears,  
 Shed when he talked of them where they were not,  
 And hauntings from the infirmity of love,  
 Are aught of what makes up a mother's heart,  
 This old Man, in the day of his old age,  
 Was half a mother to them.—If you weep, Sir,  
 To hear a stranger talking about strangers,  
 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: 'twas a joy to see,  
 To hear, to meet them! — From their house 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've seen him, mid-leg 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 crags:  
 Then they could write, ay, and speak too, as well  
 As many of their betters — and for Leonard!  
 The very night before he went away,  
 In my own house I put into his hand  
 A bible, and I'd wager house and field,

That, if he be alive, he has it yet.

*Leonard.* It seems these brothers have not lived  
to be

A comfort to each other —

*Priest.* That they might

Live to such end is what both old and young

In this our valley all of us have wished,

And what, for my part, I have often prayed;

But Leonard —

*Leonard.* Then James still is left among you!

*Priest.* 'Tis of the elder brother I am speaking:

They had an uncle; — he was at that time

A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:

And, but for that same uncle, to this hour

Leonard had never handled rope or shroud:

For the boy loved the life which we lead here;

And though of unripe years, a stripling only,

His soul was knit to 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 destitute,

And Leonard, chiefly for his Brother's sake,

Resolved to try his fortune on the seas.

Twelve years are past since we had tidings from him.

If there were one among us who had heard

That Leonard Ewbank was come home again,

From the Great Gavel, 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





Three months with one, and six months with another  
 And wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor love ;  
 And many, many happy days were his.  
 But, whether blithe or sad, 'tis my belief  
 His absent Brother still was at his heart.  
 And, when he dwelt beneath our roof, we found  
 (A practice till this time unknown to him)  
 That often, rising from his bed at night,  
 He in his sleep would walk about, and sleeping  
 He sought his brother Leonard. — You are moved!  
 Forgive me, Sir : before I spoke to you,  
 I judged you most unkindly.

*Leonard.* But this Youth,  
 How did he die at last?

*Priest.* One sweet May-morning,  
 (It will be twelve years since when Spring returns,)  
 He had gone forth among the new-dropped lambs,  
 With two or three companions whom their course  
 Of occupation led from height to height  
 Under a cloudless sun — till he, at length,  
 Through weariness, or haply, to indulge  
 The humor of the moment, lagged behind.  
 You see yon precipice ; — it wears the shape  
 Of a vast building made of many crags ;  
 And in the midst is one particular rock  
 That rises like a column from the vale,  
 Whence by our shepherds it is called, **THE PIERAR.**  
 Upon its æry summit crowned with heath,  
 The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,  
 Lay stretched at ease ; but, passing by the place  
 On their return, they found that he was gone.  
 No ill was feared ; till one of them by chance  
 Entering, when evening was far spent, the house  
 Which at that time was James's home, there learned  
 That nobody had seen him all that day :

The morning came, and still he was unheard of:  
 The 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.* Aye, 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 men-  
 tioned

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 midway; 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 church-yard gate,  
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned round, —  
And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother!"  
The Vicar did not hear the words: and now,  
He pointed towards his dwelling-place, entreating  
That Leonard would partake his homely fare:  
The other thanked him with an earnest voice;  
But added, that the evening being calm,  
He would pursue his journey. So they parted.

It was not long ere Leonard reached a grove  
That overhung the road: he there stopped short,  
And, sitting down beneath the trees, reviewed  
All that the Priest had said: his early years  
Were with him:—his long absence, cherished hopes  
And thoughts which had been his an hour before,  
All pressed on him with such a weight, that now,  
This vale, where he had been so happy, seemed  
A place in which he could not bear to live:  
So he relinquished all his purposes.  
He travelled back to Egremont; and thence,  
That night he wrote a letter to the Priest,  
Reminding him of what had passed between them,  
And adding, with a hope to be forgiven,  
That it was from the weakness of his heart  
He had not dared to tell him who he was.  
This done, he went on shipboard, and is now  
A Seaman, a grey-headed Mariner.

**THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.**



# THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.

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[Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of the following 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, was the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.]

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## PART I.

### I.

ENOUGH of rose-bud 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.

### II.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,  
Stepped one at dead of night,

Whom such high beauty could not guard  
 From meditated blight ;  
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast  
 As doth the hunted fawn,  
 Nor stopped, till in the dappling east  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn.

## III.

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.

## IV.

'To put your love to dangerous proof  
 I come," said she, "from far ;  
 For I have left my Father's roof,  
 In terror of the Czar."  
 No answer did the Matron give,  
 No second look she cast ;  
 She hung upon the Fugitive,  
 Embracing and embraced.

## V.

She lead her Lady to a seat  
 Beside the glimmering fire,  
 Bathed duteously her way-worn 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

## VI.

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.

## VII.

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 !

## VIII.

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!

## IX.

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!

## X.

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."

## XI.

"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.

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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.

## VI.

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.

## VII.

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.

## VIII.

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.

## IX.

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

## X.

"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!

## XI.

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.

## I.

'Tis 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

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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.

## VIII.

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.

## IX.

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 tow'rd the fields of France,  
Her Father's native land,  
To mingle in the rustic dance,  
The happiest of the band!

## X.

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.

## I.

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.

## II.

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

## III.

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 !

## IV.

From your deportment, Sir ! I deem  
That you have worn a sword,  
And will not hold in light esteem  
A suffering woman's word ;

There is my covert, there, perchance,  
 I might have lain concealed,  
 My fortunes hid, my countenance  
 Nor even to you revealed.

## v.

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 !

## vi.

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.

## vii.

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 Czar  
 Retain his lawless will,

To end life here like this poor Deer,  
Or a Lamb on a green hill."

## VIII.

"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 !"

## IX.

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.

## X.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"  
Exclaimed he ; "righteous Heaven,  
Preparing your deliverance,  
To me the charge hath given.  
The Czar full oft in words and deeds  
Is stormy and self-willed ;  
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,  
His violence is stilled.

## XI.

"Leave open to my wish the course,  
 And I to her will go;  
 From that humane and heavenly source,  
 Good, only good, can flow."  
 Faint sanction given, the Cavalier  
 Was eager to depart,  
 Though question followed question, dear  
 To the Maiden's filial heart.

## XII.

Light was his step, — his hopes, more light  
 Kept pace with his desires;  
 And the third 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.

## XIII.

O more than mighty change! If e'er  
 Amazement rose to pain,  
 And over-joy produced a fear  
 Of something void and vain, —  
 'Twas when the Parents, who had mourned  
 So long the lost as dead,  
 Beheld their only Child returned,  
 The household floor to tread.

## XIV.

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 Czar bestowed a dower  
And universal Moscow shared  
The triumph of that hour.

## XV.

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!

GOODY BLAKE

AND

HARRY GILL.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF LONDON

FROM THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF IT

IN THE YEAR 1660

UNTIL THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN VAUGHAN

OF THE SOCIETY

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church

MDCCLXXII



# GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL:

## A TRUE STORY

---

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,  
'Tis 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,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still:

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he?  
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;  
His voice was like the voice of three.

Old Goody Blake was old and poor ;  
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;  
And any man who passed her door  
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling ;  
And then her three hours' work at night, —  
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
Remote from sheltering 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.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day ;  
Then at her door the *canty* Dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh ! then how her old bones would shake !  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and dead ;  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed ;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink !

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout ;  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could any thing be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?  
And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake;  
And vowed that she should be detected,  
And he on her would vengeance take.  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take;  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand:  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
— He hears a noise — he's all awake —  
Again! — on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps — 'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her  
Stick after stick did Goody pull:  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full

When with her load she turned about,  
The by-way back again to take;  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed,  
To God that is the judge of all,

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm —  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;  
Young Harry heard what she had said,  
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill;  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow —  
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a riding-coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he:  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three!

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter  
And blankets were about him pinned;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter  
Like a loose casement in the wind.

And Harry's flesh it fell away ;  
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,  
Abed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
Abed 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.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
SONNETS, &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

LONDON



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
SONNETS, &c.

---

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

I.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower  
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.

II.

Not far from that fair sight whereon  
The Pleasure-house is reared,  
As Story says, in antique days,  
A stern-brow'd 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.

## III.

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 —

## IV.

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.

## V.

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
 Sequester'd 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 pressed  
 The drooping Emma to his breast,  
 And looked a blind adieu.

## VI.

They parted. — Well with him it fared  
 Through wide-spread 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.

## VII.

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.

## VIII.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
 Whatever path he chooses ;  
 As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
 Received the light her's 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.

## IX.

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.

## X.

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 !

## XI.

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!

## XII.

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.

## XIII.

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.

## XIV.

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 !”

## XV.

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.

## XVI.

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.

## XVII.

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.

## XVIII.

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,  
Shall take thy place with Yarrow !

---

  
THE PET LAMB.

## A PASTORAL.

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.

No other sheep were near, the Lamb was all alone,  
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;  
 With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden  
     kneel,  
 While to that mountain Lamb she gave its evening  
     meal.

The Lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper  
     took,  
 Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with  
     pleasure shook.  
 "Drink, pretty Creature, drink!" she said in such a  
     tone  
 That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a Child of beauty  
     rare!  
 I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.  
 Now with her empty Can the Maiden turned away:  
 But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she  
     stay.

Towards the Lamb she looked; and from that 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 wool-  
 len chain, —

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;  
 For rain and mountain storms! the like thou needest  
 not fear —

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come  
 here.

“Rest, little Young One, rest! thou hast forgot the  
 day

When my Father found thee first in places far away.  
 Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned  
 by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee  
 home —

A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou  
 roam?

A faithful Nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee  
 yearn

Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

“Thou knowest that twice a day I 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 mild — warm milk it is and  
new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they  
are now;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the  
plough:

My Playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is  
cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy  
fold.

“It will not, will not rest! Poor Creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in  
thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see  
nor hear.

“Alas! the mountain tops that look so green and  
fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come  
there:

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like Lions for their prey

“Here thou needest not dread the raven in the sky;  
Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage 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 repeat;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was  
*mine.*

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;  
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the *Damsel* must  
belong, —  
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with  
such a tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own.”

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### HART-LEAP WELL.

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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;  
He turned aside towards a Vassal's door,  
And “Bring 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 upbraiding stern ;  
But breath and eye-sight 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 yeaned,  
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :  
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill ;  
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
(Never had living man such joyful lot !)  
Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill — (it was at least  
Nine 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 living 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 ;  
'Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame  
 A basin for that fountain in the dell!  
 And they who do make mention of the same  
 From this day forth, shall call it **HART-LEAP WELL**

And, gallant Stag! to make thy praises known,  
 Another monument shall here be raised;  
 Three several Pillars, each a rough-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 intertwined, —  
 Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall,  
 A leafy-shelter from the sun and wind

And thither, when the summer-days were long,  
 Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour ;  
 And, with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song,  
 Made merriment within that pleasant Bower

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —  
 But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
 And I to this would add another tale

---

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade :  
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :  
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three Aspens at three corners of a square ;  
 And one, not four yards distant near a Well.

What this imported I could ill divine :  
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
 I saw three Pillars standing in a line,  
 The last Stone Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were 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 inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.  
“A jolly place,” said he, “in times of old!  
But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless Stumps of aspen wood—  
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,  
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

The 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 Creature's brain  
have passed!

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 death-bed 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 scented 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."



## EVENING ODE,

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY  
 SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY.

### I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste, I might have sent,  
 Among the speechless clouds, a look  
 Of blank astonishment;  
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
 And sanctify one closing day,  
 That frail mortality may see—  
 What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!

Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove ;  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
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 wonderous 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 described ;  
And gilded flocks appear.  
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve !  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine !  
— From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won ;  
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread !

## III.

And, if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
 Present a glorious scale,  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop — no record hath told where  
 And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal Spirits blend!  
 — Wings at my shoulder seem to play;  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad.  
 And see to what fair countries ye are bound!  
 And if some Traveller, weary of his road,  
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
 Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed  
 As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

## IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
 Were wont to stream before my 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  
 Surviv'd, 'twas only in my dreams.  
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve  
 No less than Nature's threatening voice.  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,

FROM THEE if I would swerve,  
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light  
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored ;  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored !  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth ;  
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades ;  
 And night approaches with her shades.

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### LINES,

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

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

Among the woods and copses, nor disturb  
The wild green landscape. 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 beautiful 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, perhaps,  
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 through the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished 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, or 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 recompense. 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 behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
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:  
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,

And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance  
 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!



## STANZAS ON THE POWER OF SOUND

### 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 the 10th 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 aërial  
 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 peeling 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 sob of holy fear,  
 To Sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
 Or Widow's cottage lullaby

## III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows,  
 And Images of voice — to hound and horn  
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn,  
 On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells  
 A greeting give of *measured* glee;  
 And milder echoes from their cells  
 Repeat the bridal symphony.  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
 And from aloft look down into a cove  
 Besprinkled with a careless quire,  
 Happy Milk-maids; one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
 A stream as if from one full heart.

## IV.

Blest be the song that brightens  
 The blind Man's gloom, exalts the Veteran's mirth,  
 Unscorned the Peasant's whistling breath, that lightens  
 His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.  
 For the tired Slave, Song lifts the languid oar,  
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
 That beautifies the fairest shore,  
 And mitigates the harshest clime.  
 Yon Pilgrims see — in lagging file  
 They move; but soon the appointed way  
 A choral *Ave 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 *heralds*,  
 Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
 Peaceful striving, gentle play  
 Of timid hope and innocent desire  
 Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move  
 Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

## vi.

How oft along thy mazes,  
 Regent of Sound, have dangerous Passions 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, woefully 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 weal:  
 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 Menalian 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 knell.  
 "The vain distress-gun," from a leward 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.  
 O for some soul-affecting scheme  
 Of *moral* music, to unite  
 Wanderers whose portion is the faintest dream  
 Of memory! — O that they 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 controlled,  
 As Sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
 Initiation in that mystery old.  
 The Heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as sti:  
 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.

Bread 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 loving 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 measure 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 foreseeing,  
 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.

## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

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 an angel light.

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### RUTH.

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 from that oaten Pipe could draw  
All 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:  
 Ah 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 divine and strange  
That every hour their blossoms change,  
Ten thousand lovely 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.

And then he said, "How sweet it were  
A fisher or a hunter there,  
A gardener in the shade,  
Still wandering with an easy mind,  
To build a household fire, and find  
A home in every glade!"

What days and what sweet 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 lovely flowers;  
The breezes their own languor lent;  
The stars had feelings, which they sent  
Into those gorgeous 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 snare  
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,  
These 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 first, in confidence and pride,  
I crossed the Atlantic Main.



It was a fresh and glorious world,  
A banner bright that was unfurled  
Before me suddenly:  
I looked upon those hills and plains  
And seemed as if let loose from chains,  
To live at liberty.

But wherefore speak of this? for now,  
Sweet Ruth! with thee, I know not how,  
I feel my spirit burn —  
Even as the east when day comes forth:  
And, to the west, and south, and north,  
The morning doth return.”

Full soon that purer mind was gone;  
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —  
They stirred him now no more:  
New objects did new pleasure give,  
And once again he wished to live  
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
They for the voyage were prepared,  
And went to the sea-shore;  
But, when they thither came, the Youth  
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth  
Could never find him more.

“God help thee, Ruth!” — Such pains she had  
That she in half a year was mad,  
And in a prison housed;  
And there she sang tumultuous songs,  
By recollection of her wrongs  
To fearful passion roused.

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 wild brook with cheerful kneel  
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 dwelt alone  
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,  
And airs that gently stir  
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,  
Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies;  
But, till the warmth of summer skies  
And summer days is gone,  
(And all do in this tale agree,)  
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,  
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!  
And Ruth will, long before her day,  
Be broken down and old:  
Sore aches she needs must have! but less  
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,  
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,  
She from her dwelling in the wood  
Repairs to a road side;  
And there she begs at one steep place  
Where up and down with easy pace  
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,  
Or thrown away; but with a flute  
Her loneliness she cheers:  
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
At evening in his homeward walk  
The 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.

## LAODAMIA

“ WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired ;  
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required :  
 Celestial pity I again implore ; —  
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove, restore ! ”

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands  
 While, like the Sun emerging from a Cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens — and her eye expands,  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows ;  
 And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!  
 What doth she look on? — whom doth she behold?  
 Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?  
 His vital presence — his corporeal mould?  
 It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He!  
 And a God leads him — 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 reunite,  
 And reassume 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 treadest on will rejoice  
 Not to appall me have the Gods bestowed  
 This precious boon, — and blest a sad Abode.”

“Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave  
 His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,  
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
 But in reward of thy fidelity.  
 And something also did my worth obtain;  
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
 Should die; but me the threat could not withhold;  
 A generous cause a Victim did demand;  
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
 A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain.”

“Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!  
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
 Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here thou art —  
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ;  
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
 That thou should'st cheat 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 :  
 Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys  
 Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish. — Earth destroys  
 Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains :  
 Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
 Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
 A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
 Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —”

“ Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
 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 distrust,  
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 purpleal gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
That privilege by virtue.—“Ill,” said he,  
“The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight  
While tears were thy best pastime—day and night

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes  
 (Each Hero following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
 By martial sports, — or seated in the tent,  
 Chieftains and kings in council were detained;  
 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 reunion in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.



Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend  
Towards a higher object. — Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;  
For this the passion to excess was driven —  
That self might be annulled; her bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.”

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears!  
Round the dear shade she would have clung — 'tis  
vain:

The hours are past — too brief had they been years  
And him no mortal effort can detain:  
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent way,  
And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be moved;  
She who thus perished, not without the crime  
Of Lovers that in Reason's spite have loved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
As fondly he believes. — Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;  
And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

## ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

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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.

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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.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave;  
 As wise in thought as bold in deed:  
 For in the principles of things  
     *He sought his moral creed.*

Said generous Rob, "What need of Books?  
 Burn all the Statutes and their shelves.  
 They stir us up against our Kind;  
     And worse, against Ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law,  
 Too false to guide us or control!  
 And for the law itself we fight  
     In bitterness of soul.

And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
 Distinctions that are plain and few:  
 These find I graven on my heart:  
     *That tells me what to do.*

The Creatures see of flood and field  
 And those that travel on the wind!  
 With them no strife can last; they live  
     In peace, and peace of mind.

For why? — because the good old Rule  
 Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,  
 That they should take, who have the power  
     And they should keep who can.

A lesson that is quickly learned,  
 A signal this which all can see!  
 Thus nothing here provokes the Strong  
     To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked;  
 He tamed, who foolishly aspires;  
 While to the measure of his might  
     Each fashions his desires.

All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall  
 By strength of prowess or of wit;  
 'Tis God's appointment who must sway  
     And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain,  
 And longest life is but a day;  
 To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
     I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
 Through summer heat and winter snow:  
 The Eagle, he was Lord above,  
     And Rob was Lord below.

So was it — *would*, at least, have been,  
 But through untowardness of fate;  
 For Polity was then too strong;  
     He came an age too late, —

Or, shall we say, an age too soon?  
 For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
 How might he flourish in his pride,  
     With buds on every bough!

Then rents and Factors, rights of chase,  
 Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains,  
 Would all have seemed but paltry things,  
     Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre Vales confined;  
But thought how wide the world, the 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!

'Tis fit that we should do our part;  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough;  
We'll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my Kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death:  
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath."

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 wouldst 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.

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## YARROW UNVISITED

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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!”

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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 — ’tis their own —  
Each Maiden to her Dwelling!  
On Yarrow’s banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There’s Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;

And Dryborough, where with the 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,  
 But we will leave it growing.  
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
 We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
 But, though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the Dale of Yarrow.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow!  
 We will not see them — will not go,  
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
 Enough if in our hearts we know  
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!  
 It must, or we shall rue it:



We have a vision of our own;  
 Ah! why should we undo it?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come,  
 And wandering seem but folly, —  
 Should we be loth to stir from home,  
 And yet be melancholy;  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
 That earth has something yet to show,  
 The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"



## YARROW VISITED,

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished,  
 So faithfully, a waking dream?  
 An image that hath perished!  
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
 To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air  
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows  
 With uncontrolled meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender hazy brightness;  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding:  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice —  
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy Lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers:  
 And Pity sanctifies the verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love;  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond Imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation:  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy;  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the Vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature;  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a ruin hoary!  
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
 Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in;  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
 And age to wear away in!  
 Yon Cottage seems a bower of bliss.  
 A covert for protection  
 Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
 The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
 And on my True-love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather!  
 And what if I enwreathed my own.  
 'Twere no offence to reason;  
 The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
 A ray of Fancy still survives —  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee .  
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure ;  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,  
 They melt — and soon must vanish ;  
 One hour is theirs, no 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.

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### YARROW REVISITED.

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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 need of no explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated stream. See pp. 465 and 467.

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 freeborn 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 changing;  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
 And her divine employment!  
 'The blameless Muse, who trains her **Sons**  
 For hope and calm enjoyment;  
 Albeit sickness lingering yet  
 Has o'er their pillow brooded,  
 And Care waylay 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 Teviot  
 For mild Sorento's breezy waves;  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O! 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,  
 Where'er thy path 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 centered;  
 Who through the silent portal arch  
 Of mouldering Newark entered,  
 And clomb the winding stair that once  
 Too timidly was mounted  
 By the "last Minstrel," (not the last)  
 Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!  
 Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
 Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
 For simple hearts thy beauty,  
 To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
 Dear to the common sunshine,  
 And dearer still, as now I feel,  
 To memory's shadowy moonshine!



### THE WISHING-GATE.



In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the highway, 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 for ever green:  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen



Are confident and gay ;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear ;  
Points she to aught ? — the bliss draws near,  
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of wishes — there  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
And thoughts with things at strife ;  
Yet how forlorn should *ye* depart,  
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
How poor were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
One tender claim abate ;  
Witness this symbol of your sway,  
Surviving near the public way,  
The rustic Wishing-gate !

Inquire not if the faery race  
Shed kindly influence on the place,  
Ere northward they retired ;  
If here a warrior left a spell,  
Panting for glory as he fell ;  
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair  
Composed with Nature's finest care  
And in her fondest love ;  
Peace to embosom and content,  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.

Yea ! even the Stranger from afar,  
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,

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 yearn for insight to allay  
Misgiving, while the crimson day  
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
To Time's first step across the bound  
Of midnight makes reply;  
Time pressing on with starry crest,  
To filial sleep upon the breast  
Of dread eternity!

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## TO THE DAISY

---

"Her divine skill taught me this,  
That from every thing 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 rustleing;  
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. WITHERS.

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 !

When Winter decks his few gray hairs,  
 Thee in the scanty wreath he wears ;  
 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 greetest the Traveller in the lane ;  
 If welcome once thou countest it gain ;  
     Thou art not daunted,  
 Nor carest if thou be set at nought ;  
 And oft alone in nooks remote  
 We meet thee like a pleasant thought,  
     When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews  
 The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose,  
 Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
     Her head impearling ;  
 Thou livest 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.

When, smitten by the morning ray,  
I see thee rise, 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 course, bold lover of the sun,  
 And cheerful when the day's begun  
     As morning Leveret,  
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;  
 Dear shalt thou be to future men  
 As in old time;—thou not in vain  
     Art Nature's favorite.

---

### WE ARE SEVEN.

—— 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 —  
I sit and sing 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 little 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?”  
The little Maiden did reply,  
“O Master! we are seven”



“But they are dead, those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in Heaven!”  
 ’Twas throwing words away; for still  
 The little Maid would have her will,  
 And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

---

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS  
 OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

---

The Child is Father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

---

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
     To me did seem  
     Apparelled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;  
     Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
     By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

## II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young Lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong :  
 The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 Shepherd Boy !

## IV.

Ye blessed 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 the Earth herself is adorning  
         This sweet May-morning,  
     And the Children are pulling,  
         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 pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his Father's eyes  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art,  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral ;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
     And unto this he frames his song :  
     Then will be fit his tongue  
**To dialogues of business, love, or strife .**  
     But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That life brings with her in her Equipage;  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy Soul's immensity;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage; thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the night  
 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 thee 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 endeavor,

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 evermore.

## 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 for ever 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 loved 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 mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.



## ALICE FELL ;

### OR, POVERTY.

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'd 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 duffel grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!”  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

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WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF  
CHARLES LAMB.

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 converse sweet  
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets  
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:  
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love  
Inspired — works potent over smiles and tears.  
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,  
Thus innocent 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 fields  
Had been derived the name he bore — a name  
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;  
And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,

Many and strange, that hung about his life;  
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
 A soul by resignation sanctified;  
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
 That she can cover, left not his exposed  
 To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.  
 O, he was good, if ever 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 (though 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 helpmate in fast wedlock joined  
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love  
Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now  
A waste where creatures bearing human form,  
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,  
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;  
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve  
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,  
And her bright dower of clustering charities  
That round his trunk and branches might have clung  
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee  
Was given (say rather thou of later birth  
Wert given to her) a Sister—’tis a word  
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;  
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,  
All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,  
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—  
More than sufficient recompense!

Her love

(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)  
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,  
Lifting the boy to man’s estate, had called  
The long-protected to assume the part  
Of a protector, the first filial tie

Was undissolved ; and, in or out of sight,  
Remained imperishably interwoven  
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,  
Did they together testify of time  
And season's difference — a double tree  
With two collateral stems sprung from one root ;  
Such were they — such thro' life they *might* have been  
In union, in partition only such ;  
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High ;  
Yet, through all visitations and all trials,  
Still they were faithful : like two vessels launched  
From the same beach one ocean to explore  
With mutual help, and sailing — to their league  
True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn  
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend !  
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught  
That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
Upon its mother) may be both alike  
Disarmed of power to unsettle present good  
So prized, and things inward and outward held  
In such an even balance, that the heart  
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !  
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves

To life-long singleness; but happier far  
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,  
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared  
 Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie  
 Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds  
 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.

---

### ODE TO DUTY.

“Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.”

STERN Daughter of the voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth:  
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not:

Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them  
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray,  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong cumpunction 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 any thing 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!

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### TO A SKY-LARK.

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!

## SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors; with this key  
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!



## LUCY.

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 is to me!

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## LINES

### 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, complain  
 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;  
 Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
 Than sceptered 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!

## TO JOANNA.

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 fire-side,  
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 friendship 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 exchange 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 catechized,  
And this was my reply:—“As it befel  
One summer morning we had walked abroad  
At break of day, Joanna and myself.  
—’Twas that delightful season when the broom,  
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,  
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.  
Our pathway led us on to Rotha’s banks;  
And when we came in front of that tall rock  
That eastward looks, I there stopped short—and stood  
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 Louhrigg 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 Glarmara southward came the voice ;  
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.  
— Now whether (said I to our cordial Friend,  
Who in the heyday 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 ruue 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."**

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## 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 Kusnacht, which records the premature fate of the young American, and on the shores too of the lake the traveller may read an inscription pointing out the spot where the body was deposited by the waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
 Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,  
 From the dread summit of the Queen  
 Of mountains, through a deep ravine,

Where, in her holy Chapel, dwells  
"Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild;  
Free were the streams and green the bower  
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 struggled 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!

Oh 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 Virginia 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 RICH'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 resign 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.



### 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 alone may rest in peace,  
Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

A Moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod,  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet-brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove,  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,—  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.



## THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

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 columns of vapor through Lothbury 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!



## TO THE CUCKOO.

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 two-fold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome! darling of the Spring  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet :  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

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

---

SONNET,

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 banners, drest  
 In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky spot  
 Beneath thee, that is England ; there she lies.  
 Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,  
 One life, one glory !—I, with many a fear  
 For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
 Among men who do not love her, linger here.

## TO THE SONS OF BURNS,

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHERS.

'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!

O where, 'mid "lonely heights and haws,"  
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 you souls enslave;  
Be independent, generous, brave;  
Your father such example gave,  
    And such revere;  
But be admonished by his grave,  
    And think, and fear!



## SONNET.

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 to live and move,  
 Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,  
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;  
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,  
 In them — in Her our sins and sorrows past.



## THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,  
 And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,  
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;  
His staff is a sceptre — his grey hairs a crown:  
And his bright eyes look brighter set off by the  
    streak  
Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn, — 'mid the  
    joy  
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy;  
That countenance there fashioned, which, spite of a  
    stain  
That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

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 indolent wight  
The quiet of Nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought; and the poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door;  
He gave them the best that he had; or, to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it away

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm.  
The Genius of plenty preserved him from harm:  
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
His means are run out, — he must beg, or must borrow.

To the 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 did he all in the *ease* of his heart.

To London — a sad emigration I ween —  
With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the  
green;  
And there, with small wealth, but his legs and his  
hands,  
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands.

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume, —  
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom  
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind

He seems ten birth-days 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 repair, —  
 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.

---

### INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges 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,  
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,  
Nor pity idly born,  
If even a passing stranger sighs  
For them who do not mourn.  
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
Captive, whoe'er thou be!  
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,  
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
A feeling sanctified  
By one soft trickling tear that stole  
From the Maiden at my side;  
Less tribute could she pay than this,  
Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
Of English liberty?

## SONNET.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom — better none :  
The later Sidney, Marvel Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.  
These moralists could act and comprehend :  
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
In splendor : what strength was, that would not bend  
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road ;  
But equally a want of books and men !



## GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent field  
The natural heart is touched, and public way  
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,  
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
Favor divine, exalting human love ;  
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,



Known unto few, but prized as far as known,  
A single Act endears to high and low  
Through the whole land — to Manhood, moved in spite  
Of the world's freezing cares — to generous Youth —  
To Infancy, that lisps her praise — to Age  
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds  
Do not imperishable record find  
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live  
A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak  
Of things which their united power called forth  
From the pure depths of her humanity!  
A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared  
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;  
Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,  
Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles —  
Half of a vessel, half — no more; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,  
Creatures, how precious in the Maiden's sight!  
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed

Where every parting agony is hushed,  
 And hope and fear mix not in open strife.  
 "But courage, Father! let us out to sea —  
 A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's words,  
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
 Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack  
 The noble-minded Mother's helping hand  
 To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered  
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
 Together they put forth, Father and Child!  
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go —  
 Rivals in effort; and, alike intent  
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might;  
 As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged  
 That woman's fortitude — so tried, so proved —  
 May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,  
 They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening  
 heart,  
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair — tossed on the waves to bring  
 Hope to the hopeless; to the dying, life —  
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,

A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
In Woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
Casting meek words amid a host of thoughts  
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced  
And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
This last remainder of the crew are all  
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
Within the sheltering Lighthouse. Shout, ye Waves.  
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,  
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!  
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!  
And would that some immortal Voice — a Voice  
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
Of the survivors — to the clouds might bear —  
Blended with praise of that parental love,  
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew  
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
Though young, so wise, though meek so resolute —  
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

---

## SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGEL.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;  
For if of our affections none find 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 deathless flower  
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.



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.

## SONNET.

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 ?



## SONNET,

## 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 heard, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and 'twelve 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'

---

### PRESENTIMENTS.

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, through 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 meek foretaste the springs  
Of bitter contraries.

Ye daunt the proud array of war,  
Pervade the lonely ocean far  
As sail hath been unfurled ;  
For dancers in the festive hall  
What ghastly partners hath your call  
Fetched from the shadowy world.

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,  
Emboldened by a keener sense ;  
That men have lived for whom,  
With dread precision, ye made clear  
The hour that in a distant year  
Should knell them to the tomb.

Unwelcome insight ! Yet there are  
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,  
Truth shows a glorious face,  
While on that isthmus which commands  
The councils of both worlds, she stands,  
Sage spirits ! by your grace.

God, who instructs the brutes to scent  
All changes of the element,



Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
 Of natures, for our wants provides,  
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
 When lights of reason fail.



### 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 smoothes 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.

O! 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.



### SONNET.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea.  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.  
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

## TO A SEXTON.

LET thy wheelbarrow alone —  
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still  
In thy bone-house bone on bone?  
'Tis already like a hill  
In a field of battle made,  
Where three thousand skulls are laid;  
These died in peace each with the other, —  
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!  
From this platform, eight feet square,  
Take not even a finger-joint:  
Andrew's whole fireside 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!

---

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
 The star that led the dawn,  
 Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
 For May is on the lawn.  
 A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
 Foreran the expected Power,  
 Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
 Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
 Tempers the year's extremes;  
 Who scattereth lustres o'er noonday,  
 Like morning's dewy gleams;  
 While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
 The tremulous heart excite;  
 And hums the balmy air to stil  
 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 address,  
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 refuse  
The service to prolong!  
To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
Intrusts the imperfect song;  
His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
Till the first silver star appear,  
The sovereignty of May.

---

### LIFE.

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!

## SONNET.

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?

---

## THE RAINBOW.

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.

## SONNET.

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
 Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed;  
 Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
 Some veering up and down, one knew not why.  
 A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
 Come like a giant from a haven broad;  
 And lustily along the bay she strode,  
 Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.  
 This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,  
 Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look;  
 This Ship to all the rest did I prefer:  
 When will she turn, and whither? She will brook  
 No tarrying; where She comes the winds must stir  
 On went She, and due north her journey took.



## WRITTEN IN MARCH,

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

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 yongest  
Are at work with the strongest ;  
The cattle e grazing,  
Their heads never raising ;  
There are for 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





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